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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

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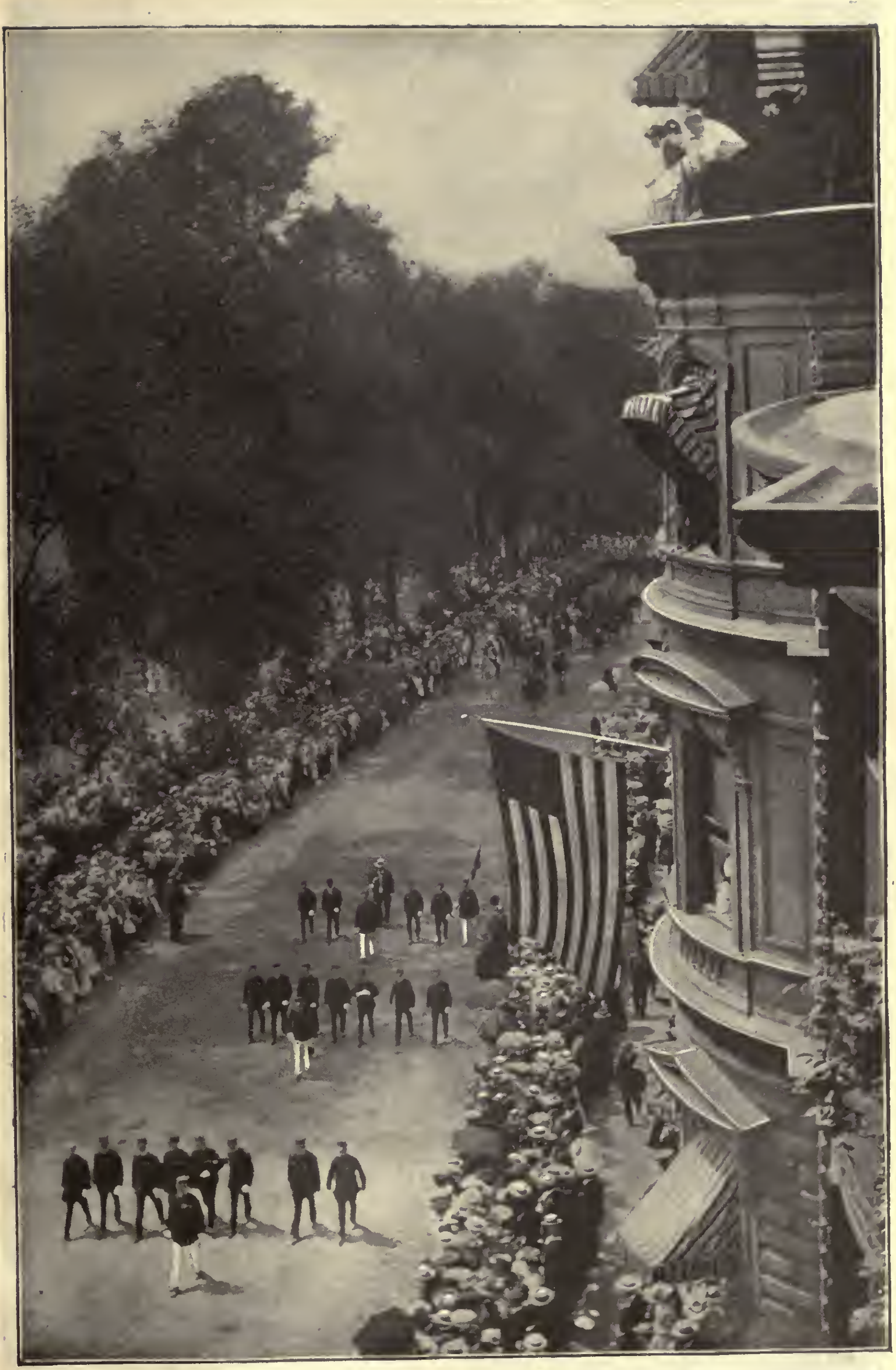

THE GRAND ARMY PASSING THE FAMOUS "COMMON", BOSTON, AUGUST, 1904

From a photograph by Winthrop Packard

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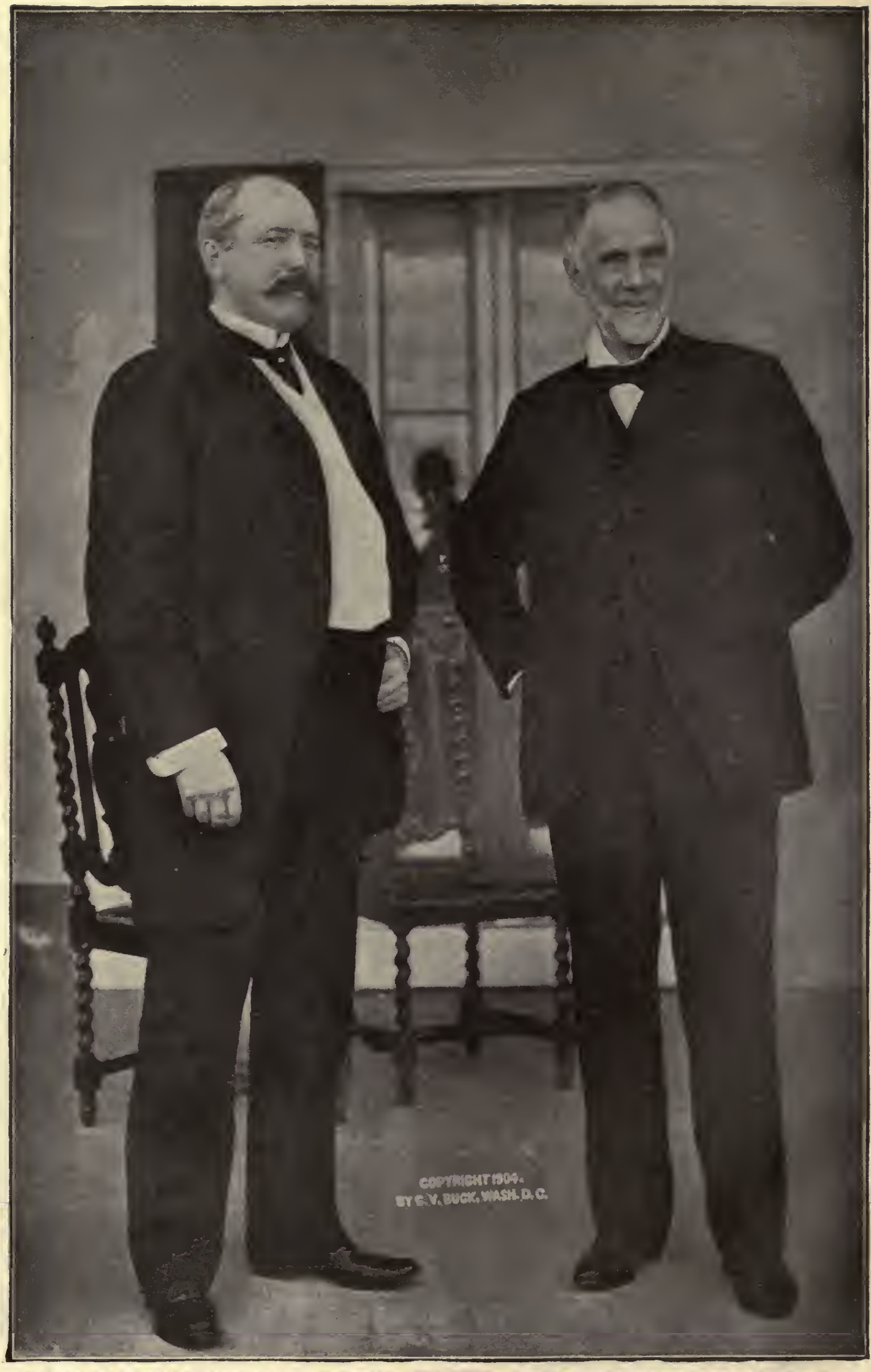
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THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES "LOOKING PLEASANT" FOR THE NATIONAL AT ESOPUS

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI. OCTOBER, 1904 No. 1.

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN order that I might have a clear idea of the after effects of "expositionizing," I desired to visit Jackson Park in Chicago, the scene of the Columbian Exposition. I went in the early morning, when the rising sun was beginning to tinge the light Summer mist with pale yellow and the lake and trees glimmered, mysterious and beautiful, through this golden veil. In imagination I looked once more upon the mazy whirl of the Midway, but as the sun shone out, dispersing the mist, it became apparent that the great avenue had been replaced by a broad stretch of green, flanked on either side by residences. Nothing remained of the great buildings that had occupied this spot when last I saw it except one tall post, like a totem pole. "The White City" seemed to have vanished with the morning mist, but — unlike the crumbling ruins that mark the passing of ancient Tyre and Rome—its magical disappearance had left behind a beautiful park, with velvet lawns and mirror-like lagoons, to furnish inspiration for the "great Common People," and stimulate them to a new interest in the study of Mother Nature. Though close to a great city, the student may catch a glimpse of nature's primeval splendor in the wooded island

A DISTINGUISHED GROUP THAT REVIEWED THE G. A. R. PARADE FROM A STAND IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON. FAMILIAR FIGURES IN THIS GROUP ARE EX-SECRETARY LONG, SENATOR LODGE, GOVERNOR BATES, EX-SECRETARY BOUTWELL, GOVERNOR VAN SANT OF MINNESOTA AND EX-GOVERNOR WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE

PAUL MORTON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, IN HIS OFFICE

Photographed for the National by G. V. Buck, Washington

that adorns the lagoon, while about the park the hand of the skilled landscape gardener has done much to enhance the beauty of the scene. What a joy all this must be to the tired worker, who may come here and revel in possessions that can hardly be rivalled by any lord "to the manor born."

⁂

As I rode beside the still lagoon, past the tea house on the wooded island, and looked over at the caravels, models of those in which Columbus discovered America, I observed that among the few buildings that still remain to mark where the White City once stood are the life saving station, which is used for the purpose for which it was originally constructed; the German Building, used as a restaurant, and the Fine Arts Gallery. This latter is now the Columbian Museum, which was presented to the city by Marshall Field, the great merchant, and is an art treasure of which Chicago may well be proud.

I watched the sun rising over Lake Michigan, which is really an inland sea. I drank in the silence and refreshing odor, that were in such sharp contrast to the busy rattle and strenuous activities of the Chicago streets. I mused on how this by-gone exposition had benefitted the city. In return for the lavish, almost profligate, expenditure on the pleasure of a few fleeting months there has come a permanent uplifting of the people, for

SECRETARY METCALF OF THE FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

Photographed for the National by G. V. Buck, Washington

they have gained a glorious breathing place that cannot but leave its mark on the rising generations. Where there had been nothing but sand dune and duck marsh there is now one of the most beautiful parks in the world, and there is also the Field Columbian Museum. Chicago gained two things: a breathing place for the people and a permanent home for Art. These are the two tangible and primary benefits; but subtly she gained an education in the art of Europe. It may be said that at the exposition of ten years ago Chicago was introduced to the world, and the states of the Middle West were then, for the first time, really opened up. The greatest industrial, educational and ethical advancement of this part of the country has come to pass since the Columbian Exposition. Statistics show this.

⁂

I THOUGHT of this second Fair, which is introducing to the world another American inland city. What will St. Louis gain from the Exposition? In the first place, she will strengthen her university. Several buildings have been specially erected with this in view, and will remain for that purpose; in addition to this tangible benefit there will be the renown that St. Louis' university will gain by the fact of its being associated with the Exposition. Besides this there will be the educational and broad-

THE RAILWAY MAIL CAR EXHIBITED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS

J. D. KIDWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

ening influence exerted on the people by coming into contact with the rest of the world. Other benefits there will be, but it is yet too soon to see them in their proper perspective. Ten years hence, when we walk through the scene of the St. Louis Fair, as we now walk through the scene of the Columbian Exposition, or of the older exposition held in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, we shall be better able to estimate just what the gain to St. Louis has been.

⁂

THIS brings up the question as to whether "expositionizing" has reached its climax or whether it may not be yet only in its infancy. I thought of that almost unknown land, the gateway to Asia, and came to the conclusion that, if in our time another world's fair of the magnitude of those at Chicago and St. Louis is held in this country, it will

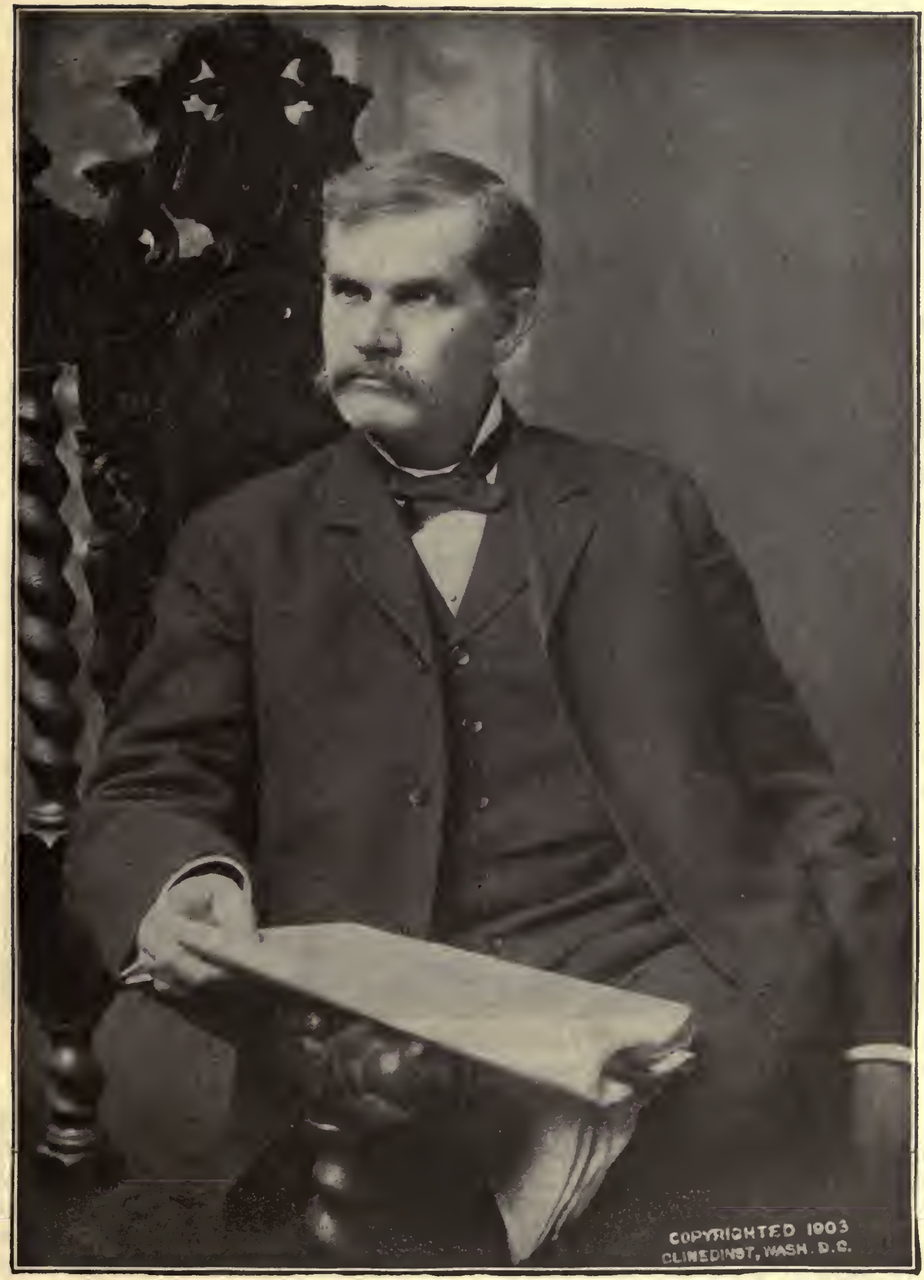
ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR take place at Seattle, which promises in a few decades to rival Chicago and St. Louis in size and commercial power. We do not forget the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held next year in Portland, Oregon — the Boston of the West coast; but this, granting it will be well worth crossing the continent to see, will not of course be in the same class, as to size and variety, with the great shows of the Mississippi valley cities. So I mused — but the sun had risen in his strength, and retrospect and forecast alike must be set aside as I traced my way down into the noisy streets of Chicago.

IGORROTE CHILDREN IN SCHOOL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, PHILIPPINE SECTION

⁂

AS I looked upon the half clad Igorrotes sitting upon school benches in the Philippine section of the World's Fair, I felt that the solution of the Philippine problem was there. The bright eyed young folks hold the key of the colonial riddle in their hands. Picturesque figures they are, with their straw caps on the back — the extreme back—of their heads. I marveled how they kept their headgear on, for I have been accustomed to see the front of the head used for this purpose; but I would not be surprised to see, in a short time, our island friends wearing their caps on the front of the head just as jauntily as any American, for they are quick to imitate and ready to pick up our foreign ways.

The school exercises are simple in the extreme; even kindergarten methods seem to be too abstruse for these pupils. At the same time, it is quite apparent that these semi-savages do not lack brains. This may be noted in their war dance, which involves intricate movements that require skill to execute. They dance to music (?) that sounds to our American ears remark-



CONGRESSMAN JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS OF MISSISSIPPI, TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN AND "KEYNOTE" ORATOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS, AND A RISING POWER IN THE COUNCILS OF HIS PARTY, WHERE HE STANDS FOR "WHITE SUPREMACY" AND A TARIFF FOR REVENUE

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst, Washington

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE NATIONAL AT OYSTER BAY

From a stereograph copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

ably like the beating of tin cans. A stooping attitude seems to be much favored; the tunes sung are doleful in the extreme, but there is nothing doleful about the way in which the money is received when the performance is over—that is truly European.

The Philippine natives at the Fair seem all rather small, especially the women, and it is a pleasure to watch them dance. As they glide, bow and circle in a kind of waltz step, holding their hands aloft, there is grace in every movement that speaks of flexible muscles and open air life. Their dancing has a charm that might well belong to the polished floors of Paris rather than to the sun-baked spaces of a barbaric camp.

It was a grief to me to miss the "dog feast," but the natives absolutely refuse to kill the dogs except under certain conditions of the moon, as these feasts have all the solemnity of a religious ceremony. On surrounding poles were

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PARKER AND DAVIS ON THE LAWN AT ESOPUS

Photographed for the National by G. V. Buck

grim reminders of earlier barbecues in the shape of skulls of cattle with horns attached.

The thatched homes of the village, with the stretch of half baked mud surrounding them, the water buffalo wallowing near the twin-hulled boats, the tropical vegetation waving in the breeze and the torrid atmosphere, all seem to carry the visitor far away from anything so modern as the World's Fair. The picturesqueness of the scene was somewhat marred when I noted the fact that the natives had already begun to be bitten with the American mania for chewing gum, though it was amusing to note how quickly they had picked up the habit. I believe that the "gum habit" will soon be as firmly grafted on the Philippine school children as on our own. As I walked along one little tot looked in my face and said, in pure English, "Good gum. I like it." The latter statement I was willing to credit, as he had

GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK, EX-COMMANDER OF THE G. A. R., AND HIS STAFF
From a photograph made for the Boston Globe

something like a dozen pieces in his mouth at that moment and was earnestly watching for more.

But it is hardly fair to judge the Philippine islands by the Igorrotes, who are only one of the savage tribes of the islands—like some of our Indian tribes. The exhibit, in itself, however, does credit to Governor Hunt, who has charge of this feature of the Exposition. The village reveals the extremes that exist in the islands rather than the average, and certainly satisfies that somewhat morbid desire that we all have to acquire knowledge regarding the modes of life that obtained among our savage forefathers, who doubtless lived very much in the same style that these people do now.

On Philippine day there was a procession of native soldiers in white helmets and trousers, headed by a native band and led by Secretary of War Taft, marching under the stars and stripes—a deeply sig-

GENERAL BLACKMAR, THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE G. A. R.

nificant picture. Nothing was lacking to convince the American public of the fact that if there is a man in our country today who comprehends the insular question, in its broadest and best sense, that man is Secretary Taft; and the enthusiasm expressed by these soldiers for their adopted country proves that the secretary's efforts have not been in vain. He was the admiration and cynosure of thousands of black eyes that day, and no man could be better seen, as his tall form towered above all bystanders. It is certain that we have in these islanders a friendly ally that will some day be of inestimable value to this country, commercially as well as politically. If Uncle Sam has no other record for the first part of the century than the gaining of these new friends, he has here something that will redound to his lasting credit.

⁂

THE arrangements for handling the World's Fair mail are somewhat

LITTLE GIRL IN FRONT OF THE FLORAL EMBLEM SOCIETY'S HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, FIXING A BOUQUET ON THE COAT OF A VISITING VETERAN, AUGUST, 1904

Courtesy of the Boston Globe

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON, WHERE THE GENERAL MEETINGS OF THE G. A. R. WERE HELD IN AUGUST, 1904

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston

FIGHTING MEN FROM UNCLE SAM'S WARSHIPS IN THE PARADE OF THE CIVIL WAR
From a photograph

peculiar, and many people who stop every day to observe and wonder at the apparently "makeshift" character of this department fail to understand that the men they watch are a living illustration of the railway mail service, of whom it has been said:

"It would seem that, aside from the army and navy, the life saving service is the only other government service that approaches the railway mail service in danger to life and limb."

This is fully borne out by the returns for the year ending June, 1903, which show a heavy percentage of killed and injured out of the total number of more than 9,000 railway postal clerks.

On entering the government building from the north, on the left will be noticed the usual post office windows and signs, the enclosure being constructed of heavy wire fencing, with the exception of the south side, which is filled in by a sixty foot railway car of the "Pennsylvania Lines" type and color. Two side doors, about twenty feet from either end, open into the post office enclosure and the end of the car next the center aisle contains a door with the instruction, "Keep Out," prominently displayed. The south side of the car is covered only by a heavy netting, with the exception of a space reaching about a foot above the floor—which permits the people to see the men at work in the interior and yet serves to make the car an enclosure. This car in use at the Exposition must not be taken as a fair sample of the service, as most of those in use are old and of much frailer construction, while this Exposition car has every possible improvement.

The efficiency of this service is well known, and so important has this branch become that if for any reason the United States railway mail service should stop for three days, it would paralyze the commerce and banking business of the entire country, no other department being able to handle the business. It is a curious fact that in so important a branch as this the pay should be below that of Washington departmental clerks, though a little above that

VETERANS AT BOSTON, DURING THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT, AUGUST, 1904
made for the Boston Globe

in city post offices, and these clerks are the only government servants who are expected to pay their own expense account while traveling on their usual run. The hours are long, from ten to fifteen being ordinary and eighteen to twenty not uncommon, and during the entire time the men are employed at work which is a constant tax on the memory, each man being required to be familiar with the location and dispatch of from 8,000 to 16,000 post offices. Physical endurance is also necessary, as all work is done standing, and while the train is going at full speed. Considering the importance of this service, it is singular that it is so little understood and appreciated.

⁂

THE Song of the Tower is one of the humorous touches of the World's Fair. About half way up the tower of the wireless telegraph sits a man with a megaphone that sends its loud refrain far and wide. The song is varied by exhortations to "Get off the earth!" and many have taken the hint and gone up. This tower supplies, in some measure, the place of the Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exposition, and from it, on August 27, the aerial race for Washington started. All day long the throng passed to and fro looking at the massive air ships and balloons, which were ready to ascend at five in the afternoon and commence the great long distance race.

Perhaps the science represented by this wireless telegraph tower may be regarded as the greatest wonder of the age. The operator up here as he handles his keys produces, with each flash, a noise that would dwarf into insignificance the report of a gatling gun. This, of course, is obviated in practical use, and is permitted in the tower merely as an exhibit. Every day messages are sent from this tower across the city to the dispatch office, as well as to Chicago and other distant points.

For those who aspire to still greater heights, there is an elevator to take the visitor on up the tower, 300 feet, and the view gained from this height is unsurpassed, especially at night. Off to the right are the myriad twinkling lights gleaming in the bosom of Forest Park. Beyond is the winding Mississippi, while nearer the street cars passing to and fro seem like the small playthings of some giant. To the left the gazer gets a bird's-eye view of the Exposition, and the reflection of the buildings in the lagoon and the ever changing colors of the cascades, with their play of light and shadow, form a picture that will not soon be forgotten. The great plan of the projectors of this Exposition is here unveiled at a single glance, and the visitor realizes something of what has been accomplished with the millions of money expended. No exposition hitherto has been so magnificent as this one, and I think this is chiefly due to the flood of light which suffuses everything. It seems that every fanciful taste of our nation has been ministered to in this wonderful display, the great Exposition built up to crumble in a little while like a house of cards.

ONE OF MANY PATRIOTIC DESIGNS WROUGHT OUT IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, BOSTON, IN HONOR OF THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT OF AUGUST, 1904

From a photograph made for the Boston Globe

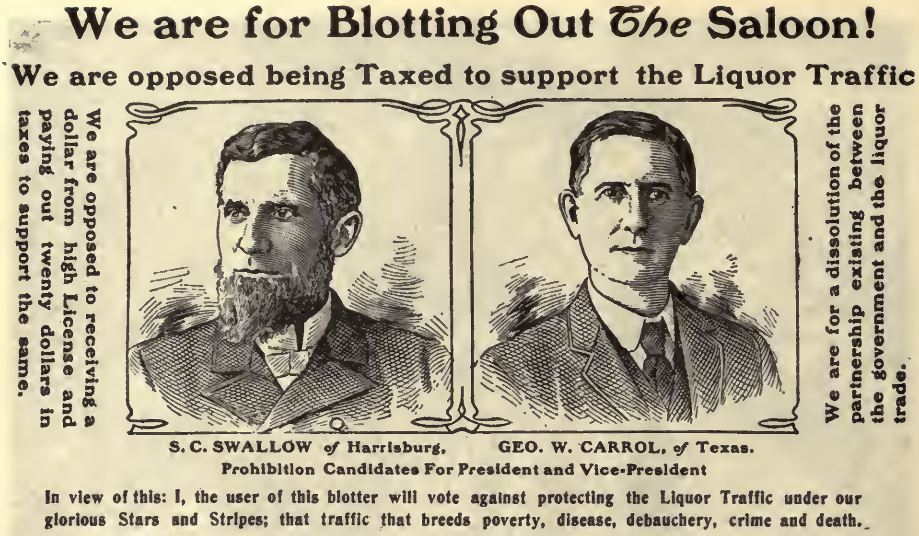
⁂

A SAIL on the Lagoon is the best means of grasping the romantic side of the Exposition, for here the visitor may imagine himself in Venice or any

FLORIDA GRAND ARMY MEN BEARING PALMS IN THE PARADE AT BOSTON
From a photograph by Chickering

⁂

COLORED VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN LINE AT BOSTON



We are for Blotting Out The Saloon!

We are opposed being Taxed to support the Liquor Traffic

We are opposed to receiving a dollar from high License and paying out twenty dollars in taxes to support the same.

We are for a dissolution of the partnership existing between the government and the liquor trade.

S. C. SWALLOW *of* Harrisburg. GEO. W. CARROL, *of* Texas.
Prohibition Candidates For President and Vice-President

In view of this: I, the user of this blotter will vote against protecting the Liquor Traffic under our glorious Stars and Stripes; that traffic that breeds poverty, disease, debauchery, crime and death.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY'S BLOTTER, A NOVELTY IN POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING

---

other old world spot he chooses, and the graceful movements of the gondolier as he guides his boat beneath the bridges, and the echo of the song of Naples—rousing and rollicking — as it rings across the water, will bear out the illusion. As the boat passes on in the glow of the brilliant lights, or mingles with the shadow of massive palaces, one lapses into a dream of what this world might be if beauty and pleasure could only reign supreme. The eye drinks in the beauty of the white palaces against their background of vivid green, and it is almost impossible to believe that this is not a modern Venice modelled on the lines of the old one. To get new views of the Exposition nothing is better than a trip about the lagoons or an automobile ride. In fact, the visitor to the Exposition can find something to suit his moods, no matter how they vary; but the prevailing spirit, be it morn or eventide, is laughter and merriment — that expression of humanity which is, after all, the zenith of happiness that we all strive for.

⁂

CALLING up reminiscences of the Philadelphia Exposition appears to be a favorite amusement with visitors to the Fair, and I was interested in hearing what had impressed them most at the great Centennial. I was told by a distinguished congressman that the one exhibit that held his attention, almost to the exclusion of all else, was the compressed air. He said he used to stand in front of the funnel and permit the escaping current to blow off his hat, while his chief amusement was watching the glee of the ladies as the blast of air whirled their skirts into artistic lines that would have charmed Greuze. This was all in the very beginning of the discoveries of the power of this wonderful force when imprisoned and suddenly released; it was before the days of the Westinghouse air brake. I was struck with the thought that the boy of years ago had remembered the newly discovered force and had preserved his interest in it all these years. Nothing is more curious to me than the things we remember, and I am wondering what will be the most impressive exhibit for the thousands that I daily look upon at the World's Fair today. I am sure that it will make interesting reading for the generations yet to come, when the great St. Louis Exposition has become mere matter of history.

⁂

THE memories of the Fair are not all radiant—there are lights and shadows in the picture. Only a few weeks ago I met a friend who came to the Fair to rest from the busy exactions of city life; with him were his wife and splendid family of boys. They were enjoying a well earned holiday after years of hard struggle together. The new home had just been completed. No longer any business strain, and the father was free to minister to the pleasure of his loved ones. It was a proud and happy moment; he had succeeded; he had achieved; he had won the fight. He sat and told me about it all, and how perfectly happy he was and content that he had made the sacrifice. There was a love-light in his eye that entirely obliterated the steely restlessness of his business career.

"Now I am ready to take it easy and enjoy my family," he said, but his wan and sallow face told how the struggle had worn him down.

That night the summons came, swift and sudden, and the father who had just begun to delight in his children, the husband who had found anew the real worth of his helpmate and had prepared for ease and happiness, was taken away in the twinkling of an eye. The flowers that were brought in to commemorate

COMMANDER IN CHIEF BLACKMAR AND FIVE OF HIS PREDECESSORS AT THE HEAD OF THE G. A. R.—LOUIS WAGNER, JOHN KOUNTZ, A. G. WEISSERT, ELI TORRANCE AND LEO RASSEUR

From a photograph made for the Boston Herald rate the anniversary of a wedding that night, passed out of the house on the bier that was to take the mortal remains of my friend to his home,—and what a home-coming to that hearthstone, where the father had sacrificed life on the altar of success.

Life and death; joy and sorrow; the shadow of the inevitable is always with us, even under the magic spell of Exposition delights.

⁂

THERE is a "national" atmosphere about Indianapolis that leads the visitor to expect something unusual, and I was not surprised to learn that L'Enfant, the French engineer who laid out Washington, had also made the plans for Indianapolis, and this city also is a fitting monument of his genius and the nation's greatness. It gives the native born American a thrill of patriotic pride to look along the beautiful asphalt paved streets, guarded on either side by friendly, over-arching elms, and listen to the busy hum of the street cars. Even these useful means of locomotion seem to partake of the national atmosphere, for almost every state is represented in the lettering on them: I noticed cars marked "Alabama," "Pennsylvania," "Kentucky," "Indiana," "Delaware," until I had counted up almost every state in the Union.

The narrow political majority for either party makes Indiana a "doubtful," and therefore a specially interesting state. This majority can never be reckoned upon with any degree of certainty, as it ranges first on one side and then on the other, for no apparent reason that the ordinary mortal can discover. The principal clubs of the city have also a distinct political significance, among these are the old Columbian and Marion clubs that have a large membership and an almost perfect organization.

Indianapolis seems likely to retain her political fame; she still continues to furnish candidates for the presidential ticket. Perhaps no city outside the capital is more closely interwoven with the history of American political life. I recalled the fact that for many years, with scarcely a break in the record, this city has furnished at least one representative on one of the national tickets. First it was Schuyler Colfax, who was on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln. Next came Hendricks, who made the run with Samuel J. Tilden; then came Willam H. English, who appeared in conjunction with General Hancock. Indianapolis continued to supply material for each successive campaign until Benjamin Harrison came upon the scene, being successful in his first contest and unsuccessful in his second. Now, in 1904, this city comes again to the front, giving a representative to the republican national ticket in the person of Senator Charles Warren Fairbanks.

The notification of Senator Fairbanks at his beautiful home in Indianapolis was a scene to be long remembered by those who witnessed it. Nothing was more impressive than the spirit of friendliness displayed by his neighbors on this occasion, for we may safely judge of the character of a man by his standing among the people who know him best. The spacious lawn was thronged with people, many newspaper men among them, and the exercises were held in the roomy porch, which reminds one of the famous McKinley porch at Canton.

The Fairbanks lawn already gives evidence of sharing the same fate that befell the lawn of the McKinley mansion during the memorable days of '96, but Senator Fairbanks did not seem to worry over the destruction of his turf, cheerily remarking that it all belonged to the people and his friends during the campaign.

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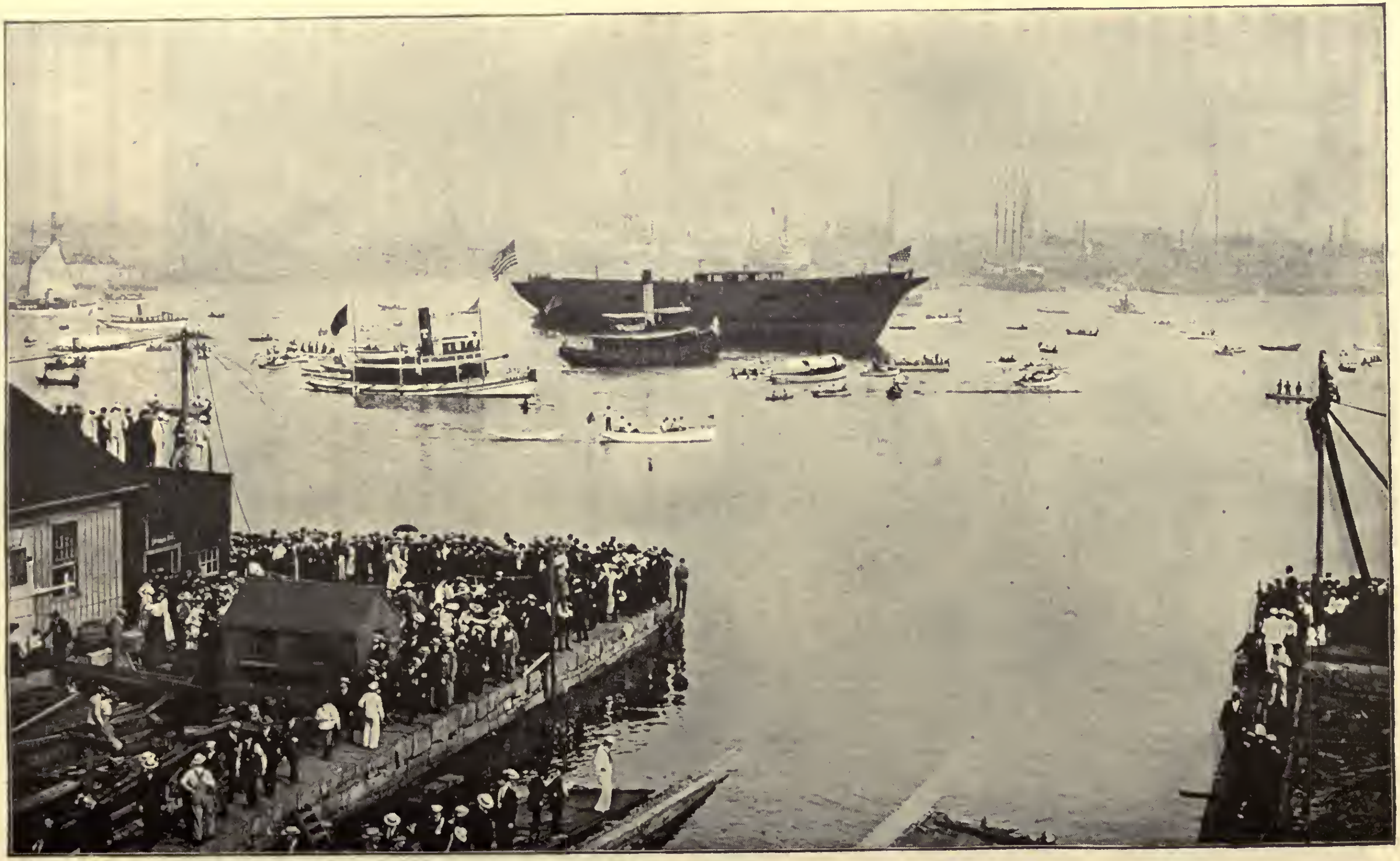
PERHAPS I am sentimental in regard to matters national, but I do not think I ever witnessed any scene that drew tears more quickly than the G. A. R.



LAUNCHING OF THE UNITED STATES TRAINING SHIP CUMBERLAND, IN THE NAVY YARD AT CHARLESTOWN, A FEATURE OF G. A. R. WEEK AT BOSTON, 1904

From a photograph made for the Boston Globe parade in Boston a few weeks ago. I stood on Commonwealth avenue, a wide stretch of green on either side, while the "old boys" in blue gathered for the great parade of that day. They were clustered in groups about the trees as they might have stood when off duty in the old days, but now many of them were bent and grizzled, though I noticed some who had apparently retained all their youthful vigor. There they were, the boys who saved the nation in '61. I watched them pass by—some hardly able to hobble, but all having the grip and determination that had characterized them in the old days, and there was something heroic and pathetic in their efforts to fulfill the somewhat arduous duties of this, the last parade in Boston. To me, every man who carried a musket in '61 is a hero, no matter whether he wears the blue or the gray, for all were alike imbued with the spirit of patriotism, on whichever side they fought. The same thrill ran through both North and South, and the Nation is what it is today because of the strength and tenacity of purpose proved in that terrible struggle that ushered in emancipation.

They marched to the strains of the old time fife and drum music,—tunes that have in them something that the rollicking rag time of today does not possess. The two-step may move the muscles, but not the heart of the hearer. I thought I had never heard anything sweeter than the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," as the music swelled out across the rustling leaves of the trees on the avenue on that bright August day. I do not think that "Dixie" ever brought forth more lusty shouts than on that day in good old abolitionist Boston. It could not have been hailed more enthusiastically in the stirring times of forty years ago than it was now by the crowds that lined either side of the streets, cheerfully jostling each other to get a good view as the parade filed along. Nothing seems to please the masses of the people so much as to see the veterans gather year after year to renew the old associations, and I am convinced that this is the feeling which has done so much to cement the nation into one harmonious whole.

The stars and stripes were everywhere flung wide to the breeze, and I could easily determine that the gazing crowd was moved by something more than the passing interest of the careless observer, and on every side were murmurs of regret as the thinning of the ranks by death was noted, and it was realized that in a few years nothing would be left of the G. A. R. For in this army were enrolled the fathers, the uncles, or the grandfathers that we hold dear, and who, forty years ago, stood as erect and strong as we do today, though now so many of them sit about in the quiet evening of life, looking far off into the days that are forever gone. But they fight their battles over again for the younger generations and are an inspiring and educative force, the value of which it would be difficult to estimate too highly.

I will not attempt to describe each day's doings in detail, or give a list of the beauty and variety of the decorations around the city and at the headquarters of the various states. It would take pages to tell how the Public Gardens and the Common were turned into fairy land each night, until the beholder wondered if he still trod the prosaic streets of the Hub. The parades were unusually long. I was told that on the 16th. it took four hours for the entire procession to file past a given point; but among all the sights of that remarkable week nothing interested me more than the living flag, composed of children dressed in the red, white and blue and arranged in the grand stand in such a skillful fashion that when all were in their places, the American flag was reproduced on an immense scale.

It was generally remarked that the whole city of Boston seemed to welcome, as one person, the host of visitors, and perhaps no one connected with this encampment deserves more praise for the excellent arrangements made for the comfort of the veterans, and unfailing hospitality, than the Bay State women.

UNITED STATES SENATOR GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR OF MASSACHUSETTS

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SENATOR HOAR AT HOME

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

SENATOR HOAR IN HIS LIBRARY

WITH the adjournment of congress, George Frisbie Hoar, the Grand Old Man of the United States Senate, returned to his stately Worcester home, coming back with almost boyish gladness to his books, his ancestral portraits and his daughter,—an atmosphere that serves admirably to interpret the unique personality of this Yankee statesman. For it is his seven generations of Puritan forebears as much as constant contact with the noblest friends any man can have—the great books of the world—that have served to make Senator Hoar what he is. And this is why one needs to see him among his own manes and penates, in the book-lined library of the Oak Avenue home in Worcester, to appreciate his power.

Few men indeed could live in the atmosphere of that library without absorbing the essence of learning which pervades it. The walls of the big room are lined with books, tables are piled high with them, cabinets are filled with precious autographs picked up carefully here and there, while busts and pictures of distinguished statesmen and scholars look down on one from the tops of all the book cases. Even the patches of wall space over the fireplace and the doors have Greek and Latin mottoes in praise of learning.

"Work while it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work," greets one in the characters of the New Testament over the door at the left of the mantel, while over the fireplace itself is a bit from Dr. Johnson's poem to the Hebrides, that might be turned from the Latin into English, "Where shall I wander further? Whatever is needed is here. In this place is secure quiet and honest love." And, balancing the Greek, stands on the other side this George Herbert motto painted in letters of gold:

> "Man is no star, but a quick coal
> Of mortal fire;
> Who blows it not, nor doth control
> A faint desire,
> Lets his own ashes choke the soul."

The privilege of having sat by this fireside in the days when beautiful, gentle Mrs. Hoar exercised gracious hospitality in the big library is also interpretive. It so helps one to understand why among the many things Mr. Hoar might have said of Emerson during the centenary exercises last year, he, the presiding officer at the great Symphony Hall meeting, did say: "Emerson was great because he was a great lover; he loved home, and wife, and children, and town, and country."

As fine a picture as anyone could draw of Mr. Hoar's personality he drew himself about a dozen years ago in a good humored remonstrance issued against a report published in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The article had said that he was out of sympathy with people of the so-called "working classes," because he had been born to wealth, that he lived at ease on the public treasury as a perpetual office holder, and had always been surrounded with luxury. "I never inherited any wealth, nor had any," he replied. "My father was a lawyer in very large practice for his day; but he was a very generous and liberal man, and never put much value upon money. My share of his estate was about $10,500.

"All the incoming producing property I have in the world, or ever had, yields a little less than $1,800 a year. Eight hundred dollars of that is from a life estate, and the other thousand comes from stock in a corporation which has paid dividends only for the past two or three years, and which I am very much afraid will pay no dividends or very much smaller ones after two or three years to come. With that exception, the house where I live, with its contents and with about four acres of land, constitute my whole worldly possesions, except two or three vacant lots which would not bring me $5,000 all told.

"As to office holding and working, I think there are few men in this continent who have put so much hard work into life as I have. I went one Winter to the Massachusetts house of representatives, when I was twenty-five years old, and one Winter to the Massachusetts senate, when I was thirty. The pay was two dollars a day at that time. I was nominated on both occasions much to my surprise, and on both occasions declined a renomination. I afterward twice refused a nomination for mayor of my city, have twice refused a seat on the supreme bench of Massachusetts, and refused for years to go to congress, when the opportunity was in my power. I was at last broken down with overwork, and went to Europe for my health. During my absence the arrangements were made for my nomination to congress, from which, when I got home, I could not well escape.

"The result is that I have been here for many years as representative and senator, getting a little poorer year by year. During all this time I have never been able to hire a house in Washington. My wife and I have experienced the varying fortunes of Washington boarding houses, sometimes very comfortable and a good deal of the time living in a fashion to which no Pittsburg mechanic earning two dollars a day would subject his household.

"The chief carnal luxury of my life," continued this amusing account of the senator's "Plutocratic" habits, "is in breakfasting every Sunday with an orthodox friend, a lady who has a rare gift for making fishballs and coffee. You unfortunate and benighted Pennsylvanians can never know the exquisite flavor of the codfish salted, made into balls and eaten of a Sunday morning by a person whose theology is sound and who believes in all of the five points of Calvinism. I am myself but an unworthy heretic; but I am of Puritan stock of the seventh generation, and there is vouchsafed to me, also, some share in that ecstacy and a dim glimpse of the beatific vision. Be assured, my benighted Pennsylvania friend, that in that hour when the week begins, all the terrapin of Philadelphia or Baltimore, and all the soft shelled crabs of the Atlantic shore might pull at my trousers' legs and thrust themselves on my notice in vain.

"But I have one extravagance," contined this confession. "I have been in my day a most enthusiastic collector of books. There, I grant you, I have spent money—but not nearly so much money as I could get on the books if I were to sell them now."

Which is emphatically true.

Senator Hoar's collection is one of the finest private collections of books in the land. It was not picked up at random, neither was it bought at auction sales. The more than five thousand volumes in this library are the result of thoughtful selection, of patient waiting, of much correspondence and of final purchasing. Not a few of the books and manuscripts in the collection money could not buy. These are the gifts of friends and admirers. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, for instance, gave the senator that magnificent two volume de luxe edition of Horace and Virgil which, it has since been thought, may have been the property of Thomas Jefferson. And many other such gifts are here, beside priceless ancient volumes, manuscripts and very valuable historical documents.

The spacious desk, which stands in the center of that end of the room which has the best light, was decorated the day of my visit with a vase full of exquisitely fragrant sweet peas, grown in the gardens on the place and arranged by Mrs. Hoar's own hand. A long distance telephone here connects the senator with outside interests, while an inspiring array of friends' pictures greets his eye as he pauses in his writing to think of "the best word." At the right is a copy of the Partridge bust of Edward Everett Hale. "It gives an elegant picture of Hale's shirt front,'' said my host, as I asked about it.

Behind the senator's comfortable easy chair, and between the desk and the window that commands a charming glimpse of a red geranium bed just beyond the piazza, is another bust, that of the senator's father, a man who was Emerson's friend and of whom the Concord poet once wrote these lines:

> "July was in his sunny heart,
> October in his generous hand."

The face of this successful lawyer of two generations ago is distinctly Roman in type, so much so that I asked whether the bust was of Cato, greatly delighting by the question the senator, who replied, "No, that's my father. But it's curious you should have thought it Cato. For it was by that name that his intimates called him. Probably he looks like Cato, but I do not remember ever to have seen a bust of the sturdy Roman." [As he made these remarks about the two busts the senator was seating himself for the photograph here reproduced.]

The picture matter being now settled, we turned at last to the books, and the senator was in his element. "I have in general a pretty good collection of the Latin and Greek classics," he said, "of English histories, say from the time of Henry VIII until within a few years, and of English literature and biography. Then I have a fairly good collection of American literature, history and biography. And I suppose there is no better collection of American historical pamphlets than mine, except in some great libraries.

"Frequently I see books sold for large sums, copies of which I have in my possession. Here, for instance," and going to a case the senator took down with loving care several dingy, battered little volumes, among which was the "History of Little Goody-Two-Shoes," printed at Worcester in 1787, by that Isaiah Thomas whom my host then characterized as the greatest publisher this country has ever known. "Thomas," he went on to explain, "was a great friend of Dr. Franklin, and Poor Richard once came to Worcester and worked a press here.

"They must have had mighty good eyes in those days, don't you think?" commented the senator, as he showed me a finely printed Virgil brought to this country by Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts, and bearing on the date line "London, 1659." Near it on the book shelves stood an elzevir Ovid printed at Amsterdam in 1676.

"I have a number of books that have come down to me from Leonard Hoar, who was president at Harvard college about 1670," said the senator. "This Aitken Bible was, I believe, the first Bible published in America. It was the gift of my grandmother to my mother, and you will notice that it has the autograph of Robert Sherman, my signer ancestor, under the date 1793. It is a very rare book, and a copy is, I dare say, worth $1,500.

"Now these are curiosities: two copies of sermons which belonged to John Hancock and Samuel Adams. They, you remember, were the two Americans not exempted from danger by George III's pardon. The books were given me by Samuel Adams' grand-daughter.

"This book here was once in the hands of John Milton. It says on the fly leaf, 'Gift of Mr. Milton,' in the poet's own hand. It was undoubtedly a presentation copy. And it is the very work that caused Milton his blindness!

"This," said the senator, picking up a copy of Granger's "Lives of Famous Englishmen," "gives one, I think, a phase of the character of Daniel Webster, not always manifest to the public." And, turning back the cover, the senator showed on the fly leaf, over a note to the effect that the author, Dr. Granger, died from heart failure while administering the sacrament, this stanza in Webster's own handwriting:

SENATOR HOAR'S LIBRARY

More happy end what saint ere knew!
  To whom like mercy shown!
His Saviour's death in rapturous view
  And unperceived his own. D. W.

"And this," he continued, picking up another volume, "is a copy of Chapman's Homer. I suppose it would sell for $1,500 by auction. And this is a very rare Chaucer—you observe that it is in black letter type and that it was printed in 1587. I am told that it's impossible to obtain one like it now.

"These Bibles will interest you," and the senator handed down two well worn volumes. "This one is a family Bible that belonged to Roger Sherman. See this record of births. The name of Sarah Sherman, my mother's name, is written here. She was Roger Sherman's youngest daughter.

"This other is Wordsworth's Bible, presented to him by Faber, the celebrated hymn writer. On one occasion when I was abroad, John Morley told me that if it had been known that I had obtained a Bible belonging to Wordsworth they would not have allowed it to leave the country.

"But I could go on all day like this," smiled my host, producing in rapid succession a copy of Theocritus, well thumbed and worn, once the property of Blackstone, the famous English jurist, and bearing his autograph on the title page; copies of Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ' and 'Holy Living,' both printed about 1657, and a Bible printed by Isaiah Thomas in Worcester in 1791.

"One of the best modern editions of them all is this Knight's Wordsworth," he continued. "I am a devoted reader of Wordsworth. And here is Rogers' poems and 'Italy,' illustrated by Turner." To the question whether he found so much to admire in Turner's work as Ruskin discovered there, the senator replied, gently, that he was "no judge of art."

But that the senior senator from Massachusetts knows art in old wood carving when he sees it, I was very soon convinced, when he showed me a table formerly in the house from which Charles II made his escape after the siege of Worcester. In coloring and texture as well as in decoration this table is a rare treasure. And it is very fittingly employed, for it is piled high with priceless tomes, first edition Jeremy Taylor's, Thomas Fuller's and Sir Thomas Browne's.

A beautifully carved black oak chair made from one of the pews in Shakespeare's church at Stratford-on-Avon stands near the table. And after one has heard the senator say with every evidence of belief that Shakespeare's hands had not improbably touched the wood of this piece, one looks at the chair with veritable awe.

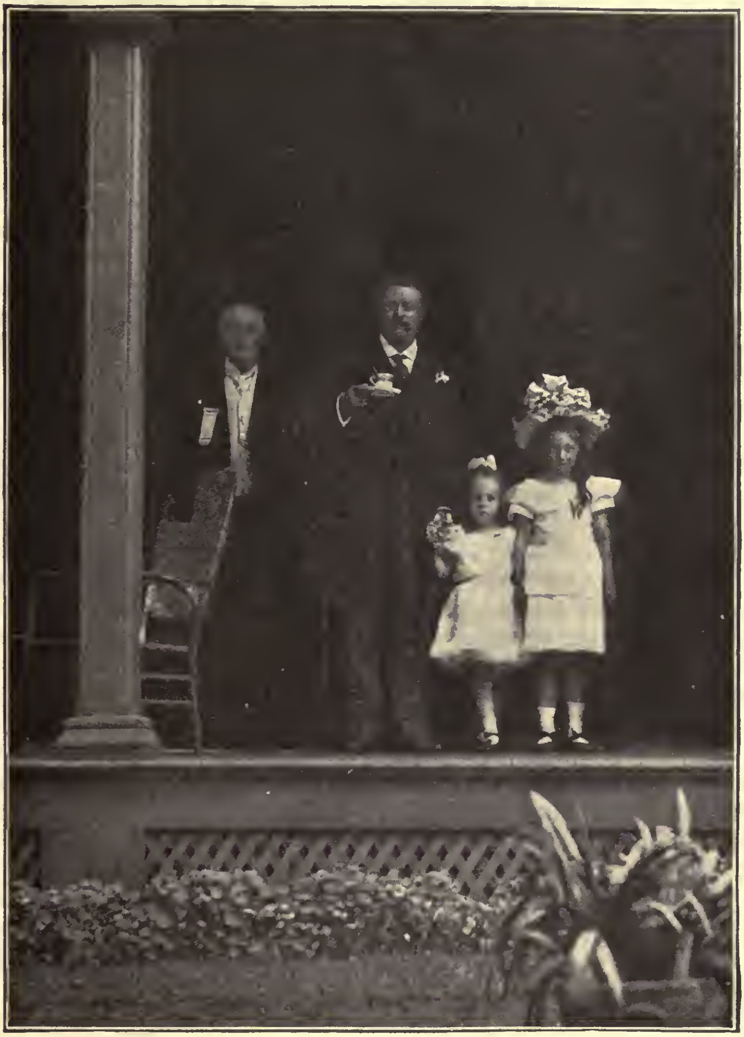
Yet it is in the oak relics associated with his own family history that Mr. Hoar takes most pride. The huge black oak chest was made, he explained, from timber in the house of an ancestor who lived in Gloucester, England. His name was Richard Hoare, and his initials, carved by his own hand, are to be seen on the chest.

"And that door," said the senator, "is from the house of Charles Hoare." Later he pointed out to me a picture of the house, a part of which still stands on Longsmith street, Gloucester, England. An accompanying legend states that the house was occupied from 1580 to 1632 by Charles Hoare, the grandfather of John, the first Hoare who came to this country. "That makes my little grand-children eleven generations removed from Charles Hoare, you see," he observed.

This allusion to "my little grand-children" is characteristic of Senator Hoar. Several times in the course of the afternoon he spoke with pleasure as well as pride of these little ones. And he was very happy in showing me his photograph (here reproduced) taken last year with some Syrian immigrant children whom the president and the senator had saved from being separated from their parents.

Not to have seen Senator Hoar's collection of autographs is, however, to have missed one of the choicest parts of this library. There are hundreds of these autographs and they are neatly arranged in piles, each pile in a separate cardboard case marked with the name of the original owner or author, together with important dates associated with each. The piles then fill several drawers of a large cabinet. All the letters written, during confinement, by that Webster who murdered Parkman, are here just as they were sent to his counsel. The whole of Campbell's prefaces to the "Lives of the British Poets" are also in this cabinet, as are Washington Irving's notes during 1807-08, memoranda probably used in the preparation of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

Thomas Carlyle's autograph appears at the end of a funny rhyme, and the only autograph in the country of Lord Coke, who was a famous judge during Queen Elizabeth's time, is likewise here.



SENATOR HOAR AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE PIAZZA WITH THE SYRIAN CHILDREN THEY SAVED FROM DEPORTATION

Copyright, 1903, by Schervee.

Over one old poem the senator paused to laugh. "Samuel T. Coleridge," he explained, "wrote, about 1794, a poem dedicated to 'a young ass.' This is the original manuscript, and it contains several lines highly uncomplimentary to King George." Thrilling indeed was it to read those never published stanzas in which Coleridge refers to the fact that Handel's music was very sweet to "the scoundrel monarch's breast." "That line in print would have meant ten years in the penitentiary," commented Mr. Hoar. "Leigh Hunt received two years for a great deal less.

"There's a wicked letter," broke out the silvery haired statesman, as he picked one out of a group of faded documents. "One of these days I may publish it for the benefit of that society which is trying to rehabilitate Aaron Burr. You may look at it if you like. You see that he describes the young girl about whom he is writing to another man exactly as if she were a horse or a dog." Surely enough, this letter must confound Burr's admirers. With a kind of fine irony it ends, "God bless you. A. Burr."

"That's the original drawing of Trumbull's 'Surrender of Cornwallis,'" said the senator, producing a piece of cardboard about five inches by three. But, small as the drawing is, its scheme and effect are perfectly clear. It corresponds exactly to the splendid painting now in the capitol.

"Now here is something that I know will interest you: the original manuscript of William Cullen Bryant's 'Death of the Flowers':

> "The melancholy days have come,
> The saddest of the year."

Just then we were passing a James Bryce packet, and I thought the occasion was ripe for a eulogy of the author of "The American Commonwealth." But no eulogy came. Senator Hoar merely characterized Bryce as "a good, respectable gentleman," and when I laughed at the adjectives, so different from most people's, he smiled with appreciative humor.

"Here's a beautiful William Pitt letter," he exclaimed enthusiastically, as he untied the tape binding of the case. And there, in the handwriting of him who did so much for the American cause, I read: "Millions of tenderest thanks to sweet love; dearest children all well and talk nothing but adored mamma."

This charming love letter to Pitt's wife is dated "Sunday, going to church."

Politics and piety jostle each other in this autograph collection. For close to a letter of Chester A. Arthur, accepting the nomination for the vice presidency, is a letter from Sir William John Bowring, author of "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," and one from James Montgomery, who wrote that exquisite hymn, "Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

Probably the most stirring thing from the political standpoint is, however, Webster's "Speech on the Sub-Treasury," made in reply to Mr. Calhoun. This is in the handwriting of the great New England statesman, who was in the habit of preparing a single passage for a speech and doing the rest extempore. The whole speech may now be found in volume four of Webster's addresses under date of January 31, 1838. But to read it here in the great man's own hand is quite another matter. "Calhoun will go off under the state's rights banner," it runs ironically in one place and then it breaks out in a particularly Websterian fashion: "Let him go!" After that the great orator proceeds in an impassioned burst of eloquence to announce that he himself came into public life in the service of "all the United States and purposes to so remain."

Very lovingly did Senator Hoar finger this manuscript, turning over page after page of it.

"It seems to be very long," I remarked; "almost as long as your great Philippine speech."

"Yes," responded the strenuous anti-imperialist, "that speech was long enough, but it didn't seem to do much good."

"Do you still feel as strongly about the matter as you did?" was asked.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Hoar replied, with a flash of that vigor that always leaps up when a principle is under discussion. "I haven't changed my mind at all about the matter. I think that the lynching and the lawlessness so prevalent in these days is due very largely to the lack of regard for the rights of others which came from our treatment of the Filipinos. McKinley would have brought us through," musingly. "But of course I hope we shall win through even now that we have lost him."

"Here's a document right here, signed by Aguinaldo," he continued. "It seems to be the hand of a scholar, don't you think?" And as I replied that it was certainly a good signature the painful war topic dropped.

"Do you like Maria Edgeworth?" the senator now asked, to relieve the tension of the Philippine question. I replied promptly that I had been brought up on her "Parent's Assistant," but had seldom read her since. "Well," he observed, "I am glad you were brought up on her. That's something. But I read her still. Here is a letter from her.

"And here is a pathetic one from George III, written while he was in restraint for insanity, and desiring that his secretary bring him any documents that needed his signature.

"This is Garfield's letter accepting the nomination for the presidency. Poor fellow! He was to have visited me here at the end of that journey he was just beginning when the assassin shot him."

The Lambs are represented in the collection by two valuable relics, one a quaint little visiting card on which is inscribed in a good round hand "Mary Ann Lamb," with a note underneath to the effect that it was written by Miss Lamb, July 5, 1840, at the age of seventy-four; and Charles Lamb by the original manuscript of his sonnet on the Christian names of women, a charming bit of verse written to Edith Southey:

"In Christian world MARY the garland wears!
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ears;
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear;
The little Gaul by amorous NINON swears.
Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines!
What air of fragrance ROSAMOND throws around!
How like a hymn doth sweet CECELIA sound!
Of MARTHAS and of ABIGAILS, few lines
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely JOAN be fashionéd. But can
You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?
And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith, in numbers I profess,
These all than Saxon EDITH please me less."

In curious contrast to this charming bit of gallantry was the next document examined, a speech made by Thomas Hutchinson, the Tory governor in 1775. Mr. Hoar's paper is the original manuscript of the address delivered the day after the mob had attacked Hutchinson. Its author repudiates all responsibility for the Stamp Act and, after apologizing for appearing in tattered clothes, remarks: "These clothes are all I have in the world."

Leigh Hunt is here in a splendid piece of verse writing called "The Religion of a Lover of Truth." Keble, the author of "The Christian Year," has a letter to a friend full of English church politics and containing a reference to the senator's grandfather. A bit of a Keats poem; something from James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; a postal card from Gladstone; a message sent to the legislature by John Hancock when he was governor in 1782; a good letter of Walter Scott's; a letter from Lord Roseberry—"a far away cousin of mine"; a charade written in Macaulay's own hand, and a fine poem of Fitz-Green Halleck's are also here. The author of "At Midnight in His Guarded Tent," did the verse in question for a fair, and it is written of a young naval officer named Allen, who died in his country's defence. It runs:

"He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons to die."

The collection often throws strange light upon well known characters. We find, for instance, Charlotte Cushman appearing as a poet. Here in her own handwriting is a rather hysterical sonnet, beginning:

"There is no God—the skeptic scoffing said—
There is no power that sways o'er earth, o'er sky.
Remove the veil that folds the doubter's head
That God may burst upon the opened eye."

And so on for ten more lines that make one very glad Miss Cushman turned her talent to acting instead of to verse making.

An autograph collection of this kind can often change unjust opinions. Thomas Moore was not admitted to a place in the congressional library, it will be remembered, because he once published a ribald attack upon the United States. Senator Hoar, however, possesses a letter signed by Moore himself, in which is presented an excellent recantation of this attack. Moore even goes so far as to characterize the obnoxious writing as a "crude and boyish tirade." The publication of the letter, when Moore's character was under discussion, rendered the poet tardy justice. A humorous poem written by Dean Swift, two Duke of Wellington letters, some Robert Browning manuscripts, a John Adams letter, and a John Quincy Adams autobiographical sketch, written when the president was an old man, are other interesting documents in the big cabinet.

The grand finale of my afternoon came when Senator Hoar read me, with a twinkling eye and very evident relish, Southey's delightful squib on Napoleon Bonaparte's Moscow journey. As the rhymes on the "owskis" and the "ishkis" rolled out in the statesman's mellow voice, I could not but lean back in my chair and laugh heartily at it all. But at the same time I was thinking that even so grave a republican miscarriage as the Philippine move could not be unbearable to any man possessing a sense of humor like that of the senior senator from Massachusetts.

Yet, somehow, it is with a glimpse of quite another phase of the man that I prefer to close this account of a delightful day in Worcester. The incident happened as I was being driven to the station and it arose from my admiration of the public library the senator had pointed out to me.

"The only time I was ever guilty of wire pulling," my host then remarked, "was when I so used my influence that Thucydides instead of Herodotus received honorable mention on that facade as the representative Greek historian. Why did I want to carry that point? Oh, only because I've always had an especial fondness for Thucydides."

Was not that deliciously characteristic? Is there another man in American public life today who would pull wires for—Thucydides?

LOVE

Love is as elusive as an echo ere it dies,
Love is evanescent as the rainbow in the skies,
Love deceives the happy-heart, the careless and the wise
With vows to live forever and a day.

F. P.

DON JUAN ON THE PIKE

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

I LOVE the blare of trumpets, the delirious
  Strains of the Eastern bag-pipe (I suppose
That's what we hear in "Asia" so mysterious—
  Much like a tenor talking through his nose);
The Orientals, somehow, never weary us
  Though onto much of our loose change they close,
I love the acrobatic leaps and jerks
Practiced by all the Allah-praising Turks.

The Eskimos are cunning little creatures
  With much disdain for costumes "Peek-a-boo;"
The furry hoods that frame their chubby features
  Must be delightful down in old St. Lou.
Perhaps I'd go and sit upon the bleachers
  Dressed in a nice mink overcoat or two
If I could brave the heat in all the clothes
Worn by the blubber-eating Eskimos.

The Indians are a formidable bunch
  As, mounted on their steeds, they face the street;
I happened to observe them eating lunch
  And when the waiter came I didn't eat.
I sipped, instead, some funny Turkish punch
  That makes the average tourist indiscreet;
And all that day, till placed upon the shelf,
I was an awful Indian myself.

The grand Tyrolean Alps are fair to view,
  Their thousand fairy lanterns twinkling prettily,
They have their host of staunch admirers, too;
  I heard one aged spinster say, quite wittily:
"I s'pose this here's where Stonewall Jackson's crew
  Stood when he said 'Beyond the Alps lies Italy!'"
'Twas here that, aided by the Turkish jag,
I saw the "lightning leap from crag to crag."

Last, but not least, on Cairo's streets I saw
  A little play house where a smooth magician
Wagged—it was getting late—his weary jaw
  And called attention to the small admission.
I entered, and a maid whose smile would thaw
  The heart of even the haughtiest patrician
Started some dance, when to my discontent
  I noticed 'twas my bed time, so I went!

NEW DAWNS OF KNOWLEDGE

By MICHAEL A. LANE

AUTHOR OF "THE LEVEL OF SOCIAL MOTION"
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

VI.—THE BIBLE

IT is only in comparatively recent years that the methods of science have been applied to the study of the Bible. This fact was due to two widely separated causes. First, the professors of the physical sciences were altogether incompetent to speak with certainty concerning the sacred scriptures; and, secondly, the professors of theology who were quite competent to do so, refused to do so because they regarded the sacred scriptures as an inspired book which was not to be questioned at all. In this way, the Bible, until recent times, escaped the otherwise all-pervading influence of the inductive method, although the instruments of that method, and the knowledge how to use them, were familiar to the professors in the theological seminaries. Those men of science who did not regard the Bible as a sacred book did not know enough about the Bible to discuss it intelligently, whereas those who were perfectly capable of discussing it with power and intelligence refrained from doing so because of scrupulosity. In this way the Bible escaped the current of scientific progress which had been carrying other things forward on its swiftly moving stream.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century a few German theologians undertook to explain away the contradictions of the four gospels; to reconcile the variations and the apparent flat disagreements and the seemingly irreconcilable divarications which continually present themselves to him who reads the gospels with a living rather than a languid interest. These theologians attempted to prove, by rational methods, the historical consistency of the New Testament. As thorough and conscientious believers in the truth of that history, they desired to satisfy themselves of its rationality, and to construct theories by which the self-contradictions in the entire account would be rationally explained.

The very moment, however, that this attempt was made a curious consequence arose. It was found that scarcely two theologians could agree upon any explanation whatsoever, and there thus sprang up a notable controversy which was not altogether devoid of personal bitterness and enmity. So it was that the "higher criticism" came to be ushered into the world of scientific thought, and in this insidious manner the Book of Books was insensibly drawn into the current of scientific inquiry with all the implications which these terms contain. The Bible was now in the hands of men thoroughly competent to question its every line; of scholars whose lives had been spent in divinity schools, and in the close and deep study of the languages and the history, a knowledge of which was all-essential to any intelligent conception of the true meaning of the New Testament, or to an understanding of its obscure and remote references to obscure and remote social customs and religious ideas long since extinct and altogether unknown except to specialists in exegesis.

For a long time, therefore, the controversy was quite beyond the comprehension of the layman, whether "scientific" or not. The theologians had it all to themselves, and possibly would have most of it still to themselves had it not been for the work of a young theologian in the seminary at Tubingen — David Friedrich Strauss. The influence of Strauss upon theological thought, and biblical study in general, has been incalculable. He was the first theologian to accept the full consequences of the new method, and with one step he accomplished the full distance to which biblical criticism can go. The method of Strauss is complete. He left nothing for his successors to do. Current biblical criticism—that is, the New Testament criticism—is quite flat when compared with the finished work of Strauss. It is, for the most part, a recrudescence of the old discussion which was rampant in the pre-Straussian period.

THE METHOD OF STRAUSS

An understanding of the work that Strauss did can best be gained by letting the reader see for himself an example of Strauss' method. Let us take, for instance, his treatment of the Testament account of the apppearance of Jesus to the apostles who, after the death of Jesus on the cross, had gathered in Jerusalem awaiting power from above. In considering this account, Strauss weighs the statement of the four gospels one against the other, with the most curious and ingenious conclusions. I quote from his celebrated "Life of Jesus":

"All the accounts [of the appearance of Jesus to the apostles after the resurrection] endeavor to show how the eleven (if not to the credit of their faith, at least to the satisfaction of those who were afterwards to trust to their testimony) were anything but hasty in their belief. According to Luke the apostles considered the account given by the women of what they had seen, and the message of the angel, as empty talk (xxiv, 11); according to Mark they gave no credit to the disciples who had gone into the country and who had declared that they had seen Jesus himself (xvi, 12); according to Matthew some even were unbelievers at the final appearance of Jesus in Galilee (Matt. xxviii, 17), at which we cannot be surprised if he appeared to them (as according to Mark he did to the disciples in the country) in a changed form.

"The means, however, by which the last doubts of the disciples were satisfied, and they were brought to believe, were, according to Matthew and Mark, simply these. Jesus appeared to them, themselves, approached them and spoke to them. In Luke, Jesus finds it necessary to go much farther, and the most thorough skeptic he has to satisfy is John. In the gospel of John the two who went to Emmaus had just come in to the eleven, and were about to tell of their own meeting with Jesus, when all at once Jesus stood in the midst of them. As they were still afraid (in spite of their having heard that Jesus had risen) and thought that they were looking at a spirit, Jesus showed them his hands and his feet, calling upon them to touch him and convince themselves that he has bone and flesh and consequently is not a spirit; and as they still cannot believe for very joy, he asked them for food, and immediately partook before their eyes of a piece of fried fish and some honeycomb. These were proofs which in themselves might lead to the supposition of a natural return to life on the part of Jesus; but he had immediately before that time vanished from the table before the eyes of the disciples at Emmaus, and his sudden appearance on this occasion in the room in the midst of the disciples points to a supernatural entrance.

"But here, what Luke had only implied, John declares definitely when he says that Jesus came and stood in the middle of the room when the doors were shut. On the first occasion he shows his hands and his side, only, to be looked at; on the second he makes Thomas put his finger and hand in the marks of the wounds. To this is further added the proof (of a physical body) by the eating of fried fish and bread.

"Now in this case, if the eating and the touching were historically true, it could not be doubted that what appeared to the disciples was a human being, endowed with natural life and a natural body. If the showing and the feeling of the marks of the wounds really took place, there could be as little doubt that this human being was the Jesus who had died upon the cross: in fine, if the entrance through the closed doors really occurred, there could be no question that the corporeality and life of this human being were of a very peculiar and perfectly supernatural order. But if all this be true, we have here two things coexisting in absolute contradiction with each other. A body which can be touched has the power of resistance; but if this body can pass through closed doors it cannot have power of resistence. A body which can penetrate without opposition through boards can have no bones nor any organ by which to digest bread and fish. These are not conditions which can exist together in a real being, but such as only a fantastic imagination can combine together.

"The evangelical testimony in favor of the resurrection of Jesus endeavors to bring forward the most convincing of all proofs. In doing so it breaks to pieces, and shows itself to be the mere result of a wish to give support to a dogmatic conception which, so soon as the wish disappears, collapses for want of any support at all."

MERE SCIENTISTS NOT COMPETENT

The above mere fragment from the monumental work that has made the name of Strauss immortal exposes the very heart of the method used by the so called higher criticism. It must be remembered that this method is not applied to the Bible by men who pursue the physical sciences. These do not discuss the Bible at all. They are not competent to discuss the Bible. It is the theologian who is competent to discuss the Bible, and we see above the ultimate conclusions to which theology comes, once it consents to use the inductive method. In this way, by the use of this method, scientific theology has uncovered what is called the "errancy" of the sacred scriptures, and has established for itself an entire system of science which, however, is confined to the theological seminary and is seldom or never taught from the pulpit. The biblical scholar lives in a world of his own and is concerned with questions quite remote from the popular notions of the Bible and its meaning. He has satisfied himself that the book of Job is only a poem, historical in no sense of that word; that the book of Isaiah is really two books by two different authors; that the first five books of the Old Testament were written centuries after Moses was dead; that many of the most striking occurrences recounted in the books of the prophets never took place at all; that the gospels were not written by the men to whom the authorship is imputed, and that they were not written until probably more than a century after the death of Jesus himself; that the Messianic descent from David is a mere dogmatic fiction worked out for the purpose of satisfying the requirements of the prophet Micah, and other Messianic traditions according to which the Messiah was to be of the line of David and born in the city of Bethlehem; and that many other accounts in the Bible are quite aside from questions of actual occurrence or historical value save as indications of the social and religious state of the Jews about the time of the publication or the writing of the books at issue.

NATURE OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM

Biblical criticism approaches its conclusions and verifies its theories precisely as do all other sciences. It never jumps at generalizations, but carefully and mercilessly tries out and tests everything. It strengthens a suspected conclusion by as many convergent investigations as it can possibly use; and when several various methods lead to one and the same result, the rational conclusion emerges of its own force.

When, for example, the biblical critic finds that the gospels were written at considerable intervals and in different places; when he finds that different evangelical authors add here, or take away there, in order to bring out some dogma that is consistent with their own desire or belief; when he finds that Jesus is always associated with Nazareth and never with Bethlehem, save in the story of his birth; that this birth in Bethlehem was necessary if the claim that Jesus was the Messiah is urged; that the story of

Mary's journey to Jerusalem, and the birth of Jesus on the way, would hardly have been told by the writer of the story had he known, first, that the census for which Mary was supposed to have gone to Jerusalem was taken some years before Mary herself was born; and secondly that the Roman government did not take the census in the way described,—that is, by having the Jews go to the city of their ancestors to be counted,—but by counting the people in the localities in which they lived; when he finds that the pedigree of Jesus as given in the gospels is forced, and that the two pedigrees are discrepant; when he finds that the most seemingly improbable and apparently purposeless divagations as to the events in the written life of Jesus are perfectly clear and full of purpose if it be assumed that the writer desires to make the life of Jesus fit into old prophecies concerning the Messiah; and when, in view of all these things, he finds evidence that the gospels took their present completed form a very long time subsequently to the actual occurrences which they pretend to relate, why then, the conviction that Jesus was not born in Bethlehem rises to positive certainty in the mind of the scholar.

Here you have a single allegation—the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem—made the focus of several entirely different lines of investigation, every one of which is held to negative the allegation, and any particular one of which, taken by itself, would serve completely to disarticulate the account of the birth in Bethlehem from the truly historical story of the life of Jesus.

The biblical scholar finds, first, that the Roman government did not take its census by ordering the descendants of David to go to Jerusalem or elsewhither. Hence Mary could not have gone to Jerusalem for that purpose. Secondly, the census cited was actually taken before Mary herself was born; therefore, Mary could not have been counted, and so on. So that it is seen that if any one of these impossibilities would of itself negative the allegation, the negative conclusion forces itself upon the critic when he contemplates four, five, or six such negatives, each one of which is as convincing and as forcible as are the others.

ITS INFLUENCE ON POPULAR THOUGHT

The tremendous influence exerted upon popular thought by the steadily increasing dissemination of scientific knowledge through public and private education is nowhere seen more visibly at work than in popular conceptions concerning the Bible. This influence flows in continually deepening and expanding streams from two independent sources; first, the general advancement of the physical sciences and, again, the very rapid growth of biblical criticism as it flourishes in the schools of the large Christian denominations. The sources of these streams may be somewhat remote from popular thought, but the streams themselves flow by its very door.

With the establishment of biblical criticism by the Germans, and its quickly completed maturity in the work of Strauss, the rational study of the Bible was taken out of the hands of incompetent scholars and was placed where it properly belongs. If the clergyman cannot tell us the age of the earth or the origin of species, he alone is competent to tell us the truth about the sacred scriptures. To him we must turn for that expert testimony concerning the validity and concurrence, or the reverse, of the historical statements made by the authors of the books of the Bible. Here, as elsewhere, the methods of science are constructive rather than destructive. For if critical investigation removes beliefs in old dogmas, it does so indirectly. If it tells us that we have no rational warrant for believing that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, it suggests to us the entire probability of his having been born in Nazareth; and if it removes the misconception that he prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem, it answers, with unerring accent, the claim of the rampant disbeliever that Jesus did not exist at all. If it shows, for example, the high improbability that Jesus is the author of the mystic and obscure philosophy in the gospel of John, it irrevocably establishes him as the author of the Sermon on the Mount. And if it indicates the contradictions in the various accounts of his resurrection, it no less clearly indicates as his very own the sublimity of the truths in the parables, and the incomprehensible beauty of the moral message that he spoke to mankind.

IT BRINGS JESUS NEARER TO US

Thus it is that while biblical criticism, in the trained and skillful hand of the doctor of divinity, disposes us less and less to look upon Jesus as a being supernaturally different and remote from ourselves, it disposes us more and more to look upon Jesus as a warm personality, very close to and in intimate sympathy with human wants and human aspirations. In divesting the Founder of the Christian religion of the gross misconceptions with which fancy and unpalliated faith have clothed him, it reveals him to our eyes in all the gentle, sweet, and touching simplicity of the greatest, most sympathetic, and most thoroughly misunderstood philanthropist of the Orient. If it indirectly causes us to relax our hold upon the narrow, unsympathetic, and fearsome theology of our forefathers, it directly helps us to a keener sympathy with our children, and to a wider and more benevolent kinship with our fellow man.

The new theology, therefore, is not a destructive science nor a science that would leave us with empty hands when we turn from the old order of thought and contemplate that which is before us. Limited by its own necessities and by the conditions of its very existence, to the work of ascertaining the truth, whatever the truth may be, the new theology is perforce required to thresh out its material until the last grain be separated from the chaff. For it, equivocation or evasion of any kind is no longer available nor, indeed, possible; and this truth has come home to the churches with such convincing power that the churches have learned to leave their scholars free and, in fact, to honor them as they deserve to be honored.

A REAL POWER IN THE CHURCHES

Very roughly sketched, such seems to be the religious state of mind of the cultivated classes. Scholarly opinions of the Bible, particularly when such opinions are held by teachers in theological seminaries, are always received with respect, no matter how radical these opinions may be. It is doubtful if any theologian would now be prosecuted by his church for an opinion or a scientific finding of any kind short of pure atheism. Almost all theological scholars are agnostics—in the true sense of that term. Advanced theological opinion—the new theology — has forced some of the churches to abandon their old formulæ, and has likewise created very wide latitude for opinion in all creeds. The clergymen who govern the various churches have found that if they would not have the scholarship of their own church fall out of the general march forward, they must lift up rather than let go the hands of their own scholars. In this passive way it has come about that the biblical critic has become the real power in churches of every kind, and it is to him that we turn when we desire to know, for example, in how far the Jehovah of the Old Testament was the product of the social life and environment of the ancient Jews, and what warrant there is for the finding that the account of the creation in the book of Genesis could not have been written previously to the Babylonian captivity.

It is profitable to note that the conclusions of anthropogists, in the matter of the evolution of religion in general, are here verified by the biblical critic who investigates the origin and growth of Judeo-Christianity in particular. If the conclusions of biblical criticism are true they cannot conflict with the conclusions of other sciences bearing upon similar matters. Say rather that the rational conclusions of all sciences must agree whenever they meet at that common point of contact. And such agreements are never found wanting when the various sciences concerned have probed to the farthest sources of the phenomena with which they deal.

A NEW RELIGION COMING IN

A general survey of the changes through which popular thought has passed within the space of twenty-five years forces upon us the conviction that old forms of religion are rapidly going out, and that a distinctly new religion is coming in. The biological laboratory, which, a quarter of a century ago, was the sole possession of a few high priests of science and of their tyros, is now the possession of every pupil in the high school. The college is coming down to the people and the people are going up to the college. Anthropology, with its conclusions concerning the origin of crime and the origin of religion, is now no longer a vague mystery to the masses, and the anthropologist is now no longer regarded as a wizard full of wicked and impious thoughts. When we find that Darwin, who taught that man was not created "by hand" (but is the descendant of that wonderful "monkey" which, since 1858, has made such a marvelous stir in the world) is honored by having his ashes placed besides those of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, we must conclude that the rapprochement between Religion and Science is very close indeed. When we note that Martin Luther is not now popularly believed to have had a growth of diabolical horns from his frontal bone, and that divinity students read Strauss' "Life of Jesus" as a text book, we are warranted in the contention that the ancient difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy was largely, as Carlyle puts it, a difference between my-doxy and your-doxy.

When we note that theologians are using the methods of science to dissect the Bible, and that great biologists, such as Professor Haeckel, are turning from the aridity of pure science and building for themselves altars to pantheistical deities, which they call by the names Infinite Energy and Indestructible Matter; when we observe that clergymen go out of their way to avoid giving offence to those who are not of their own creed, and that biologists such as Huxley finally conclude that perhaps, after all, the metaphysics of Buddha is the ultimation of human ability to think, the suspicion begins to dawn upon us that this "freedom of thought" we have so dearly won is working up some new religion of its own. Religion is somewhat in the position of the British prime minister who, harrassed at every step by the opposition, turned upon the opposition and said to them: "Gentlemen, take the country and try your hand upon it." Science has taken the country from Religion; but it would appear that the highest effort of the scientific mind has resulted only in giving us religion in another garb. The hand may be the hand of Esau, but the voice is that of Jacob.

In the past we have been taught the religion of gods; in the present we are cultivating the religion of man. If it be to no purpose that we attempt to realize in thought the meaning of the terms Infinite and Eternal Energy, may it not turn out to be of more purpose, practical and theoretical, if we follow the suggestion of the poet?

Know then thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.

THE SWAY OF THE GOLDENROD

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

I

"WHAT do you see in the fire, Teddy? I see an old, tumbled down castle, with a high wall in the back, and briar roses all about; and I see an elephant; and a golf stick; and a baby carriage."

"I don't see any of those things except perhaps the castle wall. I see a lovely girl, Louise, and she looks like you."

"How funny! Why, we don't see anything the same, do we?"

"Not much."

"Wouldn't we be happy if I were in love with you? Now, if I were in love with you, we could read poetry and play that you were the hero and I the heroine; or we could sit silently and gaze into the fire, as we do now. If we were in love this davenport would seem oceans too big. If we were in love, how different everything would be, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would, Louise — for you."

"Well, when I fall in love I shall let you know, Teddy. First of all, he must have brown eyes, not blue like yours, and he must be older than either of us—say ten years, and he must know—oh, he must know a thousand things. I never have met any one like him, but I am sure to know him at once when he comes."

"And if he never comes—then what?"

"Oh, he will come; but if he should not, then I shall try and fall in love with you."

"Thank you." Teddy looked at the mantel clock as it struck.

"Well, I've got to go," he said languidly.

"I'm dreadfully sorry. Come again soon."

When the hall door closed Louise threw herself back into the davenport and, with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting in her hands, she gazed again at her castle. "Yes, he must have brown eyes; and he must be a man of action. We shall have a castle like this, with a moat all about it, and briar bushes, and—"

Some one tapped on the window. It was Teddy with a cat perched on his shoulder. Louise hated cats, but this time she smiled sweetly.

"Good night, Teddy," she called.

"Go driving in the morning?"

It was Louise's favorite pastime. She could not resist.

"Oh, thanks, yes."

"I'll call about ten. Good night. Sweet dreams."

"Good night."

She went back to the fire again; but the castle was gone. Only the golf stick remained the same. The elephant had changed into a columbia road cart of the latest pattern. Louise shut her eyes, but when she looked again the cart was only more clear. She turned out the light and went upstairs.

⁂

Mrs. Potter gave a dinner. It was a little early for dinners, but Mrs. Potter wished to make sure of the season's invitations. Of course, everyone was asked and, as no one had been at a dinner all Summer, every one attended. It was during that cold snap before Indian Summer. Louise came with Mr. Stevens. Teddy was miserable. He had been talking to her just before going into dinner. He had arranged a matinee for Wednesday. Mr. Stevens came toward them. Teddy spoke coolly and passed in. Louise accepted Mr. Stevens' arm.

"Are you fond of pets?" he asked her.

"Of some pets."

"Do you care for dogs?"

"Oh, yes, I am ever so fond of dogs. Teddy—I mean Mr. Carr—has offered to get me one; but I shall not put him to the trouble. It is a great trouble, you know, to get a dog for a friend—so hard to determine if it will be agreeable."

"Quite true, unless one knows the parents. I was about to say that, if you care for setters, I have a litter of the finest breed, and I shall be only too happy to send one to you."

"Oh, you are quite too kind, really, but I shall be delighted."

Teddy caught her eye. She nodded at him.

"Perhaps you would rather choose one—"

"Oh, no, whichever you send will please me best," she interrupted.

"But I shall be only too glad to drive you out to the farm if you will be good enough to come. You know, it's with dogs like people—one takes fancies."

"Yes, I supppose so."

"If you have no engagement for tomorrow, may I not call for you—say at ten, or ten-thirty?"

"Yes, that will be charming. I have never been at your farm, though I know it so well through Te,—ah—others."

In this way it came about that at ten on Tuesday Mr. Stevens drove by for Louise. His horses were magnificently groomed and he smiled pleasantly as she came down the steps. Louise noticed that his eyes were brown and she felt sure he must be her senior by ten years at least. She liked him well, and it was a balmy day, and her heart beat quickly. It was not quite as she had expected, but— it would come. Louise was sure of that, and she felt happy as he helped her in.

"I am so fond of driving," she began, as they started down the avenue. "Do you know, I think I would rather drive than anything else in the whole world."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Miss Louise — you do not mind my calling you that, I am sure, I have known you so long—for driving is my dearest pleasure."

Louise was thinking how long had he known her.

"I used to like riding," he went on, "but a man gets lazy, I suppose, as he gets older. I should have brought the cart along, but for a long drive I thought you would find this easier. Are you quite comfortable? It is some warmer today."

"Oh, yes, thanks, I'm most comfortable. How old are the dogs?"

"About four weeks now. I have them all promised—eight of them, but you are to have first choice."

"You are very good to me."

"I'm not anything of the kind. I'm good to the dog. It is no more than fair that the best dog should have the best home."

"Thank you," she laughed lightly.

"Do you know the first time I ever saw you?"

"No—where?"

"It was at a garden party at Mrs. Morton Perry's. You were dressed as a little Dutch girl and served lemonade—with some others. That must have been eight years or more ago. Do you know, I thought you the prettiest little saucy Dutch girl in the whole world. I was in college then, and after that I went away; but I have always remembered you as I saw you that night; and I determined to hunt you up as soon as I came home to stay. You see, I have."

"I am sure it is good of you. I am some changed since then."

"Yes, but not for the worse."

"That is good of you, too."

How brown his eyes are, Louise was thinking. They were passing through a pretty country road lined on either side by tall Normandy poplars. The falling leaves had made a carpet of rich yellow gold. Squirrels were running to

"LOUISE WAS THINKING HOW LONG HAD HE KNOWN HER"

and fro, chirruping as they went. The sun shone warmly. Everything seemed in perfect harmony,—that is, 'most everything. It was quite too sudden to realize. Louise was not entirely sure. But, then, she was very young — and her ideals were perhaps too exacting. They turned abruptly as if going straight into a wood. It was only a bridle path to the house.

"I don't drive this way often," he was saying, "but I am afraid maybe we cannot come down here—not have time, you know—and I am sure you would hate to miss this. It's so pretty in Autumn."

"Oh, no, indeed! Isn't it glorious? Oh, that crimson of the maples and the gold and brown of those oaks — how lovely!"

"I thought you would enjoy it."

Louise did not look at him, but she knew his eyes were on her. She was glad to see the house ahead.

"It has taken longer to get out than I anticipated. It is shorter by the new road. We may as well stay for luncheon now, and you can 'phone from the house. My sister is here."

"Oh, yes, thanks. I shall love to lunch here—it's so beautiful."

"Alice came out yesterday. She will go back with us."

Darrell Stevens helped her out at the steps. Then he whistled as they came on the porch.

"Hello, Alice," he called as they came inside, "I've brought you a visitor."

"Oh, it's the little Spaulding girl. Come in, dear. It is sweet of you to come out with Darrell. I knew he hated to drive out alone. You see, it was quite necessary for me to look about some before leaving the place all Winter. Are you tired, after the long jaunt? Oh, I am sure you are. We shall have luncheon at once."

"What a dear you are," Louise was saying to herself, but to Miss Stevens she said:

"Oh no, I'm not at all tired—I have had a most delightful drive. I am sure I should never get tired of driving."

"That is the way Darrell talks, but I must confess that for me it is a long drive to the city. I shall be glad when we are back again."

That night a little Irish setter, the envy of all his sisters and brothers, went to sleep with a blue ribbon tied about his neck. Louise looked her thanks into a pair of deep brown eyes when Mr. Stevens said "goodbye" that afternoon.

II

Teddy ordered a high ball—"rye," he said. It was his fifth. Then he lighted a cigar and threw himself into a chair disconsolately before the street window. Teddy did not take much to drinking, but today he was deeply moved. He put his well dressed feet on the window ledge and began to smoke.

A group of men at a corner window were calling to him. After answering them civilly enough a few times, Teddy got up. "Damn a club," he said vehemently, "where a fellow can't go by himself and think peacefully."

Laughter greeted this speech.

"Teddy's in love," some one ventured.

"And whose damn business is that?" Teddy said lazily, coming toward them. "If a man's fool enough to fall in love, other fellows should not be fools enough to bother his life out of him. Isn't it bad enough to be in love without being told of it on every turn?"

"Poor chap!" some one said consolingly. Hardy leaned over to Perkins and whispered, "Teddy's had too much. Let's take him home."

"Not on your life," said Shepard, who heard Hardy's whisper. Then he called to Teddy:

"I say, Teddy, who's the girl?"

"None of your business." Then he added, "Damn pretty girl, too — fine girl."

"Have a drink?" asked Howard.

"Don't mind," answered Teddy.

"Better take apollinaris, Teddy," said Hardy close to his ear.

"Guess you're right, old man." Then he ordered: " 'Polly for me, boy."

"Oh, come now, Teddy — this is no Sunday school. What will you have—whiskey straight?"

"He ordered apollinaris," answered Hardy.

"How long is it since you've been Teddy's nurse, George? What'll you have, Teddy?"

"High ball—rye." Then Teddy lapsed into silence again.

When the glasses came in Howard lifted his high.

"Here's a toast to Teddy's love, boys. May her eyes be as blue as an April sky, or as brown—is it, Teddy?—as an Autumn's nut."

Shepard ordered again before sitting down.

"Same thing—all 'round," he said.

Hardy went out. Perkins started to follow. He nudged Teddy, saying:

"Better come home with me, old man—we'll have a hot bath and go to bed early."

"All right, 'Perk'—wait a minute."

The glasses came in again.

"Her name, Teddy. You don't get out of here without we know her name."

"Don't tell it," whispered Perkins.

"Her name! her name!" they shouted.

Teddy stood up leaning against the table. "Spauldin's her name—Lou' Spauldin'."

Some one had stood in the doorway since the last drink had been ordered. It was Darrell Stevens. He came up coolly and took in the situation. He spoke to Perkins, and they supported Teddy to the door. Then he went back to the group at the window. "This is a fine business you've fallen into," he said, with ill-concealed disdain, "but the man who repeats this story has got me to answer to." Then he walked out into the street.

"Stevens looks like the ghost himself," ventured some one.

"I had no idea Teddy was poaching on Stevens' preserves," said another.

"I thought it was Bonny Lottie," said Howard, "la belle danseuse."

They all looked sheepish and dispersed.

⁂

"Why, Teddy, you look ill," said Louise. She had stopped in at Lyon's on her way home from Mrs. Dick Kendall's musical.

"Well, I'm not just well. You see this beastly climate doesn't agree with me. I'm going away."

"Oh, are you? I'm dreadfully sorry. Everyone's going away, or getting married, or something. I am trying to get mother to go to Palm Beach, but I'm afraid she won't. Ever since Aunt Harriet's death she is so different, you know."

"Is she with you?"

"No, she made me drive around home first. I came down to get a magazine on current topics. I've joined that new club, the 'Legation Council,' you know. I'm Japan. We each have a country; then every two weeks we meet; each one has to tell all important events happening in her particular country in that time; talks limited to five minutes. It's really very interesting and instructive. There's our mutual friend, Teddy." Louise became intent in the magazine shown her—Teddy looked in the direction indicated. Mrs. Potter came toward them.

"Now—what are you two children up to?" she began. "Miss Louise, where is your mother?"

"She drove directly home after the musical. Mother isn't quite herself yet. I must be going. Good afternoon."

"Yes, good afternoon, Mrs. Potter," said Teddy, bowing.

"Send the carriage home and walk up with me, won't you?" Teddy asked.

"I'd like to, really, but I can't in this dress. I should not have come down at all. Can't you come up tonight? I'll read this magazine to you."

"No you won't. Yes, I'll be up at eight-thirty."

⁂

Teddy looked handsome that evening. Teddy was a good boy, really, and he had never before done anything so foolish as that episode at the club. He regretted it greatly. It was not like him. He had no claim to Louise Spaulding, either. She had always said she did not care for him. That is, did not care to marry him. "It is too bad, too," Teddy said to himself—"I've plenty for us both and I never cared for any other girl"—which was quite true. "I'm sure we would be mighty happy together.

"HER NAME! HER NAME!" THEY SHOUTED

She is a girl of good sense, Louise is." Teddy was determined to make one more "break," as he called it, and then, if that failed, he would give it up.

The family were playing cards in the library. He was ushered in. Evidently they had not heard of the affair at the club. Mr. Spaulding rose and greeted him cordially.

Mrs. Spaulding smiled kindly and the two younger children looked very agreeable. Louise was a darling. Teddy did not know much of home life. He lived with an old deaf aunt in a large establishment on Washington avenue. They lived there because they always had, though most of the house was closed now and never used, and his aunt kept to her own small suite on the second floor. Teddy had rooms on the first, off the left wing. The old lady, though fond of Teddy, hated men in general. She "could not understand them," she said, poor soul. So, though she tried to give Teddy her love and friendship, she made a botch of it, and at length stopped being inquisitive and spent her time in her own apartment with her old friend and companion who lived with her. At his aunt's death Teddy would have more than he could ever use.

So this glimpse of home life at the Spauldings' was a new phase to Teddy, and he always enjoyed it. He longed for such a home, and such companionship.

"Now, please, don't let me disturb you," Teddy protested.

"Not at all, young man. One more can play as well as not—better. Get Mr. Carr a chair, Charles."

"Thank you, sir. I shall sit here if I may," and Teddy sat beside Louise.

When two games had been run Mrs. Spaulding thought she had played enough. Mr. Spaulding reached for some cigars and offered one to Teddy. He refused.

"Won't you play something?" he asked Louise.

"Yes," she agreed, "come into the music room."

"What shall I play?" she asked, turning the music.

"Are you going to sing?"

"I might."

"Then sing, 'Forgotten'."

"Oh, that old thing? You like that, don't you, Teddy? All right—only I should not play my own accompaniment. It's not proper, you know."

"Let's forget that. I love you when you play and sing so."

"Well then, I'll not do it. You have no right to love me, Teddy." She looked up at him and laughed.

He did not smile and Louise began the song. She was thinking how handsome Teddy looked tonight. And then—she saw some deep brown eyes, and she sang with real feeling. Teddy was looking straight at her. She turned around when she had done.

"Well, Teddy," she said, "do you like it?"

He looked down at her from those deep blue eyes he owned.

"I wish you would play and sing for me always."

"I will, you foolish boy. Don't I, always?"

"But I mean just me, Louise. For instance—wherever I am."

"I am afraid that would be too difficult, Teddy." She smiled, but she understood him.

"Well, we have joked a lot, Louise, we are such old friends, you and I."

"Real pals, eh, Teddy?" she interrupted, but her voice trembled some.

"And," he went on, "I know you are too fine a girl to throw yourself away; but I'm sure, Louise, we should be very happy—if spending my whole life to make you so could do it. I've always loved you, ever since you broke your sled that day on the hill and then shared mine with me. I made up my mind then, I'd marry you some day. Now don't you think you could make that day come, Louise?"

He was looking straight at her. He stood with his hands in his pockets. He always did when deeply interested. "How handsome he is," she kept saying to herself. After all, maybe it was Teddy. Everyone liked him. He had 'most everything. He was not the man she had dreamed about, but then—dreams are but dreams!

"Are you quite sure, Teddy?" she asked.

"Oh, Louise!" he pleaded.

She looked up into his eyes. He leaned down and kissed her lips. They had known each other always. Louise felt as though she were kissing her brother.

The next day Teddy received a note at the club. He left the same night for the Southwest.

III

Louise was sorry Teddy had gone, though she did not miss him as she thought she should. She said to herself she believed she had no heart, for she did not miss Teddy as she thought she ought, nor, indeed, as she almost wished she might.

Darrell Stevens called regularly. Every day or two flowers came, but that was nothing. He knew her passion for cut flowers. Louise knew that Mrs. Potter and some others were shaking their heads together sententiously. Well, what of it? Darrell Stevens had not asked her to marry him. When he did it would be time enough. She felt quite sure what she would say. He was the finest man she had ever known. He was real gold. She was sure of that. He had wealth and position, and—he loved her. Yes, and he had brown eyes, too.

Louise smiled almost cynically as she remembered this. Brown eyes were only brown eyes, after all.

The Irish setter looked in at the doorway.

"Come here, Io," she said. Do you know you are a nice dog? You're a very pretty dog, too, Io, and you belong to me. You should have a white satin bow on your collar. Don't you know it's your old master's birthday, today? He's a very old man, Io. He is thirty-two. Wait, stand still a minute. You are an impatient dog. There now, how fine you look."

Io wagged his tail and looked out at the window.

⁂

Louise was on the veranda that night when Darrell Stevens came up the walk. He almost reached the steps before she recognized him.

"I thought that was you," she said, holding out her hand. "I guess I've learned your step."

He was pleased, but he did not answer her. He said instead:

"It is Indian Summer, isn't it?"

"Yes, real Indian Summer. I wish it would go on forever. I love this hazy warmness."

"So do I."

"Will you come inside?"

"Are you too cool out here?"

"No, not I."

"Then sit awhile. I have something to tell you."

"Secrets?"

"No, only news."

"I'm dreadfully disappointed — but what is it?"

"Kingsley Hudson, whom I've told you of, will be here tomorrow and—"

"Is he that dreadful man you told me of who is so awfully brainy and doesn't care for women? I shall be ill the whole time he is here."

"But — Miss Louise—you must help entertain him. I thought, since it has turned off so warm again, we might take that little trip to the Thorn Apple river that we were obliged to postpone when it got so cold. You won't be bored with old 'King'—he's a dear chap, and only a year older than I. I'll ask Mary Ashworth to go, and she will be a match for him. He is very entertaining—really, and you shall surely like him."

"All right, I'll come along. In my eagerness to hear your news, I've forgotten to congratulate you; but this delay does not take away my earnestness in wishing you many happy, and even happier, returns."

"Thank you."

"I've a gift for you," she continued. "It's a rest pillow filled with pines—and I picked them all myself, too, last Summer, away in the Saw Tooth Range of the old Rockies. I thought it might give you sweet dreams. They say, you know, that these pine needles are little wood sprites and that they whisper sweet nothings to one while one sleeps. I hope they may to you."

He was looking up at her, and Louise thought his eyes were all she wished.

"Thank you so much, little girl." He had never called her "little girl" before. "I am sure I shall never have an ill dream again. May I take it home with me?"

"Oh, I will send it in the morning—I should have done so today, but—well, I will tell you. Mrs. Potter came in yesterday just as I was putting on the finishing touches, and she said that pine pillows were a pretty conceit, but she thought their odor atrocious — and I wished to find out if you did."

"Indeed, I do not agree with that supercilious dame. A scent of the pines always brings me back to a Summer years ago when I spent each day and night amid them, and that same Summer brings to my mind a garden party where I met a dear, saucy, little Gretchen. Why, that pillow is the dearest gift I have ever owned!"

"Oh, I'm so glad. If you will come in I'll get it for you. It's not large. You can carry it easily, if you like."

He was sitting on the step at her feet. "What a strip of a girl," he was saying to himself—to her he said:

"Look at the Milky Way. I wonder if you have ever heard a little poem called 'The Milky Way?'"

"No, what is it?"

"I can't remember now—but I will get it for you—it's from the Norse. It is a pretty little love story."

He rose suddenly and stood looking at her. He was sure that he loved her, but it was 'most too soon to tell her yet.. He would give her a little more time. Yes, he must wait a little while.

Louise said to herself: "Yes, I am sure I do."

"The nights are cool," she said, standing, and they went inside.

⁂

It was at Mrs. Dick Kendall's the next night that Louise met Mr. Hudson.

Mrs. Dick had 'phoned that same afternoon saying Dick had a birthday, and wouldn't Louise come over? A few were coming in—just informally. "Won't you come to dinner, dear?" she asked.

"I shall be so glad to," and so Louise dined at the Kendalls' on Thursday.

She was singing a love song as Darrell Stevens came in with his friend. The two men were watching her when she turned and looked at them. The room was well filled with people. They came toward her and Darrell introduced Mr. Hudson amid the applause and a demand for another song.

But Louise turned to them and held out her hand. She would make it a point to be kind—even gracious to his friend.

"I have anticipated meeting you, Mr. Hudson," she said.

"Thank you," he replied. "You sing very well."

Louise thought afterward that it was a queer remark for a stranger—but then, after all, he was hardly that, either. Darrell had told her all about him. She quite knew him already. But he was not at all as she had fancied. He was not at all aweing and he did not impress her as being so awfully learned. She rather liked him, and she was glad of it. It is one of the best things to be said of another—that one likes his friends. So often it's not so, and it is quite necessary, too, to care for a man's friends, if one is to marry that same man.

In the dining room, where Dick stirred a woodcock in a chafing dish, Louise found herself seated next Mr. Hudson.

She was glad, for, now that she liked him, she was anxious to know him better.

"Mr. Stevens says you are just returned from the East Indies. Is it still true that one can detect the odor of the spices a mile from land. Father says it was so in his boyhood. He lived on one of the islands some years."

"That is very interesting, and you—have you been there, too?"

"No, but I should like very much to go."

"You shall, some day." Then he added: "Yes, the spicy smell is very pungent. Hardly as much so, though, now as then, probably. They say, you know, that that is the land of the original ginger cake people. You have heard the story?"

"Oh yes, I know it by heart. Wasn't it too bad where the little boy got thirsty and they gave him ginger ale? I used to feel so sorry for him when he was so parched, and it burned his throat; and he cried. I was always glad when the end came and he woke up."

"Yes, so was I."

They were talking quite like children. Then each looked at the other and they both laughed.

"You don't seem like a stranger at all," she said.

"We are not strangers," he answered her slowly. "It is only people who live artificial lives who are strangers—not when they play with the same ginger cake people and weep over the same little playmate. I am glad you like my friend."

Louise did not quite know whether he meant the ginger cake boy or Darrell Stevens, but she was fond of them both, so she answered warmly:

"Yes, I do."

IV

Thorn Apple river was a twelve mile ride from the city. Darrell Stevens' party reached its destination about noon, having started late—but that was time enough.

They came along the river road about a mile, before getting to their journey's end. The whole country was a glory of crimson and gold. Coming over the crest of a hill, Kingsley Hudson leaned forward and said close to Louise Spaulding's ear:

"Look!—there, down in the valley, is the Yellow Sea. Not the real Yellow Sea," he said, "but your Yellow Sea—and mine!"

She turned her head toward him. "It is beautiful, and the goldenrod is my birth flower—my lucky flower, you know."

"Yes—I know," he answered softly, that is very pretty, and this is your sea of swaying gold."

"Thank you," she said as though to herself. "I shall never forget."

Picnics as a rule are bound to be poky and the principal motive always is to kill time, but Darrell Stevens had a happy faculty of choosing congenial people. The party had gone through the drill of conventionalities. They had shouted and sung and builded a great fire; and had roasted corn, and baked potatoes, and boiled water over a tripod—and now before returning home again they were to go for a row on the river. Boats were along the shore and all the party had gone down to them—save two. Louise loved the water. She was wondering to herself what made her lag behind. Some one was whistling softly behind her. She looked around suddenly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed "you here? Come—you must not miss the row."

"I'm not going. I fancy this little path will find a prettier sunset than the river. Will you come along?" His voice was so persuasive and his manner so commanding that Louise said before she thought:

"Why, yes—I don't mind."

She called to the others getting into the boats: "I'm going to explore the land with Mr. Hudson."

Darrell smiled back at her. "We'll not be long," he said, "don't lose yourselves."

Louise waved her hand at him. She was sorry she had decided not to take the row. The river was so pretty and he had been so kind all day—but she turned down the little road path instead, and soon they were lost to view. They walked together in silence for a few paces. A humming bird flew by them and dipped into a flower. An old tree lay ahead and a little to the left amid a bed of goldenrod.

"I HAVE LOVED YOU FOR A MILLION YEARS"

"Let us sit there," he said.

"But we can't cross the marsh—I've low shoes on."

"Put your arms about my neck; I will carry you."

Louise did not even hesitate. How strange, she thought. He makes one do things. He seated her on the big log, and stood facing her.

"Thank you," she said, not looking up. "Won't you sit down, too?"

"No, I would rather look at you. I've not seen you in so long—but I knew you could not change. You have the same old trust in me you always had. If that had been quicksand we should have gone down—probably."

"I never even thought of that; I knew

you would take care of me. When did you know me before? I don't remember."

"Then I will tell you," he said. "Come, look at the sunset — it is a great ball of fire."

She stood beside him, and he, turning, took her in his arms.

"Why," he said, looking at her, "I knew you long ago. I have loved you for a million years!"

Two large pearls rolled down her cheeks, but she was smiling through their mist as he kissed her. She rested her head on his shoulder. The last edge of fire sank behind the trees. A warm Indian Summer breeze stirred the stillness.

"I am glad you came to me in the goldenrod," she whispered. "It is like a real dream—and over there behind the hills is our castle — and the briar roses!"

"Yes, 'beyond their utmost purple rim, beyond the night, across the day, the happy princess follow'd him'."

"And your eyes are not brown — after all," she said.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS

INDIAN SUMMER DAYS

By JESSIE M. COOK

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

LOVELY hours! while Summer lingers,
Holding back with golden fingers
Fading bloom and fleeting bird,
Many visions fancy weaves;
Hark! a footfall on the leaves,—
And, lo, a magic bark is heard
Grating on the sandy shore;
Everywhere the red man's spirit
Glides, as in the days of yore.

⁂

SUMMER AND WINTER

By LUCIA B. COOK

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

THE winds that blow across the sky
Toss leaves of sleet in branches high;
How foreign Summer seems today,
How beautiful and far away.

Sometimes, when sad, it seems to me
That Summer never more can be;
But while the earth shall still remain,
God's promised seasons come again.

The sweetest miracle to me
Is this,—when winds have tossed the tree,
And sorrow blown its gusts of pain,
Light hearted Summer comes again.

THADDY'S SONG

By FRANK PUTNAM

EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ONCE on a day they slipped away—
  (I had so much to carry)—
Visions of shades within the glades
  Where dwell the elf and fairy.

My ways ran down into the Town
  Where all men strive for money;
And I forgot the briary spot
  Where wild bee sucks the honey.

Then on a day in leafy May
  Came to my house a laddy;
And as he grew I found he knew
  What had escaped his daddy.

He takes me by the solemn, shy,
  Sweet, silent woodland places;
We hear the beat of elfin feet—
  We almost see their faces!

Ho! but it's fine so to resign
  The dull Town's toil and worry;
And through his eyes grow young and wise
  Where no one's in a hurry.

DEPARTING GUESTS

By MILLA LANDON

BRIGHTON, NEW YORK

HIDDEN away in cool retreats for many days and weeks the little black crickets have now tuned up their shrill pipes—

"How queer that in June
  They're so out of tune,"

and are sounding the first warning notes that proclaim "Summer is going! Summer is going!" Thereupon hasty preparations are made by all Summer visitors to leave transient abiding places hidden among green, leafy bowers for others beneath balmier skies, far from the cold blasts that will soon be blowing wildly over all the floral kingdom.

While March, like a vixen, was scolding and blowing, those advance couriers of Spring, the robins, arrived and sounded the bugle call of "cheer up! cheer up!" while the equally brave little song sparrow, from the topmost branch of a leafless tree, chimed in—

"Sweet, sweet, sweet,
  'Tis a joy to be living;
Sweet, sweet, sweet,
  Now Summer is coming."

Then as warmer and brighter dawned each day, and green buds peeked out of their Winter hoods, other arrivals voiced their presence in hedges near by: first blue birds, brighter than a sunlit, azure cloud; then the tiny gray finch whose boyish, whistling song was heard while it tarried only long enough to rest on its journey from tropical lands to the far northern wooded hills; and, as days sped on apace, other sweet songsters that had been sojourning in southern climes came flittting into our midst with musical greeting, and one early morning when apple trees were all abloom a few clear, flute-like notes brought us quickly to the window to see and listen to that gay Baltimorean, the oriole, who with a party of his kinsmen had arrived earlier than Madam, and between bits of insect food and ripples of song was busy selecting a place for nest building; but, fearful lest Madame lose the trail of her orange and black plumed cavalier, called almost incessantly: "Here! here! here I be! here I be! Come quick, dearie!" Then what rapturous love songs the devoted pair would sing while together they relined the last year's swinging nest with dandelion down for the fledglings, who in June, when all the air was sweet with perfume of roses and lilies, were anxious to try their wings, and, not being over strong, had to rest often on low shrubbery, much to the distress of mater and pater familias.

When the shy meadow lark, and the bobolink, so truly called the "song on wing" and blue black swallows and irridescent humming birds came, then we understood better than any calendar markings that the glad Summer time and its visitors were really here.

Still earlier in the season a strange sort of opera had been given by green garbed players in a distant bog, but, being indolent fellows, they soon retired to their muddy element again, leaving the great broad nature stage, with its scenery of budding trees, to the more highly cultured songsters.

In cherry ripe time Rob and Robinett Redbreast had lunches and receptions galore in one particular tree, to which all the better class of feathered visitors were invited, and a brilliant assemblage it was with yellow and blue birds, the gray breasted mocking or cat bird, the modest little song sparrow trilling out its simple song during interludes, the orange and black orioles, an occasional scarlet crested cherry bird and many others all flitting in and out to take a sip of cherry wine. Sometimes those dust bathing foreigners, the English sparrows, were not content with the portion allotted them, but defiantly claimed the ruby chalice of some more aristocratic neighbor.

Beside morning and evening musicals, there were swallow races in mid air, and the bobolinks' wonderful winged song: "Chingoly, chingoly, go little stitch spingoly, r-r-ro-double h-o-come souch a-touchle, clinch! clinch! ! clinch!!!"—ending on a high note.

Then that sly imitator the cat bird would come every sunset hour to sing his peculiar song while hidden in a green bower and pretending ignorance of the listeners near.

But a few days ago the orioles received important news direct from southern rice fields, so they bade us adieu in a few sweet notes such as were heard earlier in the season, and one night took the flying express for Floridian glades; and as they have set the fashion, the swallows soon will homeward fly, for already we miss the chatter of their dark hued cousins who rented a nesting place in our chimney during the Summer. That diminutive visitor who wears irridescent colors on head and breast still lingers, and makes frequent calls on the trumpet flower which climbs up by a south window, almost losing himself in its bright depths when searching for hidden nectar.

Yes, Summer with all its charming sojourners is swiftly passing, while the crickets incessantly chant the funeral song of "going, going, going," until every visitor shall have flown away. The call of the late fledged yellow birds —"feed me, feed me,"—has a mournful sound, and the gathering together of the robin clan, first to arrive and last to depart, reminds one that the harvest time is nearly over and Winter's envoy will soon be here, a most unwelcome guest, though he is a prince in shining armor, who rides earthward in a silver frosted chariot, in the pale pathway left by the Autumn moon.

LOYALTY IN LOVE AND IN WAR

A STORY INTENDED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE YOUTH OF JAPAN

Translated from the Japanese of NAOMI TAMURA

By REVEREND L. B. CHOLMONDELEY

CHAPLAIN OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT TOKYO

I

A COLONEL in the army named Nakada Takeshi, who had won distinction in the China-Japanese war of 1894-95, and had been decorated with the order of the Golden Kite, had returned with honor to his home when the war was over. Nevertheless, he was often melancholy and a heavy cloud hung over his brow. At times, too, tears would come into his eyes and he would be heard muttering, "disappointed — disappointed, after all."

One day his boy Isamu, a child of eight years, came up to his father's knees, and looking up into his face with his arms around his neck, said: "Father, don't you feel well?" The warm tears coursed from his father's eyes as he met the gaze of his dear boy: "No, Isamu," he answered, "I am well enough in body, but there is one thing I cannot help regretting, regretting. Listen to me carefully. The scars that you see on my hands and on my breast were made by the Chinese bullets; and these scars tell of the righteous war waged by the Japanese to secure the peace of the East and the independence of Corea. In this war, not only was your father wounded but thousands of our brave soldiers perished on the fields of China in the cause of their country and of justice. The war ended gloriously for Japan, and beside a large sum of forfeit money we gained the Island of Formosa and a large tract of country called the Liautung peninsula. But listen carefully: the peninsula, which our soldiers had shed their precious blood to win, was afterward restored to China because the treacherous Russians insisted that our holding it would endanger the peace of the East. It is this which causes your father such deep regret, because the Russians have basely taken the peninsula themselves; they will not rest till they become master of Corea and they will then be wanting to swallow up our own Japan.

"Oh, I cannot help grieving about it. If Japan had only a larger army and a larger navy she would fight against Russia at once. But alas, we are not strong enough yet. But justice will triumph in the end. I am sure of that. Yes, the day will come when righteous Japan must triumph over wicked Russia; and Isamu, my boy, whenever you think of wickedness do not forget Russia — the country of robbery, the country that oppresses the weak and tramples justice under foot."

Trembling with agitation, the words had hardly fallen from his lips when he fell heavily back upon the floor. Isamu uttered a cry and his mother, who in the adjoining room had been listening with tears in her eyes to her husband's words, now hastened to his side. But there was an indescribably mournful expression on his placid face; his hands and feet were cold; his spirit had passed away. Isamu, being only a child of eight, was unable to understand fully all that his father had told him; but he committed his words to memory and made up his mind that when he became a man he would be a soldier like his father and fight against the Russians.

II

After his father's death, the mother of Isamu, who was a woman of strong character, devoted herself to the education of her son. She desired to cultivate in him alike a love of learning and a fearless spirit. She had a large map of Corea, China and Russia hung up in their sitting room, and would point out to Isamu the location of all the chief places, such as Jinsen, Seoul, Port Arthur, Harbin and St. Petersburg. In this way he naturally acquired an accurate knowledge of geography. Beside this, she provided him with dictionaries and readers in Chinese and Russian, so that he became self taught in those languages. Thus Isamu grew up into many acquirements, with this amongst others, that he had taught himself to write holding the pen in his mouth.

One day his mother took him to the top of a mountain near their village, and, seating him on a large stone, said: "The faint line of land that you can just see in the distance is the continent. Come here every day and pray upon this stone; and then exercise your muscles by trying to overturn it. Some day you will succeed, and underneath you will find something which you must take and bring to me."

Obedient to his mother's command, Isamu thenceforth climbed the mountain every day at dawn, fearless of encountering wolf or fox. And, stirred by curiosity, he would try every day with all his might to move the stone, but it was beyond his strength. However, he was little aware how this daily wrestling with the stone was developing the muscles of his body. At last, after years of patient struggling, the day came when the stone yielded to his efforts, and underneath it he found a sword. Isamu, in ecstacy, drew it from its scabbard and found it to be a Japanese blade of excellent temper and finish. Then he took it to his home and laid it respectfully before his mother, who, smiling approval, addressed him as follows:

"Isamu, you have accomplished the task I set for you, and you have done well. Now you have gained the strength requisite for moving so large a stone, you are entitled to wear a sword. Gird on this one you have found and pray that you may prove yourself as brave a soldier as your father, when the day comes for fighting against Russia."

ISAMU WRESTLING WITH THE ROCK

III

Iasmu intended entering the military college after being graduated at the preparatory school, but just at this time the relations between Japan and Russia were becoming every day more strained, so he made a petition, which was granted, to be allowed to go to the front as soon as war had broken out. His mother had died, and the only tie which now bound him to his home was his engagement to O Ai, the lovely daughter of a Doctor Hirota, who had been destined for his bride while his father was still living. This young lady, true to her name, (O, honorific; Ai, love) had an affectionate disposition and a sweet face. With her speech, her manners and her complexion no one could find any fault, and her parents cherished her, as the saying is, "like a peach in the hand." All the girls in her school and the children in the neighborhood would break into smiles in her presence, and passers-by would stop to look at her, being attracted by her charms. No wonder, then, that Isamu should feel deeply the pain of parting from her.

However, on the evening of February 10, in obedience to the last wishes of his father, wearing the sword his mother had given him, leaving behind the tearful O Ai; in the true spirit of a Japanese and ready to sacrifice everything for his country's sake, Isamu set forth. It was on the very day that the double good tidings of the sinking of the Russian warships Variag and Koreetz outside Jinsen (Chemulpo), and of the brilliant Japanese naval victory at Port Arthur had reached Tokyo and the whole of the city was resounding with shouts of "Banzai!" ("Japan forever!")

IV

Russia is a vast country occupying one-sixth of the surface of the world, whereas the area of Japan is only one-seventieth that of Russia, and Russia's army is seven times greater than that of Japan. That small Japan should go to war against huge Russia is a serious matter and it would be too foolhardy and presumptuous for her to attempt to do so if she was not upheld by the conviction that in fighting for the cause of justice she would receive the help of heaven.

Though the area of Russia is so extensive, the cold in Winter is so severe that her seas are frozen over and the movements of her warships are hampered. Therefore, by taking a country called Turkey, she desired to come out into the warmer regions, but this design was frustrated by England. Not knowing what else to do, she changed her plans, laid the Siberian railway, came down into Manchuria, and finally, by menaces, induced China to cede to her the important harbor of Port Arthur, where her warships were conveniently floating and whence she meditated ravaging the East. Under these circumstances Japan, though small, could not look on unconcerned. It was time for even the women and the children to bestir themselves.

Isamu, having made full preparations for the war, arrived in due time at Jinsen with a determination to die bravely and cheerfully for his country. The two Russian warships, Variag and Koreetz, that had been sunk by the Japanese fleet under Admiral Uryu, had their masts still showing mournfully on the top of the water. The sight of them infused double spirit into Isamu and the soldiers who were with him on the transport, and they shouted: "Long live the Emperor! Japan forever! Banzai! Banzai!"

When Isamu arrived at Seoul it was just after a skirmish had taken place between Russian and Japanese soldiers in which four or five of the Russians had been killed and some fifty had been put to flight. Up to this time the emperor of Corea had been trembling with anxiety. He had asked Russia to land 2,000 soldiers for his defence, and, believing that on their arrival a great battle would be fought between them and the Japanese troops, he had been filled with trepidation. But the news that the Russian transport conveying these troops had been captured by the Japanese warships, now convinced him that the Japanese navy was stronger than that of Russia, and he regretted that for the last ten years his confidence had been wrongly placed in that power. From this time the attitude of Corea toward Japan underwent a favorable change.

Isamu, having a thorough knowledge of the geography of China and being well versed, too, in the Chinese and Russian languages, was of considerable service to the Japanese troops. Moreover, he was of a bold spirit and stood in no fear of cannon balls. In looking at him, girded with the sword he had received from his mother, there was no one who did not admire him as the true type of a Japanese warrior youth. In his two side pockets he always kept two things, wherever he went, and from time to time he would retire into a quiet wood, take them out and shed tears over them. His fellow officers were curious to know what these things were, but he would never show them to anyone.

What were these two things mysteriously hidden in Isamu's pockets, and which afforded him such consolation and encouragement? We will not tell you. But do you think you can guess?

Isamu, dressed as a Chinaman, and with a pigtail hanging down his back, would go out to explore the condition of the enemy at the risk of his life. And no one was better fitted for the task—not only because he understood both Chinese and Russian, but because, being tall for his age, it was hardly possible to distinguish him in his disguise from a true Chinaman. In this way he discovered how cunning and treacherous the Russians were, how they had already 150,000 soldiers in Manchuria, over 20,000 in Port Arthur, and how they were intending, while deceiving Japan with professions of peace, to strike her a deadly blow. Think of the terrible danger that threatened us! If she waited as long as Russia chose to prolong negotiations what would the result be? There is no doubt that it would be disastrous. But God was all the while on the side of Japan, and preparing to support her righteous cause. According to the proverb, "Who acts first gains command," Japan was the first to attack the Russian warships in Jinsen and Port Arthur, and in this she acted with such admirable promptness that all the nations in the world were amazed. It was owing to heaven's displeasure that Russia, so far from striking a blow on Japan, was powerless to carry out her stratagems, and experienced such disaster.

V

It is impossible to engage in war as easily as we can engage in fisticuffs. We have only to think what it means for Russia to have to dispatch 5,000 soldiers 7,000 miles by the Siberian railway! It takes two or three days, too, for Japanese soldiers, in transports protected by warships to reach Corea; and when they disembark, the time is still a long way off before they begin firing their guns. Both hostile parties have first to send out bodies of scouts to discover the position of the enemy, to ascertain as far as possible their numbers and strategic plans. On this occasion, too, we were not facing undisciplined Chinese soldiers, but haughty Cossacks, who boast of their fighting powers and of their triumphs in war; so, to conquer them, our soldiers needed to be fully equipped and to make extraordinary preparations.

But to return to Isamu. It was when the Japanese general was preparing for

ISAMU SCOUTING IN THE GUISE OF A CHINESE the first great battle that, having heard of the valuable service he had already rendered in gaining information about the enemy's movements, he sent for Isamu and gave him special instructions to go to Gishin and there use every means in his power to ascertain what were the enemy's plans. Accordingly, having drunk a last cup of wine with his friends, Isamu, in his usual disguise, bravely set forth on his mission.

Not many days after his departure, a Corean came hastily into the camp with the news that out in the country he had come upon the body of a Chinaman with both his hands cut off. On receiving this intelligence, some Japanese soldiers, by the command of their officer, went to the spot and found that this Chinaman, who had swooned away from loss of blood, was no other than Tanaka Isamu. Surprised at this, they at once applied dressing to the wounds and bound them up. While thus engaged, they noticed things peeping out from his side pockets. Tempted by curiosity, they took them out and discovered that the right hand pocket contained a New Testament, while from the other they drew out a note book and the photograph of a young girl of indescribable beauty. The note book contained information by which the Japanese army might secure a decisive victory.

VI

Ever since Isamu had landed in Corea he had regularly sent letters to O Ai. But now ten days and more had passed and no news had come from him, and poor O Ai was getting so anxious that she could hardly eat or sleep. No one can imagine how her heart longed for Isamu. What was her excitment then when, running out to the postman, as she always did now whenever he came to the door, she found herself once more with a letter from her lover in her hands!

Yes, she was sure it was from Isamu, though there was something about the writing which puzzled her. With trembling fingers she broke it open and read as follows:

> "My darling O Ai, I am writing in extreme pain and with my pen in my mouth. I regret to tell you that both my hands have been cut off by the enemy and I am now maimed for life. Fortunately my life is of little value, but the thought that this handless deformity is engaged to your lovely self causes me greater pain in my heart than I feel in my body. I pray you to release me from my engagement and to go to some better husband. I sincerely desire this for your own sake; though until I die I shall prize nothing more than our old fond affection for one another. ISAMU."

For days after receiving this letter she would cry from morning to evening, and think over all manner of ways how she might go to Isamu's side and comfort him even for a minute. While she was thus wondering what she would do, it so happened that some trained nurses from the United States came to Japan and offered to go with the Japanese nurses of the Red Cross society to tend the sick and wounded. Their services were gratefully accepted, but it was necessary for them to find some Japanese ladies who could speak English to go with them as interpreters. Now O Ai had learned English at school, and prevailed upon her father, who was a well known doctor, to use his influence on her behalf. She gained her desire and was one of the ladies chosen. Oh how proud she was to feel that she was going to serve her country! Oh how earnestly she hoped that she might meet Isamu!

VII

When he found himself on a sick bed in the field hospital, Isamu kept longing for the day of his recovery. Sometimes he was full of hope, sometimes borne down by despondency. He knew he could no longer use his sword in his country's service, but there still remained to him the weapon of his knowledge of Russian and Chinese.

One day when he awoke from a long sleep, whom should he see but O Ai bending over his pillow with her charming smile. Was it a dream or was it really true? He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, it was indeed O Ai. "O Ai, is it you?" he exclaimed. "But how have you come here?" and overcome with emotion he burst into tears.

O Ai patted him softly on the forehead and then with a tearful face spoke to him from her innermost heart. "My Isamu," she said, "when I pledged myself before God to become your wife, it was not for your hands, but for your heart. You may lose your hands and your feet, but so long as you do not lose your love for me I am content. And how is it that you have lost your hands? Was it not in the cause of our country and of justice? Such a loss is more honorable in my eyes than even the glittering decoration of the Golden Kite that you have received from our beloved emperor."

Isamu, on listening to such noble expressions of love, felt as if he was in paradise. "My darling O Ai, how can I tell you what joy your words inspire in me? I feel like one who has come victor through a fight." While they were thus talking the sound of the heavy firing of guns was heard in the distance.

VIII

Far back on the field of battle, where the Russians and the Japanese are engaged in deadly conflict, is a little group of women standing under the banner of a white flag with a red cross in its center. These are the nurses of the Red Cross society of Japan. To them are brought, on stretchers, the wounded soldiers of both sides alike, and they tend them with the kindliest care. What a benevolent work it is! To hurt and destroy would seem to be the aim of war, and thus to treat the wounded soldiers of the enemy as brothers would seem contrary to reason and common sense. For the origin of the Red Cross society, we must go far back to One who taught mankind to love their enemies, and crimsoned the cross with His own blood for man's salvation.

Under the banner of the Red Cross O Ai ranged herself and did an excellent work.

Beloved youth of Japan who read this story, nourish in yourselves the spirit of loyalty and resolve to devote yourselves to the good of your country and to the cause of justice. The love of your country must be in your hearts, and not only outwardly professed, and then it will indeed bring forth worthy fruits such as displayed themselves in the lives of Isamu and O Ai.

POOR KING OF SIAM!

By J. A. EDGERTON

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

THE king of Siam lives with three hundred wives.
Whoop! Wow! Imagine the row!
And yet in this conjugal mixup he thrives.
Conceive, if you can, of this much-married man
With three hundred wives of the make-up, my dear,
The New Woman make-up we know over here.
Now, don't you think it would drive him to drink?
Just fancy the fuss in the palace they'd raise
With clubs and conventions through all of his days;
And think of the stunning and staggering bills
For flounces and furbelows, fashions and frills.
One wife gets a man into hot enough water;
Then what WOULD it be like three hundred times hotter?

The king of Siam has a palace of glass;
It's cruel, poor thing! Not a stone can he fling,
When all of his partners are trying to sing.
Besides, his affairs are transparent, alas!
And people say who live over that way,
When his well-wedded highness the world would forsake
He sinks the said palace down into a lake.
But I very much fear this tale is so queer
That many who hear it will think it would fail
To hold water — the palace, I mean, AND the tale.
The reason, they say, that the king takes a sneak
From affairs of the world in this manner unique
Is because it's so hot in the realm of Siam
He wants to go down in the mud, like a clam.
My private opinion is this, that he strives
In this way to flee from his three hundred wives.

The king of Siam has a crown, it is said,
Extending two feet from the top of his head.
So long is the thing, and so short is the king,
That if you should measure the two up and down,
There'd be two-thirds of king unto one-third of crown.
But although so small is this monarch forlorn,
A rather large name appertains to the same,
The toothsome cognomen of Chulalongkorn;
And although so brief in himself, be it known
Some four hundred offspring he claims for his own;
Which shows that paternally he is no clam,
His much-married majesty, king of Siam.

BEHIND THE VEIL IN RUSSIA

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA

THE mysticism of Russia hung over St. Petersburg. Through the lifting night came the deep toned, quivering boom of the gongs of St. Isaac. A faint streak of crimson appeared in the eastern sky, growing deeper and deeper as the day advanced and finding reflection in the ice laden waters of the Neva. A dwornik — the concierge of Russia — walked out upon the pavement, and turning to the east, the west, the north, the south, reverently made the sign of the cross before the images he saw in imagination upon the altars of churches rising in all directions. With gun upon his shoulder, an infantryman tramped along the street. The sleepy isvostchiks woke fitfully from slumber upon the boxes of their drohskys and began to search for early fares. Two small boys, with dirty white sheepskin coats and long boots, staggered under the weight of peddlers' packs, which they hoped to dispose of to the peasants of the city. The sun rose majestically, brightening the bronze domes of the churches and transforming into living fire the crosses surmounting them. St. Petersburg, peaceful, serene, drowsily unconscious that war thundered upon the frontier of the state, was awakening.

The casual observer will see few signs of war in the Russian capital. There is no increase of troops. Rather has there been diminution of the garrison as a result of the need of reenforcements in Manchuria, and this in spite of reports in foreign papers that, on account of the revolutionary situation, the government is about to declare the city in a state of siege! St. Petersburg is thronged with soldiers always; and today, walking along the Nevsky Prospect, its principal thoroughfare, one sees them saluting, saluting, saluting until the eye grows weary of the machine-like movement of the arm. The crowd, more used to the spectacle, pays no heed to it, but eagerly talks of events unrolling in Manchuria, circulating rumors more or less absurd that come from nowhere, thus giving the lie to the reiterated declaration that the Russians are a stolid people. "The world applies the word 'stolid' to us," said a Russian friend, "because it is utterly unable to comprehend us. Our language is a bar it does not cross, and ignorance causes it to apply a term that does not fit. If the people of America could look at us as we are, they would find that while we may be behind them in civilization and industry, we resemble them at least in the intensity of our patriotism." These observations were certainly applicable to all classes in St. Petersburg.

I left the columned archway of the semi-circular Kazan Cathedral, from which I had watched the crowd, and walked along the Nevsky Prospect toward the shining tower of the Admiralty, which shoots up near the massive golden dome of St. Isaac's. At every street corner stood a policeman, with saber by his side, keeping the traffic in order and imposing stricter discipline than can a London bobby. An isvostchik had the temerity to turn on the wrong side of one of these guardians of the peace. A subdued hail, and the offender stopped, making at the same time a voluble explanation. It was not satisfactory, and the policeman noted the number of the carriage in his book. At the moment he was writing, a magnificent vehicle, lined with crimson satin and drawn by two glistening, coal black horses, dashed by. The sight of the flaming red coat with its yellow border stamped with black double eagles, worn by the foot-man on the box, caused the officer to straighten with a jerk and his hand to go to his cap. The Grand Duke Vladimir was in an imperial carriage.

A man held out to me a small sheet containing the latest war news—the extra of the Russian newspaper. His greatest competitor was a corner of a wall upon which were posted official dispatches. I skirted the crowd listening to the bulletin as it was read aloud by one of the more educated, and almost bumped into Rear Admiral Rogestvensky, who will be the commander of the Baltic squadron, which is destined for service in the Far East. The admiral was en route to the Admiralty, and I followed him as he turned, almost unrecognized, into the Grand Morskaya. Deep in thought, he walked along, absently returning the salutes which his uniform called forth from the observant military.

Through a high, yellow brick archway I entered the Palace Square, or Place Dvortsovy, to give it the Russian name. Before me rose the column erected by Nicholas I to the memory of Alexander I. This magnificent monolith, unquestionably the grandest of the century, is of Finnish rose granite, beautifully polished. It is guarded at its base by a white bearded grenadier, who is uniformed as was his father when Napoleon invaded Russia. The effect of the column was dwarfed by the proximity of the huge rectangular building, just behind it, which is the Winter palace of the czar. The national flag waved gently in the chilly breeze from a flagstaff exactly in the center and on the highest point of the palace. It is this flag, to quote not one but the many Russians whom I met, "which shall ever stay where it has been planted"; and their tone is the more determined because of the disasters of Port Arthur and the Yalu. In the form of a semi-circle, facing the palace, was a large, sprawling brick building, wherein the ministry of foreign affairs, the ministry of finance, and the ministry of war transact their business. Over a building to the left of the palace floated a blue flag with an anchor in its center. It was the home of the Admiralty, and through its wide archway Admiral Rogestvensky disappeared.

I found myself now on the Palace Quay. Hundreds of craft, canal boats, sail boats and steamers were plying on the glistening Neva. My eyes turned toward the palace entrance at the moment when Count Lamsdorff, the able minister for foreign affairs, drove up. Reports have been circulated that he had lost power, that he was to be succeeded by Monsieur de Witte, the man who is responsible for the splendid financial condition of Russia today. These reports have no foundation. The respect shown the minister by the palace guards indicated that they certainly had no idea that his power is on the wane. Descending from his carriage, Count Lamsdorff returned the salutes given him, and passed through the folding doors.

I had not been the only observer of the minister. Against the parapet, which prevents the Neva from overflowing, leaned a crowd patiently waiting for the emperor to come out for his usual afternoon drive. The bright sunlight streaming upon the Quay tempted me to walk. Two peasant women, in flowered head dresses which fell upon their shoulders, advanced along the gutter, not upon the pavement. A friend who was with me, curiously and perhaps impolitely, asked one of them why she did not use the pavement. The answer was given simply: "Because it is not for the peasant. We have the street." She said this, not for sympathy, not with any idea of affectation, but with absolutely no feeling. She knew there was no law against her use of the pavement; she knew that many of her own friends walked upon it. But she, like others of her class, felt the influence of heredity, and had no desire to attempt to appear above her station.

The women gave way to a small boy, who shook in my face a red, blue and green poster, representing the battles of the war. I gave him a ten copeck piece (five cents) and asked him if his sale were large. "Yes," he replied, "the people have their eyes upon the war." "Who will win?" I asked. He looked at me pityingly. "Russia," he responded in a tone that left no doubt as to his conviction. It was an expression of belief in the power of the czar, the extent of which he himself but dimly comprehended.

The crowd upon the Palace Quay was taking its usual afternoon stroll. Down the driveway dashed the teams of the rich, worthy in most cases of the most enthusiastic admiration. The high stepping stallions literally spurned the dirt as they sped under the skillful guidance of the pillow stuffed driver. Occasionally an English pair would pass, and their bobbed tails became striking objects of deformity alongside the flowing tails of the Russian steeds. Such a variety of carriages I have never seen in any other city of the world, but what attracted my attention particularly were the droshkies without backs. The lack of support made it imperative for the men to put their arms about the waists of their female companions in order to hold them in place. It is a style of vehicle that would be in great demand in the United States.

Leaving the fashionable promenade, I turned down the Palace Suvaroff, named in honor of the famous Russian general, and walked out upon the spacious Champs du Mars, the military parade grounds. Far over in one corner was a crowd surrounding a regiment of troops. I heard the strains of martial music, and, turning, saw swinging into the field another regiment. The music of a second band came softly upon the breeze. It gradually increased in volume, and at last I saw the head of a drab coated column that marched with rythmic tread to join the troops already on the field. It was as if Russia were assembling another army, this time in her capital.

An aide-de-camp, in showy uniform, and riding execrably a fine bay horse, galloped up to the commander of the last column. The nature of the orders soon became apparent. The troops continued their march until near their waiting comrades, when they halted and stacked arms. Again music was heard, and from the far corner of the field came another regiment. When it had halted, the crowd, seeking other sights, was attracted by the approach of half a dozen officers, one in the lead wearing the uniform of a general, evidently the commander of the assembled division. The troops formed into a hollow square and presented arms. Simultaneously, the bands gave their tribute of welcome. The general cordially shook hands with some of the regimental officers, and then began a careful inspection of each command. "I am glad to see you, my children," he said to those regiments which particularly pleased him, "and I hope you will do your best today." With one voice, that resounded all over that vast field, came the answer: "We thank Your Excellency, and we will do our best."

The inspection finished, an order for the review was given. Without the slightest disorder, the hollow square dissolved itself and in long lines as straight as if each man were toeing an invisible mark, the troops passed by their commander. A light cloud of gray dust rose, and as it became heavier enveloped the men, effectively picturing the discomforts of the armies operating in Manchuria. When the division reached the end of the field, the order "to the rear" was given, and again past the general marched the men. Until now I had been interested in the mass; the individual here attracted my attention. Every soldier was physically well built and comfortably clothed, seemed hardy, and responded quickly and intelligently to the word of command.

I left the troops to continue their practice for war, and taking a drohsky drove back to the Nevsky Prospect. At every church we passed the isvostchik reverently removed his squat beaver and crossed himself. Religion is an enormous factor in the lower Russian life. Nearing the Kazan Cathedral, my drohsky came to a sudden halt, and the isvostchik took off his hat. To one side or the other moved the carriages until a clear lane had been formed directly in the middle of the street. A clattering of hoofs, and an open carriage went swiftly by, the driver, without insignia, leaning forward to hold in the leaping animals. The crowd removed its hat and craned its neck. I saw the emperor and empress dowager, absolutely unattended, save for a smaller one horse drohsky that followed a few feet behind, and in which was an alert looking individual — the prefect of police— whose duty it was to guard and to see that the street was promptly cleared for their majesties. In a sense, the prefect is to the emperor what the uniformed cavalryman is to President Roosevelt. When the imperial carriage had disappeared the people replaced their hats and traffic was resumed. There had been no unnecessary waste of time, even for the autocrat of all the Russias.

The gongs of St. Isaac's again boomed penetratingly, and the faithful, reminded of the hour, stopped and crossed themselves. Night stole over the city, leaving me to ponder over scenes and incidents which could only occur behind the curtain that screens Russia from the West.

THE GARDEN

By THEODORA W. YOUMANS

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

WHEN our first parents were driven from the Garden,
And out of the gate went,
They left behind them, hidden in the Garden,
Peace, Rest, Content.
These still stay hidden in the Garden
As then, heaven-sent.
Whoe'er desires may dig them from the Garden.

⁂

ATTAINMENT

By EDWARD M. PETERSON

FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

BLUEBELLS and daisies,
Here at my feet,
Mine for the stooping
And wondrously sweet: —
And yet, upon a hill, a wild rose fair
Makes me forget, and climb; my heart is there.

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By HELEN ARTHUR

NEW YORK CITY

II.

DOROTHY DONNELLY

SHOULD anyone dubiously ask, "Do you recommend the stage as a profession?" and to strengthen your affirmative reply you look for an example, let me suggest Dorothy Donnelly. A New York girl trained to be a musician but preferring to be an actress, five years ago, she started with the smallest possible part in the Murray Hill stock company, at the head of which was her brother, Henry V. Donnelly. In three years she was its leading woman, and the following season as Madame Alvarez, in "Soldiers of Fortune," she made much out of a part quite colorless in itself.

Last year Miss Donnelly astonished New York with an interpretation of "Candida," and the heroine of George Bernard Shaw's play became an object of more lasting discussion than any other topic.

"Candida" is to be followed by another Shaw comedy, "You Never Can Tell," in which Miss Donnelly will have a leading part with Arnold Daly.

What this year or next will bring in the way of personal success matters little, since Miss Donnelly has shown us intelligence, subtility and an insight into character portrayal which, developed by time and training, will place her ultimately in the front rank of American actresses.

*

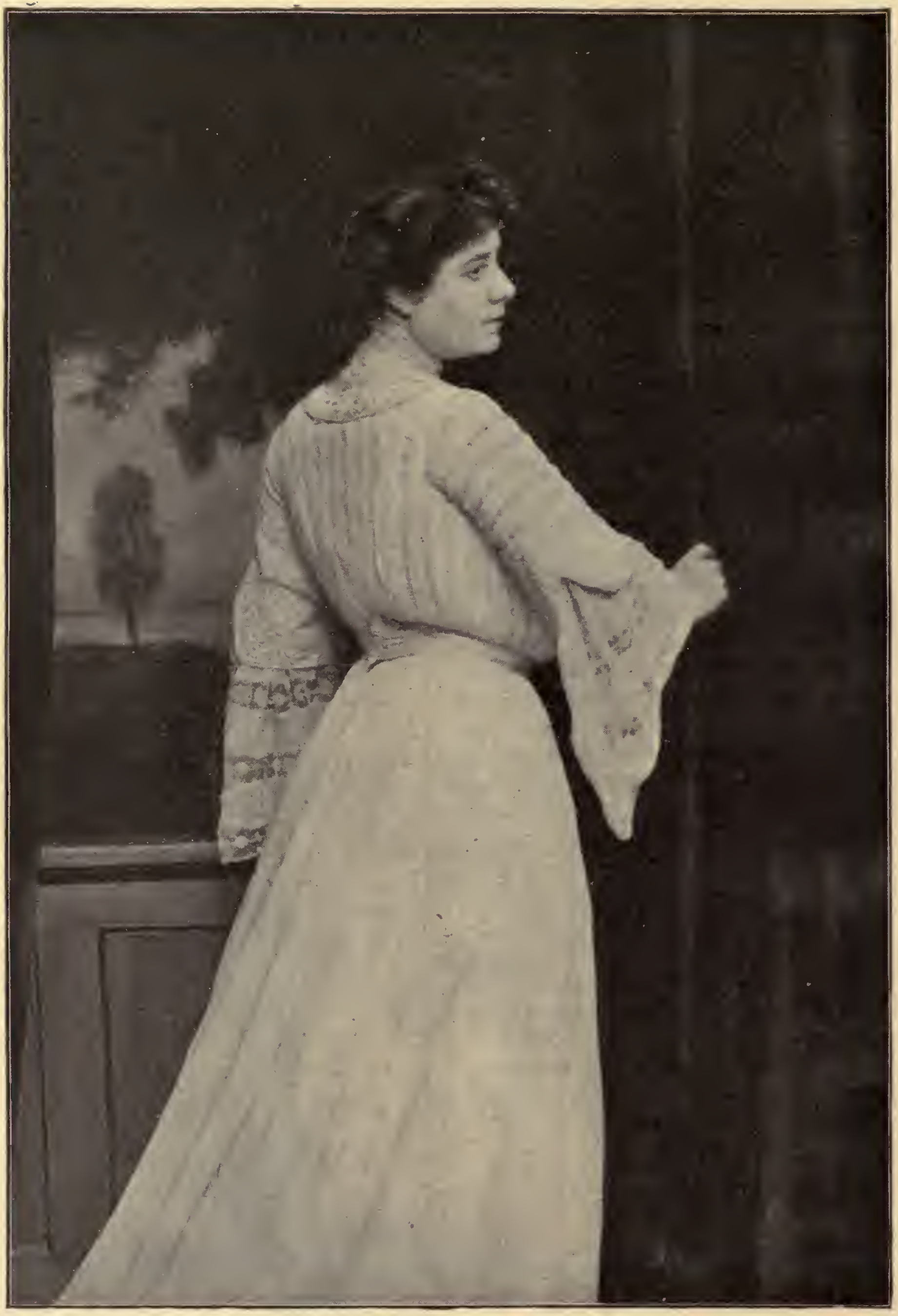
IV

JULIA MARLOWE

ALTHOUGH Julia Marlowe is proudly ranked as an American star, she is English born, having come to this country at the early age of five from Caldbeck, Cumberland, England. Her first appearance was in a juvenile "Pinafore" company, where she attracted the attention of Miss Ada Dow, an intelligent actress, who saw possibilities in the talented child.

For seven long years Julia Marlowe studied part after part from classical

DOROTHY DONNELLY
Photograph by Sarony



JULIA MARLOWE

Photograph by Sands & Brady, Providence

plays, always to act them before a solitary spectator, Miss Dow, who combined all the offices of teacher, audience and critic.

Miss Marlowe's debut was as Parthenia in "Ingomar," and she has appeared in "As You Like It, "Cymbeline, and as Prince Hal in "Henry IV." Her greatest popular success was as Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

This season she and E. H. Sothern, as joint stars, will appear in Shakespearean repertoire, their first play being "Romeo and Juliet.

⁂

V

FAY TEMPLETON

FAY TEMPLETON is the only actress we have in America who knows thoroughly the art, the real art, of burlesque. Back of all mimicry, which is but a small element in burlesque, must be the ability to portray the emotion parodied —to suggest the true, only to present it with a grimace.

Miss Templeton was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, but, strange antithesis, a large part of her life has been spent in Paris.

Her greatest success was her imitation of Fougere, and just how good that must have been is illustrated by a story Christie McDonald told me. Miss McDonald sent an aunt who was visiting her to see "From Broadway to Tokio," and Auntie returned with the complimentary information "that the performance was an excellent one, and that the French singer she had seen some time before was in the company, only much improved!"

Since that time Miss Templeton has been with Weber and Fields, and later with "The Runaways," while this year she is to be at the head of a permanent company whose object it will be to furnish "reviews" of current successes, and whose home will be alternately the roof garden and the main auditorium of the New Amsterdam theater.

FAY TEMPLETON

HIS HEARTACHE

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

NEW YORK CITY

"I WANT you," he wrote, "to bestow upon me the ineffable boon of a heartache. 'Ineffable' did I say? Let me rather write indispensable: the publishers are after me for another book, and unless I am unhappy I can't write one. You know me of old!"

He paused, relit his pipe, a villainous looking brierwood, then took up for a moment the snapshot photograph of a young woman, enclosed in an elaborate silver frame. She presented to him a sweet, elusive face of strong, yet delicate outlines: the face of a woman with a long, impersonal memory. Life had evidently said many things to her, but she respected the confidence.

"Need I remind you," he resumed, "of what you have already done for me? I could never have produced "Dreams in Solitude," if you hadn't ignored my existence for four weeks when the English poet was over here. The sonnet, "The Death Watch," for which I received twenty-five dollars, I wrote the night you forgot my waltz: and, finally, that great scene in the novel where Warren rides to his doom kissing the little glove, was born of your not having written to me for six weeks. Ah, Evelyn, you possess the incomparable gift of starving others without alienating them. No other woman could dare as much as you and be forgiven.

"I forgive you because I cannot do without you. This is to be a great book, so I want it to be a very special kind of heartache—one that will make me sit up late and write without coffee. You've tried many ways of tormenting me in that dainty fashion of yours, and they've all succeeded so well that I bid fair to be a commercial, if not a literary success. You know the last book was even commented on favorably by middle aged, scholarly gentlemen whose words of wisdom are used for illuminated mottoes—'just to be too sweet and amiable to be tolerated; just to hobble along and smile; just to bore the whole family with your little stock of virtues; just to be heavy and moral and lend a helping hand'—but I digress. The point is, my Lady Evelyn, will you help me write this book, this great American novel (no doubt of it this time) by hurting me hard? You're coming to town for January and February, and in that time we ought to do wonders. I want to suffer in strange ways. I want this heartache to sum up and transcend all I've had up to date; your ironic genius will understand. Devotedly,

"Bryce Margrave."

When he had sealed and addressed the letter, he rose and walked up and down his big, bare room, strictly professional in its austere rejection of casts, pictures, tapestries and other expressions of the artistic temperament. Sets of certain French and English novelists, occupying shelves over the fireplace, formed the only personal element in the general blankness. This work shop had a grim look, as if the laborer within it would sacrifice everything to the demands of his toil; changing his life blood into ink if necessary; and his soul into a pen.

A coal fire burned in the grate. Outside a gray sky was blending with gray roofs, as the early December evening set in. Cold, blue electric lights flared out above the neighboring square where the snow lay white and thick.

Margrave stood at the window a moment, then resumed his restless walk. Her face was before him, sweet, ironic, odd and unforgettable; homely, if you would, like a piquant French sketch in chalk, the irregular, significant lines betraying a complex personality.

"If she should ever love a man, what strange forms of happiness she would bring to his bewildered gaze. If the heartaches she creates are so special, so singular, what blisses could she not evoke! Evelyn, if you only would!"

So he called upon her, as he smoked and dreamed, now seated before the fire, a long lean figure with a massive, shaggy head. Life had been evenly dull of late, and his work had flagged. What he could not forgive the passing hours, or the women who represented them at their keenest, was that they could not make him feel. Against Evelyn Leighton he had never, at least, had that grudge. Though he had known her almost since her childhood, she was always to him like a charming woman he was meeting for the first time.

Her answer came promptly.

"I will do the best I can for you in the interests of American literature: for I honestly believe that the wrangling of critics over your work is indicative of some real and lasting value in it: it refuses the usual pompous labels stuck over many of the others, as over a suit case whose final destination is the dusty attic.

"So it is to be a special kind of heartache, Bryce, more effective than black coffee, and more productive of dreams than morphine. But would not joy serve you as well?"

His heart leaped as he read the last sentence, so like her in its enigmatical farewell. She was a women who always propounded her questions at parting. What could she mean? Nothing so wonderful, he was sure, as the gift of herself to him. Four years ago he had asked her to marry him. With such graciousness had she refused him that he was pledged thenceforth to a fine, brisk friendship, not unbroken, however, by those heartaches of a discarded or hopeless lover which seemed absolutely necessary to give to his work its last high, keen touch of perfection.

He smiled wistfully. Evelyn looked out from between the lines of the letter with the vague, sweet, aloof air of a high bred dame wrought in tapestry. Much as he thought he worshipped her, she had always seemed to him part of the embroidery of life, as little to be blamed for the despairing passion she excited as the lady woven of silken threads and held forever captive amid the dim violet shadows of her unearthly landscape. Well! She could at least dower him with the priceless gift of dissatisfaction, the indispensable treasure of the true artist. "Thine eyes shall behold the lands that are very far off," had always seemed to Margrave less stimulating to the imagination than if the prophetic line had read: "Thine eyes shall always long to behold the lands that are very far off."

⁂

He was awaiting her in the faded, old fashioned drawing room of her aunt's city house. Evelyn, he thought, struck a strange note in the etiolated atmosphere of this place sacred to memories half a century old, and haunted with the faint perfume of lavendar; as if a complex note of modern Russian music suddenly broke in upon a quaint ballad. His heart was beating quickly as always while he awaited her. When she stood before him at last, a svelte, graceful figure in a gown of yellow lace, the old sensation of being in a happy dream gripped him, held him silent for a moment.

She smiled.

"Well, have you nothing to say to me!"

"I am always saying things to you. I can't put pen to paper without a message. Do you wish me to ask you how you are, when you are obviously radiant? or if your train was on time? or if you are dining out tonight?"

"But conversation is made up of questions to which nobody wants answers. You couldn't greet me by asking me my views on the immortality of the soul, could you, Bryce?"

"No, but I could speak of an immortal theme."

"What, for instance?"

"I could tell you I love you."

"What unseemly haste! Are you so anxious for the climax of that novel? Come, sit down by the fire, and tell me the plot. I hope they are married in the last chapter."

"No, they are not; nothing so banal."

"What happens to them?"

"One dies."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse."

"Worse!"

"Yes. One lives."

"It's high time I came. Are you keen for the heartache, Bryce?"

"I don't need to be keen for it. It's already begun."

"Don't I ever make you happy, poor old boy?"

"Sometimes—exquisitely so."

"But just plain happy?"

"I don't know whether I'd enjoy being that."

"Ah, I see—not enough copy in it. Well, tell me the plot of your novel."

"You really want to hear it?"

"I have come to New York for no other purpose." She leaned back in her chair, holding a huge peacock fan between her face and the fire. Out of the shadow her smile stole at times, as she listened. Once or twice she said "good!" As his subject possessed him he sat up tall and straight and authoritative, his eyes deep and dilated like a poet's.

When he had finished she turned to him a face delicately flushed, it would seem, with responsive appreciation.

"Now let me understand. Things move quietly through the first two books, so quietly that only the spiritually astute"—she laughed—"like you and me, perceive how all the little apparently unimportant lines are focusing to tragedy, just as you trace them in life after the event has happened—sadly never before. This tragedy, as I understand it, arises largely from the hero's misconception of the nature of love."

"Precisely. You have a wonderful gift, Evelyn, of getting to the soul of a situation."

"Have you begun it?"

"Two chapters."

"Do you really think the heartache is necessary at the climax?"

"Oh, as far as that goes, I'll have it all through.'

"Dear—why?"

She looked at him with a new, a wonderful tenderness and yearning in her face.

He gazed at her as if he did not understand. At last he slowly spoke her name.

"Evelyn, it isn't possible—" he paused.

"Possible that I too—"

A mist came before her eyes. He rose and went to her side, enraptured, almost incredulous.

"Dear beloved—"

"Yes—just that," she faltered. "You'll have to write it out of joy, Bryce!"

"So you love me at last," he cried.

"I loved you at first."

"Then why did you refuse me?"

A shadow crossed her face.

"I wasn't quite sure."

"Sure of yourself?"

"No, sure of you."

"You couldn't doubt my love."

"Not your artist love, no! Your beautiful, unreal worship, keyed less to life than to a really great literature—I know your ambitions—but your human love; the kind that is necessary for being, as I said, 'just plain happy'."

"Ah, Sweetest, you're sure of it now! Our love will gather up and express every form of love, from the deepest passion to tender, homely, every day affection. Now that you are mine I will walk straight to glory."

She put her head down against his breast.

"What glory, Bryce?"

He caressed the softly gleaming hair.

"My glory as a novelist. With you beside me I can do anything."

"Will joy suffice? You will not miss the heartaches?"

He laughed gaily.

"Oh, the heartaches!"

"Didn't they count — weren't they real?"

She raised her head and looked into his eyes.

He flushed.

"Of course they were real. You kept me going."

"How?"

"With my work."

She clung to him again, childlike, simple, almost unrecognizable in her perfect surrender.

"Our joy must do that now," and in her voice was a strange note of appeal.

II

For the first two months their engagement seemed nothing less than a treaty with the Olympians, in which all the golden advantage was for once on the side of human beings. Evelyn was a revelation of inexhaustible charm, of caressing, yet for the most part unspoken, tenderness. Bryce thought her spirit was like a lovely, intimate room, yet with windows opening to the lonely stars, and to illimitable spaces of sunlit landscape. She surrendered, however, not one gem of her coquetries. They glittered upon her, but with lights of invitation.

During this time the novel was neglected, Bryce insisting that he would write all the better when he did begin. He would have now so much more to put into it; all the treasure to which he had suddenly fallen heir.

Meanwhile, she walked in a glory of his worship, so glittering sometimes as to seem to her like the lights from the facets of a brilliant intellect, rather than the steady glow from the heart. She found herself, she knew not why, watching for change, for a subduing or extinction of the light. But Bryce did not change. He seemed always exquisitely happy in her society; and she was only half conscious that to maintain this happiness she was putting forth every effort, drawing on her capital as it were, where before she had used only her income. What troubled her was that Bryce showed so little disposition to go on with his book, working only an hour or two a day, where before he had worked eight. Often, when alone, she questioned herself as to the cause of this strange defection. It was not that she absorbed his time, for she was constantly urging him to work, and she made no demands upon him, treating him, indeed, more as a wife would treat a husband, than as a girl in the queen period of betrothal treats her lover. Could it be that he was too happy, too satisfied, too sure? Was the doubt that had held her back four years ago, being justified now? Could his intellectual passion thrive only on denials; and must he do everything with his head, even love? Perhaps he had no power left for the book.

Her doubts darkening her days, she took advantage of the first signs of undeniable restlessness in him to ask directly why he was not working on the novel. They were walking in the park, and his deep eyes were fixed on the cold crimson of the Winter sunset. A faint flush overspread his face as he answered.

"I told you before, dearest, that I don't feel in the mood for writing."

"Too happy, Bryce?" she said sadly.

His flush deepened.

"In paradise always when with you. You know that," he answered, not looking at her.

"But paradise is so unreal, Bryce.

And in paradise you are always too happy—and just happiness is enough."

"Yes, you are too happy in paradise," he acquiesced, his face still toward the sunset.

"Well," she cried, "why can't we get back to normal living—you to your work —I to my preparations?"

"I never lived normally in my life," he said with a queer kind of a laugh. "And what preparations are you speaking of, Sweet?"

"For my—our marriage."

"Oh."

He went into silence, a long way in. She did not follow him. She, too, gazed at the sunset.

When they parted she said:

"Bryce, I want you to do something for me."

"Anything, darling."

She shrank from the love name. He said it, she thought, as he would say "pleasant morning," or "good night."

"I want you to promise me that you will put in an eight hour day regularly for the next three weeks: whether you're in the mood or not— just write, write, write."

"Evelyn dearest. You're asking a good deal."

"For my sake."

"Very well," he said, "I'll try it."

The word "try" hurt her somehow. She closed his goodbye abruptly.

⁂

For the next month she saw, by comparison, very little of him. When they were together he was sometimes feverishly gay; again silent and moody. Of the novel he did not speak. She judged that it was going lamely.

At last she asked if he would not read the opening chapters to her. He demurred. "You would get a broken effect, and that is not fair to me."

"The reader of a serial gets a broken effect."

"Well, if you must have your way!"

The next afternoon he read the chapters to her. They seemed to her, under their elaborate and conscientious workmanship, dull and absent minded; lacking in that strange, intense quality which lit up Bryce's work as with unearthly fires. She missed the soul throbbing under the surface beauty of the language.

When he had finished she said:

"You are right. One gets a broken effect. Finish the first book, then read it all to me."

"You are thoroughly disappointed," he said with an intonation of resentment, adding, "what can you expect of a man in love!"

There were tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Are you in love, Bryce?"

"As if you could ask, after hearing this!"

She was silent.

⁂

A fortnight later, she came to his office den in the morning, a tall, lovely figure in her soft velvet and furs. She found him sitting idly at his desk, amid a wild confusion of papers. He rose as she entered, and came to meet her with warm welcome, as if any diversion were a relief from some obligation he was not meeting—could not, indeed, meet.

"I've come to hear the first book, Bryce."

"Oh, not this morning," he said wearily.

"But to please me."

"I'll begin where I left off, but I won't plough through the whole thing again."

"Begin where you left off, then!"

He read two or three pages, stopped suddenly.

"There's something wrong with this stuff."

"Decidedly wrong," she said promptly.

"You feel it, too," he said with an air of triumph. "I knew you did."

"Yes, I have felt it all along."

"What's the matter with it?"

"I am the matter with it."

"You?" he said, but the note in his voice was not wholly one of surprise.

"Yes, dear. I made a mistake."

"When?"

"The day I told you to write it out of joy. I've crowded out the soul of it, somehow, with my soul. I've deadened you with enchantment; swamped your genius with certain happiness."

"What's to be done! I can't give you up."

She smiled faintly: that he could even think of giving her up told her much.

"A man must always give up a woman if she interferes with his work. He's in the world first to express himself—second, to love."

"You are satirical."

"I am truthful. Nature intends you for bread winners."

Margrave rose and paced the room.

"I can't quite understand it. I don't understand myself. One would think that a man living in such a paradise as you've created could do anything. I thought I'd touched zenith, but I'm—"

"You're hobbling," she finished.

He nodded, not looking at her. Suddenly he paused in his restless walk.

"What is the way out, Evelyn? Come, you must help me."

She was silent, smiling dumbly, piteously, it seemed to him.

He slowly said, when he found she would not speak, "I'm going to make a brutal remark, Evelyn: brutal as a possible solution, but we might as well get at the truth, at the remedy. Let us marry at once."

"To end enchantment!"

"Well, not precisely that," he said uneasily.

"To keep our plighted word, then!"

"Oh, we'd keep it."

"We might keep that and nothing else," she said with sadness. "No, dear, I would rather keep the enchantment—and not marry. I am breaking the engagement. You are free from this hour."

"That I may have a heartache?" he suddenly flashed out upon her: changed in an instant to his old self, as if she had performed a trick of magic.

"That I may have the heartache!" he repeated.

"That you may have what is best for you."

"You've been playing with me."

"No, I have not been playing with you."

"Then why—"

"Your art is worth more than I am."

"You throw me over."

"I do nothing of the kind. I yield to inevitable logic—the logic of your preservation."

She looked steadily at him, saw in his eyes mingled emotions; relief, yet, curiously enough, accusation also, unfeigned reproach: the dawning of a bitterness that would throw him back upon himself, restore him to the self-centered suffering, the sharp sense of deprivation which seemed necessary to the adequate performance of his work.

"You never loved me," he slowly said, "or you couldn't do this."

"I love you so much that I can do it."

His tragedy was gaining on him. Already his belief in it was growing stronger, as his faith in her weakened.

"You are really breaking the engagement?"

"I break it. I have engaged passage for Europe."

He was white now with his sense of her cruelty.

"Ah, I see. It was all a trick—our engagement. I asked you to give me a heartache; and consummate actress that you are, you tricked me through joy into the sharpest one a man could have. You are hideously cruel."

She turned her head away.

"You will thank me at last," she said.

"It is monstrous of you!"

"You will write a great book."

"And will you never come back to me, Evelyn?"

"Dear, I do more for you absent, and I love you enough to go."

"You are a consummate actress."

She held out her hand in farewell. In her eyes were the unshed tears which burn the soul.

"You are a consummate actress," he said again.

⁂

A year later there reached her in Florence a book review and a letter from a woman friend which seemed to have arrived together for the very purpose of mutual corroboration.

The review was devoted to Bryce Margrave's latest novel, a work of art, the critic wrote, profoundly leavened with human passion and suffering, technique and torrential emotion being for once in perfect harmony.

The letter said:

"His book is wonderful, a triumph, a revelation. You broke his heart, they say. Much as I love you, Evelyn, I can only condemn the coquetry—the cruelty rather, that would put such a genius to the torture!'

BERLIN'S UNIQUE PRINTING TELEGRAPH

By DR. ALFRED GRADENWITZ

BERLIN, GERMANY

TELEPHONES, rendering only words as they are spoken, are frequently insufficient for business purposes; in addition to a correct transmission of a communication, there will in fact in many cases be necessary an acknowledgement in writing of this transmission. On the other hand, there is the liability of telephonic conversation to be overheard by a third; and, finally, the person rung up on the telephone may happen to be absent, when his return will have to be waited for and much time be lost. In order to afford an efficient means of communication in all these and many other cases, a new public printing telegraph service has been installed in Berlin—the "Ferndrucker-Centrale."

The telegraph, as constructed by the Siemens & Halske Company, is a type printing telegraph, similar to the well known Huges type printer and the Baudot telegraph. The main distinctive feature from former apparatus is the fact that the latter moving freely, the simultaneous working of the instruments established on the same line had to be obtained by the skill of the operator, whereas the operation of the new appa-

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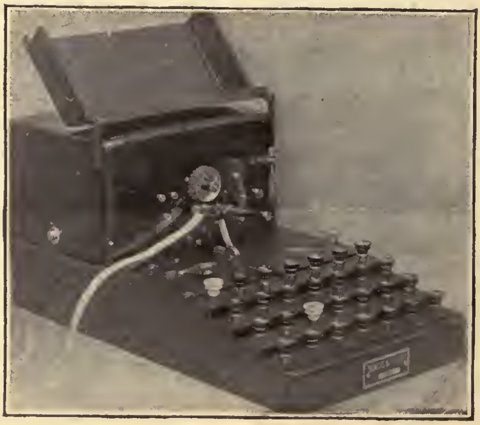
ratus is as simple as that of an ordinary typewriter. The apparatus, in fact, is nothing else than a tele-typewriter, any letters, figures or signs of punctuation being printed by pressing down a key corresponding with the signal in question. There are two circles of signs on the periphery of the type wheel, one comprising the letters and the other the figures and signs of punctuation. A shift key serves to adjust the type wheel either for letters or figures. Both of the apparatus connected by a line may be used either as sender or as receiver, without any special preparation being necessary; as soon as a special white key is struck, the apparatus in question is in fact made to serve as sender and all will be ready for use. The printing takes place simultaneously in both the transmitting and sending apparatus, no matter whether there is or is not somebody operating the receiving apparatus. In the case of the owner of the apparatus being absent, he will read the telegram printed on the paper ribbon on his return. The new telegraph, giving two identical records of the same telegram in the sending and receiving apparatus respectively, will place at the disposal of the transmitter an evidence of the correctness of his communication, so as to exclude any possibility of misunderstanding.

The advantages afforded by the printing telegraph as compared both with telephone and present telegraph systems will be self evident. Chiefly it is the only means of communication enabling despatches to be kept strictly private. A central station with arrangements and working methods similar to those of central telephone stations have been opened at No. 28 Zimmerstrasse, Berlin, serving in the first place to secure mutual communications between all the subscribers connected to the Berlin printing telephone net. The central station is fitted with a switch board comprising indicators and catches for 100 subscribers. Sixteen connecting strings allow of thirty-eight subscribers being simultaneously connected so as to enable a simultaneous communication between one third of all the subscribers in the case of the switch board being complete. As soon as a subscriber presses down the calling key of his printing telegraph, the official in charge of the indicator board at the central station will be advised by the indicator of the subscriber in queston dropping and an alarm being rung, when he will have to put himself in communication with the caller, to ask him for the desired connection through a special enquiring apparatus and connect both subscribers. It is possible also to connect any desired number of subscribers to the same printing telegraph, so as to transmit the same communication simultaneously to all the subscribers. This is ensured by the subscribers, who as a rule are connected to the indicator board of the central station, being disconnected from the latter and connected to the transmitting apparatus in question by means of a group switch.

Similar telegraph services from one central station to a certain number of subscribers simultaneously by means of a so called "ticker," have for some time been used in New York, London and Paris. A similar service has been in operation also in Bremerhaven, Germany, for transmitting ship telegrams from one central station on to 100 subscribers in different places. It is intended, from the central station just opened in Berlin, to transmit similar information to a certain number of subscribers, limiting the service at first to Exchange telegrams, which are transmitted at given hours from the transmitting apparatus in the Berlin Exchange. The same means of communication would be employed for transmitting telegrams from a central telegraph office, such as Reuter's, to a certain number of newspaper offices. In addition, the above central station is intended to secure communication of the subscribers with the central state telegraph office for transmitting or receiving telegrams through the state telegraph, for which subscribers are charged a rather low extra fee of so much per word.

The main feature will, however, be the direct mutual communication between the subscribers, and in this respect Berlin may boast of having quite a unique means of communication. The system has, by the way, been in operation for some time with great industrial concerns such as the Berlin Allgemeine-Elektricitats Gesellschaft and the Siemens & Halske Company, for communication between their various business departments.



THE JUDGE'S SON

By RICHARD S. GRAVES

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

MICAJAH BOLEAN had been a justice of the peace many years, and nobody had ever questioned his right to hold the office the remainder of his life, for he was a cripple. Year after year his name was on the ballots at every election and he was not opposed after the first year.

Another man had made the race against him the first time he was a candidate for the office, and it was said that his opponent did not receive a single vote. No other candidate for the place could be found after that, and nobody but Micajah Bolean wanted the office.

"He knows nothing but justice," the strangers used to be told. "He sent his own boy to jail once, and the ungrateful little wretch ran away from home and never came back."

The office of the justice of the peace was over a grocery store and his home was on a quiet street where his wife, a sad faced woman with streaks of gray in her brown hair, busied herself all day with her household duties. It was plain that some great sorrow had befallen her at some time in her life.

There was no trace of sorrow on the face of the justice of the peace, especially when he had once turned it in the direction of his home. He had always said that he knew right from wrong, and when he stated that anything was right nothing on earth could change him. He was as firm as a rock. He had been firm the day he sentenced his own son to jail, and that firmness was with him still.

The boy had contended that he was innocent of the charge against him—that he had been fighting in self defense—but the firm old magistrate believed the evidence of other witnesses and would not listen to him. He had made up his mind, and refused to change it. The boy threatened that if his father sent him to jail he would leave home and never return, and the threat had some bearing on the case.

It was true that he had been a good boy and gave promise of being a good man. Even his stern father was forced to make that admission when he argued with himself and tried to justify his action.

In the office of the justice of the peace there was an old table littered with books and papers, and over all the dust of years had settled. When a law suit was tried there, at long intervals, the dust was brushed away by the use that was made of the tables, but the books and papers were not disturbed.

The edges of the papers were frayed and ragged, and they were all yellow with age. Sometimes the pile was moved a little by some one slipping a sheet of foolscap out to make a memorandum. On the table was a copy of the revised statutes with one of the covers torn off and many of the pages missing. In the corner stood the stove, from which the ashes leaked the whole year through. In Summer it was the receptacle for trash, and the lower section was always a spittoon.

The bench was represented by the long table, behind which the justice sat, and in front of him had been cleared a small space among the aged, dust covered papers.

In the pigeon holes of the tall case that stood against the wall were papers that human eyes had not seen for twenty years—parts of the record in forgotten law suits, and unpaid fee bills of cases in which the litigants were long since dead. The window shades were frayed at the lower end and could not be moved up or down. When it was desired to keep the sunlight out, newspapers were pinned across the windows.

It was in the old wall case, among the papers that had been touched and turned yellow by the hand of time, that Micajah Bolean found, while searching one day for a lost document, the picture of a boy. He looked at it curiously at first, for his sight was dim and he did not recognize it. Then he turned it toward the light and pushed his spectacles up on his nose.

For a moment he stood there unmoved, sustained by the firmness that had been his lifelong pride. Somebody opened the door as he fell to the floor, uttering a hoarse cry, like an animal that had been given a death wound, and with the picture clasped in his hand..

It was a picture of the boy he had sent to jail—a boy with laughing blue eyes and hair that curled about his forehead.

⁂

The home in which Micajah Bolean lived was a great contrast to his dingy office, for it was clean and as free from dust as the willing hands of his wife could make it. Trees grew around it and vines covered the long porch. The street in front and the alley in the rear ended abruptly a few yards away in a steep embankment, over which the tops of freight cars moving to and fro and the long freight trains passing through the yards could be seen. Weeds grew in the street in front of the house and the alley in the rear was overrun with them, for the two thoroughfares were seldom traveled. The shrieks of the engines at work in the yards could be heard all day and all night, and the rattle of the jangling cars, as heavy as thunder at first, and gradually dying away down the tracks, was a familiar sound in the little house on the hill. The wife of the magistrate sat there hours at a time, watching the tops of the cars and scanning the freight trains as they came in. The brakemen ran along the tops of moving trains, twisting a brake here and loosening one here, waving their arms and giving signals in pantomime.

It was because she once had heard that their son became a railroad brakeman that the wife of the justice of the peace sat and watched the trains all day and listened to their noises at night. When Micajah Bolean was away from the house she wept silently many times and felt as though her old heart would break. It would have been a relief to have talked about the missing boy, but his father never permitted his name to be mentioned.

So she watched the faces of the brakemen, hoping that the lost boy would some day come back and steal into the house. She was a prim old lady, always neat and clean, but she knew that if ever he came home and slipped into the house while his father was away, she would take him in her arms as she had when he was a child, even though he were as black with smoke and grime as any of the brakemen or firemen she could see from her window.

It had been twenty years since he went away, and in all that time the stern old man had not once relented. The white haired mother had often tried to imagine how her son looked with those years added to his age. She knew he would be large and strong, and she thought his eyes would still be bright and his face as cheerful and smiling as the boy she remembered so well.

⁂

One night a man whose face was covered with a thick growth of beard, in which there were streaks of gray, slouched through the streets. His clothes were ragged, his eyes downcast and his hair unkempt. He was a vagrant, and as he walked he cast furtive glances about to see that no officer was in sight. He came from the direction of the railroad yards and crept through the weeds growing rank and tall back of Micajah Bolean's house. His feet, covered by ragged shoes, made no sound as he stepped upon the porch, where he stood looking in through the window.

The vagrant uncovered his head as he stood there. He saw Micajah Bolean and his wife, sitting with the weight of years upon them. He waited for the sound of their voices, and when Micajah Bolean spoke he noted the firm, harsh tone—the same harsh voice that many a vagrant had heard when he was sentenced to jail.

It was when the aged woman spoke, in a sad, sweet voice, that the tears started to the vagrant's eyes. He made a step toward the door, but drew back when his ragged garments came within range of the shaft of dim light through the window.

Down in the railroad yards he could hear the noise of the moving trains, the clang of bells and the shrieking signals of the engines. In an interval of silence in all that jargon of noise—an interval so brief that only a practiced ear could detect it—he heard a clear note whistled as a signal to himself. It sounded far away, for at that moment the vagrant was dreaming, and in the dream he was a boy again.

He looked once more through the window at the two old people sitting there, and with a sigh that would have wrung even the hard heart of Micajah Bolean, he turned away.

A few moments later the vagrant climbed upon a car loaded with coal and was followed by another man, very like him in appearance. As he stretched himself out on the hard bed the speed of the train increased. His companion crawled close to him and asked:

"What luck, Bill? Did you get anything?"

The vagrant did not answer. He was looking up at the stars, shining down on them from a clear, blue sky. He did not even hear the words of his companion.

A HALT ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

By KATHERINE GLOVER

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

IT all sounds so easy when you read about it in books and terse quotations—the road to success. A few abstract, smooth-rolling phrases about perseverance and courage, with very little concerning the snags and the pitfalls, and nothing at all to say of the balm to use for stumped purposes and broken limbs of resolution.

I am young, and I awake early repeating to myself again and again: "I will make this a day of great things!" And on that, "I will" I stop the trivial buttoning of my waist to crush my hand in determination; my chin unconsciously take on a John L. Sullivan angle, and my mouth goes rigid. Let him oppose who dares! Then I go on buttoning my waist and the button rolls off just the same, taking with it a large lump of my determination. And all day long buttons keep rolling off, (figuratively, I hasten to add) until by night, perhaps, there is not a single one left, and my determination, detached, has slipped off.

I go out alone at twilight for a thoughtful walk. Success germs are literally swarming all over me. I say to myself, softly, "I will succeed! Others have, so will I!" Again the hand clinches and something within me swells. "I will!" I say again to the sunset, and then to some fancied obstacle, "You shall not daunt me!" in such a tone that any but the rudest obstacle would surely scuttle scared away.

THE ROUGH ROAD TO FAME

Photograph by Kate Matthews, Peace Valley, Kentucky; courtesy of Leslie's Weekly; copyright, 1904, by the Judge Company

My idea of success is rather dim, but it puffs me up and makes me feel airy and apart from the world. The horizon of my dreams looks rose colored and far away—it is a great, big, world-encompassing dream that I take with me on my twilight walk.

I read sketch after sketch of lives of great men in the magazines, in the papers, everywhere. On all sides I meet with these little biographies of success. They stir me and stimulate me. So I say, "They did; I will. I will work hard as they worked hard, and I, too, will succeed. I will persevere without ceasing; I will make sacrifices to my work, worship always at its shrine; and then I will do things that shall make the world stop in its course and wonder."

One thing rankles a little. Always in the biographies there were pretty tales of the hero's determination, poverty bound though his youth was, to go to college; and just as sure as his path was littered with difficulties, so sure was he to trample them down and pass on triumphantly to the open doors of the college. Now, I, in my very young days, hugged to myself a dream of college life. It pillowed me to sleep many a night. Not that there seemed the slightest probability of its fulfillment, indeed there was every reason to suppose it could not possibly come to pass, but what mattered that to my dream? (Indeed, would a dream be a dream, all pumped up with probability?) So I cherished it none the less and felt perfectly certain that I could not possibly be cheated of my rightful heritage. I saw pleading philanthropists trooping forward to help in such a good cause. But the day of graduation came to hand and the expected philanthropists had forgotten their cue and failed to appear upon the stage of my well ordered dreams. The stupid problem of work presented itself to me with the same harshness that it would to any ordinary non-heroine being. It was my unmistakable part to pitch in and help the family finances—it might sound well in books and biographies, but in real life it was prosaic, deadly dull—and inevitable.

Of course, I might have chucked duty, borrowed money of some abundantly provided friend and gone on to college, leaving the family to shoo the wolf away without my help. And I admit that if I had been truly great I could have managed to get my college education and still have kept the family going with the proceeds of chocolate fudge or Welsh rarebit concocted at odd hours for classmates. But my greatness was not that great, and I gulped down with a hard swallow my college dream and delved into work — some small newspaper position, in which I chose to see large possibilities. My eyes are of the kind that naturally adjust themselves to magnifying glasses.

And so my career began. It was hard, cruelly hard, with snags and tumbles unnumbered during that first year. But it could be only a little while, I thought, before some brilliant future would open up to me. I worked hard, so hard that sometimes there came tears of bitterness that blurred the magnifying glasses for a moment. It was work so distasteful, so unlike my dreams had pictured. But then my thoughts reverted to the biographies. All great people had been so hampered. I took comfort, resorted to the "I will" process; I turned my thoughts successward and redoubled my energies. With perhaps a small feeling of pride in the self sacrifice, I gave up my friends and frivolities and stuck to my work.

To be sure, all my efforts were not without their reward. The monthly stipend grew somewhat stouter, responsibilities were added to me, and occasional compliments began to drift my way from the editor's desk. My position was changed until, after three years, I began in a tiny way to be somebody. "Kind friends, sweet friends," began to meet me with pleasant words on my "wonderful success," and dear old ladies congratulated my mother on her daughter's "brilliant career," until her head was quite turned. I admit I felt at times a bit puffed up with importance, but in the noon glare of my consciousness I had to hide a smile at the absurdity of it all; for I knew in my dream-filled heart that this they called success was not even a faint shadowing of what I had determined on. I tried to write now and then things that my best fancy dictated, and though there were words of praise from a scattered few, I knew that the callous editor read them not at all, or, if he did, probably commented, "pretty good rot, I guess, if anybody likes that kind of stuff."

Four years, five years have gone and the horizon is still far, far away and a little cloudy; the brilliant future, it seems, is under lock and Fate appears to have mislaid the key. I stop a bit and look about me. I have never loosened my grasp for a moment on the dream of success, indeed I have fed it fatter all the time and have worked toward it always; but so far as results go, I seem just as many leagues away from that future. I have written a dozen or more things that I thought really good, quite worthy to go to the magazines as forerunners of what is to come from my pen in the day of my greatness. The dozen or more, somewhat soiled and travel worn, are still in my desk, having shown no disposition to stay long away from me.

I can think of nothing the subjects of biographies could possibly have done that I have not done. And now, taking a pause to look about me, I sit right down in the middle of the road—the same that I have been traveling at such a furious pace, seeming to get nowhere in particular—and ponder a little. Could they have been wrong, all those biographies, or is it that I am all wrong? With such perfect unanimity they told the same story, only the names and dates varying.

Now what am I to do, poor, misled worker that I am? Having heretofore walked always with my nose down to the rules of success carefully laid out in the books, I think in future I shall throw biographies to the winds and begin living out a new, strange biography all my own. I shall work as I wish, unfettered, unguided by others' experience, and though, and probably, the little tin god Success may still turn up his little tin nose at me, I shall have my joy and my freedom. Biographies of the great ones may go hang!

HER SACRED HOUR

By JACK B. NORMAN

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"DO you s'pose he'll know me, mother?"

Tommy had asked that question many times since the beginning of their excited journey, and his mother had invariably answered, "Yes, my boy; he will surely know you."

"But I won't know him. I don't even remember him the least little bit."

"He won't seem strange to you," she assured him. How could your own father seem anything but familiar to his little son whom he played with and petted and loved every day of four years? He was very, very fond of you, Tommy. He spoiled you dreadfully when you were a baby, because he could never bear to let you cry for anything."

"You'll know him right away, won't you, mother?"

Would she? For five years she had thought of him hourly, always yearning passionately for the day of his release, the event toward which they were hastening with anxious, tumultuous hearts. Her thoughts went back over the long, dreary interval following his imprisonment, when her brother had taken her and her four-year-old son into his big, badly managed California home, where she had subsequently toiled as hard as her frail strength and feeble courage permitted. The brothers-in-law had never liked each other. When Tom's defalcation was discovered Minnie's brother had not hesitated to speak the whole bitter truth, as it appeared to him, which included an incredible rumor concerning another woman. Minnie had borne everything in patient silence for the sake of her boy, whose physical comfort depended on her brother's grim bounty. She had written Tom regularly but never visited him, partly owing to her brother's bitter attitude, but chiefly because she had been unable to afford the expense of the long journey East: for every dollar of her money—hard earned by odd services in meager intervals of household drudgery—had been carefully hoarded for that final journey to Sing Sing.

Tommy had looked forward to the meeting with his father with unchildish intensity of feeling fostered by his mother's loving defense of the unfortunate one, knowing only her version of the misstep which she had softened as much as her rigid conscience permitted. His own ardent love had stripped the offense absolutely of personal blame, leaving only the old mistake of surreptitiously borrowed funds—and failure.

A freight wreck delayed their train for several hours within half a day's journey of Sing Sing. The woman and her boy seemed hardly able to bear the strain of waiting.

"For five years I have wanted, more than anything else in the world, to be waiting beside the prison gate when he comes out," she said over and over. "Now we shall be many times too late!"

"What if we shouldn't find him at all?" the boy suggested fearsomely.

"I wish we had let him know we intended to come," she went on. "You know, Tommy, that we wanted to surprise him—to give him the unexpected joy of finding us both waiting for him. I wrote, as usual, telling him there would be some money at the post office for him to start home on, just to let him know I remembered the day exactly. I am dreadfully afraid he didn't get that letter and that he will be gone when we get there."

"He'd go right out to Uncle Jed's, won't he?"

"I'm afraid not, my boy. Uncle Jed doesn't feel very friendly toward him, you know. Besides, your father wants to make a new start out here in the East, where work is plenty. Maybe God will be so very good to us that we'll meet him in spite of this delay."

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It was quite dark when they finally reached Sing Sing. A pouring rain had driven everyone out of the streets, which looked cold and dull and unfriendly. The dreary surroundings chilled the woman to the heart. She seemed unable to formulate other plans than those that had grown out of the slowly evolved resolution of years—to meet and welcome her husband at the prison gates; so she waited mutely on the station platform, where a few impatient travelers tramped to and fro, also waiting for the south bound train which was delayed. At the far end of the platform two people stood talking earnestly and absorbingly, a man and a woman whom the convict's wife hardly saw until she turned to enter the waiting room, when a few words spoken by the woman arrested her strained attention.

"You must admit that it shows a

pretty strong friendship to come to the fore at a time like this," she said in a singularly sweet voice. "Do you know, Tom, I had always intended to welcome you back first of all."

At the first sound of the answering voice the solid earth seemed to recede, leaving the listening woman alone at the ultimate verge of nothingness, for it was the voice of the man for whom she had borne the disgrace and pain and loneliness of five terrible years. She wondered dimly if the end of all things had come for others as well as for herself, but after a second's dazed bewilderment she remembered the boy who stood beside her, listening also.

"Go inside," she whispered hoarsely, pushing him toward the door. "It's too cold out here for your delicate throat. I'll wait here till the train comes. You watch inside."

He obeyed reluctantly, while his mother waited with tensely drawn breath for the revelation which she knew that clear, childlike voice would presently make. The girl turned her head slightly and a ray of light fell across her face, showing how very fair and young it was—how absolutely free from the corroding cares of life as the convict's wife had known it for five dreary years. The wife's grim resolve to hear her doom failed her momentarily and she groped her way into the waiting room. Her own reflection in the mirrored panels caught and held her attention. She saw the face of a middle aged woman, toil worn, starved, baffled, defeated—a haggard, ghastly face with hollow eyes shadowed by bitter unrest. It was to that other face what a seared leaf is to a blossomed rose.

"Tommy," she said in a voice that sounded strangely unfamiliar to the anxious child, "I am beginning to be afraid. What if something has happened—if he is sick—or dead!"

"Oh mother, don't let's talk about it, even. I just can't bear the thoughts of it!" cried the boy.

"Would it grieve you so dreadfully, Tommy?"

"I'd never, never get over it," he answered with a tearless sob.

"We've got to bear whatever comes," she told him in a hard, toneless voice. "We will always have each other, you know, Tommy."

"Yes, but mother, we'll never be happy without him."

"Don't you love me best, Tommy?" she persisted, with a gasp of terror lest he, too, should deny her love.

"Yes, mother, course I do. But I do want him so—my own father!"

Her gaunt face quivered for an instant, but her eyes were hard and bright as polished stone. 'Maybe there's nothing the matter," she said, "but I'm terribly afraid. I'll go out and wait for the train. Maybe he'll come on that. No, no, Tommy, you musn't come. It's dreadful cold out there. It would hurt your throat. "Maybe I'll bring good news when I come back.—You surely won't disobey me and go out, Tommy?" she added with unnecessary sternness.

"No, mother, course not." he answered patiently.

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The couple at the end of the platform had not stirred. The girl stood looking up at Tom with a wistful, childlike smile that heightened her glowing beauty, while he seemed hardly to breathe in his tensely repressed agitation.

"So you have changed," said the girl in a very low but distinctly clear voice.

"Yes—thank God, yes!" Tom answered a trifle unsteadily. "You may remember that when my story came out in the papers, five years ago, my wife's name was mentioned more than once. She tried to obtain a pardon in spite of her positive knowledge of my transgression against her, for I know to a certainty that her brother told her everything. She asked no questions, demanded no promises. All these years of loneliness and disgrace and sorrow her love has never wavered once, never!"

"You once told me in the kindest way you knew, that your wife lacked the sparkle and gaiety that your lavish nature demanded," the girl broke in, still speaking softly but passionately.

"I remember—to my everlasting shame. It was true that she lacked all the glittering vanities that lured me into paths too steep for honest men. But I found out through bitter regret and heart burnings that I was never meant for the life of that brief madness; and, Amie, I have learned to love the woman who has suffered so much for me more than I ever loved anyone or anything in my life. There is not a fiber of my being that does not thrill with love and gratitude for her."

The woman listening in the shadow of the high railed seat neither breathed nor stirred. It was as if all the joy of a lifetime had been fused into that one golden hour. A voiceless prayer struggled up from the depths of her transfigured soul, but she gave herself no pains to clearly formulate her gratitude, for she knew that God was so close to her that every heartbeat was attuned to a pæan of thanksgiving.

"I always liked you immensely, Tom," said the voice of the beautiful alien, which had grown almost tearful in its gentleness. "And even when you seemed happiest with us all, I felt that some time you would break away from it all and become the man that you should be. I am glad, for your sake, that my presentiment has come true. I hope—"

The whistle of an approaching train shrilled through the chilly night air. The girl suddenly reached up and laid both hands on Tom's shoulders and drew him gently toward her till their eyes met in an inquisitorial glance. "I am going to try to do what you have done," she murmured. Then she drew him still closer and kissed him on the lips, and the wife did not resent that last caress, for she knew that no matter what the giver's past had been that farewell kiss was so pure as to be not unworthy of the angels.

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After what seemed a very long while to the boy waiting patiently within doors, his mother reappeared, accompanied by a tall, rather handsome man who looked much younger than she in spite of his extreme thinness and prison pallor. At a sign from his mother the boy ran tremblingly forward to be caught and folded to his father's heart.

"We waited an' waited!" said he at last, when the first swell of rapture had subsided into an even, all pervading sense of happiness, "an' at last we got afraid that something had happened."

The wonder in the man's face deepened to regretful fear of what his wife might have heard in that interval of waiting, but a glance at her tired yet radiant face reassured him. Then he stooped once more and laid his happy face to the warm, rosy cheek of his little son, whose sweet innocence and truth seemed to him as a tower of strength around which to rebuild his shattered hopes.

"I am going to try very, very hard to make up to you and mother for everything that has hurt and saddened you both," he murmured. "Help me by loving me as much as you can, Tommy."

VARIETY

Peace bells a-ringing and a-singing in the steeples:
God's folks a-shooting off the sassy little peoples.

F. P.

FOUR O'CLOCKS

By COLUMBINE

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

THE last hour of afternoon—the hour before dinner in Mid-Summer—always brought the children out of their homes in swarms. For them there was another attraction beside the long golden sunbeams that lay beneath the trees, and the cool breezes that blew from the river, At that hour, all over the southern city, since at that hour, all over the southern city, little round blossoms, pink, crimson, themselves like the children; and were presently threaded by chubby fingers on grass spires, where they looked like masses of crinkled paper, in the daintiest, most Japanese of colors.

Carl Wolfgang von Scholer had discovered this fact, and, as he had an ineradicable if hidden love for children, always chose this time to stroll slowly along the "banquette" of that street in which he prolonged a somewhat bored existence. The restlessness that always woke in him after a year in any place was beginning to harass him. His friends were away, his life dull, and the children with their "four o'clocks" undoubtedly helped to make time endurable, while stamped and winged messages were doing their best to procure for him that change and newness of life which his brilliant, eager mind craved and demanded.

On Mid-Summer's eve a particularly large and joyous assemblage of infants caught his eye, and he approached it rapidly. It was in one of those quaint three cornered yards made possible by the straggling streets of New Orleans. In the yard was a white cottage, a rustic bench, and for the rest—four o'clocks. They filled and overflowed the place, even appearing on the grass plot without—white, golden, rose colored, mixed in gaudy stripes or splotches—and the children followed as a matter of course. But among their starched and fluted ruffles—like strings of the flowers themselves—von Scholer caught sight of one who seemed a child yet was not quite one of them, though she sat on the bench, deftly slipping the circles of fragrant loveliness over a grass spray with a purplish plume. A child she seemed, though tall for a woman, with a woman's willowy outlines in the snowy mist of her dress. Her eyes were Creole eyes—like black velvet—her face fair with a brunette's fairness, her chestnut hair hung in a plait tied with a red ribbon, and frothed with little curls. Her lips were full and red. When she looked up and saw von Scholer, her cheeks lost their soft pallor. He came forward somewhat stupidly and asked "the way to Frenchman street."

"I will bring mamma," she said, and disappeared like a bird. The blush seemed to have extended in some subtle way to her whole figure, which expressed, as she vanished, without the least trace of awkwardness or gaucherie, her timidity and embarassment.

The younger children, having no such qualms, gathered around the stranger, and stared unreservedly. They were exquisite little creatures, with the soft, ripe loveliness of the extreme South. Von Scholer, who was beginning to recover his self poise and assurance, asked: "Is she your sister?"

The children answered him in French, and von Scholer repeated his question in the language more familiar to them, for he had spent his boyhood on the Continent. A perfect volley of replies assured him, in spite of the Creole idioms and slurrings, that "Marie" was "parente" to none of them, but that they came every evening to pick her four o'clocks, which were by far the finest in the neighborhood.

At this moment Marie appeared, still blushing, her long lashes resting on her cheek. She led carefully an elderly lady of distinguished appearance, fair and blue eyed, though her blindness was at once apparent. Von Scholer again tried French, and was answered delightedly in the purest Parisian.

"Ah, you are French," exclaimed the young man.

"But yes, French, and the father of Marie, though Creole, of French and Spanish extraction." And Frenchman street was not mentioned.

Von Scholer was at his best, and when he chose he could be divinely winning. There were three things that he professed to reverence, and perhaps did reverence: "An old woman, a mother, and a young child." He was now in the midst of these objects of reverence, with the added charm to age of dignity, and the Homeric tragedy of blindness; to youth, of beauty and vivacity; while between the extremes of youth and age hovered that lovely creature with black lashes and pearl white brow, barely lifted out of the age of reverence, into that which might command — Von Scholer felt it stirring in his pulses—something more exquisite and solemn than reverence itself.

And so this ugly man, out of his first youth, with his rough head and beard of tight black curls, his small eyes flashing blue light under their glasses, the ruggedly hewn curves of his big figure shabbily clothed; with a certain suggestion of wildness and almost satyr-like uncouthness about him, in spite of undoubted gentlehood, drew to him the whole concourse of feminine loveliness; and not one of them, from the tiniest budding woman to old black Susan, who had crept out of the house and stood absorbed in the interesting stranger, but would have sacrificed time, strength and pleasure itself to minister to his wants.

With his facile powers of grasping an advantage, von Scholer learned that Mademoiselle Marie Eloise Frederica de l'Epinay d'Abadie, was the heiress of an ancient name, and of innumerable quaint souvenirs of historic New Orleans. This was all that he required. In the deadly dullness of the southern Summer, and the approach of a great event dealing with the Lousiana purchase, that daily paper to which von Scholer was an unwilling slave was just then indulging in a series of articles dealing with the ancient families of the city, and with those relics of a better time which alone remained to most of them out of manifold rich lands, and myriads of slaves. It took but a moment for von Scholer to assure Mme. d' Abadie of the extreme importance of her family and memories, of the number of visits this would require and of the importance of Mademoiselle Marie Eloise Frederica as an assistant in his great work. Monsieur d' Abadie, it would seem, was a cipher in the household, the entire mental activity of his placid and amiable existence being consumed by the daily light clerical work which brought in a small monthly stipend and was connected in some mysterious way with the veterans of the late war, in which he had borne an enthusiastic if rather futile and uneventful part. In his wife, however, were clearness of vision, strength of purpose and cheerfulness without end, as von Scholer discovered in the golden period that followed.

Every afternoon, at the loveliest time of the day, he found himself in the three cornered garden. Marie did not speak to him for some time. But at last she came out of herself a little and revealed all the perplexing coquettish charm of a budding Creole. Her French was less pure than her mother's, and von Scholer soon fell to talking to her in her English, of which she was rather proud, and which she spoke deliciously in a voice of melting sweetness and hidden mischief.

"I read your poetry every day," she said shyly one evening, tearing a four o'clock to pieces as she spoke.

"The deuce you do," said von Scholer, pulling his mustache. Somehow he was not exactly pleased that the brilliant, cynical lines which were winning fame for him in a daily column should pass into the white fragrance of this young girl's soul.

"It is very beautiful," she said timidly, with a flicker of long lashes in his direction. I like your thoughts about—about love;" her voice trembled over the last word, and gold and crimson filaments drifted upon her white dress. Von Scholer cleared his throat, which had grown dry.

"Par example? " he asked, trembling, dreading lest he should have wakened some answering cynicism in this half-blown girl.

"That it lasts forever — forever — you had it — what? — en italique — " her voice was very low, "that nothing ever comes between—married lovers—that all our lives we clasp the beautiful shadows. I don't know so well what you mean by that, but I understand what — what goes beneath it all."

Von Scholer breathed. She had then been reading his poems from the outside, had accepted their form, had never grasped for one moment their substance, their satire and bitterness. Somehow he resolved that the hidden meaning of his poems should be thereafter such that little Marie could accept it honestly; and so successful was he that for several weeks there was no clipping of his daily column, and his chief once suggested sarcastically that his talents would be better employed in one of the numerous Sunday school publications with which the country was becoming flooded.

Marie was charmed, however. "Your poetry is growing better," she said. "I cut it out every day and have it in a scrap book. I like, particularly, the one about God — le bon Dieu — " Von Scholer winced. He had still a literary conscience. "Of course," the little maiden went on, "you are not of the true faith; I have found that out. But you have sometimes the right thought. I am proud to know a poet," she added shyly.

Von Scholer sounded her in literature. He found to his horror that, while she had a fair knowledge of French classics, her favorite "English" authors were Longfellow and Augusta Anne Evans. But he also found, when he tried to improve her chaotic ideas by reading her Shakespeare, Tennyson and Hawthorne, that she was not without taste or feeling. This little girl had fine blood in her veins; her forbears had been men of culture, of courage and of distinction. Von Scholer began to experience the subtle delight of teaching a mind susceptible and sympathetic. Once she whispered to him that she was not quite sure that all unbaptized babies were lost. "Voila!" she said, "A sweet woman, but an infidel, once lived next door. Her little one died. It was a year old, and looked like an angel, with its golden curls, and so sweet a smile! I sobbed day and night for a week; I grieved more than the mother, for she did not think her little one was burning. One night I dreamed the Virgin came down—all in blue with eyes shining like the moon—and took me in her arms. She whispered, 'Do not weep, my child; your little Philip is safe with me.' Since then I have never believed that the little ones who die thus are lost."

Von Scholer was startled. He hardly dared think of undermining or broadening, even, the faith of this Creole girl. Yet he had known women of the world who united Catholicism with the broadest, most elastic views. The mind of "Little Four O'Clock," as he called her, attracted him more than her beauty. New Orleans was no longer dull with this charmed hour each day. For after the edifying conversations with Madame d' Abadie, he would sit by Marie on the bench while the children played about them. Then in the sweet coolness of the evening breeze, the girl's heart would open to him. Once it opened a little farther than usual. She had been asking him of the women he knew — charming, gifted creatures, to whom he referred vaguely — actresses, novelists, artistes— and he answered her with a compliment which he, himself, felt to be pitiful: "They are great, overpowering marechal niels and Japonicas," he said. "You," he looked about him, "a pink and white four o'clock, pure and wholesome."

"Yes," she answered, with sharp pain in her voice. "You men throw us all aside, but you wear the roses for a little while over your hearts. Four o'clocks you give the children to play with."

Von Scholer quickly took one of the blossoms from the girl's lap, and fastened it in his buttonhole. Marie at once left him with the childish abruptness that her youth made excusable, and von Scholer walked thoughtfully away.

Daily his respect grew for her awakened intelligence and quickly moving mind, and when she once said softly, after he had been reading her some masterpiece of genius: "That is grand, but I like your poetry better," he glowed from head to foot with a joy as exquisite as it was consciously absurd.

But a change seemed to be coming over Little Four O'clock. She grew grave and white; did not flush and dimple as she had done. Dimly and gradually a realization of it crept over von Scholer. What was to him a lull, a dream, was to her an awakening. He had never ventured the slightest familiarity in word or act, yet her presence was always a deep joy to him, too great to be put into words. He was too much of a poet, an artist, to mar it by love making. And in fact, so strongly had symbolism taken hold of him, that he dreaded seeing her shrink and fade beneath the fire of passion, as the four o'clocks in the scorching light of the sun.

One day in late August she said to him: "My convent has an exhibition,—where I study art, you know."

"Yes," he answered, his keen, warm gaze upon her, under the glare of his glasses.

"The sisters told me to ask you would you write about it for the paper." She was a little embarassed, as she would not have been some weeks before. She had begun to learn what "naivete" was, and to dread it, as sensitive, naive natures do, when wakened to knowledge of themselves.

"I shall be delighted," said von Scholer with his courtliest manner. "Shall we go today?"

"As well today," she answered, shrugging her shoulders and trying to look bored.

Von Scholer waited in the hall for her. When she came out languidly, with a white muslin hat over her dark hair, he was examining a photograph he had found on a shelf.

"Who is this pretty youth?" he demanded with an odd feeling of resentment.

"My cousin Dick," she said. "Not too close a cousin," she added, with a returning flash of coquetry in her voice and eyes.

"He is very well to look upon," said von Scholer.

"I hate good looking men," she answered sharply, all the coquettishness dying away.

She was very silent on the road. Von Scholer went into raptures over the convent, which was really very old and very typical, with live oaks and oleanders in the garden, and the bare, clean, soapy corridors and halls so dear to the artist. In the studio, surrounded by the nuns with their charming smooth faces, heavenly eyes, and robes of heavy cream white serge, he still glowed with artistic satisfaction, in spite of the flaming horrors about him: the "copies" of flamboyant sunsets, impossible Arctic scenes, and saints in red or blue; while great panels of chrysanthemums, oranges and orange blossoms harmoniously blooming and ripening together, or heavy roses that might have been cut from stone and then tinted, stood out of the general chaos of color.

The gentle sisters were very proud and happy; very kind and a little arch to the "friend" of their sweetest pupil. Eagerly they exploited Marie, and brought forth her pictures. The girl shot a swift glance at this wise man, who knew, she felt, the futility and pitifulness of all this make-believe art. His face was kind, attentive; but she did not know that what impressed him at that moment was the promise in her poor pictures,—the native intelligence and ability that struggled with ignorance and inexperience in all that Little Four O'Clock attempted.

On their way home she said: "They are poor; I know it. You need not tell me."

"I have said nothing," said von Scholer. "They are not poor. They are rich, because they are your work; nothing that you have touched can be poor."

The girl started. Von Scholer had never tried his marvelous powers of flattery with her, and the words were sweet. After a short space she said: "Do you not like the sisters?"

"They are adorable," said her companion with warmth.

"Will you adore me when I am one of them?" asked the girl. Then, at an incredulous look: "I am going to be one."

Von Scholer threw back his head and laughed, and then Marie's concentrated emotion broke forth into a white rage that amazed and startled him, fairly shocking him for the moment out of himself.

"You laugh at me. Why? You saw their faces, how happy they are. Are you happy? Are you good? No. You are black and hard and heartless. You laugh at all that is beautiful. You hope for nothing. You fear not God nor the devil. I would not be like you, nor like those women you love; yes, I know you love them. Those hard women who know so much, who laugh at me, at religion, at goodness, at life itself, as you do."

They had reached the house, and without farewell Marie rushed into it and closed the door. Von Scholer did not sleep that night—and sleep had been kind to him since he had known Little Four O'Clock. He found a letter when he reached home, telling him that his ambitions were to be realized. The great position in New York was open to him; fame, or something near it, money—a fortune to him—the life, the friends he loved. There was a letter, too, from one of these friends, of congratulation. He thought of her carelessly—a brilliant, thin lipped woman of great power and influence in her own sphere. He could marry Little Four O'Clock and take her with him to this new life; and how sweet it would be! The presence, the love of that pure, fresh creature would keep him young and wholesome and true amid all the surroundings of modern life. But Four O'Clock? What of her? Was she not right? Would it be well to rob her of her ideals? She would learn. Oh, she would learn quickly. Von Scholer could even figure her worldly wise, charming, perfectly gowned, the center of a brilliant crowd. She would keep the form of her religion. Its spirit would die in that new, glittering life. She would lose her faith in home, in love,—yes, in love; for this man knew himself pitilessly. And yet—with the dawning sun, he made his resolve, unselfishly, purely. He thought but of her, and if she loved him well enough—she was to go with him.

But that next evening Four O'Clock was ill—the mother told him. Malaria, she said. They talked for a little while, then Madame d' Abadie said, as he was leaving her:

"Monsieur von Scholer, I cannot see your face, but I know well your voice. I believe you are a gentleman and honorable. I believe you are kind and true." Then she hesitated. "We feel very friendly toward you. We regret that you are leaving us." Then after another pause, apologetically: "You are not so young, Monsieur?"

"I am thirty-five," said von Scholer.

"Ah"—the relief in her tone was apparent. "I can speak plainly. I am sorry Marie is ill, now, for her cousin has returned — Richard Lavillebeuvre — there is a sort of betrothal between them, — this is in confidence, mon ami. I sincerely hope it will end in marriage, for he is a good boy, handsome, brave, a true Catholic, and rich—though that is least of all." The next afternoon von Scholer came again, and met, on the doorstep, this Dick himself—a handsome, typical Creole — with passionate eyes, beautifully molded lips, slender, lithe, fiery; perhaps twenty years of age.

He measured von Scholer contemptuously. "Are you Carl von Scholer?" he asked.

"I am," was the calm reply.

"Then you are a contemptible scoundrel."

"Why?" asked the other, not losing his temper.

"Why?" exploded Cousin Dick, "why?"— then losing control of himself: "She is going into a convent." Von Scholer smiled faintly.

"You are laughing at it," raged the youth. "Poor Marie, she has no one. Her mother is blind, her father nothing —she is only sixteen—not out of school."

"She is a child," said von Scholer.

"She is not a child to be played with," cried the cousin. "Look, you. I wish to fight you. I will send a friend to you."

"I will not fight you," said von Scholer gravely.

"You are a coward," sneered Dick.

"I have fought a dozen duels in France and Germany," said von Scholer. "I have medals for marksmanship and fencing, and I am not out of practice, for I have had little to do this Summer. But I will not touch you. You may, however, thrash me. I will let you push me into the river, if it will give you any satisfaction. It would not be altogether distasteful to me."

"What is one to do?" exclaimed the poor boy. "You are a cur, monsieur."

Von Scholer smiled once more.

"You are laughing again," cried Richard. "You laugh at everything."

"My son," said von Scholer, "when you are my age, you will either laugh at everything or commit suicide, if you have any sensibilities left." Then as Dick fiercely entered the house, he turned and walked away.

It was two weeks before he again approached the three cornered garden. Yet he put off his departure, hoping against his judgment that when he saw Little Four O'Clock again her love for him would prove so strong that he would be justified in marrying her after all—in believing that her happiness lay with him. When he finally visited her home, the four o'clocks were going to seed. They seemed dwarfed and stunted, smaller than they had been in the height of their glory. But a few children were picking them and chattering musically. In one corner of the yard there was a mass of shrubbery, and just outside a large tree. Here von Scholer stood screened, and looking through the leaves he saw his Four O'Clock come down the steps leaning on her cousin's arm. She was very pale and thin, with great eyes and a mouth that drooped pathetically, and she was wrapped from head to foot in a white, fleecy cloud, for the September evenings were chilly: but the trouble had left her face, and she did not in the least smack of the convent. The young pair, beautiful and graceful, made a charming picture, and von Scholer felt suddenly very old and weary.

They stayed only a few minutes, and Marie did not resent her lover's tender solicitude. Von Scholer felt indignant, then smiled his sarcastic smile. She was so young. She was not faithless or shallow. A year later, a few months later, and she would love with the whole strength of her nature, faithfully, unalterably. But he had caught the vanishing bloom of her childhood, the first evanescent passion of her dawning youth: a thing which circumstance — the most trifling event — might fix or dissolve.

After she had gone in, von Scholer lingered. The scent of the dying flowers was both sad and sweet to him.

At last one of the children saw him. She was a solemn little creature, beautiful as the dream of a poet: ivory skinned, with great black eyes, red lips, and a cloud of curls. She was fond of von Scholer and she came to him now, and laid a string of the poor stunted blossoms in his hand.

"They are the last ones," she said. "I will give them to you. I offered them to Marie, but she pushed them away. She said the odor made her ill. Wasn't that queer?"

"Perhaps. They do not make me ill — exactly — sweetheart," he said, and, stooping, kissed her soft mouth. Then he turned—forever—from the three cornered garden, with its ravished and fading bloom.

The early morning sun, in its passage through von Scholer's chamber, lighted upon a brown, withered object, shrivelled and witch-like, amid the debris of his dressing table. Von Scholer, hurriedly packing his few possessions, held it wistfully for a moment. He would have thrown it from his window, but shook his head, and put it into his waistcoat. "I would rather not forget, perhaps," he said. "Poor Little Four O'Clock!"

GIFT AND GIVER

By JAMES L. ELDERDICE
CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND

O FLOWERS, so perfect in your bloom,
Your rainbow tints, your sweet perfume,
Your queenly grace, your modest mein,
And all the beauties in you seen,
In vain exert their utmost power
To hold my fancy one short hour:
From all your charms my thoughts do drift,
Unto the giver of the gift.

Fair Flowers! A little while ye stood,
Type of her budding womanhood.
No violet beneath the skies
Droops to the ground more modest eyes:
Her tints excel thine own, O rose,
For her faint color comes and goes,
And all the hues that earth can flush,
Fade into pallor at her blush.

THE STANDARD HOME

HOW GREAT AND GOOD AND ESSENTIAL

By JULIA SHERMAN UPTON
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

AFTER the loves, the marrying, the laying of foundations, the becoming acquainted, then what have we?

> "Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
> Be it ever so humble
> There's no place like home."

Clustering in every village and city, and scattered over all rural districts in the whole wide world where Christian faith is the rule, how is this exemplified.

Yes; true it is, and sad, so sad, because it is true, there possibly are all degrees of evil doing to be found in many of these homes, all degrees of tortured misconstructions in the building of too many; but, nevertheless, the standard home is glorious. The divine rule is here demonstrated to be just what is required; and how true it is made to appear by this standard that no scheme of mortal man's device can take the place of God's plan for humanity. It is an old, familiar story, but let us contemplate it briefly,—a woman's lot under Moslem rule. The man, young or old, is able to buy himself a wife. She is taken to his home and becomes worn and disabled in his service. In the meantime the man has gained by traffic, and again he is able to buy a wife, fresh, young, handsome. Children are born to both wives, and what, in the nature of things, must be the condition of affairs in this family? Jealousy, strife, envy must exist between the two wives. And what of the condition of the children in the case? And as wives are multiplied, as they may be, according as the man becomes able to buy, how terribly is this wretchedness increased. Then, too, if these wives bear no sons there must be more wives—for sons there must be. If the man dies leaving wives that have borne no sons, they receive no inheritance, but may be returned to their fathers, together with their own daughers, to be again sold as opportunity is found. Even in our own land very nearly this same condition for woman is approached under the polygamous teachings of Mormonism. Let us turn from these dark scenes to the contemplation of the standard home. The husband of one wife, the one mother of the household, the children loved and cherished. Here we have a Temple greater than Solomon's, fitted with every appointment for service, with every essential adornment, with every altar for sacrifice and incense, with its two noble pillars, the one "He shall establish," and the other, "In it is strength."

The place where life is centered, where convictions are established and habits formed.

Pouring out from true standard homes are tides of influence that shall cleanse the mass of humanity and bring the answer to the prayer, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and we may hope that this prayer is to be answered and realized, because we are taught to make it. In the true standard home the gospel of the Christ is the rule, the law of God is the faith and practice of its founders; and nothing can take the place of these in human lives. No accumulation of wealth; no extent of material adornment can establish as do these. Here we have the social unit of civilization, and to it we must look for the final triumph of the good, and may the divine presence help us to better understand all that is required to complete the structure in every case, and to better appreciate the true nobility, the excellences, and the dignity of the standard home and what it means in every case to the generations that are to come.

> "Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed
> Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
> And some poor plot with vegetables stored,
> Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
> Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow
> Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
> Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
> More heart's repose than all the world beside."

⁂

HINTS FOR THE HELPFUL

By MRS. R. S. GALER

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA

THE children of a friend of mine begin each September to fill Christmas boxes for little ones less fortunate. Each child covers a box inside and out with bright material. Into these they put toys and books they have outgrown. Everything must be in good repair. So enthusiastic do they become that by Christmas the boxes are filled. A few toothsome goodies are tucked in, the lids tied down and a card is attached reading: "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus."

The pleasure and profit these children derive from this pretty custom is most valuable in their character development.

—

A little woman I know has a charming habit of sending to sick friends little packages containing from half a dozen to a dozen tiny parcels wrapped in colored tissue paper, with the direction, "Open one every two hours."

Inside each pretty twisted paper is found some token:—a violet sachet, a helpful poem, a box of black and white pins, a tiny menthol tablet, some wash ribbon, two dimes in a paper marked "A street car ride," some pepsin gum, etc.

A recipient of one of these told me that it gave her hours of pleasure.

—

This same lady sends to "shut ins" tiny boxes containing "sunshine powders" with directions, "Take one after each meal."

They are made of yellow paper representing sunshine and folded like doctors' powders. Inside is written a happy sentiment, as "Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you."

"Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

"It is easy finding why other people should be patient. The test comes in taking our own medicine."

⁂

WASHING — AN EASY METHOD

By ELMA IONA LOCKE

BERLIN, WISCONSIN

THE sensible, twentieth century woman will consider the doing of any unnecessary drudgery as a sinful waste of time and energy that might otherwise have been put to some good use. She will not do her work in a certain manner simply because her mother and grandmother did it in that way, but will think for herself, and choose the method that will give the best results with the least expenditure of time and strength.

In the matter of washing, that bugbear of most women who do their own work, it is possible so to reduce the labor that even the woman who is not robust may be not unduly fatigued in its accomplishment. Perhaps it seems too good to be true that washing may be done with no hard rubbing, no bother of tubs of clothes sitting around soaking over night, or anything of that kind, but if the following well tested method is followed success is assured.

The first step is to put the boiler two-thirds full of water on to heat, add sufficient good soap, shaved thin, to make a strong suds (about one-third bar), and a small handful of washing or sal soda. While the water is heating the clothes can be collected and sorted, taking the finest and cleanest for the first boiling. Badly soiled places, or whole garments if necessary, should be wet and well soaped; then, when the water boils briskly, put in the clothes dry, except, of course, where they are soaped. They should not be packed at all, but put in loosely, so as to allow the water to boil up freely among them. Let them boil for from twenty to thirty minutes, and take out into a tub of warm water. Put in the next lot to boil while the first are being sudsed out; there will be but very little rubbing required, the boiling water having removed most of the dirt and loosened the remainder so that a few rubs on the board completes the work, and they are ready to be rinsed.

I have written primarily for the benefit of the woman who most needs to have her work lightened — she who has only the most primitive of utensils. The one having greater conveniences can easily adapt the principles of the method to her requirements. Then, if good sense and judgment are brought to bear on the ironing question, and all unnecessary labor in that direction eliminated, blue Monday and its attending satellite, ironing day, will lose half their terror.

⁂

APPLE AND NUT GAMES FOR HALLOWE'EN PARTY

By MRS. KATHERINE E. MEGEE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

FROM a remote period Hallowe'en has been marked by the young people as a time for indulging in harmless revelries of a superstitious nature, usually taking the form of a charm or test to discover who should be his or her future partner for life. In working out these tests, apples and nuts are conspicuously employed.

The following games have always been favorites on such occasions:

Apple Paring Test: Each person is given a knife and an apple, which is to be pared in a continuous strip. The paring is then swung three times above the head while these lines are repeated:

"Apple, I pare and swing to know
  Whom I soon shall marry;
From my hand I now thee throw,
  Mystic letter carry."

As the last word is uttered, the paring is dropped to the floor. The initial it forms will be that of the future husband or wife.

—

Bobbing For Apples: A large vessel of water, usually a tub, is placed in the middle of the room on the floor. As many apples as there are young people are then thrown into the water. Some of the apples have stems, others have not, but all have initials scratched upon them. Each person in turn then "bobs" or ducks for an apple, which, when secured reveals the initial of his or her future mate. The number of trials necessary to capture a prize denotes how many years must elapse before the twain are made one.

—

Naming Apple Seeds: Each person eats an apple, saving the seeds to be named. They are then moistened and stuck upon the eyelids. The one remaining longest is the true love.

Another time honored test of one's fate with apple seeds is to have some one else name the seeds. The person to whom they belong then tells them off in the following manner:

"One I love, two I love, three I love the
  same,
Four I love with all my heart, and five I
  cast away."

—

Eating an Apple Before a Mirror: At midnight, each person takes in turn a lighted candle and goes alone into a dark room, then taking up his or her position in front of a looking glass, proceeds to eat an apple, looking the while steadily into the glass. The face of the future husband or wife will be seen peering over the shoulder of the reflection in the glass.

Popping Chestnuts: Each person is given three chestnuts, which, after being named, are placed upon a bed of hot coals. The nut that pops will be an unfaithful sweetheart; the one that burns steadily will prove a constant friend, but the one that burns brightly, giving forth a blaze, is the true love.

Cracking Nuts: A hickory nut is named, then cracked. If the kernel be withered, love has grown cold; if it is broken, the loved one is false, but if it comes out whole, all is well.

⁂

HEATING ROOMS CHEAPLY

By MRS. M. E. P

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

FOR those who would profit by the clever suggestion as illustrated by Mrs. Catherine H. Pickett, in the June National, in her account of the young machinist who purchased the tiny cottage and perfected a heating system by utilizing the hot water pipes connected with the hot water boiler of the cooking range, I would like to add the suggestion that much less fuel is consumed by an air tight heating stove, when used for heating purposes, than by a cooking range. Consequently, the cottage referred to could have been much more cheaply heated by placing the coil of water pipes inside an air tight heating stove, than by using the cooking range as a heater. Also, that it is a greater inconvenience to keep a range supplied with fuel than a cooking stove.

The practical phase of this suggestion was demonstrated to me in a cosy little flat that I often frequent, where the cooking is done on a gas range, and the rooms, as well as the water for the bath, are heated by means of coils of pipes connected with the hot water boiler, and placed 'round and 'round inside the air tight heater, which, by the way, was a very small heater and stood in the kitchen. A word of explanation regarding the heater might be well. The air tights most used in this locality are of the sheet iron variety, having the outside draft. And in proportion to the amount of heat radiated they consume less fuel than any heaters I have ever known; and aside from this they have the additional advantage of being extremely quickly heated. The water for the bath could be much more quickly heated in this little stove, in which was burned our western fir, than in the usual manner by a cooking range. The heating system of this little flat was a comparatively inexpensive experiment, and a perfect success.

⁂

MAKING THE PRAIRIE BLOOM

By MRS. LEONA WILLIAMS

MORRIS, MINNESOTA

IT was my privilege some years ago to visit a little home on the prairies of South Dakota; a home much like dozens of others — and yet how different. A sort of half "dug-out" built into the side of a small bluff close to the shore of one of the many lakes which dot this region. The little kitchen was built wholly within the bluff, a tunnel-like passage somehow letting in a very little light through a tiny window. Attached to this dug-out was the frame part of the house, the front room and, above, the sleeping rooms.

At the foot of these bluffs and all around the edge of the lake were countless stones, "nigger heads" they are called, and many of these had been gathered and used to border walks and round, diamond, oval, and square flower beds, and in all the intervening spaces

ZONOPHONE EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE machines exhibited in the Liberal Arts building by the Universal Talking Machine Manufacturing company of New York City have attracted great attention. They represent, in fact, a revolution in talking machines, furnishing clear and natural tones, smooth running, eliminating whirr and burr. The records are compressed to nine inch style and give as much music as ten inches—and are constructed in the spirit of the times for simplification and condensation, eliminating the scratching sound. The people gather about and listen to "Winona," a new selection by a full band, and one can almost fancy Sousa himself swaying to and fro as the catchy refrain echoes across the building. The special interest in the "Zonophone" manufactured by this company lies in the fact that it is the newest and most improved phase of talking machine service—which has today become a part of American home life.

The remark: "I'm going to have one of them," indicates the impression made by the exhibit at the World's Fair, that will reap fruit at Christmas time—prospective sales cast upon exposition waters.

The spirit of progressiveness of this company has won popular appreciation, and the talking machine exhibits have especially interested foreigners, who have admitted that America has far and away the supremacy in this great innovation of the age, and scores of machines will hereafter speak a foreign tongue.

One convincing feature of the "Zonophone" exhibit is the fact that no special records are used for exhibition purposes. The records are taken out of regular stock from a St. Louis jobbing house. "Zonophone" begins with the last letter in the alphabet, but has taken a front place in the ranks of liberal arts products. The little "Barndoor" folders distributed free at this booth have an inspiring touch of human interest. The old farmer and his wife are represented peeping through the barn door with the boy looking under—as usual. The door thrown open reveals a gay social party dancing to the fascinating strains of a "Zonophone." The ejaculation tells the story:

"Gosh! Samanthe! It's a Zonophone—thought sure 'twas one of them city bands."

The world is brought closer together through the medium of talking machines.

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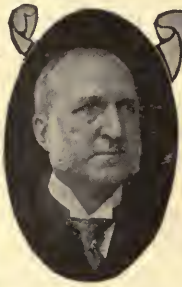
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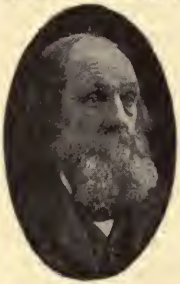
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You should bear in mind that you may start at any time. There are no regular classes; you will be a class by yourself. You will be under the individual guidance of the faculty of your department. You may start at any time in the calendar year which is most convenient to you. There is no age limit. You may begin at any time in your life when you feel a desire to add to your knowledge and education. With most people that time is NOW. Your progress will be just as rapid as your time and ability permit.

"The Personal Statement of the President"

I firmly believe that you who read these lines must be vitally interested in this University, for its plans are so wide and so far-reaching that they must necessarily include you. I have written a book in which I have told the story of the I. C. U. in detail, just why and how it was founded, what it means for you, personally, or through you for your family, your friends or your employees. I have called it "The Personal Statement of the President." I am sure you will be interested in this book. Write me, and I will take pleasure in sending you a copy with my compliments. If, in addition, you will state any course of study in which you may, might, could, would or should be especially interested, I shall be glad to write you a personal letter showing just what this University can do for YOU.

Channing Rudd
PRESIDENT,
For the Trustees.

Address me
712 I. C. U. Building,
Washington, D. C.

THE MODERN WAY OF DOING BUSINESS

By MRS. F. WHITE RUGER

IT was an astonishing thing to see a young lady weaving a handsome black silk lace trimming on a sewing machine, but that was not half the surprises the Homer Young Company has in store for visitors at their handsome display in the Manufactures Building at the World's Fair, for when I asked the price of the attachment that was weaving the beautiful trimming, the young lady replied, "Oh it is not an attachment, it is just our ordinary $18.50 sewing machine, but the ball bearings give us perfect control over the machine and we just do it this way."

The price $18.50 made me prick up my ears. I could see that the machine had six drawers in a handsomely finished case of the sort that I ordinarily associated with a price ranging from $50 to $65, so I concluded to ask a few questions. It fortunately happened that Mr. Homer Young of the Homer Young Company was on from Toledo to receive the jurors, so I commenced to find out things that I fancy will interest the readers of the National as much as they did me, and that's a lot.

"Are these sewing machines out of your regular stock, Mr. Young?"

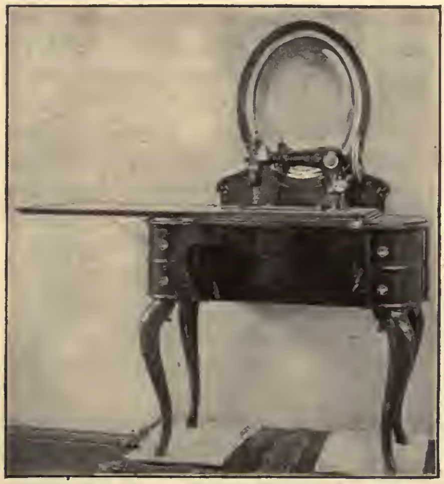
"To be sure," said Mr. Young, rather smiling at my somewhat skeptical air.

"Well, how does it come that you can sell a machine under a twenty-year guarantee at this ridiculously small sum?"

"Why, it is all explained there," said Mr. Young, pointing to an electric sign, "From the factory to the people," "and cash payments bring this household necessity within reach of everybody. Why, do you know, anybody can manufacture a sewing machine today who wants to. All the vital patents have expired and it is only the enormous expense of marketing that keeps the price out of all proportion to the cost. We get just as much for our machines as any manufacturer of first class machines, but by our system of handling we cut off the

THE HOMER YOUNG COMPANY BOOTH IN THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR four or five profits that go into collections, losses, rent, clerk hire, agents' expenses, etc., and our customers are given the benefit while getting a first class article. I had an idea that it could be done and that the people would appreciate my efforts, and they do."

"Now, that's a very nice little argument you're using, Mr. Young," I said, about half convinced, but ready to back water. "But I'm in a state of mind that needs to be shown," and in a moment I was seated at one of the machines treadling away—goodness how it flew—mostly by itself.



THE HOMER YOUNG COMPANY "STEINWAY"

"That is done by our ball bearing running gear," volunteered Mr. Young, as I took off my foot and watched the treadle go on without further effort being applied. Then he tipped it up and showed me the finely finished yet simple mechanism, and explained why it was that my $45 old time machine had a slow feed, and why it had a play in the foot that made fine edge sewing an impossibility. By this time the idea that the Homer Young "Steinway" sewing machine was all right had gotten pretty firmly fixed, and then I noticed that the model at which I sat was of an especially graceful form, being oval in shape instead of oblong, and when the head was dropped it was an ornamental piece of furniture. I expressed something of this idea when Mr. Young laughed. "This machine is $24.50 and I'm glad you like it—it's my idea — but I've had other ideas. Now how's this?" and presto the top of a pretty cabinet desk dropped forming a shelf and a "Steinway" appeared ready for work. "This we sell for $30., and I'll guarantee that none of the old line companies have anything as handsome for $75. But here's my very latest idea in sewing machines," and with a magic wave of the hand a dainty little dressing table with an empire mirror was turned into a "Steinway."

"But where's the treadle," I gasped as I looked at the graceful supports of the dressing table, or rather sewing machine. "We have designed this for the use of ladies who cannot run the treadle machine, and it is run by an electric motor. This I claim is the acme of perfection in the matter of household machines."

"How do you manage to get your goods before the people" I queried.

"Oh, from Toledo we send out our catalogue No. B-610 that is so attractive that they conclude to try our offer of twenty day's trial and the machine never comes back, no trouble about it either.

I was so far convinced that I ordered the automatic lift No. 20, although he would not send the vase or the pretty piece of drawn work that had been done on the machine.

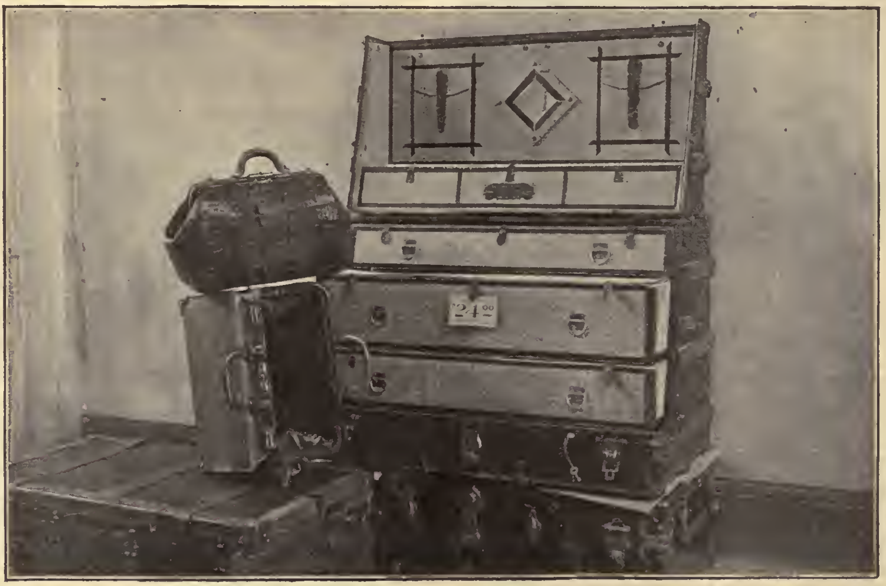
"You see, Mrs. Ruger, you are not getting a cheap machine. These very cheap machines advertised are not worth the freight. You are getting an A1 machine and paying as much as any A1 factory gets for its output. I'm not a philanthropist, I'm a manufacturer with ideas —my ideas are not confined to sewing machines either, for when the weather is hot and the ladies, God bless 'em, would not take a sewing machine for a gift, my men must be kept busy, and so I have carried out some of my ideas in trunks."

Those trunks! You should see them. They are as far in advance of ordinary trunks as the electric motor Steinway machine is ahead of the old time sewing machine. There are trunks with well ordered closets for clothes and racks to hang them on without, constructed so that when placed on end—and they are larger on one end, so that they go right side up — they will make a complete chiffonier. There are trunks with a full fledged chest of drawers on one side with clothes racks on the other, and they take up about one-third of the room of an ordinary trunk of a like capacity; there were trunks that were genuine dressing cases, mirror and all; and traveling bags that are out for a gold medal. Here was a realization of the comforts possible in actually "living in our trunk."

"The two lines make a good combination," said Mr. Young. "We handle the trunks through dealers, or if a town has no one handling them, then we sell direct from the factory. A short time ago we received an order for a trunk to be made our very best, with a check for $75. You should see it. 'Twas a beauty, but as we did not think a gold lock would improve it, we sent back $10 of the money and the customer has the finest trunk in the United States."

There was so much that was new and astonishing that I looked at the young man whose brains had evolved so many ideas, and I thought "the old way of doing things was too cumbersome and expensive to the consumer, and the young chaps are solving the problems of our commercial civilization."

If you want to see pictures of the machines I saw, send for Catalogue "B", to The Homer Young Company, Toledo, Ohio.



THE HOMER YOUNG COMPANY'S NEW IDEA IN TRUNKS AND VALISES

THE "CHICAGO" SPIRIT IN TYPEWRITING MACHINES

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE magic name of Chicago always stands for something. Ever since the well known statue of "I Will" flashed upon the world at the Columbian Exposition, there has been a national, or rather international import to the word "Chicago," as a synonym for progressiveness. Pre-eminent as a commercial center, it is little wonder that a typewriter christened "The Chicago" should arrest attention. In the typewriter section of the Liberal Arts Palace at St. Louis is a modest booth which has heralded to the world in no uncertain way the predominant merits of "The Chicago."

A modest little machine — only 325 parts, including the tiniest spring or screw—in fact the simplest in point of construction of any typewriter made. Armored like a battle ship, with all parts fully protected but easy of access, the few wearing points all of case hardened steel, that emphasizes the one great point of durability. The ninety characters, operated with the universal keyboard on a cold steel wheel, are a guarantee of perfect alignment; easily interchangeable, positively indestructible, adapted internationally to all climates and conditions.

With a light swinging carriage, and weighing less than sixteen pounds, it is easily one of the most convenient portable typewriting machines made. The exclusive use of the only perfect erasing plate has made this machine particularly popular with rapid stenographers. It also offers unusual facilities for inserting, adjusting and addressing cards. Summarized briefly, "The Chicago" excels in fourteen of the cardinal points demanded in any typewriter, and when one realizes that this tiny battery of industrial activities is purchasable at $35, it reveals greater possibilities of increased use of typewriters than any other machine.

"The Chicago" is a visible machine, and not only furnishes visible writing to the operator, but to every visitor at their booth the pre-eminence of this little machine was also visible. Somehow "The Chicago" typewriter has such a friendly, homelike air about it, that one would look for it on a lady's escritoire as well as on the firing line of active business operations. In fact, it has the "Chicago" way about it. That means much.

BOOTH OF THE CHICAGO WRITING MACHINE COMPANY, IN PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS. WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS

The "Chicago" wins it's own way.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT FOR HOUSEWIVES

A SIGNIFICANT fact that impressed me as I looked upon the booth of the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, at the World's Fair, St. Louis, was that Mr. M. R. Bissell founded this business in the year of the Centennial Exposition in 1876. What a revolution has occurred since that time in the art of home making and what a tribute the women of America could pay to the invention of such an article of necessity as the Bissell Carpet Sweeper, how many steps and the energy it has saved, no one except the good housewife herself may know.

Despite the fire of 1884, losing $150,000, Mr. Bissell, while the flames were still raging, started to work on the new factory and the men went to work cutting lumber for the new Bissell Sweepers.

The splendid factory covering over four acres with a capacity of 3000 regular and 4000 toy sweepers per day speaks volumes for the tribute paid to the Bissell Sweeper by American women. The Bissell Sweeper is far reaching in providing help for those hands that rock the cradle and still rule the world.

When it is realized that the entire product of bristles from twenty million hogs are required annually to provide for the brushes of Bissell Sweepers, one can have some notion of the close relation between the products of America. To think of the American hog providing the equipment for the thrifty neat housewife of America, indeed seems odd. It will also be interesting to the readers of the National Magazine to know that the president of this marvelous enterprise is Mrs. M. R. Bissell and with a woman's true inception, she has kept this enterprise in close touch with the needs and necessities of womankind.

When one realizes that this project has found a market and steady increasing sales in all the civilized countries of the world, and has received awards from all Expositions that have occured since its invention, there is no hesitancy in saying the Bissell Carpet Sweeper is indeed an international industry and a product whose influence is quite as far reaching as the deliberations at The Hague.

Best of all is the tribute paid to the Bissell Carpet Sweeper by the thousands of housewives passing the booth. "I do not know how we ever did without it;" "It is the one thing that makes housekeeping a pleasure;" "It has dignified the drudgery of women's work." Altogether it confirms the statement so aptly made by this company that "Invention hath no nobler aim than to lighten women's labor."

Free Trip to Washington

I have planned a week's visit to the National Capital in December, when Congress is in session, with transportation and all other expenses paid, for the three boys who do the best work selling the National, monthly and procuring new yearly subscriptions, during the months of September, October and November, in the Eastern, Western and Southern states. The boys who win this trip will be my guests while in Washington and visit all the public buildings and other places of interest and meet some of our foremost public men who never fail to have an interest in the American boy. Now, boys, let your friends know that you are working for the Washington trip and they will help you in your endeavors to win it. Write for further particulars to

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

ONE OF THE "BURNING QUESTIONS" OF THE HOUR

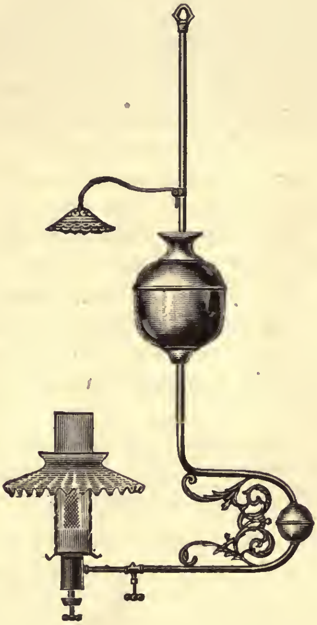
As the long Winter evenings approach, what is more important than a good light for the cozy home and good reading? Of course it goes without saying that the good reading includes the National Magazine. Now the magazine may be ever so good, but if it cannot be comfortably read it is of no avail. With this in mind, I was much interested in the Sun Vapor Lights manufactured in Canton, Ohio, the home of William McKinley. After an experience of over a quarter of a century they have made a triumph of the maximum light at a minimum cost, and have provided a lamp which has stood all manner of tests and makes a light equal in every way to the electric, and better than the acetylene gas or coal oil lamp at a small fraction of the cost.

Here are the first facts of cost in a nutshell. The test made on one Rochester oil lamp burning 1,200 hours will require one gallon of oil for every ten hours and costs $7.20. For one Sun Vapor Incandescent lamp burning 1,200 hours the cost is $1.20 The light is furnished by generating ordinary stove gasoline and the lamp is so constructed that it is impossible for it to explode. A well made and neatly constructed gravity reservoir of symmetrical proportions of the best quality brass is used in connection with an underneath generator. Reservoirs are supported at the bottom by a fitting into which the frame makes a threaded connection. The frame is strong and rigid. Joints are made through solid brass fittings, and are well-threaded, and also soldered when necessary.

The fact that insurance permits are granted for these gasolene vapor lamps by the National Board of Fire Underwriters indicates that they are absolutely safe under the most rigid tests.

When the lamp is burning, the fluid enters a filter tube which regulates its flow and is transformed into "hydro-carbon" gas through a mixing chamber and generator which burns a very large percentage of air. The very air is utilized for light and power.

Few people realize how much good light means to their eye sight. When you think that $1.75 invested in a Sun Vapor burner represents less than the cost of one pair of spectacles you can realize the economy in providing a home first of all with a flood of good light by night as well as by day.



THE SUN VAPOR LIGHT

What is more ideal than a quiet evening at home under the bright and mellow light furnished by the Sun Incandescent Lamps with which thousands of homes, public buildings and streets are equipped. In fact, it might be said that Sun Vapor Lamps are a complete gas plant in themselves, generating and burning their own hydro-carbon gas by means of a patent generator or burner.

The fluid used for this is ordinary seventy-four degree deodorized stove gasolene, which can be procured at any grocery store in the United States where kerosene is sold.

The "Sun" Vapor light is most appropriately named, as it indeed furnishes by night what the great luminary of the universe furnishes by day. Simplified in its construction it furnishes all of the advantages of metropolitan conveniences such as the electric light and gas, with none of the disastrous risks and inconveniences.

The brilliancy of the light is revealed in the soft glow which is restful to the eye and enables one to read with the perfect ease and comfort of daylight.

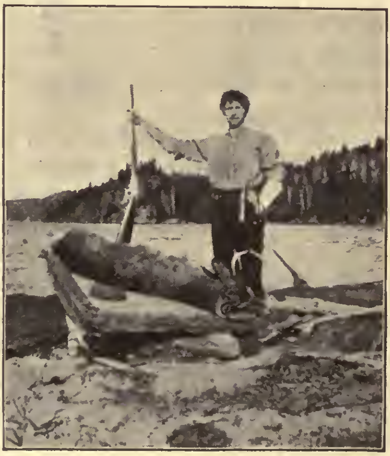
Now if our readers were able to see these lights in operation they would certainly be enthusiastic and write at once to the Sun Vapor Company of Canton, Ohio, and order No. 251 here illustrated. It is the Sun Light Fancy Pendant 100 candle power lamp, completely equipped, for $4.00, and is surprising in the comfort it brings and the protection it affords.

The "Sun" burner is sold under an absolute guarantee and easily fitted to any under-generator lamp for $1.75 post paid. The Sun Vapor Company light city streets by contract, always guaranteeing good work, because they are sure of the "Sun" burner and furnish contracts for city or home lighting only upon the basis of an absolute guarantee.

If every reader of these lines could realize how important a hygienic as well as an economic question is involved in having good light for the home they would at once write to the Sun Vapor Company at Canton.

Compared to the faint glimmer of the tallow dip of our forefathers, the 100 candle power Sun Vapor light in itself is a monument to the progress in practical home comforts afforded during the last quarter century. "Knowledge is power," and it is simply a question of finding out about these things to reap all of the advantages afforded in modern improvements, and every house wife who reads these lines and supplants the troublesome annoyance of a smoking lamp and trimming wicks will have occasion to remember gratefully the time when the decision was reached to install the Sun Vapor Lamp.

Remember the address, Sun Vapor Street Lighting Company, Box 820, Canton, Ohio.



MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH

LITTLE ROCK: A SOUTHWESTERN METROPOLIS

By GEORGE R. BROWN,

SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

ILLUSTRATIONS are always eloquent, and certainly in telling the story of a city's marvelous growth they are more to the point of interest than the proverbially dry statistics which in the hands of the juggler can be made to say and prove almost anything desired. Therefore, in connection with Little Rock, the capital city, the commercial metropolis, as well as the political, educational and social center of Arkansas, much is left to the eye—for seeing is believing. Little Rock is shown by views of her business streets, public buildings, jobbing houses, industrial plants and river bridges. It is really a most charming and delightful residential city, familiarly known as the "City of Roses," so named because of the innumerable variety and the hundreds of magnificent lawns surrounding the homes, either mansion or cottage. In a very few years the city has grown from a mere village until today the population is about 60,000, and in this are counted the two adjoining cities on the north side of the Arkansas river, Baring Cross and Argenta, each with its separate municipal officers and local government — separated only by the river — a navigable stream rising near Leadville, in the Rocky Mountains, and emptying into the Mississippi river in the southeastern part of the state. There are seventy-five counties in the state, and Little Rock is in the geographical center, surrounded by a gridiron of railways and with more miles of navigable rivers than any other state in the Union. It has been only of recent years that immigration turned in this direction, and the result is that the population is almost if not quite nine-tenths American. The city of Little Rock with its well paved streets, concrete sidewalks, magnificent electric street railway system, electric lighting,

BOARD OF TRADE
POST OFFICE

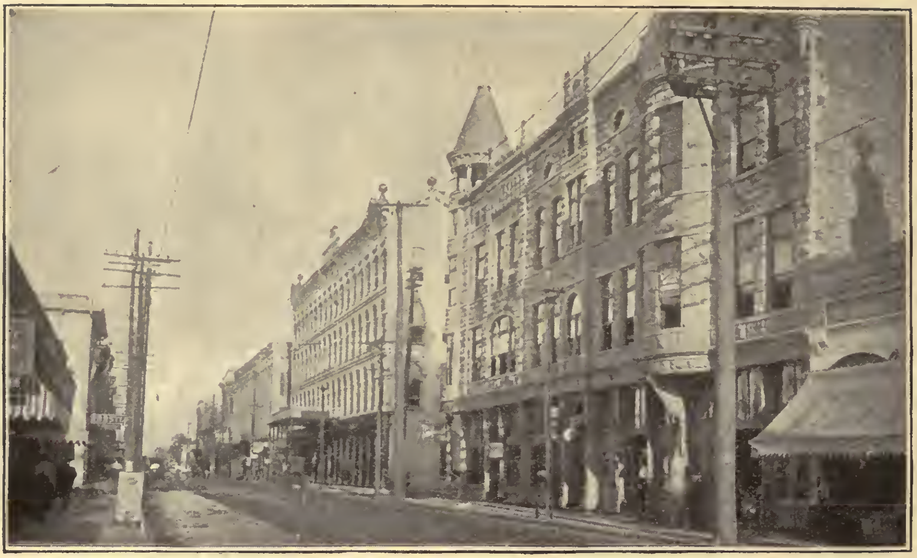
MASONIC CONSISTORY
CONCORDIA CLUB

paid fire department, heating plant, oil mills, compresses, grain elevators, Board of Trade, might be set down with credit to itself in almost any of the old, sedate and wealthy states of New England or the Middle states. The city was originally named by the pioneer French settlers Petite Roche, which, translated, means Little Rock—the first rock in the river from the mouth to this point. Grand Roche, or Big Rock, is a precipitous bluff one mile above the city, the site of Fort Logan H. Roots, a United States army post. And it might be added that the death rate at this post is the smallest at any garrison of soldiers in the United States. With the single exception of the state university, all the state institutions are located here, and the state is now building a new capitol, costing upward of $1,000,000, and all the material is from Arkansas: marble from the northern counties and granite from the local quarries. The railroad lines entering the city are the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern; the St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt); the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf (Rock Island System); Little Rock and Hot Springs; Little Rock and Fort Smith, and Little Rock, Mississippi River and Texas. These lines, together with the Arkansas river, furnish exceptional transportation facilities, and the result is that one of the best jobbing centers in the South has been created. The great railroad shops and numerous other industrial plants make the city the best retail market in the Southwest. The jobbing trade last year jumped from $40,000,000 to $100,000,000, the bank clearings showed an increase of forty per cent., and the growth of the cotton market caused Little Rock to be awarded a permanent position in the daily reports of both the New York and New Orleans Cotton Exchanes. The state of Arkansas produces about one million bales of cotton per year, and fully one-half of the product is handled here. The crop based on the price of May 5 last, 13½ cents, shows it to have been worth $66,250,000; therefore, Little Rock cotton dealers paid for the staple upwards of $33,000,000. To form a correct idea of the value of the crop in a single year, to these figures should be added 500,000 tons of cotton seed used by the oil mills, at $18 per

PULASKI COUNTY COURT HOUSE, GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN DISTANCE

ton, amounting to $9,000,000, making a total value of $75,250,000 per year. To finance this business, as well as the lumbering industry, coal mining, and the general commercial and industrial business, the number of banks and trust companies has increased in three years from six to sixteen. Another picture that can easily be understood, showing the growth of Little Rock in the different channels, can be appreciated when attention is directed to the million dollar capitol now under way, the new Y. M. C. A. building costing $100,000, and now nearing completion; the $100,000 high school building, the contract for which has been awarded, and the $250,000 hotel building, the plans for which have been completed and backed by an over-subscribed bond list. During the past year the records show that for every day of the year, with ten for good measure, one new business was established here—a total of 375, and today there isn't a vacant store or office in the city, with contracts in hand aggregating three-quarters of a million dollars. These new edifices include a six story edifice for a wholesale hardware house, and a new four story home for the Daily Arkansas Democrat and its electrically equipped plant. The records of the Board of Trade show a membership of upwards of five hundred, a building free of debt, and with active committees in charge of the various lines of work. The jobbers have a committee which furnishes a free ticket to St. Louis and the World's Fair and return to all merchants who at one time buy goods aggregating $1,000 in value, or a round ticket to Little Rock and return home if the pur-

MASONIC TEMPLE, AND GROUP OF BUSINESS BUILDINGS



MARKHAM STREET, LOOKING EAST

chase reaches $500. Other committees have charge of the grain business, the cotton market, entertainments, legislation, municipal affairs, etc., and once each year the organization gives a special train excursion to its members to a different trade territory. The president of the Board of Trade is Mr. George W. Rogers, formerly of Binghamton, New York, and who is also cashier of the Bank of Commerce; the vice president is Mr. J. J. Mandlebaum, a wholesale hardware merchant; the treasurer is Honorable John G. Fletcher, president of the German National Bank, while the secretary, George R. Brown, is a native of Rochester, New York. The organization is giving special attention to furnishing accurate information relative, not only to Little Rock but the entire state, to all who contemplate making homes in the state.

TWO OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER BRIDGES

LET'S TALK IT OVER

NOTICE

WE find on making up our files since the fire that we lack a number of copies, and would like to have the assistance of our subscribers in completing these files if possible. We will be glad to pay twenty cents (double price) for the following numbers: November, 1896; October, 1898; December, 1902; and for August, 1899, January, 1901, and September, 1902, we will pay fifteen cents per copy.

OUR EUROPEAN PARTY

YES, there they were, walking up the gang plank, with their deck chairs, cameras, steamer rugs, and all the equipment, for a long journey, — the National Magazine's "200 Club" prize winners, bound for Europe. We went aboard and saw that Mrs. Joe Chapple and her fellow travelers were cosily established in their cabins, then we all came on deck, and, alas! some of us had to return to the shore and wave adieu. There was something sad about it all when the great steamer left the wharf, although the joyous, beaming faces over the deck rail forbade the thought. Most of them were making their first trip abroad and had all the pleasant anticipation that such an experience brings. I thought to myself that our party included not only the subscribers visible to the eye, but the many thousands of National readers who were at home. The members of the party are:

MRS. J. M. CHAPPLE of Boston, in charge.

MISS S. W. PARTRIDGE of Monticello, Florida.

MISS LOUISE MANUEL of Cleveland, Ohio.

MRS. MARY E. FOGG of Boston.

MR. NATHAN DECKER of Chicago, Illinois.

MR. J. E. COLENSO of Madison, Wisconsin.

They sailed on the Cunarder Carpathia for Liverpool, where they expect to arrive Thursday, September 15th, and take train for London, where they will remain Friday to Monday. Tuesday they will go, via Newhaven and Dieppe, to Paris and will stay there until the following Sunday. Monday they will go from Paris to Mayence, and Tuesday to Cologne by steamer on the Rhine. Wednesday they will see Cologne and go on to Brussels, where they will stay Thursday and Friday, making side excursions to Waterloo and Antwerp, reaching the latter place Saturday, when they will leave for New York. They are due to arrive home Tuesday, October 11th.

We can locate them now on the various days. Viewing St. Paul's or the Abbey in London, on the historic Place de la Concorde in Paris, and finally in quaint old Antwerp, having come over the legend-strewn waters of the Rhine, unbewitched, we will hope, by the subtle Lorelei.

We expect to have a greeting from them from each town as they reach it, and they may even be so extravagant as to send a cable.

I have been surprised and pleased to note the keen personal interest shown by numbers of our subscribers in these trips; even those who never thought of competing themselves send kindly messages containing good wishes for the welfare of our party. In fact, these trips seem to be enjoyed almost as much by those who stay at home as by those who participate in them, and I must confess that no party has ever gone abroad that I shall follow with such keen interest as I shall this one, and I am not alone in this. I was impressed in meeting friends of the National in St. Louis with the interest manifested in our Jamaica trip.

Well, they are off, and we wish them Godspeed, and the next thing is to give them a hearty welcome when they return to us from foreign shores.

◆

Meantime, as you will remember, we asked the members of the "200 Club" to tell us how they got the 200 subscribers. Typical of the replies received, an appropriate introduction to the interesting series, is the following by Miss S. W. Partridge of Monticello, Florida:

—

An emigrant from the "Windy City," but holding naturalization papers in the "Land of Flowers," has declared the motto of Florida folk to be: "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow." Perhaps you will judge this mine in particular, when I state that on July 26th I had solicited but eight, and forwarded but five subscriptions for the National. But when I state that by August 31st I had the requisite two hundred in hand, you may conclude that our chief executive—the president of the United States, and I, have run our lives upon the same guide line—"Work while you work, and play while you play."

Replying to your inquiry in regard to business methods pursued in the canvass, I would state that aside from such personal soliciting as I have had opportunity to do, I had printed, and mailed to friends, two hundred copies of a circular letter; telling of the National's liberal offer, naming my interest in the same, setting forth the excellencies of the magazine, and soliciting their subscription. The result of this canvass by mail was surprising, both in silences and replies. In the cuisine of the South there is a dish known as "Brunswick Stew." It is a whole dinner in itself—a bit of everything in it from soup to Postum. Canvassing is the "Brunswick Stew" of life, from pauper to prince, from hovel to palace. I offer you a morsel from this dish.

—

It was not in Saratoga, and her name was not "Samantha." But it happened nevertheless — "away down South in Dixie." She was waiting at a little hotel for the east-bound passenger. Her "ole man had jes died, and left her well off—she was goin' travelin'— she didn't know jes where she'd land—she was facin' East." An incoming passenger brought its quota of guests, a number of gentlemen belonging to the great brotherhood of traveling men. Socially inclined, the old soul went out to greet them. "Howdy do. Yes, come right in. My, ain't it nice for a big family like you all to travel together. Yo ma must a had mo' boys than girls, though. I'm goin' travelin' too." The hour of departure arrives, we hear her admonish the conductor as she boards the train—"Drive her slow, conductor, I'se powerful scairt. I've jes been a readin' of 'em buttin' heads together out West and bustin' up an' killin' heaps o' people. But it's powerful nice travelin', ain't it? I wish everybody could go." And so you find her name upon my list of subscribers to help me 'go travelin.'"

—

Among the prospective readers of the National you will find the name of Hon. A. J. Junius — Andrew Jackson Junius — ex-member of the legislature. A highly colored ex-slave of that rapidly disappearing class of faithful darkies perpetuated by "Uncle Remus" in their "fo' de war" peculiarities. "Uncle Jack," as he is familiarly known, is as

[Continued on page 138]

We Are Ready to Send on Approval

a Diamond, Watch or any article that you may select from our beautifully illustrated catalogue. Write for a copy today—sent promptly, no charge, postage fully prepaid.

You Pay No Money until you receive the article and are perfectly satisfied with its quality, style and price—**and Want to Buy It.**

Cash or Credit. We sell Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry either way—and under more favorable conditions than you can buy elsewhere. **ON CREDIT:** Our credit terms are one-fifth on delivery, balance in eight equal monthly payments. Any honest person can command all the desirable features of the **Loftis' System** on credit terms. **FOR CASH:** We make a discount of 8%, and to every cash purchaser (when requested to do so), we give our **Money Back Within One Year** agreement. It is the most liberal provision ever made in selling merchandise of any kind.

LIBERAL FEATURES: We send goods for inspection without any advance payment; we pay all express charges whether you buy or not; we give a guarantee certificate, certifying to the value and quality of every diamond we sell, and we take back any diamond ever sold by us at full price in exchange for other goods or a larger stone.

THE LOFTIS' SYSTEM of selling diamonds all over the country on **easy monthly payments** is *broad enough* and *liberal enough* to furnish a beautiful diamond or high-grade watch to every person who can pay a few dollars monthly on account while wearing the diamond or watch. The **Loftis' System** is freely open to you. Write today for catalogue and full information. It costs nothing to examine a diamond or watch; it costs very little to buy on our easy terms.

An Invitation. If you visit the St. Louis Exposition we invite you to visit and inspect our magnificent exhibit—the largest and finest display of diamonds and precious stones ever made in America, and probably the most interesting and valuable exhibit at the World's Fair. Our diamond cutters at work, will gladly and courteously show you every process of cleaving, cutting and polishing, from the rough diamonds in the blue earth, as taken from the mines in South Africa, to the perfectly cut and polished gems. Do not fail to see it.

Our Beautiful Summer Catalogue is just off the press and a copy will be sent free for the asking. It is the most beautiful and interesting book of the kind published, and contains a complete history of the Diamond from mine to wearer.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. (Est. 1858)
Diamond Cutters and Manufacturing Jewelers
Dept. L10 92 to 98 State Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

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SAVE A DIAMOND

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS

true to "Ol' Marster's boys," men of nearly three-score years, as he was to the Colonel, their father. "Take a book, Missus, did you say? Sho, I know it's good, 'cause quality folks is selling it. I'll take it for my Atlanta bride I jes brought home. Here's my dollar an' good luck to you, Miss Sarah."

—

Picturesque? The old man of the sea. The sole occupant of an old hotel on a storm-swept beach. There he stands, leaning against a battered door, his long white hair and flowing beard forming a fitting frame for that face, lit up by a keen but kindly blue eye; his right hand extended in welcome; his left, withered and deformed, hanging unmoved at his side, save for an occasional series of stiff swings suggestive of a pendulum of a clock; its long leanness emphasizing the lankness of the attenuated form from which it hangs; his voice full of far away distances and a note of apology for every intrusion: this the master of the deserted mansion. The National finds entrance here, an innovation in the life of this mystic, for hitherto his companions as he paced those lonely stretches of burning sand, or rested under the shade of the sheltering palms, the crowning glory of this beach; or, under the softening shadows of the moonlight, waited on the old wrecks stranded here, — his companions have been his thoughts and prayers, varied with such literature as touched the subject of his dreams. He is one who waits the coming of his Lord.

The pseudonym "Florida Cracker" was once used as a term of reproach when applied to a class whose literary advantages were limited but whose sterling qualities were inexhaustible. But as the world grows wiser, and all mankind akin, "the cracker" has forged to the front — and many boast of "cracker lineage." Not the least pleasant of your solicitor's experiences have come from personal contact with these plain but excellent people, and one must love them for their loyal friendship, honor them for their unblemished honesty, and respect them for a courage that never fails them. They yield to no man in the manliest of attributes. I uncover my head in the presence of the "cracker" and offer you some personal reminiscences with this class who are well represented in my list of subscribers.

Approaching an octogenarian whom the neighborhood dubbed "Gove'nor," we questioned: "Well, Gove'nor, how are you today?" "Oh," said he, "jest hangin' on to save funeral expenses. Too poor to buy a coffin. Come in. It's about dinner time. Try pot luck with us."

In exchange for an outline of your projected itinerary I am regaled with a story of the New York Herald's search party in quest of the Florida volcano in the swamps of the Wacissa. "In reply to the query, "Was it very boggy?"

"Boggy! I should say hit were. Why, hit would bog the shadow of a buzzard."

I might write you a book extolling the characters, reciting the heroisms, as I pictured the life of these — the Gibraltar of our Southland — but space forbids.

◆

A POSER FOR BOYS

I HAVE great faith in the simple educative force of "seeing things." At least I know of one person who can look back over life and see what specific benefits have come through this avenue. For this reason railroad and steamship lines are an indispensable part of the nation's educational equipment.

My faith for the future of the National is pinned on the boys and girls—that means, on a "rising market." Now, what I am driving at is that Mrs. Chapple and myself desire to have a boy or girl go with us every month to Washington. We want them to "see things," as we would have had our own boy do if he had been spared to us. The conditions attached to the winning of these trips will be so simple that every boy and girl in every family into which the National comes each month may have an equal chance of winning one of these trips. The first step is to **SECURE FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS**, more as a means of proving that you have the right stuff in you than anything else. The trip will be awarded to the boy or girl who sends us the best answer, in not more than

[Continued on page 140]

The Best and Most Economical Foods
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Are the Best and Most Economical Foods;

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Round Steak						12c	.83
Milk - - -						3c	3.33
Cheese - - - -						16c	.63
SHREDDED WHEAT -						11c	.91

300 words, to the following question:

What business would you start if you had $500, and why?

We want to get at the ideas and ambitions now running through the minds of the boys and girls of America. No boy or girl should hesitate to send in an answer at once. These letters will give our boys and girls food for thought, and teach them to plan for their life work.

Answers received up to December 1st will count on a January trip to Washington, and answers to January 1st for a February trip and so on for six months. We will publish portraits and sketches of each trip winner and I believe that Washington seen through the eyes of our boys and girls will be of new interest to all readers of the National.

Start in at once, girls—it is not necessary to urge the boys—for we want to make this representation of National Magazine young people as truly representative as possible, and we hope to have in this contest contributors from Maine to California, from Florida to Dakota; and the prize winner—from whatever State he or she may come—will go with us to Washington, on one of the monthly trips which Mrs. Chapple and I have made for years past.

Address all letters to me personally and I will see that they are promptly answered.

◆

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

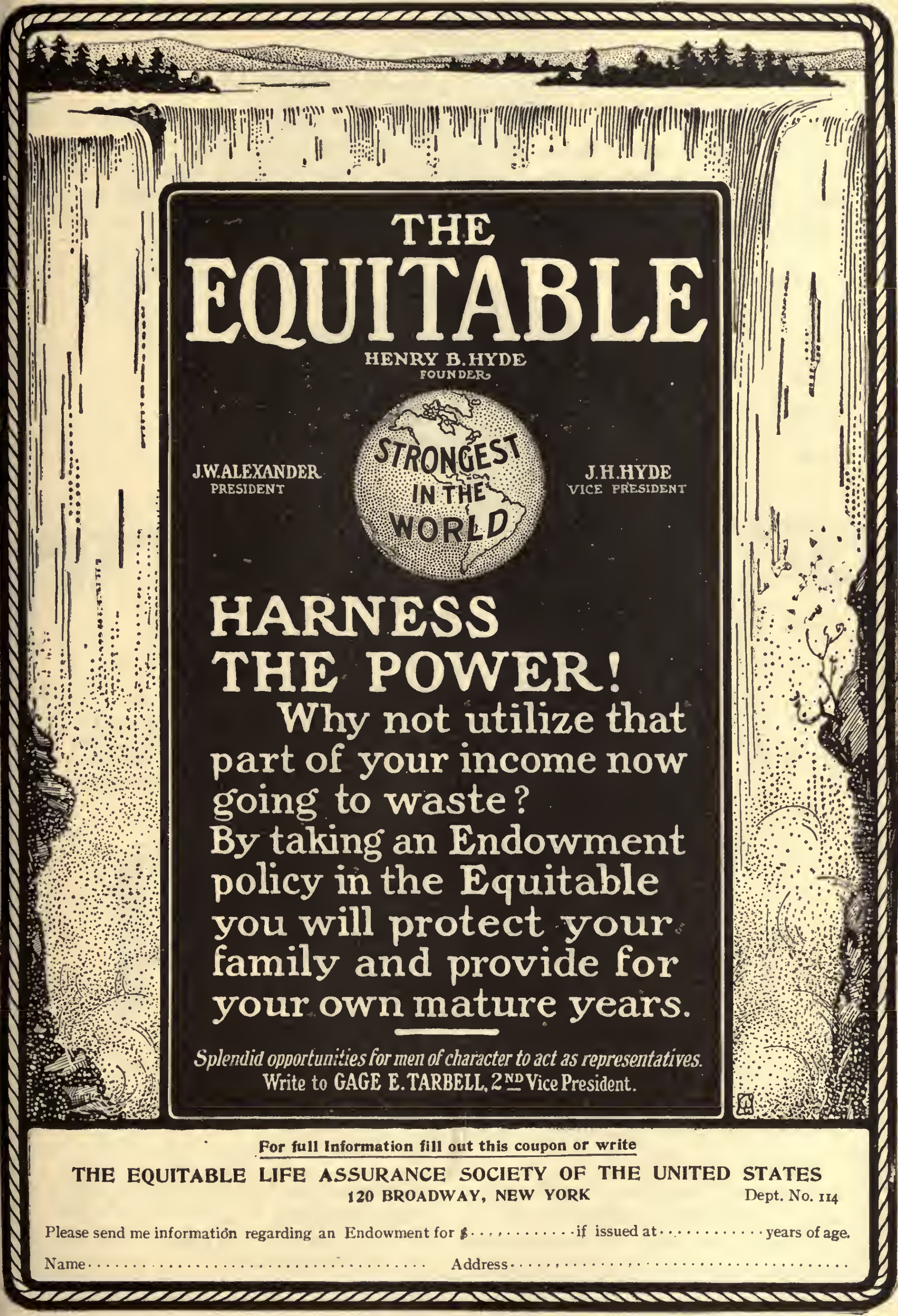
CURIOUS it is that our first impressions of a locality are created by some chance paragraph read years ago and fixed in the memory, surprising us some day by coming suddenly to the surface. I never think of the Adirondacks without associating with them the name of the late W. H. H. Murray, better known as "Adirondack" Murray. It was years ago that a young man read an account of the locality in which this name figures, and just as certain scenes call up memories of Emerson or Thoreau, so the wildness of this region calls up Murray.

It may be hoped, though the Adirondacks are becoming the great pleasure park of the wealthy and even Fashion is beginning to claim it as her domain in some degree, native grandeur will be kept unspoiled. As I traveled on the New York Central from Utica and got deeper and deeper into the heart of Nature, memories of "Adirondack" Murray came unbidden, and were not dissipated even by the beauty and magnificence of Paul Smith's camp, in strange contrast to the time when woodsmen sat about the camp fire and did their own cooking, surrounded by no walls save those of the odorous cedars and balsams. Now these trees have to be protected from the ravages of the human race by such signs as "Do not peel the bark," and "Do not cut the balsam." The country about Tupper Lake is very similar to the lumber districts in Michigan and Wisconsin, but nothing can exceed the beauty of Saranac Lake, dotted over with wooded islands, with an air of unbroken serenity that bids the traveler linger, no matter how important the business that calls him back to the busy city. Here, surely, the great Creator has set his stamp of perfect beauty. As I stood upon the scalloped, sandy shore I found amusement in watching the incongruous naptha launches, like torpedo boats, puffing their way with much fuss and excitement past the Narrows, where, it seemed to me, the canoe of the Indian must still linger as in days gone by.

At the Algonquin Hotel the traveler comes to an unrivalled resting place as the beauty of twilight deepens into night; and the lamps that twinkle through the trees seem to coquette with the stars overhead and their reflection in the lake.

It was a joy to see the brawny boys and slim, athletic girls resting after their day's pursuit of pleasure, and I was glad to remember that the standard of beauty has so changed that the young men of today might stand for models of Hiawa-

[Continued on page 142]



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tha, while the frail young women, of the "clinging ivy" type, are no longer "the fashion."

Here the days slip by before one is aware, and the vacation passes, but it leaves inspiring memories of the starlit nights and blissful afternoons; of wanderings beneath the shade of the "forest primeval," with feet sinking in the strewn leaves and leaf mould; but best of all are the memories of America's young people of today.

SOME FRIENDLY POEMS

ONE of the most readable books of verse printed this year is "Poems All the Way from Pike," by Robertus Love of St. Louis. Mr. Love hails from Pike County, Missouri, located just across the river from Pike County, Illinois, made famous years ago by John Hay's "Pike County Ballads." Mr. Love, like his predecessor in this field, has drawn inspiration for some of his best verses

THE LATE W. H. H. MURRAY, WHOSE BOOKS FIRST TURNED PUBLIC ATTENTION TO THE ADIRONDACKS AS A PLAYGROUND; FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN WHEN HE WAS IN THE PRIME OF HIS POWERS AS LECTURER, PREACHER, SPORTSMAN AND AUTHOR

[Continued on page 144]

The Best Protection

for her complexion is not a veil. Of course, she sometimes wears the charming mesh as a screen against sun and wind, or to half conceal her pretty face, but the complexion protector that she most relies on is Resinol Soap—a pure medicinal soap that produces and preserves a smooth and healthy skin-texture. That

RESINOL SOAP

is a complexion beautifier and preserver has been proved in the experience of many happy women. The strong alkali of the ordinary soap absorbs all the natural oils from the cuticle, leaving it shriveled and pallid. Resinol lubricates, nourishes and feeds the true skin, clearing the complexion and leaving it soft and velvety.

Having the same medicinal properties as the world-famous Resinol Ointment, Resinol Soap removes roughness, blotches, blackheads, pimples, face eruptions, fetor, etc.

In the baby's bath, it prevents and cures milk crust, scald head, rash, chafing and incipient eczema, and keeps the child's skin sweet, soft and healthy.

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RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
Great Britain Branch: 97 New Oxford St., London, W. C.

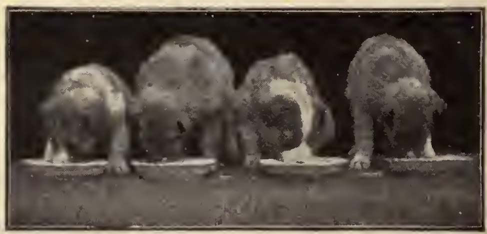
from old Pike county's quaint and lovable characters. His verses on other themes are not less attractive; the piece entitled "At Lincoln's Tomb," is full of patriotic fervor, and is just the kind of piece for the boys to speak in school; and they will be better Americans and better men for being familiar with these lines. "The Cheerful Heart" embodies a wholesome creed, which might be adopted with advantage by some of our melancholy friends; the last verse is perhaps as fine an inspiration as mortal need desire:

ROBERTUS LOVE OF ST. LOUIS

"The cheerful heart
That plays its part
Exultant, whatsoe'er beset,
Nor frets nor fumes
In sullen glooms
That make disaster darker yet:
Be this my wealth, and if the mart
Shall yield me less than others win,
I still have greater store within.
Give me, O God, a cheerful heart!"

In "The Boy who Has no Santa Claus" there is a world of pathos, while the tribute to Eugene Field is full of touching devotion and admiration; but the book must be read through in order to be appreciated.

Mr. Love is a newspaper man, but in spite of his busy days at his desk he has found time to prove in this little volume that he has all the feeling and love for the beautiful that characterize the true poet. His verses have the quaint, homely and familiar touch that is not unlike what we find in Riley's. Mr. Love has filled an important position in the Publicity Department of the St. Louis Exposition. His little red book, with its half hundred poems, will always be associated in our minds with the great Exposition, and we realize as we read and re-read his stirring lines that we have here the very epitome of the sturdy Americanism of today, with its lights and shadows, its humor and its pathos, told in a fashion that will linger in the memory long after the hard facts, acquired at the same time, have faded.



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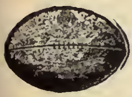

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Mr. Thompson, in 1899, organized the Lafayette Memorial Association, which, with the help of several millions of small contributions by American school children, set up in Paris, France, a monument of Lafayette. A plaster model of this monument was unveiled with impressive international ceremonies on July 4th, 1900. The permanent monument, in bronze, is not yet completed. Paul Bartlett is the sculptor in charge.

"A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY MAN"

"All I ask is a square deal for every man."—(From the address of Theodore Roosevelt, May 6, 1903, Grand Canyon, Arizona.)

A COLLATION OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE ADDRESSES AND MESSAGES OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT—BEING A SELF-DELINEATION OF HIS CHARACTER AND IDEALS.

Compiled and Edited
by
ROBERT J. THOMPSON

Published (in Booklet Form) by
ROBERT J. THOMPSON
195 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

PREFACE

IN collating these expressions from the addresses and messages of President Roosevelt it has been the purpose of the editor and publisher to produce a condensed volume of the state philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt.

In this little book, the thoughtful, sincere, and honest American may find, in this pessimistic and portentous age, much of hope and much of promise in the self-delineation of character which President Roosevelt has unconsciously presented to us. Much of hope and much of promise for this wondrously constructed "Temple of Liberty"—our country and our government.

The academic democrat, be he Republican, Democrat, Socialist, or Populist—he who believes in those fundamental principles of Jefferson, that the individual is entitled to the fullest possible liberty, so long as that freedom is in consonance with the equal rights of others, will find in these expressions of Mr. Roosevelt—these demands for a decent and higher citizenship—the spirit of that true democracy which lies at the base—which furnishes the life and nourishes the root of all political parties, possible of life in the atmosphere of republican institutions.

They will show, above all, that Theodore Roosevelt is a man and a philosopher. That he is intensely in earnest. That he is honest and unafraid. And that his purpose to do the right thing—the square thing—by all the people all the time, is as strong as his hand is firm, and as watchful as his eye is alert; as true as his aggressive and masterful mind is harmoniously attuned to those ideals which stand for the betterment of his fellows.

PREFACE

A public official is typical of the public conscience.

Fortunate indeed is that people which in the purely human act of selecting a leader, strike upon a man whose loyalty to the ideals of the Republic, whose integrity to his trust, and whose unflinching purpose to promote those benefits to the state that are sought by all citizens worthy of the name—thrice fortunate are they when these virtues are so pronounced as they are in the person of Theodore Roosevelt.

Time wipes out our prejudices. It adds to the greatness of the truly great men, and diminishes the greatness of small men. Let us forget for a moment, if possible, our prejudices—our possibly mistaken predilections—and see, in the interest of truth, what Theodore Roosevelt really stands for. Let us see what the realization of his ideals may mean for the country we love, and which we wish to prosper.

ROBERT J. THOMPSON.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 1, 1904.

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A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY MAN

AMERICA—
Fifty years of Europe are very much longer than a cycle of Cathay; and the period grows longer still when you take it across into the Western Hemisphere.

A GOOD AMERICAN—
A man to be a good American must be straight, and he must also be strong.

ALASKA—
The men of my own age will not be old men before we see Alaska one of the rich and strong States of the Union.

ANARCHY—
No man will ever be restrained from becoming President by any fear as to his personal safety.

⁂

For the anarchist himself, whether he preaches or practices his doctrines, we need not have one particle more concern than for any ordinary murderer.

⁂

Anarchy is no more an expression of "social discontent" than picking pockets or wife-beating.

⁂

The anarchist, and especially the anarchist in the United States, is merely one type of criminal, more dangerous than any other because he represents the same depravity in a greater degree.

⁂

The man who advocates anarchy directly or indirectly, in any shape or fashion, or the man who apologizes for anarchists and their deeds, makes himself morally accessory to murder before the fact.

⁂

No man or body of men preaching anarchistic doctrines should be allowed at large any more than if preaching the murder of some specified private individual.

⁂

The wind is sowed by the men who preach such doctrines, and they can not escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped.

⁂

This great country will not fall into anarchy, and if anarchists should ever become a serious menace to its institutions, they would not merely be stamped out, but would involve in their own ruin every active or passive sympathizer with their doctrines.

⁂

Anarchy is a crime against the whole human race; and all mankind should band against the anarchist. His crime should be made an offence against the law of nations, like piracy and that form of man-stealing known as the slave trade; for it is of far blacker infamy than either.

ARMY AND NAVY—
A good navy is not a provocative of war. It is the surest guaranty of peace.

⁂

We can as little afford to tolerate a dishonest man in the public service as a coward in the army.

⁂

It has been well said that there is no surer way of courting national disaster than to be "opulent, aggressive, and unarmed."

⁂

Whether we desire it or not, we must henceforth recognize that we have international duties no less than international rights. In no branch of the government are foresight and the carrying out of a steady and continuous policy so necessary as in the navy.

⁂

A naval war is two-thirds settled in advance, at least two-thirds, because it is mainly settled by the preparation which has gone on for years preceding its outbreak.

⁂

Fatuous self-complacency or vanity, or short-sightedness in refusing to prepare for danger, is both foolish and wicked in such a nation as ours.

⁂

I am certain that those who have had experience in the army and navy have seen that in the long run the man who is a decent man is apt to be the man who is the best soldier.

⁂

The most redoubtable armies that have ever existed have been redoubtable because the average soldier, the average officer, possessed to a high degree such comparatively simple qualities as loyalty, courage, and hardihood.

BOASTING—
To boast is bad, and causelessly to insult another, worse, yet worse than all is it to be guilty of boasting, even without insult, and when called to the proof to be unable to make such boasting good. There is a homely old adage which runs: "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far."

BRIBERY—
There can be no crime more serious than bribery.

⁂

The givers and takers of bribes stand on an evil pre-eminence of infamy.

⁂

Government of the people, by the people, for the people will perish from the face of the earth if bribery is toleratd.

⁂

If we fail to do all that in us lies to stamp out corruption we can not escape our share of responsibility for the guilt.

⁂

The murderer takes a single life; the corruptionist in public life, whether he be bribe giver or bribe taker, strikes at the heart of the commonwealth.

⁂

I have the right to challenge the best effort of every American worthy of the name to putting down by every means in his power corruption in private life.

⁂

He is as wicked as the murderer, for the murderer may only take one life against the law, while the corrupt official and the man who corrupts the official alike aim at the assassination of the commonwealth itself.

⁂

It should be the policy of the United States to leave no place on earth where a corrupt man fleeing from this country can rest in peace.

BROTHERHOOD—
We must in our lives, in our efforts, endeavor to further the cause of brotherhood in the human family.

⁂

Each man must work for himself, and unless he so works no outside help can avail him; but each man must remember also that he is indeed his brother's keeper.

⁂

All of us here are knit together by bonds which we can not sever. For weal or for woe our fates are inextricably intermingled.

All of us in our present civilization are dependent upon one another to a degree never before known in the history of mankind, and in the long run we are going to go up or go down together.

⁂

CAPITAL—

We have the right to ask every decent American citizen to rally to the support of the law if it is ever broken against the interest of the rich man.

⁂

The mechanism of modern business is so delicate that extreme care must be taken not to interfere with it in a spirit of rashness or ignorance.

⁂

Every man who has made wealth or used it in developing great legitimate business enterprises has been of benefit and not harm to the country at large.

⁂

The savings banks show what can be done in the way of genuinely beneficent work by large corporations when intelligently administered and supervised.

⁂

Moreover, it can not too often be pointed out that to strike with ignorant violence at the interests of one set of men almost inevitably endangers the interests of all.

⁂

If all the existing instrumentalities of wealth could be abolished, the first and severest suffering would come among those of us who are least well off at present.

⁂

We have the same right to ask that rich man cheerfully and gladly to acquiesce in the enforcement against his seeming interest of the law, if it is the law.

⁂

Now, it does not do anybody any good, and it will do most of us a great deal of harm, to take steps which will check any proper growth in a corporation.

⁂

We need to keep steadily in mind the fact that besides the tangible property in each corporation there lies behind the spirit which brings it success.

⁂

The slightest study of business conditions will satisfy any one capable of forming a judgment that the personal equation is the most important factor in a business operation.

⁂

The line of demarcation we draw must always be on conduct, not upon wealth; our objection to any given corporation must be, not that it is big, but that it behaves badly.

⁂

The wage-worker is well off only when the rest of the country is well off; and he can best contribute to this general well-being by showing sanity and a firm purpose to do justice to others.

⁂

The captains of industry who have driven the railway systems across this continent, who have built up our commerce, who have developed our manufactures, have on the whole done great good to our people.

⁂

Our laws should be so drawn as to protect and encourage corporations which do their honest duty by the public; and to discriminate sharply against those organized in a spirit of mere greed, or for improper speculative purposes.

⁂

It remains true that a fortune accumulated in legitimate business can be accumulated by the person specially benefited only on condition of conferring immense incidental benefits upon others.

⁂

But the great captain of industry, the man of wealth, who, alone or in combination with his fellows, drives through our great business enterprises, is a factor without whom the civilization that we see found about us here could not have been built up.

⁂

Great good has come from the development of our railroad system; great good has been done by the individuals and corporations that have made that development possible; and in return good is done to them, and not harm, when they are required to obey the law.

⁂

Men sincerely interested in the due production of property, and men sincerely interested in seeing that the just rights of labor are guaranteed, should alike remember not only that in the long run neither the capitalist nor the wage-worker can be helped in healthy fashion save by helping the other.

⁂

The consistent policy of the National Government, so far as it has the power, is to hold in check the unscrupulous man, whether employer or employee; but to refuse to weaken individual initiative or to hamper or cramp the industrial development of the country.

⁂

The man who by the use of his capital develops a great mine, the man who by the use of his capital builds a great railroad, the man who by the use of his capital either individually or joined with others like him does any great legitimate business enterprise, confers a benefit, not a harm, upon the community, and is entitled to be so regarded.

⁂

CHARACTER—

The worth of any sermon lies in the way in which that sermon can be and is applied in practice.

⁂

The chief factor in the success of each man—wage-worker, farmer, and capitalist alike—must ever be the sum total of his own individual qualities and abilities.

⁂

At times any man will slip. I do not expect perfection, but I do expect genuine and sincere effort toward being decent and cleanly in thought, in word, and in deed.

⁂

It is a good thing to have a sound body, and a better thing to have a sound mind; and better still to have that aggregate of virile and decent qualities which we group together under the name of character.

⁂

Many qualities are needed in order that we can contribute our mite toward the upward movement of the world—among them the quality of self-abnegation; and yet combined with it the quality which will refuse to submit to injustice.

⁂

CHARITY—

To be permanently effective, aid must always take the form of helping a man to help himself.

⁂

If a man will submit to being carried, that is sufficient to show that he is not worthy carrying.

⁂

Each of us needs at times to have a helping hand stretched out to him or her. Every one of us slips on some occasion, and shame to his fellow who then refuses to stretch out the hand that should always be ready to help the man who stumbles.

⁂

The prerequisite of doing good work in the field of philanthropy—in the field of social effort, undertaken with one's fellows for the common good—is that it shall be undertaken in a spirit of broad sanity no less than of broad and loving charity.

CITIZENSHIP—

It is absolutely essential if we are to have the proper standard of public life that promise shall be square with performance.

⁂

Our average fellow-citizen is a sane and healthy man, who believes in decency and has a wholesome mind.

⁂

Good citizenship consists in doing the many small duties, private and public, which in the aggregate make it up.

⁂

In the unending strife for civic betterment, small is the use of these people who mean well, but who mean well feebly.

⁂

The first requisite of a good citizen in this Republic of ours is that he shall be able and willing to pull his weight.

⁂

I expect and demand in the name of the Nation much more from you who have had training of the mind than from those of mere wealth.

⁂

A man is not a good citizen, I do not care how lofty his thoughts are about citizenship in the abstract, if in the concrete his actions do not bear them out.

⁂

To the man of means much has been given too, and much will be expected from him, and ought to be, but not as much as from you, because your possession is more valuable than his.

⁂

If alive to their true interests rich and poor alike will set their faces like flint against the spirit which seeks personal advantage by overriding the laws.

⁂

I do not ask of you, men and women here today, good citizenship as a favor to the State. I demand it of you as a right, and hold you recreant to your duty if you fail to give it.

⁂

Those who dream only of idleness and pleasure, who hate others, and fail to recognize the duty of each man to his brother, these, be they rich or poor, are the enemies of the State.

⁂

There is no surer way of destroying the capacity of self-government in a people than to accustom that people to demanding the impossible or the improper from its public men.

⁂

If we wish to make the State the representative and exponent and symbol of decency, it must be so made through the decency, public and private, of the average citizen.

⁂

A man, to be a good citizen, must first be a good bread-winner, a good husband, a good father—I hope the father of many healthy children; just as a woman's first duty is to be a good housewife and mother.

⁂

We are neither for the rich man as such nor for the poor man as such; we are for the upright man, rich or poor.

⁂

The average American knows not only that he himself intends to do about what is right, but that his average fellow-countryman has the same intention and the same power to make his intention effective.

⁂

The line of cleavage between good citizenship and bad citizenship separates the rich man who does well from the rich man who does ill, the poor man of good conduct from the poor man of bad conduct.

⁂

I ask that we see to it in our country that the line of division in the deeper matters of our citizenship be drawn, never between section and section, never between creed and creed, never, thrice never, between class and class.

⁂

There are many qualities which we need alike in private citizen and in public man, but three above all—three for the lack of which no brilliancy and no genius can atone—and those three are courage, honesty, and common sense.

⁂

We are bound to recognize this fact, to remember that we should stand for good citizenship in every form, and should neither yield to demagogic influence on the one hand, nor to improper corporate influence on the other.

⁂

There are good citizens and bad citizens in every class as in every locality, and the attitude of decent people toward great public and social questions should be determined, not by the accidental questions of employment or locality, but by those deep-set principles which represent the innermost souls of men.

⁂

The good citizen is the man who, whatever his wealth or his poverty, strives manfully to do his duty to himself, to his family, to his neighbor, to the State; who is incapable of the baseness which manifests itself either in arrogance or in envy, but who while demanding justice for himself is no less scrupulous to do justice to others.

⁂

Many qualities are needed by a people which would preserve the power of self-government in fact as well as in name. Among these qualities are forethought, shrewdness, self-restraint, the courage which refuses to abandon one's own rights, and the disinterested and kindly good sense which enables one to do justice to the rights of others.

CIVILIZATION—

The worth of a civilization is the worth of a man at its center. When this man lacks moral rectitude, material progress only makes bad worse, and social problems still darker and more complex.

CIVIL SERVICE—

When tasks are all-important the most important factor in doing them right is the choice of the agents.

⁂

The merit system of making appointments is in its essence as democratic and American as the common school system itself.

⁂

Wherever the conditions have permitted the application of the merit system in its fullest and widest sense, the gain to the government has been immense.

⁂

The National Government should demand the highest quality of service from its employes; and in return it should be a good employer.

⁂

One thing to be remembered is that appointments and policies which are normally routine and unimportant may suddenly become of absolutely vital consequence.

⁂

The merit system is simply one method of securing honest and efficient administration of the government; and in the long run the sole justification of any type of government lies in its proving itself both honest and efficient.

⁂

In the employment and dismissal of men in the government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him.

CLASS AND CLASS HATRED—

A healthy republican government must rest upon individuals, not upon classes or sections.

⁂

Down at bottom we are the same people all through. That is not merely a unity of section, it is a unity of class.

⁂

When we make it evident that all men, great and small alike, have to obey the law, we put the safeguard of the law around all men.

⁂

We should be false to the historic principles of our government if we discriminated, either by legislation or administration, either for or against a man because of either his wealth or his poverty.

⁂

We are neither the friend of the rich man as such, nor the friend of the poor man as such; we are the friend of the honest man, rich or poor; and we intend that all men, rich and poor alike, shall obey the law alike and receive its protection alike.

⁂

Capitalist and wage-worker alike should honestly endeavor each to look at any matter from the other's standpoint, with a freedom on the one hand from the contemptible arrogance which looks down upon the man of less means, and on the other, from the no less contemptible envy, jealousy and rancor, which hates another because he is better off.

⁂

Any man who tries to excite class hatred, sectional hate, hate of creeds, any kind of hatred in our community, though he may affect to do it in the interest of the class he is addressing, is in the long run with absolute certainty that class's own worst enemy.

⁂

The base appeal to the spirit of selfish greed, whether it take the form of plunder of the fortunate or of the oppression of the unfortunate—from these and from all kindred vices this Nation must be kept free if it is to remain in its present position in the forefront of the peoples of mankind.

⁂

The mechanism of modern business is as delicate and complicated as it is vast, and nothing would be more productive of evil to all of us, and especially to those least well off in this world's goods, than ignorant meddling with this mechanism—above all, meddling in a spirit of class legislation or hatred or rancor.

CLEAN SPEECH—

A man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable.

CONDUCT—

It is an infamous thing in our American life, and fundamentally treacherous to our institutions, to apply to any man any test save that of his personal worth, or to draw between two sets of men any distinction save the distinction of conduct.

COURAGE—

You must know how to fight as well as know how to die.

⁂

I do not praise you for being brave; that is expected. The coward is to be condemned rather than the brave man to be praised.

CRISIS—

This country has never yet been called upon to meet a crisis in war or a crisis in peace to which it did not eventually prove equal.

CRITICISM—

The criticism of those who live softly, remote from the strife, is of little value.

CURE ALLS—

A medicine that is recommended to cure both asthma and a broken leg is not good for either.

DUTY—

We must act upon the motto of all for each and each for all.

⁂

Your duty must be ever present with you, waking and sleeping.

⁂

And oh, of how little count, looking back, the difference of rank compared with the doing of the duty!

⁂

Life can mean nothing worth meaning, unless its prime aim is the doing of duty, the achievement of results worth achieving.

⁂

As a people we have new duties and new opportunities both in the tropical seas and islands south of us and in the furthest Orient.

⁂

There is no room in our healthy American life for the mere idler, for the man or the woman whose object it is throughout life to shirk the duties which life ought to bring.

⁂

I hold that a great and masterful people forfeits its title to greatness if it shirks any work because that work is difficult and responsible.

⁂

Above all, remember this: that the most unsafe adviser to follow is the man who would advise us to do wrong in order that we may benefit by it.

⁂

We must treat each man on his worth and merits as a man. We must see that each is given a square deal, because he is entitled to no more and should receive no less.

⁂

The duties of peace are with us always; those of war are but occasional; and with a nation as with a man, the worthiness of life depends upon the way in which the everyday duties are done.

⁂

There is not anything more soul-harrowing for a man in time of war, or for a man engaged in a difficult job in time of peace, than to give an order and have the man addressed say, "What?"

From the greatest to the smallest, happiness and usefulness are largely found, and the joy of life is won in its deepest and truest sense only by those who have not shirked life's burdens.

⁂

The man who seeks to persuade any of us that our advantage comes in wrongdoing or oppressing others can be depended upon, if the opportunity comes, to do wrong to us in his own interest.

⁂

Every man, every woman here should feel it incumbent upon him or her to welcome with joy the chance to render service to the country, service to our people at large, and to accept the rendering of the service as in itself ample repayment therefor.

⁂

I ask of you the straightforward, earnest, performance of duty in all the little things that come up day by day in business, in domestic life, in every way, and then when the opportunity comes, if you have thus done your duty in the lesser things, I know you will rise level to the heroic needs.

ECONOMY—

Stability of economic policy must always be the prime economic need of this country. This stability should not be fossilization.

⁂

Only by avoidance of spending money on what is needless or unjustifiable can we legitimately keep our income to the point required to meet our needs that are genuine.

EDUCATION—

No matter what the school, what the university, every American who has a school training, a university training, has obtained something given to him outright by the State.

⁂

Where the State has bestowed education the man who accepts it must be content to accept it merely as a charity unless he returns it to the State in full, in the shape of good citizenship.

⁂

Of all the work that is done or that can be done for our country, the greatest is that of educating the body, the mind, and above all the character.

⁂

Each one of us then who has an education, school or college, has obtained something from the community at large for which he or she has not paid, and no self-respecting man or woman is content to rest permanently under such an obligation.

⁂

From all our citizens we have a right to expect good citizenship; but most of all from those who have received most; most of all from those who have had the training of body, mind, of soul, which comes from association in and with a great university.

⁂

Although we talk a good deal about what the widespread education of this country means, I question if many of us deeply consider its meaning. From the lowest grade of the public school to the highest form of university training, education in this country is at the disposal of every man, every woman, who chooses to work for and obtain it.

ENVY—

Envy is merely the meanest form of admiration, and a man who envies another admits thereby his own inferiority.

ERROR—

People have butchered one another under circumstances of dreadful atrocity, claiming all the time to be serving the object of the brotherhood of man or of the fatherhood of God.

⁂

One sad, one lamentable phase of human history is that the very loftiest words, implying the loftiest ideas, have often been used as cloaks for the commission of dreadful deeds of iniquity.

EXPANSION—

Meanwhile our own mighty Republic has stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

⁂

In every instance how the after events of history have falsified the predictions of the men of little faith!

⁂

The extension in the area of our domain has been immense, the extension in the area of our influence even greater.

⁂

There are critics so feeble and so timid that they shrink back when this Nation asserts that it comes in the category of the nations who dare to be great.

⁂

And but five years ago there were excellent men who bemoaned the fact that we were obliged during the war with Spain to take possession of the Philippines.—Seattle, May 23, 1903.

⁂

And what it may ultimately mean we do not know, but we know that what the present holds, what the present need demands, and we take the present and hold ourselves ready to abide the result of whatever the future may bring.

⁂

It was not with the Louisiana Purchase that our career of expansion began. In the middle of the Revolutionary War the Illinois region, including the present States of Illinois and Indiana, was added to our domain.

⁂

I fail to understand how any man, convinced of his country's greatness and glad that his country should challenge with proud confidence its mighty future, can be anything but an expansionist.

⁂

It is curious how our fate as a Nation has often driven us forward toward greatness in spite of the protests of many of those esteeming themselves in point of training and culture best fitted to shape the Nation's destiny.

⁂

Only the adventurous and the far-seeing can be expected heartily to welcome the process of expansion, for the nation that expands is a nation which is entering upon a great career, and with greatness there must of necessity come perils which daunt all save the most stout-hearted.

FALSE IDEALS—

There is no more unpleasant manifestation of public feeling than the deification of mere "smartness," as it is termed—of mere successful cunning unhampered by scruple or generosity or right feeling.

FALSE PROPHETS—

The prophets of disaster have seen their predictions so completely falsified by the event that it is actually difficult to arouse even a passing interest in their failure.

FARMER, THE—

It is unhealthy and undesirable for the cities to grow at the expense of the country.

⁂

After the farmer has had the farm for his life he should be able to hand it to his children as a better farm than it was when he had it.

⁂

If the average of well-being is high, it means that the average wage-worker, the average farmer, and the average business man are all alike well off.

⁂

There is not in the great cities the feeling of brotherhood which there is still in country localities;, and the lines of social cleavage are far more deeply marked.

⁂

Our aim must be steadily to help develop the settler, the man who lives in the land and is growing up with it and raising his children to own it after him.

⁂

On the other hand, if there is in the long run a lack of prosperity among the two classes named, then all other prosperity is sure to be more seeming than real.

⁂

He works hard (for which no man is to be pitied), and often he lives hard (which may not be pleasant); but his life is passed in healthy surroundings, surroundings which tend to develop a fine type of citizenship.

⁂

It remains true now as it always has been, that in the last resort, the country districts are those in which we are surest to find the old American spirit, the old American habits of thought and ways of living.

⁂

If circumstances are such that thrift, energy, industry, and forethought enable the farmer, the tiller of the soil, on the one hand, and the wage-worker, on the other, to keep themselves, their wives, and their children in reasonable comfort, then the State is well off, and we can be assured that the other classes in the community will likewise prosper.

FOREIGN POLICY—

The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace.

⁂

It is almost as necessary that our policy should be stable as that it should be wise.

⁂

Let us not boast, not insult any one, but make up our minds cooly what is necessary to say, say it, and then stand to it, whatever the consequences may be.

⁂

Let us improve ourselves, lifting what needs to be lifted here, and let others do their own work; let us attend to our own business; keep our own hearthstone swept and in order.

⁂

To write or say anything unkind, unjust, or inconsiderate about any foreign nation does not do us any good, and does not help us toward holding our own if ever the need should arise to hold our own.

⁂

Let us speak courteously, deal fairly, and keep ourselves armed and ready. If we do these things we can count on the peace that comes to the just man armed, to the just man who neither fears nor inflicts wrong.

FREE INSTITUTIONS—

People show themselves just as unfit for liberty whether they submit to anarchy or to tyranny.

⁂

It is, of course, the merest truism to say that free institutions are of avail only to people who possess the high and peculiar characteristics needed to take advantage of such institutions.

GOVERNMENT, THE—

The art of successful self-government is not an easy art for people or for individuals.

⁂

Above all, the administration of the government, the enforcement of the laws, must be fair and honest.

⁂

Remember that in popular government we must rely on the people themselves, alike for the punishment and the reformation.

⁂

The government can not supply the lack in any man of the qualities which must determine in the last resort the man's success or failure.

⁂

On the other hand, the public that exacts a promise which ought not to be kept, or which cannot be kept, is by just so much forfeiting its right to self-government.

⁂

While I most firmly believe in fixity of policy, I do not believe that that policy should be fossilized, and when conditions change we must change our governmental methods to meet them.

⁂

Most certainly we should never invoke the interference of the State or Nation unless it is absolutely necessary; but it is equally true that when confident of its necessity we should not on academic grounds refuse it.

⁂

No action by the State can do more than supplement the initiative of the individual; and ordinarily the action of the State can do no more than to secure to each individual the chance to show under as favorable conditions as possible the stuff that there is in him.

⁂

The best constitution that the wit of man has ever devised, the best institutions that the ablest statesmen in the world have ever reduced to practice by law or by custom, all these shall be of no avail if they are not vivified by the spirit which makes a State great by making its citizens honest, just, and brave.

GOOD ROADS—

The movement for good roads is one fraught with the greatest benefit to the country districts.

⁂

What the railway does is to develop the country; and of course its development implies that the developed country will need more and better roads.

⁂

The faculty, the art, the habit of road building marks in a nation those solid, stable qualities which tell for permanent greatness.

⁂

No one thing can do more to offset the tendency toward an unhealthy growth from the country into the city than the making and keeping of good roads.

GREATNESS—

No nation as great as ours can expect to escape the penalty of greatness, for greatness does not come without trouble and labor.

⁂

Rarely indeed have our greatest men made issues—they have shown their greatness by meeting them as they arose.

⁂

The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities; and we must make the new days great by showing these same qualities.

⁂

At times a great crisis comes, in which a great people, perchance led by a great man, can at white heat strike some mighty blow for the right—make a long stride in advance along the path of justice and of orderly liberty.

HONESTY—

If you have not honesty in the average private citizen, in the average public servant, then all else goes for nothing.

⁂

So when we demand honesty, we demand it not as entitling the possessor to praise, but as warranting the heartiest condemnation possible if he lacks it.

⁂

All other qualities go for nothing or for worse than nothing unless honesty underlies them—honesty in public life and honesty in private life; not only the honesty that keeps its skirts technically clear, but the honesty that is such according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law; the honesty that is aggressive, the honesty that not merely deplores corruption—it is easy enough to deplore corruption—but that wars against it and tramples it under foot.

IMMIGRATION—

We cannot have too much immigration of the right kind, and we should have none at all of the wrong kind.

⁂

We should require a more thorough system of inspection abroad and a more rigid system of examination at our immigration ports.

⁂

It should mean something to become a citizen of the United States; and in the process no loophole whatever should be left open to fraud.

⁂

Men winnowed out from among the nations of the Old World by the energy, boldness, and love of adventure found in their own eager hearts.

⁂

All persons should be excluded who are below a certain standard of economic fitness to enter our industrial field as competitors with American labor.

⁂

We are not to be excused if we selfishly sit down and enjoy gifts that have been given to us and do not try to share them with our poorer fellows coming from every part of the world.

⁂

Now that we have established ourselves let us see to it that we stretch out the hand of help, the hand of brotherhood, toward the new-comers.

⁂

The man going to a new country is torn by the roots from all his old associations, and there is great danger to him in the time before he gets his roots down into the new country, before he brings himself into touch with his fellows in the new land.

Since the beginning of our country's history many different race strains have entered to make up the composite American. Out of and from each we have gained something for our national character; to each we owe something special for what it has contributed to us as a people.

⁂

No greater contribution to American social life could possibly be made than by instilling into it the capacity for (German) Gemuthlichkeit. No greater good can come to our people than to encourage in them a capacity for enjoyment which shall discriminate sharply between what is vicious and what is pleasant.

⁂

We need every honest and efficient immigrant fitted to become an American citizen, every immigrant who comes here to stay, who brings here a strong body, a stout heart, a good head, and a resolute purpose to do his duty well in every way and to bring up his children as law-abiding and God-fearing members of the community.

IMPROVIDENCE—

Of course there are always some men who are not affected by good times.

INDIAN, THE—

I will stand for his rights with the same jealous eagerness that I would stand for the rights of any white man.

INJUSTICE—

Unfortunately, in this world the innocent frequently find themselves obliged to pay some of the penalty for the misdeeds of the guilty.

IRRIGATION AND FOREST PRESERVATION—

Almost every industry depends in some more or less vital way upon the preservation of the forests.

⁂

We have come to see clearly that whatever destroys the forest, except to make way for agriculture, threatens our well-being.

⁂

We are dealing with a new and momentous question, in the pregnant years while institutions are forming, and what we do will affect not only the present but future generations.

⁂

The first great object of the forest reserves is, of course, the first great object of the whole land policy of the United States,—the creation of homes, the favoring of the home-maker.

⁂

We can enforce the provisions of the forest reserve law or of any other law only so far as the best sentiment of the community or the State will permit that enforcement.

⁂

It is a fundamental truth that the prosperity of any people is simply another term for the prosperity of the home-makers among that people.

⁂

In Colorado two-thirds of the products come from irrigated farms, and four years ago those products already surpassed fifteen million dollars.

⁂

All of us ought to want to see nature preserved. Take a big tree whose architect has been the ages—anything that man does toward it may hurt it and cannot help it.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY MAN

The Nation as a whole is of course the gainer by the creation of these homes, adding as they do to the wealth and stability of the country, and furnishing a home market for the products of the East and South.

⁂

The western half of the United States would sustain a population greater than that of our whole country today if the waters that now run to waste were saved and used for irrigation.

⁂

Under the stimulus of irrigation it is probable that irrigated agriculture will come to the front, and when it does the population will increase with a rapidity and permanence never before known.

⁂

The public appreciation of this fundamental truth that the water belongs to the people to be taken and put to beneficial use will wipe out many controversies which are at present so harmful to the development of the West.

⁂

While citizens die, the government and the nation do not die, and we are bound in dealing with the forests to exercise the foresight necessary to use them now, but to use them in such a way as will also keep them for those who are to come after us.

⁂

We have reached a condition in which it must be the object of the Nation and the State to favor the development of the home-maker, of the man who takes up the land intending to keep it for himself and for his children, so that it shall be even of better use to them than to him.

⁂

Not of recent years has any more important law been put upon the statute books of the Federal Government than the law a year ago providing for the first time that the National Government should interest itself in aiding and building up a system of irrigated agriculture in the Rocky Mountains and plains States.

⁂

JUSTICE—

We are bound in honor to try to remedy injustice, but if we are wise we will seek to remedy it in practical ways.

⁂

LABOR—

I believe emphatically in organized labor.

⁂

This is an era of federation and combination.

⁂

American wage-workers work with their heads as well as their hands.

⁂

Organization is one of the laws of our social and economic development at this time.

⁂

Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing.

⁂

The well-being of the wage-worker is a prime consideration of our entire policy of economic legislation.

⁂

The National Government has but a small field in which it can work in labor matters.

⁂

There is no worse enemy of the wage-worker than the man who condones mob violence in any shape or who preaches class hatred.

⁂

It is often necessary for laboring men to work in federations, and these have become important factors of modern industrial life.

⁂

Hearty recognition is given the far-reaching, beneficent work which has been accomplished through both corporations and unions.

⁂

There can be no real general prosperity unless based on the foundation of the prosperity of the wage-worker and the tiller of the soil.

⁂

So far as practicable under the conditions of government work, provision should be made to render the enforcement of the eight-hour law easy and certain.

⁂

Every man must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor, so long as he does not infringe the rights of others.

⁂

Class animosity in the political world is, if possible, even more wicked, even more destructive to national welfare, than sectional, race, or religious animosity.

⁂

I should like to see the District of Columbia, which is completely under the control of the National Government, receive a set of model labor laws.

⁂

He cannot afford to lose his individual initiative, his individual will and power; but he can best use that power if for certain objects he unites with his fellows.

⁂

This country has and this country needs better-paid, better-educated, better-fed, and better-clothed workingmen, of a higher type, than are to be found in any foreign country.

⁂

Labor organizations, when managed intelligently and in a spirit of justice and fair play, are of very great service not only to the wage-workers, but to the whole community.

⁂

Every thinking man rejoices when by mediation or arbitration it proves possible to settle troubles in time to avert the suffering and bitterness caused by strikes.

⁂

There are many different kinds of work to do; but so long as the work is honorable, is necessary, and is well done the man who does it well is entitled to the respect of his fellows.

⁂

Among ourselves we differ in many qualities of body, head and heart; we are unequally developed, mentally as well as physically. But each of us has the right to ask that he shall be protected from wrongdoing as he does his work and carries his burden through life.

⁂

In his turn the capitalist who is really a conservative, the man who has forethought as well as patriotism, should heartily welcome every effort, legislative or otherwise, which has for its object to secure fair dealing by capital, corporate or individual, toward the public and toward the employe.

⁂

The slightest acquaintance with our industrial history should teach even the most short-sighted that the times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage and gets no return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship, and want, and grim disaster among the poor.

⁂

It is a base and an infamous thing for the man of means to act in a spirit of arrogant and brutal disregard of right toward his fellow who has less means; and it is no less infamous, no less base, to act in a spirit of rancor, envy, and hatred against the man of greater means, merely because of his greater means.

⁂

LAW, THE—

Obedience to the law is demanded as a right; not asked as a favor.

⁂

The nation, like the individual, cannot commit a crime with impunity.

⁂

The law must not only be correct in the abstract; it must work well in the concrete.

⁂

Good laws in the State, like a good organization in any army, are the expressions of national character.

⁂

Back of the laws, back of the administration, back of the system of government lies the man.

⁂

The crime of cunning, the crime of greed, the crime of violence, are all equally crimes, and against them all alike the law must set its face.

⁂

Finally, we must keep ever in mind that a republic such as ours can exist only by virtue of the orderly liberty which comes through the equal domination of the law over all men alike.

⁂

We ask no man's permission when we require him to obey the law; neither the permission of the poor man nor yet of the rich man.

⁂

Law is largely crystallized custom, largely a mass of remedies which have been slowly evolved to meet the wrongs with which humanity has become thoroughly familiar.

⁂

Legislation to be thoroughly effective for good must proceed upon the principle of aiming to get for each man a fair chance to allow him to show the stuff there is in him.

⁂

While all people are foolish if they violate or rail against the law—wicked as well as foolish, but all foolish—yet the most foolish man in this Republic is the man of wealth who complains because the law is administered with impartial justice against or for him.

⁂

The law is to be administered neither for the rich man as such, nor for the poor man as such. It is to be administered for every man, rich or poor, if he is an honest and law-abiding citizen; and it is to be invoked against any man, rich or poor, who violates it, without regard to which end of the social scale he may stand at, without regard to whether his offense takes the form of greed and cunning, or the form of physical violence.

⁂

A primitive people provides for the punishment of theft, assault and murder, because the conditions of the existing society allow the development of thieves and murderers and the commission of deeds of violence; but it does not provide for the punishment of forgery because there is nothing to forge, and therefore, no forgers.

⁂

LEADERSHIP—

Leadership is of avail only so far as there is wise and resolute public sentiment behind it.

LIFE—

The life of duty, not the life of mere ease or mere pleasure—that is the kind of life which makes the great man as it makes the great nation.

⁂

If our powers are not guided aright it is better that we should not have them at all; but we must have the power itself before we can guide it aright.

⁂

It is not enough to be well-meaning and kindly, but weak; neither is it enough to be strong, unless morality and decency go hand in hand with strength.

⁂

The living can best show their respect for the memory of the great dead by the way in which they take to heart and act upon the lessons taught by the lives which made these dead men great.

⁂

I believe that you have a thousand-fold more enjoyment if work comes first; but get time to play also.

⁂

The man or woman who as bread-winner and home-maker, or as wife and mother, has done all that he or she can do, patiently and uncomplainingly, is to be honored; and is to be envied by all those who have never had the good fortune to feel the need and duty of doing such work.

⁂

LINCOLN—

Nothing was more noteworthy in all of Lincoln's character than the way in which he combined fealty to the loftiest ideal with a thoroughly practical capacity to achieve that ideal by practical methods.

⁂

It is forever to the honor of our nation that we brought forth the statesman who, with far-sighted vision, could pierce the clouds that obscured the sight of the keenest of his fellows, could see what the future inevitably held; and moreover that we had back of the statesman and behind him the men to whom it was given to fight in the greatest war ever waged for the good of mankind, for the betterment of the world.

⁂

In all history I do not believe that there is to be found an orator whose speeches will last as enduringly as certain of the speeches of Lincoln; and in all history, with the sole exception of the man who founded this Republic, I do not think there will be found another statesman at once so great and so single-hearted in his devotion to the weal of his people.

⁂

LOYALTY—

The loyalty that counts is the loyalty which shows itself in deeds rather than in words.

⁂

LYNCHING—

There are certain hideous sights which when once seen can never be wholly erased from the mental retina.

⁂

It is of course inevitable that where vengeance is taken by a mob it should frequently light on innocent people.

⁂

Where we permit the law to be defied or evaded, whether by rich man or poor man, by black man or white, we are by just so much weakening the bonds of our civilization and increasing the chances of its overthrow.

⁂

All thoughtful men must feel the gravest alarm over the growth of lynching in this country, and especially over the peculiarly hideous forms so often taken by mob violence when colored men are the victims.

⁂

Men who have been guilty of a crime like rape or murder should be visited with swift and certain punishment, and the just effort made by the courts to protect them in their rights should under no circumstances be perverted into permitting any mere technicality to avert or delay their punishment.

⁂

The spirit of lawlessness grows with what it feeds on, and when mobs with impunity lynch criminals for one cause, they are certain to begin to lynch real or alleged criminals for other causes.

⁂

The feeling of all good citizens that such a hideous crime shall not be hideously punished by mob violence is due not in the least to sympathy for the criminal, but to a very lively sense of the train of dreadful consequences which follows the course taken by the mob in exacting inhuman vengeance for an inhuman wrong.

MANHOOD AND HONOR—

It is almost as irritating to be patronized as to be wronged.

⁂

Base is the man who inflicts a wrong, and base is the man who suffers a wrong to be done him.

⁂

Mere ability to achieve success in things concerning the body would not have atoned for the failure to live the life of high endeavor.

⁂

The man who counts is not the man who dodges work, but he who goes out into life rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, girding himself for the effort, bound to win and wrest triumph from difficulty and disaster.

⁂

The man who is not a tender and considerate husband, a loving and wise father, is not serving the Lord when he goes to church.

⁂

There are a great many men who are naturally brave, but who, being entirely unaccustomed to risks, are at first appalled by them.

⁂

I want to see each man able to hold his own in the rough work of actual life outside, and also, when he is at home, a good man, unselfish in dealing with wife, or mother, or children.

⁂

I want to see every man able to hold his own with the strong, and also ashamed to oppress the weak. I want to see each young fellow able to do a man's work in the world, and of a type which will not permit imposition to be practiced upon him.

⁂

In our own country, with its many-sided, hurrying, practical life, the place for cloistered virtue is far smaller than is the place for that essential manliness which, without losing its fine and lofty side, can yet hold its own in the rough struggle with the forces of the world round about us.

MARRIAGE—

But the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage and has a heart so cold as to know no passion and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children, is in effect a criminal against the race and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people.

McKINLEY—

There could be no personal hatred of him, for he never acted with aught but consideration for the welfare of others.

⁂

It is not too much to say that at the time of President McKinley's death he was the most widely loved man in all the United States.

⁂

No President—not even Lincoln himself—was ever more earnestly anxious to represent the well-thought-out wishes of the people.

⁂

He shall stand in the eyes of history not merely as the first man of his generation, but as among the greatest figures in our national life.

⁂

At last the light was stilled in the kindly eyes and the breath went from the lips that even in mortal agony uttered no words save of forgiveness to his murderer, of love for his friends, and of unfaltering trust in the will of the Most High.

⁂

His political opponents were the first to bear the heartiest and most generous tribute to the broad kindliness of nature, the sweetness and gentleness of character which so endeared him to his close associates.

MONROE DOCTRINE—

We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with any other American state.

⁂

More and more in the future we must occupy a preponderant position in the waters and along the coasts in the region south of us.

⁂

We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power.

⁂

I believe in the Monroe Doctrine with all my heart and soul; I am convinced that the immense majority of our fellow-countrymen so believe in it.

⁂

The Monroe Doctrine is not international law, and though I think one day it may become such, this is not necessary as long as it remains a cardinal feature of our foreign policy and as long as we possess both the will and the strength to make it effective.

MOTHERHOOD—

I am most glad to see those who carry small folks in their arms.

⁂

The man or the woman who seeks to bring up his or her children with the idea that their happiness is secured by teaching them to avoid difficulties is doing them a cruel wrong.

⁂

Among the benefactors of the land her (the mother) place must be with those who have done the best and the hardest work, whether as law-givers or as soldiers, whether in public or private life.

⁂

The woman who has borne, and who has reared as they should be reared, a family of children, has in the most emphatic manner deserved well of the Republic.

NATION, THE—

The millennium is not here; it is some thousand years off yet.

⁂

This is not and never shall be a government either of a plutocracy or of a mob.

⁂

Ours is not the creed of the weakling and the coward; ours is the gospel of hope and of triumphant endeavor.

⁂

Ours is a government of liberty by, through and under the law. No man is above it and no man is below it.

⁂

When all is said and done, the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of national life for which we strive.

⁂

Any really great nation must be peculiarly sensitive to two things: Stain on the national honor at home, and disgrace to the national arms abroad.

⁂

In the history of mankind many republics have risen, have flourished for a less or greater time, and then have fallen because their citizens lost the power of governing themselves.

⁂

We must judge a nation by the net result of its life and activity. And so we must judge the policies of those who at any time control the destinies of a nation.

⁂

We represent the fullest development of the democratic spirit acting on the extraordinary and highly complex industrial growth of the last half century.

⁂

As a nation, if we are to be true to our past, we must steadfastly keep these two positions—to submit to no injury by the strong and to inflict no injury on the weak.

⁂

The nation is nothing but the aggregate of the families within its border; and if the average man is not hard-working, just, and fearless in his dealings with those about him, then our average of public life will in the end be low.

⁂

I ask that this nation go forward as it has gone forward in the past; I ask that it shape its life in accordance with the highest ideals; I ask that our name be a synonym for truthful and fair dealing with all the nations of the world.

⁂

Let us in our turn with equal courage, equal hardihood and manliness, carry on the task that our forefathers have intrusted to our hands, and let us resolve that we shall leave to our children and our children's children an even mightier heritage than we received in our turn.

NEGRO, THE—

I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color.

⁂

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterward. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

⁂

It has been my consistent policy in every state where their numbers warranted it to recognize colored men of good repute and standing in making appointments to office.

⁂

I certainly cannot treat mere color as a permanent bar to holding office, any more than I could so treat creed or birthplace—always provided that in other respects the applicant or incumbent is a worthy and well-behaved American citizen.

⁂

It seems to me that it is a good thing from every standpoint to let the colored man know that if he shows in marked degree the qualities of good citizenship—the qualities which in a white man we feel are entitled to reward—then he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward.

PATRIOTISM—

We regard every man as a good American, whatever his creed, whatever his birthplace, if he is true to the ideals of this Republic.

⁂

It is infinitely better when needed social and civic changes can be brought about as the result of natural and healthy growth than when they come with the violent dislocation and widespread wreck and damage inevitably attendant upon any movement which is revolutionary in its nature.

⁂

If we are far-sighted in our patriotism, there will be no let up in the work of building, and of keeping at the highest point of efficiency, a navy suited to the part the United States must hereafter play in the world, and of making and keeping our small Regular Army, which in the event of a great war can never be anything but the nucleus around which our volunteer armies must form themselves.

PEACE—

We desire the peace which comes as of right to the just man armed; not the peace granted on terms of ignominy to the craven and the weakling.

PHILIPPINES, THE—

Our earnest effort is to help these people upward along the stony and difficult path that leads to self-government.

⁂

No one people ever benefited another people more than we have benefited the Filipinos by taking possession of the islands.

⁂

It is no light task for a nation to achieve the temperamental qualities without which the institutions of free government are but an empty mockery.

⁂

Scrupulous care has been taken in the choice of governmental agents, and the entire elimination of partisan politics from the public service.

⁂

To leave the islands at this time would mean that they would fall into a welter of murderous anarchy.

⁂

There need not be the slightest fear of our not continuing to give them all the liberty for which they are fit.

⁂

We hope to make our administration of the islands honorable to our Nation by making it of the highest benefit to the Filipinos themselves.

⁂

Already a greater measure of material prosperity and of governmental honesty and efficiency has been attained in the Philippines than ever before in their history.

⁂

We hope to do for them what has never before been done for any people of the tropics—to make them fit for self-government after the fashion of the really free nations.

⁂

Unless we show ourselves weak, unless we show ourselves degenerate sons of the sires from whose loins we sprang, we must go on with the work we have undertaken.

⁂

Peace and order now prevail and a greater measure of prosperity and of happiness than the Filipinos have ever hitherto known in all their dark and checkered history.

⁂

They have been given an excellent and well administered school system, and each of them now enjoys rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" such as were never before known in all the history of the islands.

⁂

What has taken us thirty generations to achieve, we cannot expect to see another race accomplish out of hand, especially when large portions of that race start very far behind the point which our ancestors had reached even thirty generations ago.

PORTO RICO—

Their material welfare must be as carefully and jealously considered as the welfare of any other portion of our country.

PRINCIPLE—

But there are certain great principles, such as those which Cromwell would have called "fundamentals," concerning which no man has a right to have more than one opinion.

PRESIDENCY, THE—

While he is in office he is one of the half-dozen persons throughout the whole world who have most power to affect the destines of the world.

⁂

There is every reason why the President, whoever he may be and to whatever party he may belong, should be held to a sharp accountability alike for what he does and for what he leaves undone.

⁂

Corruption, in the gross sense in which the word is used in ordinary conversation, has been absolutely unknown among our Presidents, and it has been exceedingly rare in our President's Cabinets.

⁂

The President of the United States occupies a position of peculiar importance. In the whole world there is probably no other ruler, certainly no other ruler under free institutions, whose power compares with his.

⁂

One rather sad feature of the life of a President is the difficulty of making friends, because almost inevitably after a while the friend thinks there is some office he would like, applies for it, and when the President is obliged to refuse, feels that he has been injured.

⁂

The chances for error are limitless, and in minor matters, where from the nature of the case it is absolutely inevitable that the President should rely upon the judgment of others, it is certain that under the best Presidents some errors will be committed.

PROMISES—

Of course the worth of a promise consists purely in the way in which the performance squares with it.

⁂

If promises are violated, if plighted word is not kept, then those who have failed in their duty should be held up to reprobation.

⁂

I do not think, so far as I know, that I have ever promised beforehand anything I did not make a strong effort to make good afterward.

⁂

There is the same sound reason for distrusting the man who promises too much in public that there is for distrusting the man who promises too much in private business.

⁂

One feature of honesty and common sense combined is never to promise what you do not think you can perform, and then never fail to perform what you have promised.

⁂

It is much more comfortable only to make promises that can be kept than to make promises which are sure of an immense reception when made, but which entail intolerable humiliation when it is attempted to carry them out.

PROGRESS—

Let us make sure that our progress is in the essentials as well as in the incidentals.

⁂

I ask that this people rise level to the greatness of its opportunities. I do not ask that it seek for the easiest path.

⁂

We have passed that stage of national development when deprecation of other peoples is felt as a tribute to our own.

⁂

The adoption of what is reasonable in the demands of reformers is the surest way to prevent the adoption of what is unreasonable.

⁂

The mechanism of modern business is tremendous in its size and complexity, and ignorant intermeddling with it would be disastrous.

⁂

Mankind goes ahead but slowly, and it goes ahead mainly through each of us trying to do the best that is in him and to do it in the sanest way.

⁂

A greater change in the means of commerce of mankind has taken place since Wheeling (W. Va.) was founded, since the first settlers built their log huts in the great forests on the banks of this river, than in all the previous period during which man had led an existence that can be called civilized.

⁂

A great industrial civilization cannot be built up without a certain dislocation, a certain disarrangement of the old conditions, and therefore the springing up of new problems.

⁂

To me the future seems full of hope because, although there are many conflicting tendencies, and although some of these tendencies of our present life are for evil, yet, on the whole the tendencies for good are in the ascendency.

PROSPERITY—

When the weather is good for crops it is good for weeds.

⁂

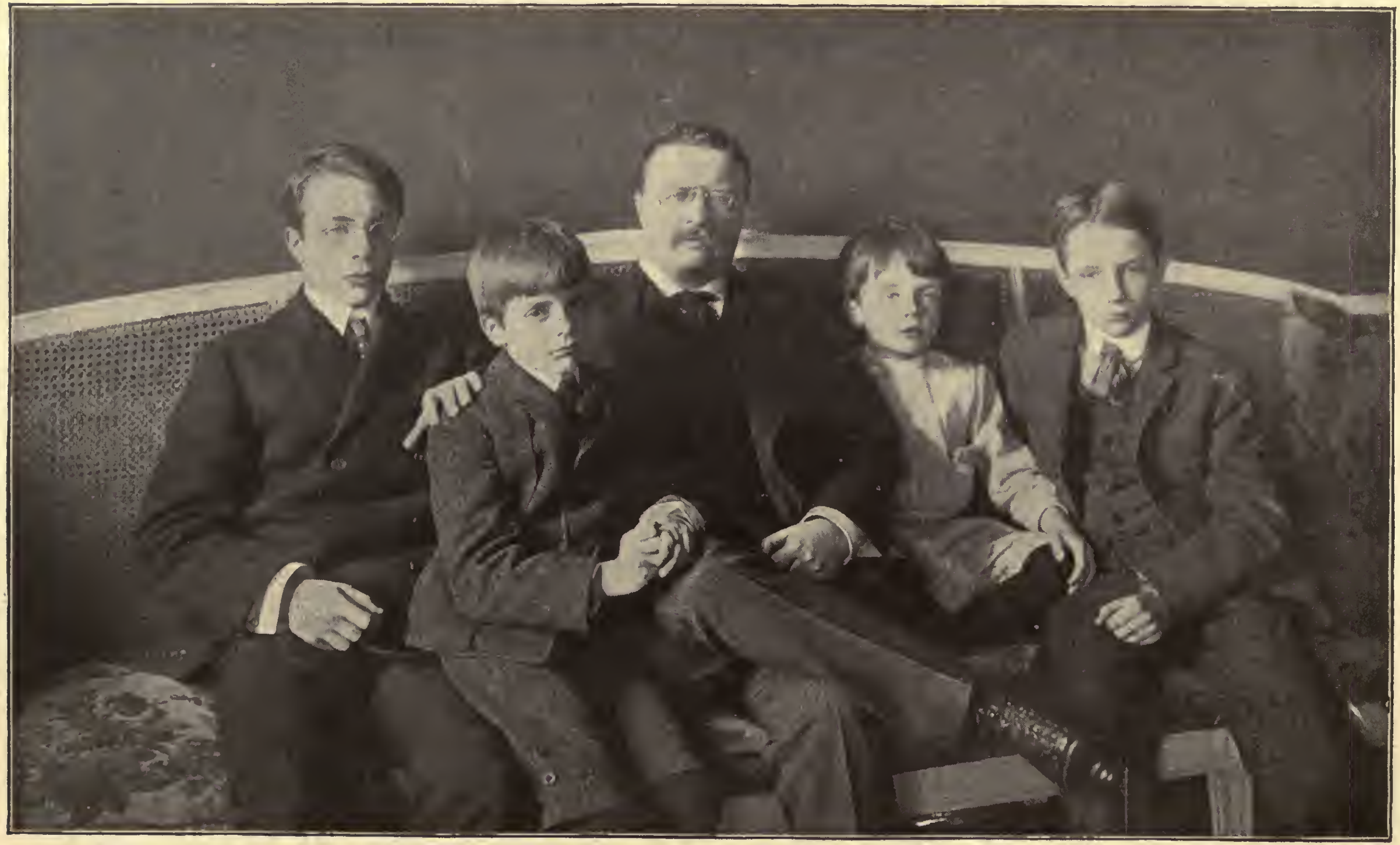
The welfare of each of us is dependent fundamentally upon the welfare of all of us.

⁂

It cannot be too often repeated that in this country, in the long run, we all of us tend to go up or go down together.

⁂

No nation has ever prospered as we are



THE NATIONAL'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
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prospering now, and we must see to it that by our own folly we do not mar this prosperity.

⁂

When people have become very prosperous they tend to become sluggishly indifferent to the continuation of the policies that brought about their prosperity.

⁂

If when people wax fat they kick, as they have kicked since the days of Jeshurun, they will speedily destroy their own prosperity.

⁂

We must have thrift, business energy, business enterprise and all that spring from them, as the foundation upon which we are to build the great national superstructure.

⁂

There will be fluctuations from time to time in our prosperity, but it will continue to grow just so long as we keep up this high average of individual citizenship and permit it to work out its own salvation under proper economic legislation.

PUBLIC UTILITIES AND MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP—

Everything that tends to deaden individual initiative is to be avoided, and unless in a given case there is some very evident gain which will flow from state or municipal ownership, it should not be adopted.

⁂

The question of the municipal ownership of these franchises (Traction, etc.), cannot be raised with propriety until the governments of all municipalities show greater wisdom and virtue than has been recently shown.

⁂

On the other hand, pure logic has a very restricted application to actual social and civic life, and there is no possible reason for changing from one system to the other simply because the change would make our political system in theory more symmetrical.

⁂

There is no possible reason in pure logic why a city, for instance, should supply its inhabitants with water, and allow private companies to supply them with gas, any more than there is why the general government should take charge of the delivery of letters but not of telegrams.

⁂

There is grave danger in attempting to establish invariable rules; indeed it may be that each case will have to be determined upon its own merits. In one instance a private corporation may be able to do the work best. In another the State or city may do it best. In yet a third, it may be to the advantage of everybody to give free scope to the power of some individual captain of industry.

PUBLICITY—

Daylight is a powerful discourager of evil.

RECIPROCITY—

The phenomenal growth of our export trade emphasizes the urgency of the need for wider markets and for a liberal policy in dealing with foreign nations.

⁂

It is not only possible, but eminently desirable, to combine with the stability of our economic system a supplementary system of reciprocal benefit and obligation with other nations.

REFORM—

It is of no possible use to decline to go through all the ordinary duties of citizenship for a long space of time and then suddenly to get up and feel angry about something or somebody, not clearly defined, and demand reform, as if it were a concrete substance to be handed out forthwith.

SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR—

You leave us not only the victory, but the spirit that lay behind it and shone through it.

⁂

Homage must not only find expression on our lips; it must also show itself forth in our deeds.

⁂

I can say that there is nothing else of which I am quite so proud as having won, in a sense, the right to claim comradeship with you.

⁂

You men of the Grand Army by your victory not only rendered all Americans your debtors for evermore, but you rendered all humanity your debtors.

⁂

It was because you, the men who wear the button of the Grand Army, triumphed in those dark years, that every American now holds his head high.

⁂

This war, thrice fortunate above all other recent wars in its outcome, left to all of us the right of brotherhood alike with valiant victor and valiant vanquished.

⁂

I confidently predict that when the final judgment of history is recorded it will be said that in no other war of which we have written record was it more vitally essential for the welfare of mankind that victory should rest where it finally rested.

⁂

You taught, in addition to that, brotherhood. In the ranks, as you stood there shoulder to shoulder, little any one of you cared what the man next to you was as regarded wealth, trade, or education, if he was in very truth a man.

⁂

You braved nights in the freezing mud of the trenches in winter, and the marches under scorching midsummer suns; fever cots, wounds, insufficient food, exhausting fatigue of a type that those that have not tried it cannot even understand.

⁂

No other citizens deserve so well of the Republic as the veterans, the survivors of those who saved the Union.

⁂

The Revolutionary War would have been shorn of well-nigh all its results had the side of union and liberty been defeated in the Civil War.

⁂

But for their steadfast prowess in the greatest crisis of our history, all our annals would be meaningless, and our great experiment in popular freedom and self-government a gloomy failure.

⁂

As you did not win in a month or a year, but only after long years of hard and dangerous work, so the fight for governmental honesty and efficiency can be won only by the display of similar patience and similar resolution and power of endurance.

SOUTH, THE—

Proud of the South? Of course we are proud of the South; not only Southerners, but Northerners are proud of the South.

⁂

Those were iron times, and only iron men could fight to its terrible finish the giant struggle between the hosts of Grant and Lee.

⁂

The wounds left by the great Civil War, incomparably the greatest war of modern times, have healed; and its memories are now priceless heritages of honor alike to the North and to the South.

SUCCESS—

We are optimists.

⁂

You win, not by shirking difficulties, but by facing and overcoming them.

⁂

The man who wins now will be the man of the type who has won always, the man who can win for himself.

⁂

All great works, though they differ in the method of doing them, must be solved by substantially the same qualities.

⁂

Above all, let us remember that our success in accomplishing anything depends very much upon our not trying to accomplish everything.

⁂

We must in the first instance attend to our material prosperity. Unless we have that as a foundation we cannot build up any higher kind of life.

⁂

Every one who thinks knows that the only way in which any problem of great importance was ever successfully solved was by consistent and persistent effort toward a given end.

⁂

Then there is the other kind of success—the success which comes as the reward of keen insight, of sagacity, of resolution, of address, combined with unflinching rectitude of behavior, public and private.

⁂

To win success in the business world, to become a first-class mechanic, a successful farmer, an able lawyer or doctor, means that the man has devoted his best energy and power through long years to the achievement of his ends.

⁂

There never has been devised, and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities which have always been the prerequisites of success—the qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will.

⁂

Succeed? Of course we shall succeed! How can success fail to come to a race of masterful energy and resoluteness, which has a continent for the base of its domain, and which feels within its veins the thrill that comes to generous souls when their strength stirs in them, and they know that the future is theirs?

TARIFF, THE—

It is most earnestly to be wished that we could treat the tariff from the standpoint solely of our business needs.

⁂

The tariff affects trusts only as it affects all other interests. It makes all these interests, large or small, profitable; and its benefits can be taken from the large only under penalty of taking them from the small also.

⁂

Our first duty is to see that the protection granted by the tariff in every case where it is needed is maintained.

⁂

Duties must never be reduced below the point that will cover the difference between the labor cost here and abroad.

⁂

Nothing could be more unwise than to disturb the business interests of the country by any general tariff change at this time.

⁂

No change in tariff duties can have any substantial effect in solving the so-called trust problem. Certain great trusts or great corporations are wholly unaffected by the tariff.

⁂

If in any case the tariff is found to foster a monopoly which does ill, of course no protectionist would object to a modification of the tariff sufficient to remedy the evil.

⁂

The utmost care should be taken not to reduce the revenues so that there will be any possibility of a deficit; but, after providing against any such contingency, means should be adopted which will bring the revenues more nearly within the limit of our actual needs.

TAXATION—

Absolute equality, absolute justice in matters of taxation, will probably never be realized; but we can approximate it much more closely than at present.

⁂

Some kinds of taxes are so fertile in tempting to perjury and sharp dealings that they amount to taxes on honesty—the last quality on which we should impose a needless burden.

⁂

It has become more and more evident in recent years that existing methods of taxation which worked well enough in a simpler state of society, are not adequate to secure justice when applied to the conditions of our complex and highly specialized modern industrial development.

⁂

The extravagant man who builds a needlessly large house nevertheless pays taxes on the house; and the corporation which has to pay great sums of interest owing to juggling transactions in the issue of stocks and bonds has just as little right to consideration.

TRUTH—

In the long run the most disagreeable truth is a safer companion than the most pleasant falsehood.

TRUSTS, THE—

I will go with him if he says destroy the evil in the trusts, gladly.

⁂

That abuses exist, and that they are of a very grave character, it is worse than idle to deny.

⁂

What I hope to see is power given to the National Legislature which shall make the control real.

⁂

It is also true that there are real and grave evils, one of the chief being over-capitalization.

⁂

We must set about finding out what the real abuses are, with their causes, and to what extent remedies can be applied.

⁂

Publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation; and we need not be overtender about sparing the dishonest corporation.

⁂

The men who demand the impossible or the undesirable serve as the allies of the forces with which they are nominally at war.

⁂

Corporations engaged in interstate commerce should be regulated if they are found to exercise a license working to the public injury.

⁂

We are not hostile to them; we are merely determined that they shall be so handled as to subserve the public good.

⁂

I believe that the nation must assume this power of control by legislation; if necessary by constitutional amendment.

⁂

Moreover, much that is complained about is not really the abuse so much as the inevitable development of our modern industrial life.

⁂

You cannot put a stop to or reverse the industrial tendencies of the age, but you can control and regulate them and see that they do no harm.

⁂

Every new feature of this industrial revolution produces hardship because in its later stages it has been literally a revolution instead of an evolution.

⁂

In dealing with the big corporations which we call trusts, we must resolutely purpose to proceed by evolution and not revolution.

⁂

Wherever a substantial monopoly can be shown to exist we should certainly try our utmost to devise an expedient by which it can be controlled.

⁂

As far as the anti-trust laws go they will be enforced.

⁂

The first requisite is knowledge, full and complete—knowledge which may be made public to the world.

⁂

We shall not get a complete or perfect solution for all of the evils attendant upon the development of the trusts by any single action on our part.

⁂

We do not wish to discourage enterprise. We do not desire to destroy corporations; we do desire to put them fully at the service of the State and people.

⁂

All I ask is to be sure that we do not use the knife with an ignorant zeal which would make it more dangerous to the patient than to the disease.

⁂

The chicanery and the dishonest, even though not technically illegal, methods through which some great fortunes have been made, are scandals to our civilization.

⁂

When new evils appear there is always at first difficulty in finding the proper remedy; and as the evils grow more complex, the remedies become increasingly difficult of application.

⁂

It should be as much the aim of those who seek for social betterment to rid the business world of crimes of cunning as to rid the entire body politic of crimes of violence.

⁂

Now, if we can get adequate control by the nation of these great corporations, then we can pass legislation which will give us the power of regulation and supervision over them.

The Nation should, without interfering with the power of the States in the matter itself, also assume power of supervision and regulation over all corporations doing an interstate business.

⁂

There are real and great evils in our social and economic life, and these evils stand out in all their ugly baldness in time of prosperity; for the wicked who prosper are never a pleasant sight.

⁂

The first essential is knowledge of the facts, publicity. Much can be done at once by amendment of the corporation laws so as to provide for such publicity as will not work injustice as between business rivals.

⁂

The capitalist who, alone or in conjunction with his fellows, performs some great industrial feat by which he wins money is a welldoer, not a wrongdoer, provided only he works in proper and legitimate lines.

⁂

A fundamental requisite of social efficiency is a high standard of individual energy and excellence; but this is in no wise inconsistent with power to act in combination for aims which cannot so well be achieved by the individual acting alone.

⁂

If by trust we mean merely a big corporation, then I ask you to ponder the utter folly of the man who either in a spirit of rancor or in a spirit of folly says "destroy the trusts," without giving you an idea of what he means really to do.

⁂

Much of the legislation not only proposed but enacted against trusts is not one whit more intelligent than the mediaeval bull against the comet, and has not been one particle more effective. Yet there can and must be courageous and effective remedial legislation.

⁂

This country cannot afford to sit supine on the plea that under our peculiar system of government we are helpless in the presence of the new conditions, and unable to grapple with them or to cut out whatever of evil has arisen in connection with them.

⁂

The men who endeavor to prevent the remedying of real abuses, not only show callous disregard for the suffering of others, but also weaken those who are anxious to prevent the adoption of indiscriminate would-be remedies which would subvert our whole industrial fabric.

⁂

The great corporations which we have grown to speak of rather loosely as trusts are the creatures of the State, and the State not only has the right to control them, but it is in duty bound to control them wherever the need of such control is shown.

⁂

It is no limitation upon property rights or freedom of contract to require that when men receive from a government the privilege of doing business under corporate form, which frees them from individual responsibility, and enables them to call into their enterprises the capital of the public, they shall do so upon absolutely truthful representations as to the value of the property in which the capital is to be invested.

⁂

Not only trusts, but the immense importance of machinery, the congestion of city life, the capacity to make large fortunes by speculative enterprises, and many other features of modern existence could be thoroughly changed by doing away with steam and electricity;

but the most ardent denouncer of trusts would hesitate to advocate so drastic a remedy.

VIRTUE, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE—

It is almost as harmful to be a virtuous fool as a knave.

⁂

A lie is no more to be excused in politics than out of politics.

⁂

The sinews of virtue lie in man's capacity to care for what is outside himself.

⁂

But virtue by itself is not enough, or anything like enough. Strength must be added to it, and the determination to use that strength.

⁂

It is no use to preach if you do not act decently yourself. You must feel that the most effective way in which you can preach is by your practice.

⁂

No one can too strongly insist upon the elementary fact that you cannot build the superstructure of public virtue save on private virtue.

⁂

I desire to see in this country the decent men strong and the strong men decent, and until we get that combination in pretty good shape we are not going to be by any means as successful as we should be.

⁂

In the first place, the man who makes a promise which he does not intend to keep and does not try to keep, should rightly be adjudged to have forfeited in some degree what should be every man's most precious possession—his honor.

⁂

We must insist upon the strong, virile virtues; and we must insist no less upon the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, regard for the rights of others; we must show our abhorrence of cruelty, brutality, and corruption, in public and in private life alike.

⁂

Boys will not admire virtue of a merely anaemic type. They believe in courage, in manliness. They admire those who have the quality of being brave, the quality of facing life as life should be faced, the quality that must stand at the root of good citizenship in peace or in war.

⁂

Oh, how often you see some young fellow who boasts that he is going to "see life," meaning by that that he is going to see that part of life which it is a thousand-fold better should remain unseen!

WAR AND PEACE—

The shots that count in battle are the shots that hit.

⁂

But our armies do more than bring peace, do more than bring order. They bring freedom.

⁂

It is not pretended that as yet we are near a position in which it will be possible wholly to prevent war.

⁂

By a mixture of prudence and firmness with wisdom we think it is possible to do away with much of the provocation and excuse for war.

WEAKLINGS—

Righteousness finds weakness but a poor yoke-fellow.

If we show ourselves weaklings we will earn the contempt of mankind, and—what is of far more consequence—our own contempt.

⁂

The voice of the weakling or the craven counts for nothing when he clamors for peace; but the voice of the just man armed is potent.

⁂

I expect you to be strong. I would not respect you if you were not. I do not want to see Christianity professed only by weaklings; I want to see it a moving spirit among men of strength.

WEST POINT—

Here we care nothing for the boy's birthplace, nor his creed, nor his social standing; here we care nothing save for his worth as he is able to show it.

WEALTH—

Demagogue denunciation of wealth is never wholesome and is generally dangerous.

⁂

The very existence of unreasoning hostility to wealth should make us all the more careful in seeing that wealth does nothing to justify such hostility.

⁂

The point to be aimed at is the protection of the individual against wrong, not the attempt to limit and hamper the acquisition and output of wealth.

⁂

Our astounding material prosperity, the sweep and rush rather than the mere march of our progressive material development, have brought grave troubles in their train.

⁂

The man who by swindling or wrong-doing acquires great wealth for himself at the expense of his fellow, stands as low morally as any predatory mediaeval nobleman and is a more dangerous member of society.

⁂

A man of great wealth who does not use that wealth decently is, in a peculiar sense, a menace to the community, and so is the man who does not use his intellect aright.

⁂

It is almost equally dangerous either to blink evils and refuse to acknowledge their existence or to strike at them in a spirit of ignorant revenge, thereby doing far more harm than is remedied.

⁂

In our great cities there is plainly in evidence much wealth contrasted with much poverty, and some of the wealth has been acquired, or is used, in a manner for which there is no moral justification.

⁂

If demagogues or ignorant enthusiasts who are misled by demagogues could succeed in destroying wealth, they would of course simply work the ruin of the entire community.

⁂

Great fortunes are usually made under very complex conditions both of effort and of surrounding, and the mere fact of the complexity makes it difficult to deal with the new conditions thus created.

⁂

Probably the large majority of the fortunes that now exist in this country have been amassed, not by injuring mankind, but as an incident to the conferring of great benefits on the community—whatever the conscious purpose of those amassing them may have been.

⁂

Fundamentally, the unscrupulous rich man who seeks to exploit and oppress those who are less well off is in spirit not opposed to, but identical with, the unscrupulous poor man who desires to plunder and oppress those who are better off.

⁂

WHITE HOUSE, THE—

It is a good thing to preserve such buildings as historic monuments which keep alive our sense of continuity with the Nation's past.

⁂

The White House is the property of the Nation, and so far as is compatible with living therein it should be kept as it originally was, for the same reasons that we keep Mount Vernon as it originally was.

⁂

WISDOM—

Wisdom untempered by devotion to an ideal usually means only that dangerous cunning which is far more fatal in its ultimate effects to the community than open violence itself.

⁂

WORK—

No man is happy if he does not work.

⁂

I pity the creature who doesn't work, at whichever end of the social scale he may regard himself as being.

⁂

Remember always that the man who does a thing so that it is worth doing is always a man who does his work for the work's sake.

⁂

We have in our scheme of government no room for the man who does not wish to pay his way through life by what he does for himself and for the community.

⁂

Work, the capacity for work, is absolutely necessary; and no man's life is full, no man can be said to live in the true sense of the word, if he does not work.

⁂

All really great work is rough in the doing, though it seems smooth enough to those who look back upon it, or to contemporaries who overlook it from afar.

⁂

The man who does work worth doing is the man who does it because he cannot refrain from doing it, the man who feels it borne in on him to try that particular job and see if he cannot do it well.

⁂

I do not know whether I most pity or despise the foolish and selfish man or woman who does not understand that the only things really worth having in life are those the acquirement of which normally means cost and effort.

⁂

I have heard the millionaire say, "I have had to work all my life to make money, let my boy spend it." It would be better for the boy never to have been born than to be brought up on that principle.

⁂

If you are worth your salt and want your children to be worth their salt, teach them that the life that is not a life of work and effort is worthless, a curse to the man or woman leading it, a curse to those around him or her.

⁂

WORLD POWER—

Our place as a Nation is and must be with the nations that have left indelibly their impress on the centuries.

⁂

I believe that we are now, at the outset of the twentieth century, face to face with great world problems; that we cannot help playing the part of a great world power; that all we can decide is whether we will play it well or ill.

⁂

It behooves all men of lofty soul, fit and proud to belong to a mighty nation, to see to it that we keep our position in the world; for our proper place is with the great expanding peoples, with the peoples that dare to be great, that accept with confidence a place of leadership in the world.

APPENDIX.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The Electoral College, under the last apportionment, consists of 476 members, as against 447 in 1900. The vote of the respective states, therefore, for President and Vice President, this year, will be as follows:

STATE	VOTES	STATE	VOTES
Alabama . .	11	Idaho	3
Arkansas . .	9	Illinois . . .	27
California .	10	Indiana . . .	15
Colorado . .	5	Iowa	13
Connecticut .	7	Kansas . . .	10
Delaware . .	3	Kentucky . .	13
Florida . .	5	Louisiana . .	9
Georgia . .	13	Maine . . .	6
Maryland . .	8	Oregon . . .	4
Massachusetts	16	Pennsylvania .	34
Michigan . .	14	Rhode Island .	4
Minnesota .	11	South Carolina	9
Mississippi .	10	South Dakota .	4
Missouri . .	18	Tennessee . .	12
Montana . .	3	Texas . . .	18
Nebraska . .	8	Utah	3
Nevada . . .	3	Vermont . .	4
New Hampshire	4	Virginia . .	12
New Jersey .	12	Washington .	5
New York . .	39	West Virignia	7
North Carolina	12	Wisconsin . .	13
North Dakota .	4	Wyoming . .	3
Ohio . . .	23		

Total, 476.—Necessary to choice, 239.

ROBERT J. WYNNE, POSTMASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph by Clinedinst

HONORABLE JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE UNITED STATES
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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

REGAL in the glories of Autumn, Washington is at her best during the months of the presidential candidacy, when the representatives of the nation meet their fate at the hands of the sovereign voters of the country. On the whole, the more I see of Washington, the more I am in love with the city. The equestrian statues, the handsome homes, the wide-spreading parks, all have a charm peculiarly their own that one loves to linger and muse upon. There is, perhaps, no other city in America where the business men are to be found peacefully taking the air and chatting in the parks. In Chicago and New York, it is true, the parks swarm with men, but they are the idlers, the men who do not want to work; here in Washington it is nothing unusual to find busy and distinguished men enjoying the beauties of the parks as they might their own lawns. The spirit of national ownership is strong in the capital city. I never sit in a park in Washington without feeling that I

(From the Boston Herald)

SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY DELIVERING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME ON BEHALF OF THE NATION TO THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS, IN TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, OCTOBER 3 am looking out on my own property and enjoying it minus the trouble of paying taxes or running a lawn mower. The leaves are already whirling thick about the streets, eddying in the breeze; the social gaieties have commenced somewhat earlier than usual.

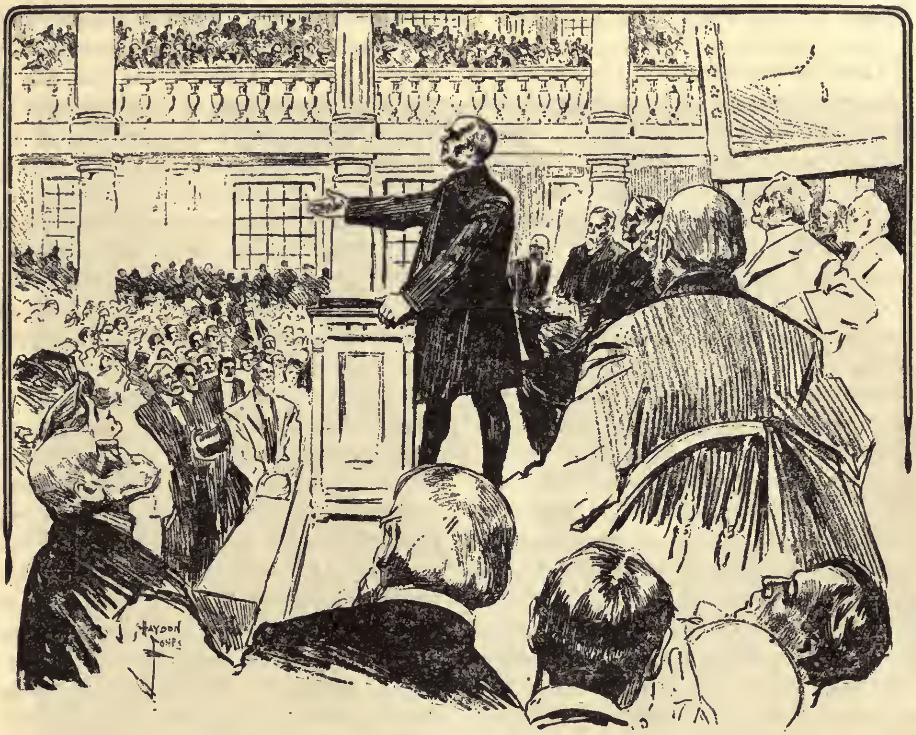
In politics everything is being set in order for the anxious moment, and the diplomatic corps has returned to watch for the alarms of war across the sea. There was a rush at the executive office of President Roosevelt on his return from Oyster Bay. Here were senators, members of the cabinet, business men, judges, bishops and an archbishop—for the primate of all England is visiting America for the first time in his official capacity. The president was ruddy and refreshed by his change of air, and began his year's work with characteristic vigor. The small anteroom off the main office was well filled, and the roses bloomed as brightly as ever on Secretary Loeb's desk. Major Loeffler was steadily posted at the entrance, reminding one of George Washington with a moustache; and Charles Tharin, the Swiss guard, also stood at the door helping to usher in the throng.

—

During an early morning call from the newspaper men, the president freely discussed men and affairs. Then an additional lot of mail matter arrived, requiring attention, and Secretary Loeb was called to take care of it; he placed the "hurry up" red tags on the most important, and disposed of the whole bundle with wonderful dispatch. A quick settlement of other details, a rapid fire of decisive, short letters from the president, and then other visitors began to appear. The cabinet came first, then the senators and congressmen; no sign anywhere of the approaching important event—the election. At the appointed time, the archbishop of Canterbury arrived, in his knickerbockers and leggings, and all the correct appurtenances of his historic office. It is the first time that America has been honored by a visit from this dignitary, and just before his entrance came Sir Mortimer Durand, attired in frock coat and lavender kid gloves, the British ambassador and a typical Englishman—every word and action emphasized this fact. His absolutely correct and very dignified bearing was in curious contrast to the archbishop's somewhat nautical, rolling gait. I observed that Thomas Randolph Davidson had deep-set, blue eyes and wore a little gold cross that showed up well against his black clothes. Bishop Doane of Albany was a member of the archbishop's party. During the visit of the archbishop to the White House the distinguished financier, J. Pierpont Morgan, stayed at the Arlington hotel. Probably he thought it hardly prudent to make a presidential call at a time when an election was so close at hand. He probably recalled a previous visit to the gentleman who presides at the desk in the executive mansion, when he did not obtain all the satisfaction he sought. After the archbishop's party came Secretary Morton, in his well fitting sack coat and with his business-like air, to consult the president about some important matter. It was a busy day.

—

No matter how much work there is on hand, a man must be shaved, and the president is no exception. My own turn that day came after the president had been placed in the chair and was having a close shave, preparatory to meeting the 200 delegates of the interparliamentary union. The reception was at two-thirty,—the president was being shaved at two o'clock—and how he got his lunch and had his talk with me and yet met the delegation promptly on time indicates the celerity with which our chief executive moves. I felt a greater admiration than ever for the president of the United States—not because he is Theodore Roosevelt, but because he represents so great a country as our own and yet lives so simply. But the fact that delights me most is that no matter how busy the president may be, he is never so occupied but that he has time for a word of greeting for the National's readers, and I greatly appreciate this, because his life and personal ideals are an inspiration to America, whatever may be said or thought of his political views.



(From the Boston Herald)

THOMAS RANDOLPH DAVIDSON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DELIVERING AN ADDRESS IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, ON OCTOBER 7, 1904

—

The reception occurred that afternoon; it was an imposing procession that filed down Jackson Park to the Arlington hotel. The delegates to the peace congress all wore high silk hats. At the head of the line walked Congressman Bartholdt of St. Louis, who did so much to make the gathering a success. It was most interesting to note the many nationalities in the procession, and one could almost pick out the delegates from the different countries by the varying styles of the silk hats worn. Here was the rotund Englishman, the wiry Frenchman, the phlegmatic German, the vivacious Swiss, the gentle Italian and the stately Scandinavian; an impressive gathering, because it showed that all these countries were alike imbued with the spirit of peace, which looks toward the acme of human happiness in the perfecting of the work of The Hague tribunal.

Each member was personally greeted by the president, and I was indeed proud to hear many of them remark on the pleasant impression the meeting with our chief executive had left with them, and to hear them compliment our mode of government. It seemed difficult for them, accustomed for the most part to royalty, to realize that we could govern our country so simply. They looked in vain for the tinsel of the armed guard and the costly trapping of imperialism. I felt that nothing could have been more emblematic of the spirit of the congress than was the president's friendly hand grasp.

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Later in the afternoon I attended the concert of the famous Marine Band, held in the rear of the White House. It was the last one of the season, and there was a large audience. Like the rest of the audience, I sat down on the president's lawn, carefully took off my silk hat, and enjoyed a rare musical treat. In the distance were the handsome buildings that adorn Washington, and the stately column of the monument; nearer were the tall factory chimneys, and here and there I could catch the gleam of the Potomac. The program was varied, ranging from Mascagni's "Vorspiel" to the popular "ragtime." When the refrain of a popular song came around, the audience began to whistle, and when the touching air of "Old Kentucky Home" was played, there were many moistened eyes in the great assembly. The band stand was located immediately in front of the bay of the White House, which is flanked by stately pillars of pure white. There was no one visible under the awnings, and as I glanced at the building I thought that the driveway and new executive office give the White House a palatial air, in spite of the fact that the window panes are somewhat small. Somehow one cannot look at the White House without feeling a sense of personal ownership which is probably not felt to an equal degree by the citizens of any other nation in regard to a government building. We feel that this is the home of the president of our choice, whether he be the fiery Andrew Jackson or the stately Harrison; political parties sink into insignificance on such an occasion and we only remember that we belong to a country where it is possible for our farm laborers, rail splitters and canal boys to rise to the highest office in the state and grace its most aristocratic circles. England may have her Buckingham Palace and her Windsor, but it does not seem to me that they can hold the same close relationship and keen personal interest for the common people as our White House, for this is the goal and dream of half the boys of the country, to which they are to be guided by the magic wand of the future.

—

I could not help studying those about me. Here were department clerks, grown gray in the service; here were the successful with their cheerful air of assurance, and here, also, were the timid and depressed, with whom the battle of life had not gone well. Roaming about were many happy children, and young lads and lasses who had a great deal to say to each other. Of course all the larking boys and girls were there, because it was the last half holiday of the season. After this the day in the departments begins at nine and ends at four-thirty, the extra half hour being put on to make up for the holiday time during the Summer. The girls were nicely dressed and the young men stood around chatting or smoking a cigarette, but everybody did just as he or she felt inclined. It was an interesting study, but my chief concern was to see that none of the bystanders crushed my silk hat, which was a serious charge to me. The program concluded with "The Star Spangled Banner," just as the September sunset was tinging the West. As the last strains of the national song sounded, I could see through the foliage the rich orange of the sky reflected in the Potomac. I think as we sauntered through the White House gates we all felt that we had much to be thankful for in this big nation of ours.

On my way back to the hotel I passed the new statue of General William T. Sherman, guarded by life size sentinels of bronze. The horse upon which the famous soldier is seated seems to be listening for the bugle call from far away; but majestically placid and serene is the face and attitude of the warrior, whose life ambition was peace. The grounds about the statue have not yet been sodded over, and it seemed to me almost like standing by the new-made grave of the hero. Across the way are the time worn walls of the treasury building, grimly guarding the wealth of the nation, the Greek columns seeming to stand as sentinels in the sunset glow, protecting such treasures as Crœsus himself never dreamed of. On every side were the throngs of tourists seeking the most remarkable features of Washington; and this building will doubtless figure on many of the illuminated postal cards that will be sent home from the capital by visitors this season.

⁂

ONE of the most interesting phases of the presidential campaign of 1904 is the management of the republican national committee. Mr. Cortelyou, the chairman, is a past master of the art of organization and executive operations.

OFFICE OF CHAIRMAN CORTELYOU IN THE NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

I shall never forget the first time I met him many years ago, during the early days of McKinley's administration; exact in his impartial attention to all details, then as now. The entire correspondence of the executive mansion was revolutionized by the young secretary. I have seen him at his desk earlier than the department clerks, and seen him, too, working far into the small hours of the morning with all the cool and quiet system that has always characterized his public life. He leaves nothing to chance. An expert stenographer, he invariably takes notes — upon anything that is handy, though he usually holds fast to the papers in hand, so that he may have material ready on which to write at the moment he needs it.

An orderly and systematic place is the republican headquarters in the Manhattan Life Insurance building, Madison Square, New York. The array of plainly furnished offices, fronting on Fourteenth street, speaks for the business-like spirit that animates the chief and his force, for George B. Cortelyou is strictly a practical business man from start to finish so far as his official life is concerned, though in private life those who know him best know and appreciate the kindly nature and warm heart hidden beneath the official exterior.

When he was secretary at the White House no letters were ever left unanswered, but each received kind and courteous attention, though all superfluities and waste were carefully eliminated. The same spirit prevails at the republican headquarters. There is no guessing as to how many stamps may be required for a bunch of letters, but a blank requisition is filled for the exact number, as well as for any paper or document required. This statement of the quantity needed is officially signed and dated, and bears on the corner the significant imprint, "Republican National Committee." In a suite of eight rooms—four for supplies and three for correspondence—the rest of the workers are dispersed, and all seem to be imbued with the same spirit of order and dispatch, and a careful examination would show that no committee of times gone by has ever been conducted along such strict business lines. All demands for literature must come through the state organization, and are as promptly attended to as a merchant's order for

MR. L. A. COOLIDGE, CHIEF OF THE LITERARY BUREAU, REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

MR. FRANK R. HITCHCOCK, CHIEF ASSISTANT TO CHAIRMAN CORTELYOU

ELMER DOVER, SECRETARY OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

HARRY S. NEW, WESTERN MANAGER FOR THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

goods might be. The rule is to make all shipments the day the order is received—before sundown. There is a post office in the building, which facilitates the work.

Applicants with various ideas and schemes must take their petitions up through the regular course, so that when the matter finally reaches Mr. Cortelyou he is fortified with the facts necessary to the formation of his judgment. The man who so effectively organized the great department of commerce and labor has here shown the same efficiency. The chairman of the committee works at a large table, with no accompaniment of dusty pigeonholes. Each minute is scheduled and everything is done right on time, the opening and closing hours of the offices being as carefully kept as though they were timed by a factory bell. Mr. Cortelyou understands that punctuality is the handmaid of achievement. The abilities that first appeared in the young post office clerk, then served three presidents successively, seem to have reached the highest degree of perfection in the department of commerce and labor, and are now doing good service for the republican national committee. It is difficult to realize that this accurate, business-like politician was eduated as a musician at the New England Conservatory of Music. It can hardly be believed that the same agile fingers that handle the intricate web of the work of a great committee can also roll off the chords of a sonata or nocturne. Yet it is possible that it is this artistic temperament that furnishes that accuracy found in the score of a piece of music. In Mr. Cortelyou's work every note and pause is in the right place. When he strikes A natural, it is A natural; there is no guessing about his work. While his manner indicates that he is given to the use of the pianissimo stop, there is a silent force behind the man's eye glasses that convinces the onlooker that Mr. Cortelyou can sweep up to fortissimo and hold the volume of sound without an effort when he so desires. He speaks in a kindly, soft staccato, which yet conveys the idea that the speaker is absolutely master of the situation.

In the opposite corner of Mr. Cortelyou's big, pleasant office is Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock, his most efficient aide-de-camp, who was chief clerk of the department of commerce and labor. A tall, quiet, slender young man, but positive and exact in all the details that need his attention. The office seems specially suited to its occupants, and the fresh newness of everything gives the impression of a prosperous banking house. Within these few square feet, surrounding Mr. Hitchcock's desk, are gathered all the essential points of a campaign reaching to the most remote sections of the country; and wherever the chief may be, he has the pleasant consciousness that everything is running smoothly during his absence, under the able guidance of Mr. Hitchcock.

Business principles are applied to everything, and even the speaker's bureau is arranged with all the precision of a modern theatrical syndicate. The itinerary is accurately followed, and bulletins indicate just where and when each speaker will appear, and no disappointed audiences have been recorded. Mr. Cortelyou was the first secretary who provided an itinerary for a presidential trip, which was drawn up and followed out to the second, as in McKinley's tours, thus avoiding much tiresome waiting and disappointment for those who watched for a meeting with the president. The chairman of the republican committee is one of those people who procure information in advance, instead of chasing it up after the event has taken place or while it is in progress. He has a quiet way of his own of finding out things, being an adept in the art of listening, like most men whose words are few and well chosen. A careful record is kept of all done, including copies of letters sent out. The typewritten work is done outside this office, and the click of the writing machine is not heard here. It is a notable fact that Mr. Cortelyou has arranged so that all shorthand notes are legibly written, and can be transcribed by any of his stenographers. This is especially true of his own notes. He would have made a good shorthand instructor if he had made up his mind that this was his work.

Of course some of the old time politicians are a little ruffled at the apparently impenetrable calm maintained at headquarters, but the results will prove whether Mr. Cortelyou's revolutionary ideas are or are not in consonance with the spirit of the times. It is probable that he is correct, for there never was a keener observer than George B. Cortelyou, with his rare mixture of heart warmth, poetic sentiment, business capacity and strong common sense.

The chairman of the committee has the art of telling an effective story in very few words, and it was he who told me one of the prettiest incidents I have heard of the last campaign, the "home, sweet home,'' story that has been so widely circulated by the Republican committee. Few men are more familiar with the details of that last campaign than is Mr. Cortelyou, and it will be remembered how, during the terrible days at Buffalo, he never lost his head, but continued to serve faithfully and well both his chief and the grief stricken country. There is, perhaps, no truer and sweeter friendship recorded than that between William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and George B. Cortelyou. How much he was to the late president it would be difficult to describe. He often walked with him and took notes of the messages which afterward became famous in our state records. The secretary was steeped in the interests of his chief and seemed to live for that alone. In addition to his many other valuable qualities he has the rare one of saving people from themselves. Mr. Cortelyou has a talent for foreseeing and avoiding possible mistakes, which is invaluable in his present work. He has been a resident of Long Island, but his experience is as wide as the nation itself.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Another notable member of the committee is Mr. L. A. Coolidge, who occupies a room adjoining that used by Mr.

COLONEL ARTHUR A. WAGNER, CHIEF UMPIRE.

MAJOR GENERAL CORBIN, COMMANDER IN CHIEF

BRIGADIER GENERAL BELL, COMMANDING "BROWN ARMY."

THREE OF THE CHIEF FIGURES IN THE WAR GAME AT MANASSAS

Hitchcock. Mr. Coolidge was president of the Gridiron Club, is one of the best known newspaper correspondents in America, having served for years on a prominent Boston paper, and is now in charge of the literary bureau of the eastern headquarters of the Republican committee, a post for which his abilities especially fit him. He applies to campaign literature the same keen judgment that he brought to the work of a great national newspaper. Mr. Coolidge is ably qualified either as editor, circulation man or publisher, and but one thing is lacking to complete the square — an advertising department. It has been facetiously remarked that if there had been no ethical restriction the present

THE ARMY'S REPAIR SHOP ON WHEELS

Republican campaign could have paid all expenses by incorporating a department of this kind. They have certainly made a marked innovation by buying and paying cash for space in various advertising mediums, just as any other corporation might do. Nothing could be cleaner or squarer than the way in which this committee has worked so far, keeping free from the slightest taint of "bribery and corruption" and all questionable methods. It is generally felt that all this reflects the wishes of the candidates on the ticket. This is of especial interest, not because it is a Republican committee, but because it reflects a growing sentiment of the American nation.

Much that has been said of Mr. Cortelyou might also apply to Mr. Elmer Dover, who is in charge of the western branch of the committee in Chicago, in conjunction with Colonel Harry New. As private secretary to Senator Hanna, Mr. Dover gained a wide acquaintance with all national details, such as few men possess. He has the same thorough, business-like, systematic methods that prevail in the management of the eastern branch of the republican committee. When he leaves his desk at night, the work is absolutely finished for that day. In many ways, Mr. Dover resembles Senator Hanna, and nobody leaves his presence without feeling inspired and encouraged to face hopefully "the daily round, the common task." He will be busy, but never too much so to make a genial remark, which seems in no way to disturb the continuity of his work.

Mr. Dover and his colleagues occupy pleasant rooms on the second floor of the Auditorium hotel in Chicago, where the western department of the campaign moves along with the same systematized energy that prevails in the East. On the whole, it may be said that the national committee has established a precedent in the conduct of political affairs and is writing a page of history that will

TREE, STILL STANDING ON THE BULL RUN FIELD, UNDER WHICH GENERALS LEE, JACKSON AND STUART PLANNED THE SECOND BULL RUN BATTLE

BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, COMMANDER OF THE "BLUE" ARMY IN THE WAR GAME AND SON OF THE MAN TO WHOM LEE SURRENDERED

PHOTO. BY
G. V. BUCK, WASH. D. C.

ARTILLERY AT WORK — SIGHTING A FIELD GUN

be read with deepest interest by all students of the tactics of presidential campaign in the years to come.

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MR. G. V. BUCK of Washington represented the National at the army maneuvers this year, and his camera caught the interesting snapshots of men and scenes herewith presented. Mr. John S. Barrows, sergeant of Troop A, first battalion cavalry, M. V. M., "took notes" for the National while performing his share of the rough-and-ready war play. Mr. Barrows writes:

"During the early weeks of the Autumn

PHOTO. BY
G. V. BUCK, WASH. D. C.

MRS. CORBIN, SECRETARY PAUL MORTON AND MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., WATCHING THE WAR GAME.—MR. VANDERBILT WAS IN THE FIELD WITH THE NEW YORK GUARDS

PANORAMIC VIEW OF AN ARMY WAGON TRAIN CAPTURED (PHOTOGRAPHICALLY) BY THE NATIONAL'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE FIELD

there occurred on the historic fields of Manassas, Virginia, in the locality where in July, 1861, the Federal army met its first defeat by the Confederate army, a war game on a greater scale than had ever before been attempted in this country, for a territory of 65,000 acres was used as the theater of war, and a force of over 25,000 men with the necessary baggage trains and animals required for cavalry and artillery were used.

"These forces included representatives of the regular and militia forces of the country, the latter being in the majority. The militia came from Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Alabama and Florida. They were the sons and grandsons of those who forty years ago were enemies for a time: on this occasion there were no sectional differences; regiments from the North were brigaded with those from the South, and both forces were thoroughly mixed and divided so that regular soldiers and citizen soldiers stood equal in opportunity to distinuish themselves.

"The maneuvers were under the direction of Major General Henry C. Corbin of the regular army, under whom the umpires watched the efforts of the two opposing forces under Brigadier General Frederick D. Grant, U. S. A., and Brigadier General J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., one of which was called the Blue army and the other the Brown army, from the arrangement of their uniforms. Certain rules and conditions governed all movements of troops when in the face of the enemy, and the results were allowed by the umpires in proportion to what would be the natural results were both forces hostile and opposed in actual warfare.

"The question is naturally asked: 'What does it all amount to?' and the answer is this: It has taught a number of important lessons which in time of war would be most useful; and, while probability of war is very remote, an

PHOTO. BY
G. V. BUCK, WASH. D. C.

AN AUTOMOBILE PARTY AT THE WAR GAME.—CAPTAIN MOSS, IN THE FRONT SEAT, SEEMS TO BE CAMERA-SHY.—THE LADIES ARE MRS. FREDERICK GRANT, MRS. CORBIN AND MISS. PATTON

annual exercise of the army, both regular and volunteer, in different parts of the country, will give us an army of tried men, men who will know how to care for themselves and others in actual campaign.

"The value of the khaki color over blue for campaigning was fully demonstrated, both for comfort and inconspicuousness; while the need of a different material for scabbards and drinking cups was demonstated when the reflection of the sun's rays on the bright steel or tin would reveal the position of a force which otherwise would be practically invisible.

"The week's work brought out many weak points in the militia establishment which could have been discovered only by some such means, and it is not unlikely that before another similar campaign is attempted there will be many improvements made. The national government provides a large sum of money annually for the use of the militia forces, and any state which allows this sum to accumulate while the men suffer for proper equipment is entitled to harsh criticism. Such experiences as this year should cause a searching in the commonwealths for the best men for the places of use and influence.

"The campaign just closed will have a purifying tendency on the militia: it will drive out of it that element which sees in the service only a means for frolic and boyish foolishness. The militia today offers a splendid school for a young man to become a better citizen, more valuable to his commonwealth and country and more self respecting and more efficient generally."

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PUBLIC attention is apt to center upon congressional districts represented by men who have won national celebrity. Even more interesting to me, because of the unrevealed possibilities that lie in the brain of every energetic young American, is the appearance of a new figure in the congressional arena. In each such new comer we recognize the possible future party leader—the successor of the Great Men who now wear the honors and wield the power.

Albert F. Dawson, who was unanimously nominated for congress by the republicans of the second district of Iowa, is a product of that state, and is regarded both at home and in Washington as a man of the Roosevelt type.

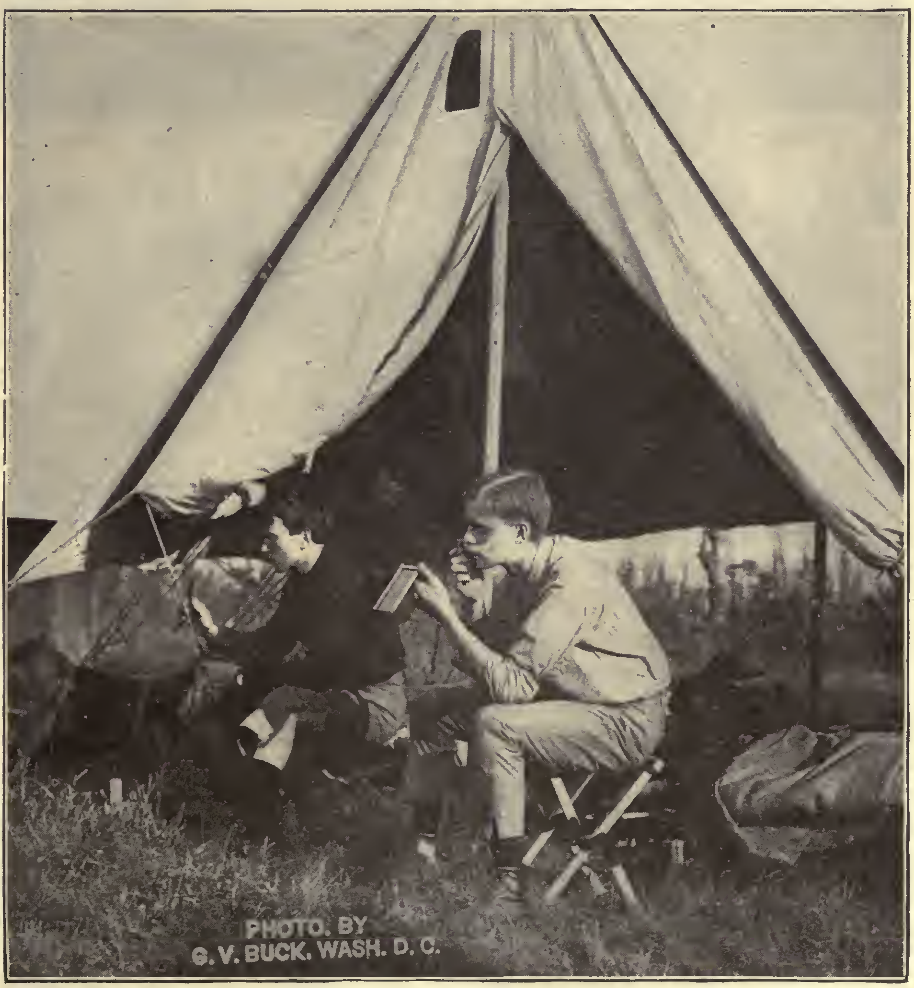
PHOTO. BY
G. V. BUCK, WASH. D. C.

GALLANT CITY VOLUNTEERS PREPARING TO RECEIVE VISITS FROM THE LADIES

TAKING SOLID COMFORT AFTER AN ACTIVE SESSION OF THE WAR GAME

Two years ago the second district elected Martin F. Wade, a democrat and the only one in Iowa's delegation. This year the republicans, with Mr. Dawson as their candidate, are hopeful of victory over Mr. Wade. Mr. Dawson is making a most energetic campaign, aided by Hon. Joe R. Lane of Davenport, former congressman, as chairman of the central committee. His opponent is a strong man and Mr. Dawson's victory will not be easily won. For five years Mr. Dawson has been Senator Allison's private secretary and clerk of the senate commitee on appropriations, where he has gained a thorough knowledge of national finances, not a bad special equipment for a young congressman to start with.

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WHAT a picture of the changeful character of life is revealed at every sitting of the senate in Washington; now it is the seat of the senior senator from Massachusetts that is vacant. It seems as though there has been a death-pause, and, as Carlyle wrote after the death of Gœthe.

"In such moments the secret of life and law opens to us. Mysterious things

PHOTO. BY
G. V. BUCK, WASH. D. C.

A BIT OF THE PARADE AT WELLINGTON, THAT CLOSED THE WEEK'S WAR PLAY flit over the soul. Life itself seems holier—wonderful and fearful."

It was indeed a rare privilege to know George Frisbie Hoar. If ever there was a man the embodiment of integrity of conscience and, at the same time, of scholastic lore, it was Senator Hoar. His every movement and action was dignified. When he rose in the senate, head thrown back and white hair gleaming in the sunlight, he was a most impressive figure, and his clear voice reached every corner of the chamber. That was when the old Roman in him was aroused in a cause that struck deep into the fundamentals of human liberty.

Born at historic Concord, Mr. Hoar's life has been one of unceasing and untiring service to the people. At times startling, yet always lovable, he invariably suggested Gladstone to my mind. His speech against the Chinese exclusion bill—an unparalleled position for a senator to take in the face of public opinion—was one of the most heroic efforts I ever heard on the floor of the senate.

He was an earnest student of history, a close observer of men and affairs, and an entertaining conversationalist. How often has he impressed upon me in our little talks together the necessity of having a potential purpose clearly established in a periodical, for he always took a kindly interest in the National Magazine, and seemed to feel a personal responsibility in helping us to reproduce in our pages the best and worthiest thought of our times.

Although there was a radical difference between Senator Hoar and President McKinley, there never were two men who loved each other more tenderly than did these two. I remember seeing

PHOTO. BY
S. V. BUCK. WASH. D. C.

SECRETARY MORTON, LIEUTENANT GENERAL CHAFFEE, MAJOR GENERAL CORBIN AND BRIGADIER GENERAL BELL REVIEWING THE GRAND PARADE OF NATIONAL AND STATE TROOPS AT THE CLOSE OF THE RECENT ARMY MANEUVERS them in the old cabinet room in the White House, shaking hands and parting in the most genial way at the time of the Spanish-American war. They had evidently just concluded a long conference, but as they parted at the door there was something of the strong friendship that existed between them apparent in this final leave-taking. The senator grasped the president by both arms, and stood a moment looking at him in a way that expressed what he felt better than any words could have done.

THE LATE SENATOR HOAR AS HIS COLLEAGUES KNEW HIM IN THE SENATE
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How well I remember the signs and tokens of a coming joke. When the senator's mouth began to pucker up, we knew what to expect, but usually he would save it for the ears of the senate joke broker, Chauncey Depew. His campaign speeches were always a delight for their elegant diction and their pungency. I can never forget the dramatic climax he reached once when portraying the motives of the opposition. He represented his own party as a company of knights of old, armed cap-a-pie and riding on war horses of Arabian descent. They advanced in solid phalanx with sword and spear all ready for action. They came to close quarters prepared to grapple with their opponents, shouting, as each man singled out his special adversary with whom to do battle, "Draw, villain, draw!"

"But," said the senator, with a gesture impossible of description, "the only weapons that the opposition party had were pens and check books, and the word "draw" conveyed but one meaning to their minds."

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One of the last public matters that engaged Senator Hoar's attention down to the time of his last illness was the bill which he introduced at the last session—prompted by an article in the National for March, 1904, providing for a monument in Washington to Major L'Enfant, the French engineer who planned our national capital and whose remains have long lain neglected in a little private burial ground near Hyattsville, Maryland. The National article referred to expressed surprised that a public benefactor and patriot should be thus neglected. Senator Hoar immediately took up the matter, and the bill went through. This bill provides, not only that a grave stone be erected, but that the remains of Major L'Enfant be disinterred, if thought proper, and placed in some more suitable spot and within the limits of the city which he planned. This question and the choice of a stone is at the discretion of the commissioners of the District of Columbia.

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THERE are some men whom you never can conceive of as having passed from the activities of every day life. One of these was Henry C. Payne. For years his great mind seemed to work in universals. It was an education to serve him, either in business or political matters. Cool headed, keen, perhaps no man was ever so accurate in a political forecast. His judgment was always safe and clear. He was conservative, and yet bold and daring; firm and aggressive, yet kindly and loyal to a friend. What more can one say about any man? President Roosevelt lost in Henry C. Payne a valuable member of his cabinet. I shall never forget how I saw him in the recent national convention in Chicago, hurrying down the stairs to the telegraph office to send a telegram to his chief in Washington. There was a gleam of enthusiasm in his eye and a kindness in his smile that spoke of the valiant service which he always loved to give to those with whom he was associated. He will be sadly missed by those who are familiar with the kindly gleam of those gray eyes and the hearty clasp of his hand.

Henry C. Payne was a man who achieved. Although suffering keenly from physical ailments in the latter part of his life, his grim determination and strong will kept him in active life to the last, as he always wished. He may have made enemies, but none can withold from him the tribute of sterling integrity and of a fighter worthy of a mighty foeman's steel. He brought to the post office department in Washington all the force of his business experience and sagacity and made a record of which his chief may well be proud.

It stirs a flood of pathetic memories to remember that "Uncle Mark" and Henry C. Payne, the able captain and lieutentant of the '96 campaign, have both passed away before the smoke of the presidential conflict of 1904 has even begun to darken the sky.

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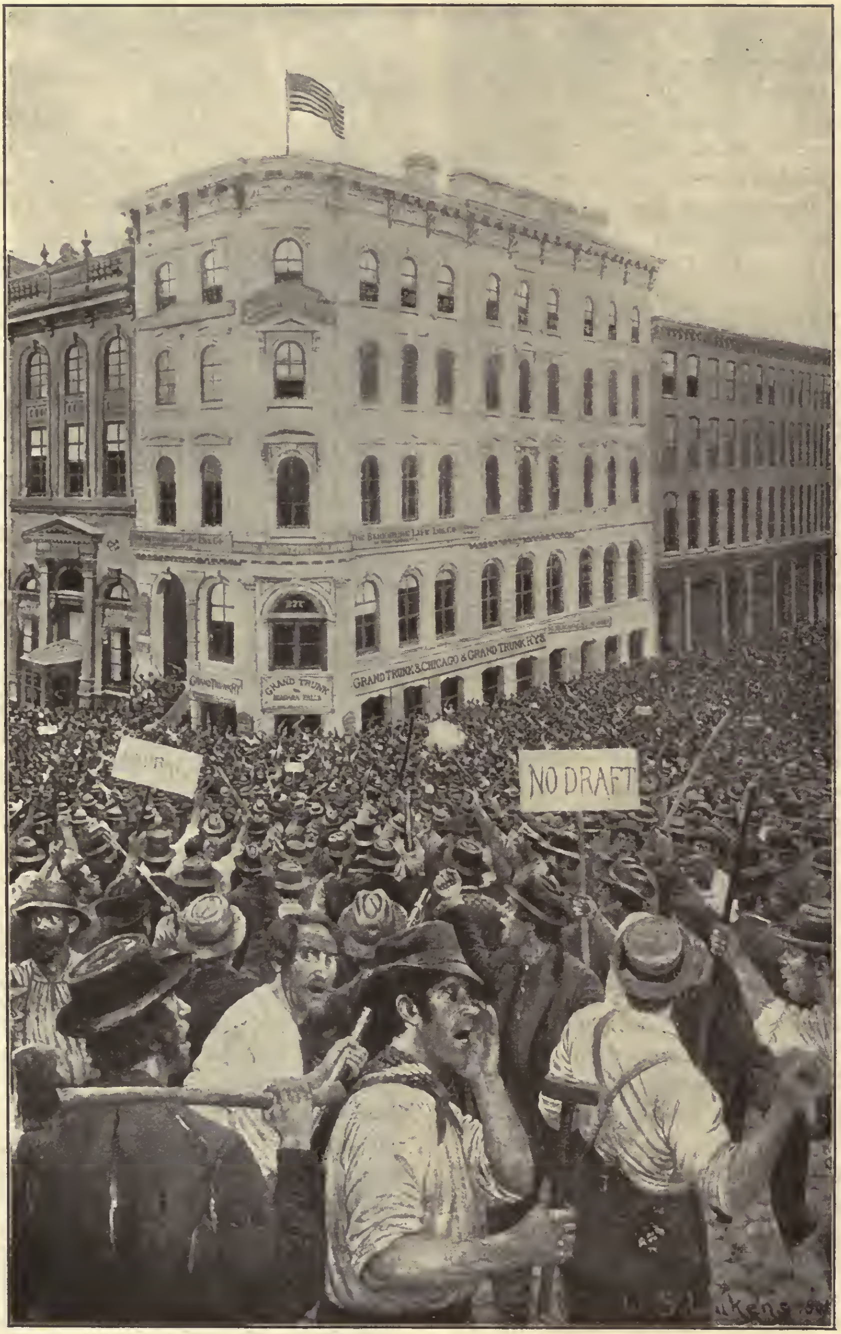
ONE of the most interesting educational innovations in recent years is the International Correspondence University of Washington, District of Columbia. The life and spirit of this movement is Dr. Channing Rudd, who was for many years prominently connected with the Columbia Law School. It was he who established the department of diplomacy in Columbia University.

The location of the school at the national capital affords ample and unexcelled opportunities for taking all kinds of international law and commerical studies. The university occupies a field not covered by any other educational institution. In the commercial and law departments the very best experts have been secured. Chinese, Portuguese and Japanese have been introduced in the language department. In no other place in the country is there so good an opportunity for keeping in close personal touch with the languages and customs of the world, for in Washington every nation is represented by examples of its finest culture.

The names of Justice Brown and Justice Brewer of the United States supreme court and of Senator Depew and Dr. Edward Everett Hale are in themselves a guarantee of the importance of the proposition. William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, and John Franklin Crowell, educational director, both men of national reputation, share with President Rudd the control and management of the university.


NO DRAFT
GRAND TRUNK & CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RYS.
GRAND TRUNK

THE CIVIL WAR DRAFT RIOTS IN NEW YORK, FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY MR. J. A. HILTNER, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER BANK, CHAMBERS STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

JOHN HAY SPEAKS FOR THE NATION

I

ADDRESS OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE AT THE OPENING OF THE PRESS PARLIAMENT OF THE WORLD, IN ST. LOUIS, MAY 19, 1904

I THANK you, Mr. Chairman; I thank you, gentlemen—all of you—for your too generous and amiable welcome. I esteem it a great privilege to meet so many representatives of an estate which, more than any other, at this hour controls the world. It is my daily duty in Washington to confer with the able and distinguished representatives of civilized sovereigns and states. But we are all aware that the days of personal government are gone forever; that behind us, and behind the rulers we represent, there stands the vast, irresistible power of public opinion, which in the last resort must decide all the questions we discuss, and whose judgment is final. In your persons I greet the organs and exponents of that tremendous power with all the respect which is due to you and your constituency, deeply sensible of the honor which has been done me in making me the mouth-piece of the sentiment of appreciation and regard with which the nation welcomes you to this great festival of peace and of progress.

It is possible — if you will pardon a personal word from me — that the circumstances of my life may have commended me to the notice of President Francis, and may have led him to invite me here tonight to take part in this occasion in the dual capacity of host and guest. My years of newspaper work might entitle me to a modest place in your membership, while the valley of the mighty river which rolls by the wharves of St. Louis can never be considered by me otherwise than as my home. The years of my boyhood were passed on the banks of the Mississippi, and the great river was the scene of my early dreams. The boys of my day led an amphibious life in and near its waters in the Summer time, and in the Winter its dazzling ice bridge, of incomparable beauty and purity, was our favorite playground; while our imaginations were busy with the glamour and charm of the distant cities of the South, with their alluring French names and their legends of stirring adventure and pictures of perpetual Summer. It was a land of faery, alien to us in all but a sense of common ownership and patriotic pride. We built snow forts and called them Alamo; we sang rude songs of the cane brake and the corn field; and the happiest days of the year to us who dwelt on the northern bluffs of the river were those that brought us, in the loud puffing and whistling steamers of the olden time, to the Mecca of our rural fancies, the bright and busy metropolis of St. Louis.

The historical value of the Mississippi is not less than its geographical and natural importance. Its course through the pages of our country's story is as significant as the tremendous sweep of its waters from the crystal lakes which sleep beneath the northern stars to the placid expanse of the Gulf of Mexico. Its navigation was a prize fiercely contended for by every chancellerie of western Europe. Many suitors have looked upon it since that gallant Prince Charming, Hernando de Soto, parted the curtains of its repose, and all have found it fair. It aroused equally the interest of the Briton, the Iberian and the Gaul. When, by virtue of one of the strangest caprices of the great game of diplomacy ever known, it became our cherished possession, it gave rise to the fiercest political contests, the most far-reaching combinations. When the accumulated passions and purposes of a hundred years at last burst forth in a tempest of war, it became the center of a world's breathless interest and was flooded with the fatal and terrible light which plays about the battlefields of fame and "shines in the sudden making of splendid names." So long as its waters roll to the sea, so long will the world remember the high resolution with which Grant and Sherman hewed their way southward and the chivalrous courage with which Johnston and Pemberton opposed them. So immense is the value of that silver bar that binds together the framework of the wedded States.

We celebrate this year, with the generous assistance of a friendly world, the most important event in the history of this great valley, an event which in far-reaching and lasting results is surpassed by few in the life of the nation. It is perhaps true that to the philosophic mind all periods are critical — that every hour is the end of an era and the beginning of a new order of ages. But to us ordinary observers there occur from time to time crises in history when the line of cleavage between the old and the new is clear and distinct, where the aloe blooms, where the avalanche leaves the mountain top, where the leisurely march of events is quickened to the dynamic rush of irresistible destiny. The transfer of this imperial domain from European to American control was one of those transactions which render the period of their accomplishment memorable for all time. In no other act did the men who made the Revolution—"men," as Lowell called them, "with empires in their brains"— more clearly show their marvelous prophetic insight. The United States was, in 1803, a feeble folk, with hardly enough population to occupy the long Atlantic seacoast; with the great spaces of the Middle West scarcely yet picketed by the adventurous pioneers; with imperfect means of defense against a world which still looked askance at the half known upstart which might prove dangerous hereafter; with the heavy cares incident to the building of a new nation upon yet untried foundations. But weighty as were their responsibilities, they did not hesitate to assume others weightier still. To an undeveloped empire they seized the occasion to add another still wilder and more remote. To their half finished task they undauntedly superimposed another full of exacting and perilous possibilities. In their robust faith in the future—their fearless confidence in the force of the new democracy—difficulties were not considered and the impossible did not exist. To men of that strain, in an enterprise which promised usefulness and glory, toil and danger were only irresistible attractions.

While we should give due credit to the individual instrumentalities by which this great transaction was brought about, we should not forget the overwhelming influence exerted by the unseen Director of the drama. Whether we call it the spirit of the age, or historic necessity, or the balance of power, or whether we reverently recognize in the matter the hand of that Providence which watched over our infancy as a people we can not but admit that the acquisition of this vast territory was, in one way or another, sure to come. A wise diplomacy hastened it; a timid conservatism might have delayed it; but it was written in our horoscope. The surest proof of this lies in the eminent personalities by whom the purchase and sale were made. Jefferson was the last man in America of whom we could have expected this departure on the field of illimitable expansion, and Napoleon was, of all the sovereigns of Europe, the least likely to give up so vast an extent of empire.

One of the most brilliant and tenacious dreams of Bonaparte was to establish on the right bank of the Mississippi a Latin empire reaching from the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, extending in future ages the glories of France to the sunset seas. The principle dearest to the heart of

Jefferson was that of a strict construction of the constitution, which in his view forbade the exercise by the general government of anything but expressly delegated powers. It would have seemed like a contradiction in terms to expect either of these statesmen to agree upon a proposition which radically contravened the inmost convictions of each of them. But the nature of things was more powerful than either a Bonaparte or a Jefferson. No human influence could have controlled either of them, but the stars in their courses were still stronger, and they gladly obeyed the mandate of fate, which was in each case the mandate of an enlightened patriotism. France, divesting herself of this rich incumbrance, was the better fitted for the supreme gladiatorial effort that awaited her, and Jefferson gained an immortal fame by preferring an immense benefit to his country to consistency in a narrow construction of the written law.

No man, no party, can fight with any chance of final success against a cosmic tendency; no cleverness, no popularity, avails against the spirit of the age. In obeying that invincible tendency, against all his political convictions, Jefferson secured a conspicuous place in history; while the federalist politicians, who should have welcomed this signal illustration and proof of the truth of their theory of the power of the government they had framed, through the influence of party spirit, faltered in their faith and brought upon their party a lasting eclipse through their failure to discern the signs of the times. President Roosevelt, in the memorable address with which he dedicated last year this exhibition, used in relation to this subject, these striking words:

"As is so often the case in nature, the law of development of a living organism showed itself in its actual workings to be wiser than the wisdom of the wisest."

A glance at the map of Europe gives an idea of the vastness of this acquisition. It covers a space greater than that occupied by France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; it overlaps the familiar world of history and literature. In its ample field grew up fourteen of our commonwealths; a taxable wealth of seven thousand millions of dollars accumulated there and a population of sixteen million souls have there found their home, drawn not only from our elder communities, but from the teeming hives of humanity—the officinæ genitum — in every land beneath the quickening sun.

But more important than the immense material increase in the extent and resources of the new republic was this establishment of the principle, thus early in its career, that it was to assume no inferior position to other nations in its power to acquire territory, to extend its influence—in short, to do all that any independent, self respecting power might do which was in accord with public morals, conductive to the general welfare, and not prohibited by the constitution. Though the federalists failed to embrace this great opportunity, and thereby brought upon their party an Iliad of woes, the precedent had been set for all time for their successors. The nation had outgrown its swaddling clothes. Even the most impassioned advocates of strict construction felt this time that it was the letter that killeth and the spirit that giveth life. The nation moved on its imperial course. The new chart and compass were in our hands. The national principle once established, other things were naturally added unto us. Lewis and Clarke, following and illustrating the great law of westerly migration, pushed through the wilderness and planted our banners by the shores of the Peaceful Sea. In the process of years Texas and the wide expanse of New Mexico came to us, and California, bringing a dower of the countless riches that for unknown ages had veined her hills. Even the shores of the ocean could not long check the eagle in his marvelous flight. The isles of the uttermost seas became his stepping-stones.

This, gentlemen, is the lesson which we are called to contemplate amid the courts and the palaces of this universal exhibition; that when a nation exists, founded in righteousness and justice, whose object and purposes are the welfare of humanity, the things which make for its growth and the increase of its power, so long as it is true to its ideals, are sure to come to pass, no matter what political theories or individual sentiments stand in the way. The common good will ultimately prevail, though it "mock the counsels of the wise and the valor of the brave." I know what snares lie in this idea — how it may serve as the cry of demagogues and the pretext for despots. Woe be unto the nation which misuses it! but shame and disaster is also the portion of those who fear to follow its luminous beaconing.

From every part of the world you have gathered to share in this secular festival of historic memories. You represent not only the world-wide community of intelligence, but the wonderful growth in these modern days of universal sympathy and good will — what our poet Bayard Taylor, speaking on a similar occasion in Vienna and adding, I believe, a new word to the German language, called weltgemuethlichkeit. Of all the phenomena of the last hundred years there is none more wonderful than that increase of mutual knowlledge which has led inevitably to a corresponding increase in mutual toleration and esteem. The credit of this advance in civilization belongs to the press of the world. It is true that it is the modest boast of modern diplomacy that its office is the removal of misunderstandings, that so far as intentions go its ways are pleasantness and its paths are peace; but how slight are the results that the best-intentioned diplomat can attain in this direction, compared with the illuminating blaze of light which the press each morning radiates on the universe. We can not claim that the light is all of one color, nor that there are not many angles of refraction; but, from this endless variety of opinion and assertion, truth at last emerges, and every day adds something to the world's knowledge of itself. There is a wise French proverb, "to understand is to pardon," and every step of progress which the peoples of the earth make in their comprehension of each other's conditions and motives is a step forward in the march to the goal desired by men and angels, of universal peace and brotherhood.

Upon none of the arts or professions has the tremendous acceleration of progress in recent years had more effect than upon that of which you are the representatives. We easily grow used to miracles; it will seem a mere commonplace when I say that all the wonders of the magicians invented by those ingenious oriental poets who wrote the Arabian Nights pale before the stupendous facts which you handle in your daily lives. The air has scarcely ceased to vibrate with the utterances of kings and rulers in the older realms when their words are read in the streets of St. Louis and on the farms of Nebraska. The telegraph is too quick for the calendar; you may read in your evening paper a dispatch from the antipodes with a date of the following day. The details of a battle on the shores of the Hermit Kingdom—a land which a few years ago was hidden in the mists of legend — are printed and commented on before the blood of the wounded has ceased to flow. Almost before the smoke of the conflict has lifted we read the obituaries of unsepultured dead. And not only do you record with the swiftness of thought these incidents of war and violence, but the daily victories of truth over error, of light over darkness; the spread of commerce in distant seas, the inventions of industry, the discoveries of science, are all placed instantly within the knowledge of millions. The seeds of thought, perfected in one climate, blossom and fructify under every sky, in every nationality which the sun visits.

With these miraculous facilities, with this unlimited power, comes also an enormous responsibility in the face of God and man. I am not here to preach to you a gospel whose lessons are known to you far better than to me. I am not calling sinners to repentance, but I am following a good tradition in stirring up the pure minds of the righteous by way of remembrance. It is well for us to reflect on the vast import, the endless chain of results, of that globe-encircling speech you address each day to the world. Your winged words have no fixed flight; like the lightning, they traverse the ether according to laws of their own. They light in every clime; they influence a thousand different varieties of minds and manners. How vastly important is it, then, that the sentiments they convey should be those of good will rather than of malevolence, those of national concord rather than of prejudice, those of peace rather than hostility. The temptation to the contrary is almost irresistible. I acknowledge with contrition how often I have fallen by the way. It is far more amusing to attack than to defend, to excite than to soothe. But the highest victory of great power is that of self restraint, and it would be a beneficent result of this memorable meeting, this œcumenical council of the press, if it taught us all—the brethren of this mighty priesthood—that mutual knowledge of each other which should modify prejudices, restrain acerbity of thought and expression, and tend in some degree to bring in that blessed time—

When light shall spread and man be liker man
Through all the seasons of the golden year.

What better school was ever seen in which to learn the lesson of mutual esteem and forbearance than this great exposition? The nations of the earth are met here in friendly competition. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the infinite diversity of thought and effort which characterizes the several exhibits; but a closer study every day reveals a resemblance of mind and purpose more marvelous still. Integrity, industry, the intelligent adaptation of means to ends, are everywhere the indispensable conditions of success. Honest work, honest dealing, these qualities mark the winner in every part of the world. The artist, the poet, the artisan and the statesman, they everywhere stand or fall through the lack or the possession of similar qualities. How shall one people hate or despise another when we have seen how like us they are in most respects, and how superior they are in some! Why should we not revert to the ancient wisdom which regarded nothing human as alien, and to the words of Holy Writ which remind us that the Almighty has made all men brethren?

In the name of the president—writer, soldier and statesman, eminent in all three professions and in all equally an advocate of justice, peace and good will—I bid you a cordial welcome, with the prayer that this meeting of the representatives of the world's intelligence may be fruitful in advantage to the press of all nations and may bring us somewhat nearer to the dawn of the day of peace on earth and good will among men. Let us remember that we are met to celebrate the transfer of a vast empire from one nation to another without the firing of a shot, without the shedding of one drop of blood. If the press of the world would adopt and persist in the high resolve that war should be no more, the clangor of arms would cease from the rising of the sun to its going down, and we could fancy that at last our ears, no longer stunned by the din of armies, might hear the morning stars singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy.

II.

ADDRESS OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE IN TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, OCTOBER 3, WELCOMING THE DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS

I ESTEEM it a great honor and privilege to be allowed to extend to you the welcome of the government and the people of the United States of America on this memorable and auspicious occasion. No time could be more fitting for this gathering of a parliament of peace than today, when at the other end of the world the thunder of a destructive and sanguinary war is deafening the nations, while here we are preparing to settle the question of a vast transfer of power by an appeal to reason and orderly procedure, under the sanction of a law implicitly accepted by eighty millions of people. No place could be more suitable than this high-hearted city, which has been for nearly three hundred years the birthplace and the home of every idea of progress and enlightenment which has germinated in the western world. To bid you welcome to the home of Vane, of Winthrop and of Adams, of Channing and Emerson, is to give you the freedom of no mean city, to make you partakers of a spiritual inheritance, without which, with all our opulence, we should be poor indeed. It is true that this great commonwealth has sought with the sword peace under liberty. We confess that many wars have left their traces in the pages of its history and its literature; art has adorned the public places of this stately town with the statues of its heroic sons. But the dominant note of its highest culture, its most persistent spirit, has been that righteousness which exalteth a nation, that obedience to the inner light which leads along the paths of peace.

And the policy of the nation at large, which owes so much of its civic spirit to the founders of New England, has been in the main a policy of peace. During the hundred and twenty years of our independent existence we have had but three wars with the outside world, though we have had a most grievous and dolorous struggle with our own people. We have had, I think, a greater relative immunity from war than any of our neighbors. All our greatest men have been earnest advocates of peace. The very men who founded our liberties with the mailed hand detested and abhorred war as the most futile and ferocious of human follies. Franklin and Jefferson repeatedly denounced it — the one with all the energy of his rhetoric, the other with the lambent fire of his wit. But not our philosophers alone—our fighting men have seen at close quarters how hideous is the face of war. Washington said: "My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth;" and again he said, "We have experienced enough of its evils in this country to know that it should not be wantonly or unnecessarily entered upon." There is no discordant note in the utterances of our most eminent soldiers on this subject. The most famous utterance of General Grant — the one which will linger longest in the memories of men— was the prayer of his war-weary heart, "Let us have peace." Sherman reached the acme of his marvelous gift of epigram when he said, "War is hell." And Abraham Lincoln, after the four terrible years in which he had directed our vast armies and navies, uttered on the threshold of eternity the fervent and touching aspiration that "the mighty scourge of war might speedily pass away."

There has been no solution of continuity in the sentiments of our presidents on this subject up to this day. McKinley deplored with every pulse of his honest and kindly heart the advent of the war which he had hoped might not come in his day, and gladly hailed the earliest moment for making peace; and President Roosevelt has displayed the same tireless energy in the work of concord that he displayed when he sought peace and insured it on the field of battle. No presidents in our history have been so faithful and so efficient as the last two in the cause of arbitration and of every peaceful settlement of differences. I mention them together because their work has been harmonious and consistent. We hailed with joy the generous initiative of the Russian emperor, and sent to the conference at The Hague the best men we had in our civic and military life. When The Hague court lay apparently wrecked at the beginning of its voyage, threatened with death before it had fairly begun to live, it was the American government which gave it the breath of life by inviting the Republic of Mexico to share our appeal to its jurisdiction; and the second case brought before it was at the instance of Mr. Roosevelt, who declined in its favor the high honor of arbitrating an affair of world wide importance.

I beg you to believe it is not by way of boasting that I recall these incidents to your mind; it is rather as a profession of faith in a cause which the present administration has deeply at heart that I ask you to remember, in the deliberations upon which you are entering, the course to which the American government is pledged and which it has steadily pursued for the last seven years. It is true that in those years we have had a hundred days of war—but they put an end forever to bloodshed which had lasted a generation. We landed a few platoons of marines on the Isthmus last year, but that act closed without a shot a sanguinary succession of trivial wars. We marched a little army to Pekin, but it was to save not only the beleagured legations, but a great imperiled civilization. By mingled gentleness and energy, to which most of the world beyond our borders has done justice, we have given to the Philippines, if not peace, at least a nearer approach to it than they have had within the memory of men.

If our example is worth anything to the world, we have given it in the vital matter of disarmament. We have brought away from the Far East 55,000 soldiers whose work was done, and have sent them back to the fields of peaceful activity. We have reduced our army to its minimum of 60,000 men; in fact, we may say we have no army, but in place of one a nucleus for drill and discipline. We have three-fourths of one soldier for every thousand of the population—a proportion which if adopted by other powers would at once eliminate wars and rumors of wars from the daily thoughts of the chanceries of the world.

But fixed as our tradition is, clear as is our purpose in the direction of peace, no country is permanently immune to war so long as the desire and the practice of peace are not universal. If we quote Washington as an advocate of peace, it is but fair also to quote him where he says: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." And at another time he said: "To an active external commerce the protection of a naval force is indispensable. To secure respect to a neutral flag requires a naval force organized and ready to vindicate it from insult or aggression." To acknowledge the existence of an evil is not to support or approve it; but the facts must be faced. Human history is one long desolate story of bloodshed. All the arts unite in the apparent conspiracy to give precedence to the glory of arms. Demosthenes and Pericles adjured the Athenians by the memory of their battles. Horace boasted that he had been a soldier, non sine gloria. Even Milton, in that sublime sonnet where he said, "Peace hath her victories no less than those of war," also mentioned among the godly trophies of Cromwell "Darwent's stream with blood of Scots imbrued." In almost every sermon and hymn we hear in our churches the imagery of war and battle is used. We are charged to fight the good fight of faith; we are to sail through bloody seas to win the prize. The Christian soldier is constantly marshalled to war. Not only in our habits and customs, but in our daily speech and in our inmost thoughts we are beset by the obsession of conflict and mutual destruction. It is like the law of sin in the members to which the greatest of the apostles refers: "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?"

We have all recently read that wonderful sermon on war by Count Tolstoi, in which a spirit of marvelous lucidity and fire, absolutely detached from geographical or political conditions, speaks the Word as it has been given him to speak it, and as no other living man could have done. As you read, with an aching heart, his terrible arraignment of war, feeling that as a man you are partly responsible for all human atrocities, you wait with impatience for the remedy he shall propose, and you find it is — religion. Yes, that is the remedy. If all would do right nobody would do wrong — nothing is plainer. It is a counsel of perfection, satisfactory to prophets and saints, to be reached in God's good time. But you are here to consult together to see whether the generation now alive may not do something to hasten the coming of the acceptable day, the appearance on earth of the beatific vision. If we cannot at once make peace and good will the universal rule and practice of nations, what can we do to approximate this condition? What measures can we now take which may lead us at least a little distance toward the wished-for goal?

I have not come to advise you; I have no such ambitious pretensions. I do not even aspire to take part in your deliberations. But I am authorized to assure you that the American government extends to you a cordial and sympathetic welcome, and shares to the utmost the spirit and purpose in which you have met. The president, so long as he remains in power, has no thought of departing from the traditions bequeathed us by the great soldiers and statesmen of our early history, which have been strictly followed during the last seven years. We shall continue to advocate and to carry into effect, as far as practicable, the principle of the arbitration of such questions as may not be settled through diplomatic negotiations. We have already done much in this direction; we shall hope to do much more. The president is now considering the negotiation of treaties of arbitration with such of the European powers as desire them, and hopes to lay them before the senate next Winter. And finally the president has, only a few days ago, promised in response to the request of the interparliamentary union to invite the nations to a second conference at The Hague, to continue the beneficent work of the conference of 1899.

Unhappily we cannot foresee in the immediate future the cessation of wars upon the earth. We ought therefore to labor constantly for the mitigation of the horrors of war, especially to do what we can to lessen the sufferings of those who have no part in the struggle. This has been one of the most warmly cherished wishes of the last two administrations. I make no apology for reading you a paragraph from the message which President Roosevelt sent to congress last December:

> "There seems good ground for the belief that there has been a real growth among the civilized nations of a sentiment which will permit a gradual substitution of other methods than the method of war in the settlement of disputes. It is not pretended that as yet we are near a position in which it will be possible wholly to prevent war, or that a just regard for national interest and honor will in all cases permit of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration; but by a mixture of prudence and firmness with wisdom we think it is possible to do away with much of the provocation and excuse for war, and at least in many cases to substitute some other and more rational method for the settlement of disputes. The Hague court offers so good an example of what can be done in the direction of such settlement that it should be encouraged in every way."

Further steps should be taken. In President McKinley's annual message of December 5, 1898, he made the following recommendation:

> "The experiences of the last year bring forcibly home to us a sense of the burdens and the waste of war. We desire, in common with most civilized nations, to reduce to the lowest possible point the damage sustained in time of war by peaceable trade and commerce. It is true we may suffer in such cases less than other communities, but all nations are damaged more or less by the state of uneasiness and apprehension into which an outbreak of hostilities throws the entire commercial world. It should be our object, therefore, to minimize, so far as practicable, this inevitable loss and disturbance. This purpose can probably best be accomplished by an international agreement to regard all private property at sea as exempt from capture or destruction by the forces of belligerent powers. The United States government has for many years advocated this humane and beneficent principle, and is now in a position to recommend it to other powers without the imputation of selfish motives. I therefore suggest for your consideration that the executive be authorized to correspond with the governments of the principal maritime powers with a view of incorporating into the permanent law of civilized nations the principle of the exemption of all private property at sea, not contraband of war, from capture or destruction by belligerent powers."

The president urged this beneficent scheme with an earnestness which gained the willing attention of congress, already predisposed to it in spirit, and on the twenty-eighth of April of this year he was able to approve a joint resolution of both houses recommending that "the president endeavor to bring about an understanding among the principal maritime powers with a view of incorporating into the permanent law of civilized nations the principle of the exemption of all private property at sea, not contraband of war, from capture or destruction by belligerents."

It has not been thought advisable by the president during the past Summer to call the attention of the powers to a project which would necessarily be regarded by two of them, and possibly by others, with reference to its bearing upon the deplorable conflict now raging in the far East. But as we earnestly pray that the return to peace may not be long delayed between the two nations, to both of which we are bound by so many historic ties, we may confidently look forward at no distant day to inviting the attention of the nations to this matter, and we hope we may have the powerful influence of this great organization in gaining their adherence.

The time allotted to me is at an end. I can only bid you Godspeed in your work. The task you have set yourselves, the purpose to which you are devoted, have won the praise of earth and the blessing of heaven since the morning of time. The noblest of all the beatitudes is the consecration promised the peace makers. Even if in our time we may not hear the golden clamor of the trumpets celebrating the reign of universal and enduring peace, it is something to have desired it, to have worked for it in the measure of our forces. And if you now reap no visible guerdon of your labors the peace of God that passes understanding will be your all-sufficient reward.

THE PRAYER OF THE WOMEN

By HELEN HICKS
PLAINFIELD, ONTARIO

AT the altar universal, in the temple no hands made,
Where, with heart's blood for lavation, endless sacrifice is laid;
There, where votaries are weakest and the trials hardest be,
Charged with wonder and submission, rose a bitter litany:

God of all things lasting, changing, God of morning, God of night,—
We, the least of all Thy favored, judge Thy purposes are right.
Who be we that we should charge Thee?—Wonder-worker, Lord of breath,
Builder of the tent of heaven, Ruler over love and death!

Bitter draughts and weary burdens are the portion we have won;
Helpless hands and weary waiting—hopes that break. Thy will be done!
Lord, we give with no withholding every store Thy levies draw,
All we have of best and dearest: for Thou God, Thou God art Law!

Yea, but Lord, Thy works are boundless, and the nations under Thee
Are the small dust of the balance, and the islands little be.
All the nations deem Thee distant, all the judges, all the kings
Waive Thy will and work their pleasure. Seest Thou these little things?

Thus much blood for thus much glory, these lives for that stretch of sand;
God is with the big battalions, justice to the strongest hand.
So they traffic with Thy mercy, so they cry it for a sign,
Forging, with our sons for fuel, kingdoms of their own, not Thine.

Lord, with stress of many prayers, Lord, with suppliant lips struck dumb,
We,who watch them break our dearest,ceaseless cry,"Thy kingdom come!"
Fail not, neither be Thou weary, come with swift instruction, Lord,
Till the nations learn Thy precept, and the isles await Thy word.

EMPIRE-BUILDING IN NORTHWEST CANADA

MARVELS OF MATERIAL PROGRESS THAT ARE BEING WROUGHT OUT IN "RUPERT'S LAND" TODAY

By D. W. and A. S. IDDINGS

DAYTON, OHIO

PRINCE RUPERT, FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

A PATENT medicine dodger, familiar to Canadians, reads:

"Prince Rupert, first cousin of King Charles II of England, was born in 1619 and was one of the great characters of the age. He was distinguished as a great cavalry leader, a scientist and a patron of geographical discovery. His three great works were:

(1) Deeds of valour at the battle of Edgehill.

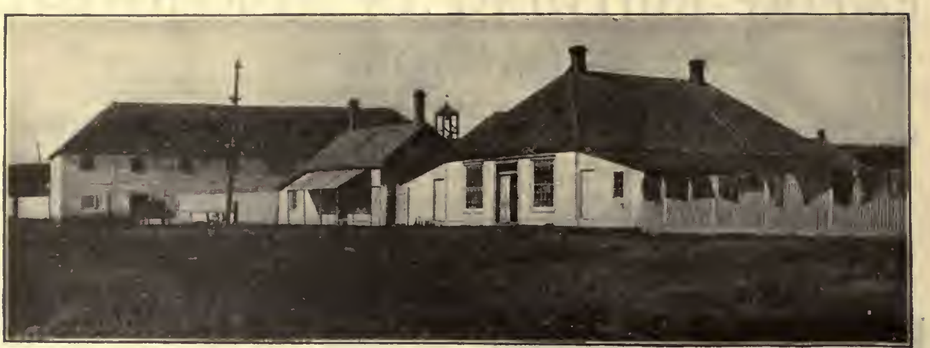
(2) Founded the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company.

(3) Invented the great scientific discovery, Prince Rupert's Drops."

It is with the second of these achievements that we shall deal, the first having no bearing upon the subject and the third being of importance in this connection, if at all, merely in having kept down the rate of mortality in the new country where his Great Company so long held absolute sway.

In the year 1670 Charles II granted a charter to Prince Rupert and seventeen other noblemen and gentlemen, incorporating them as the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," and securing to them "the sole trade and

C. C. CHIPMAN, COMMISSIONER OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY



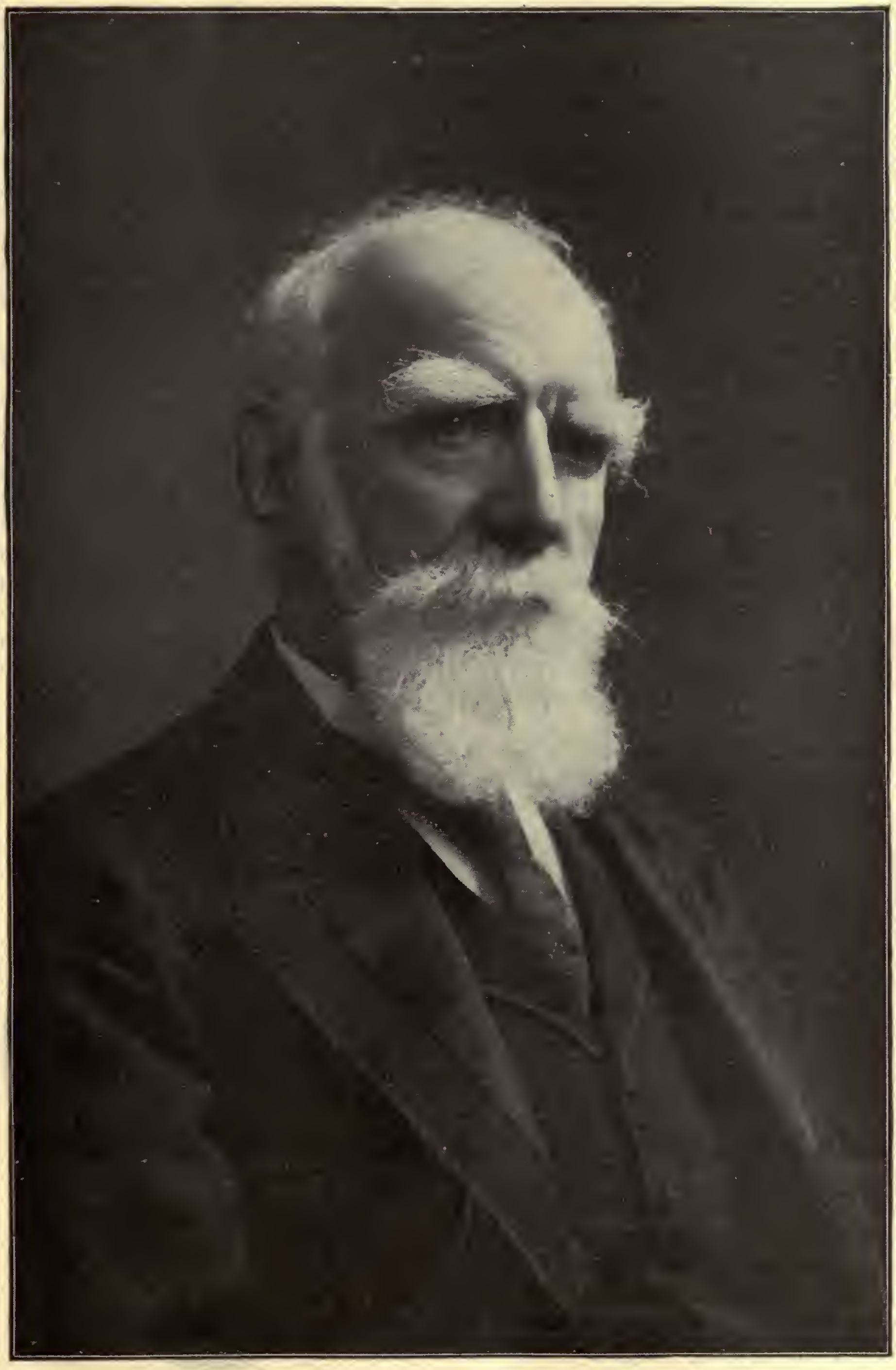
OLD TRADING FORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, EDMONTON

commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts and confines of the seas, bays, etc., aforesaid, that are not already actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state."

By this charter the Hudson's Bay Company acquired exclusive legislative, judicial, executive and commercial control of all the lands watered by streams flowing into Hudson's Bay, amounting to the whole immense region north of the international boundary almost from the Great Lakes west to the mountains. For almost two centuries thereafter it was little more than the vast hunting domain of the greatest of fur trading companies, and in honor of the prince, who was the company's first governor, the territory was known as "Rupert's

BISHOP GRANDIN OF STE. ALBERT

FATHER A. LACOMBE



LORD STRATCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, CANADA'S "GRAND OLD MAN"
High Commissioner for Canada in London, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and leading spirit in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Land." Here the company and the dusky aboriginal tribes throve almost entirely upon the fauna and pelts until the union of the several eastern provinces of Canada was broached.

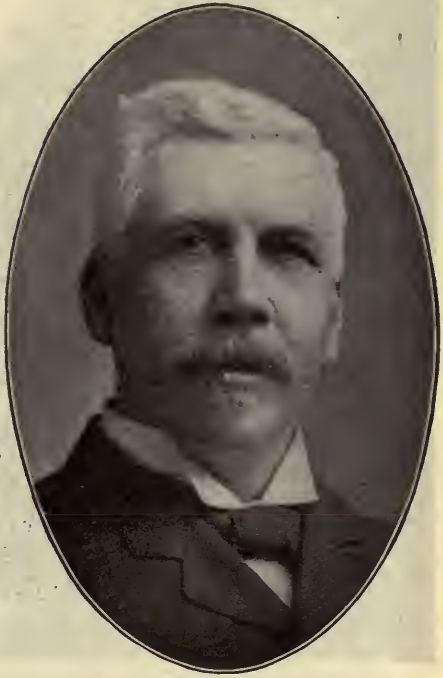
Meanwhile many pioneers had tracked its wilds and brought back attractive accounts of the beautiful and bountiful lands lying there in a state of nature. Some insignificant, desultory settlement sprang up along the waterways—the only highways of those days — and the region began to attract the attention of Canadian statesmen as far back as 1858, down to the period of confederation. But it was not until the Summer of 1870 and after the establishment of the Dominion, that the chartered territories of the Hudson's Bay Company were transferred to Canada in consideration of a payment by her of $1,500,000 in cash and a reservation of one-twentieth of all the lands, amounting to some 7,000,000 acres, lying between the international boundary and the south bank of the North Saskatchewan river. *

Four years prior to this epoch in Canadian history there had come into this western country, after a service with the company dating from his eighteenth year, ten years of which had been spent along the St. Lawrence river and some fifteen at its trade in the Labrador, one Donald Smith, of Scotch birth and parentage, who was destined to rise step by step in the affairs of his country and of the company to the exalted positions of lord high commissioner of the Dominion in London, a peer of the realm, and of the company, governor—Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the Grand Old Man of Canada.

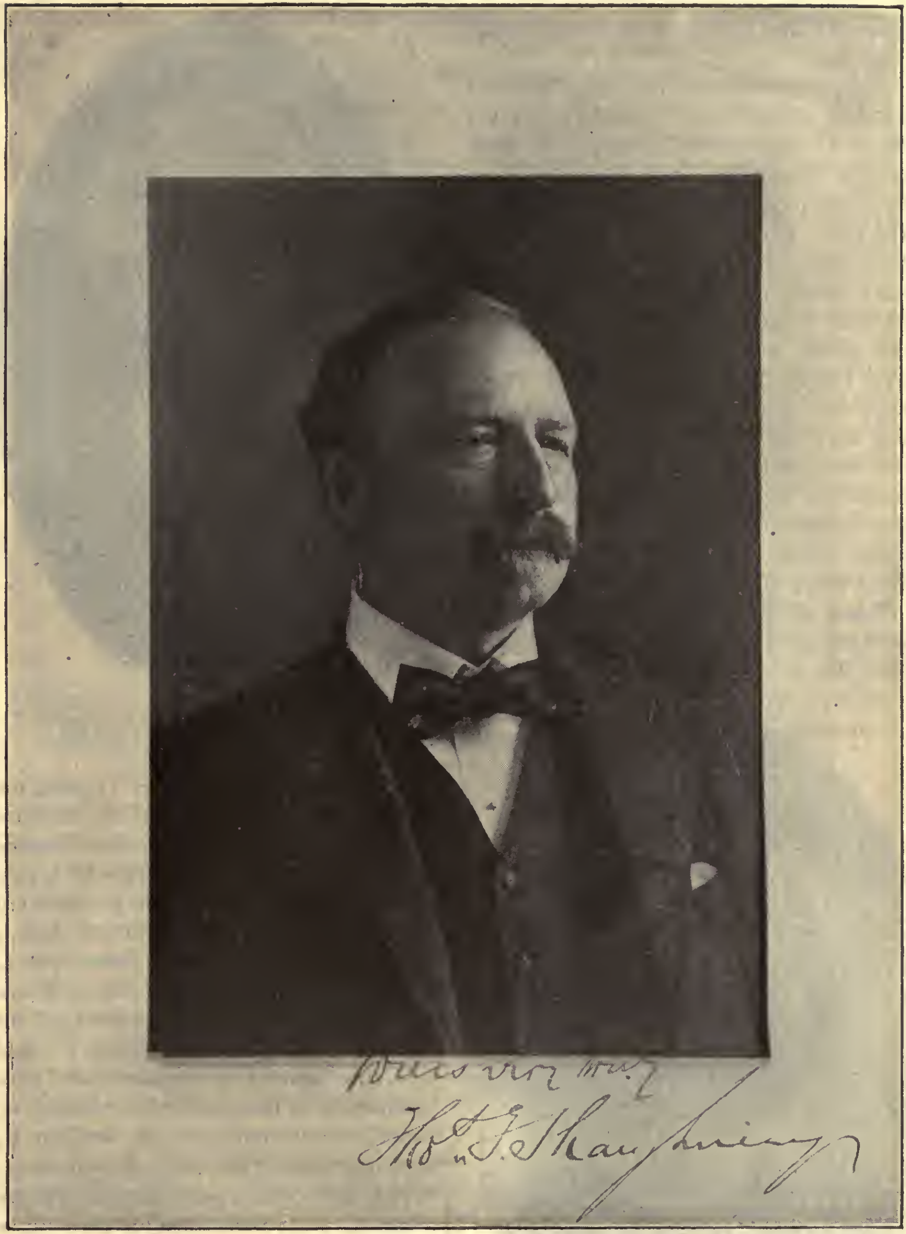
Under his masterful guidance the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company has been progressive and expansive, elaborating from fur trading pure and simple into what is probably the greatest mercantile trading corporation in the world.

It is a far cry from the old trading fort of the company at Edmonton to the modern mercantile department stores which it today maintains at Winnipeg and elsewhere in the towns of the Canadian West, but by the wise foresight, indomitable energy and complete mastery of business detail on the part of Mr. C. C. Chipman, the chief commissioner of the company, who directs its affairs from the main offices and shipping depot at Winnipeg, the evolution has been accomplished.

More Indians yet live in the Canadian Northwest than elsewhere on the continent, and more nearly as they aboriginally lived. They have been well treated by the government and the Hudson's Bay Company before it, and have been invariably tractable and contented. * * Much credit for this condition is due to those brave and self sacrificing zealots of Catholicism who have borne the cross, and the civilization and education which they combine with it, into the



WILLIAM WHYTE, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY



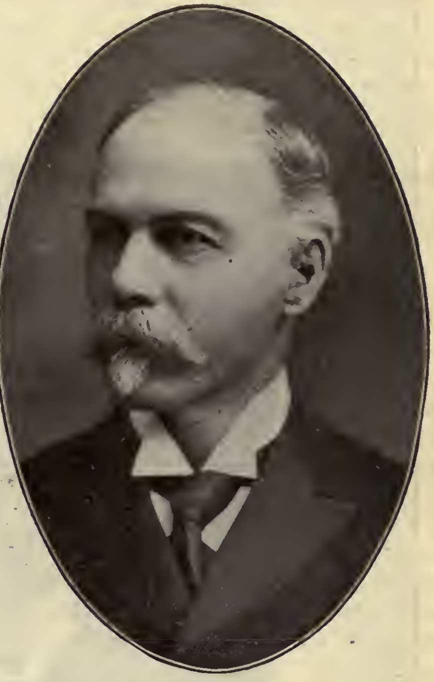
SIR THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY, AN ANGLICIZED AMERICAN AND PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

remotest haunts of the redskin—through the boundless stretches of prairie where camped the buffalo-hunting nomads, and into the northern forests and tundra where trapping tribes roamed the silence at their toilsome tasks. Quickly won by the frank-heartedness of the priests, and deeply impressed by the rich regalia of the church, most of the natives gave their hearts and simple minds to God.

and all have walked fairly as the teachings read.

There has been a long and illustrious line of churchmen laboring amongst these Indians since the days of Marquette, Charlevoix, DeSmet and Tache, but none more ardent and able than His Lordship Bishop Grandin and Father Lacombe. When the bands of steel, forerunning the railway and its transforming influences, crept out and over the prairie and on to the mountains, it was Father Lacombe, as much if not more than anyone else, who stood mediator between white and red, the old and the new, and prevented by kindly persuasion a stand against the project of the dogged and sanguinary proportions which Poor Lo mustered in our own West when the railway first invaded it.

Great as have been all other forces working for the development of Rupert's land, there is one above them all, the Canadian Pacific railway, without which all efforts would have come to little. In this connection Sir Charles Tupper, the then minister of railways of the Dominion, has said: "The Canadian Pacific railway would have no existence today, notwithstanding all that the government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for that indomitable pluck, energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona.)" And with him latterly in the successful consummation of the project were those two American railroad geniuses, William C. Van Horne and Thomas G. Shaughnessy, whose magnificent achievements in the realm of Canadian transportation have since been rewarded by the honor of knighthood conferred by the Crown. Each of these men, both peculiarly self made, has risen from the ranks by meritorious service to the eminence of chief executive of the only truly transcontinental railroad in the world. When Sir William retired from the presidency



SIR DANIEL H. McMILLAN, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA AND KEEWATIN

SIR WILFRED LAURIER, PREMIER OF CANADA

HONORABLE AMADEE EMANUEL FORGET, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, RULER OF A REGION LARGER THAN RUSSIA IN EUROPE

some years ago he relinquished the supervisory control to his worthy successor and compeer, Sir Thomas, and withdrew himself to the advisory capacity, less arduous, of chairman of the company's board of directors, whence he can calmly contemplate the immense machinery of the gigantic corporation working out harmoniously as he planned what he had the foresight to premise would be its certain destiny in the great problem of the moving to the markets of the varied products of the several quarters of the globe. With fleets of steamers on the Atlantic and Pacific, connecting with its eastern and western termini, Canadian exports now reach the uttermost bounds of the earth.

Of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, a well known contemporary writer has said: "From the first day of his life as a railway man there was no doubt in the minds of those who knew him that he would be a success. The qualities of his mind are thoroughly modern, and fit exactly the service of this greatest branch of modern public service. Ardent and untiring, he has the ability to do much work, and his shrewd common sense and prodigious memory enable him to guide that work to the very best advantage."

Since William Whyte came to Winnipeg in 1886 as superintendent of the railway's western division, extending from Lake Superior to the valley of the Columbia in the Rocky Mountains, he has seen the mileage of the road grow from 2,352 to 11,020 miles in 1904, and the fertile wilds of Rupert's Land developed and peopled apace. From a comparatively few bushels of grain grown, hand milled and consumed by the pioneer tillers themselves, the region has already reached and gone beyond a hundred millions of bushels for a single year, with those monoliths of agricultural

HONORABLE CLIFFORD SIFTON, K. C., CANADIAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, AND RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PRESENT SPLENDID IMMIGRATION

SIR CHARLES RIVERS WILSON, THE EMINENT ENGLISH FINANCIER, PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AND BACKING CANADA'S NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY, THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

aggression, the elevators and mills, rising everywhere to receive and dispatch the surplus bushelage to the food stuff centers of the universe.

Through a railroading experience covering every branch of the service, Mr. Whyte has come to be the second vice president of the Canadian Pacific railway, and with his minute and actual knowledge of the country and its possibilities, and of the westerner and his whims, he is admittedly the greatest living authority on the problems of transportation in the Canadian West.

Canada is splendidly governed. Figuratively speaking, the supreme executive is the governor general, at present the Earl of Minto, a man of fine attainments, who received his appointment by the grace of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria. This appointment and whatever voice its incumbent may have in shaping the policy of the Dominion is the only interference on the part of the mother country with absolute, elective home rule that their scheme of government discloses. The premier, at present Sir Wilfred Laurier, an astute statesman, is the head of the dominant political party, just now the liberals, who correspond somewhat to our democratic party in that they are free traders, but in a modified sense. The premier is elected and really is considered the chief execu-

CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS, AN AMERICAN, VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AND WORKING HEAD OF CANADA'S NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY, THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

tive, possibly because of his democratic exaltment, and yet, too, because of his quite naturally having the most to do with the shaping of his country's policy as the leader of the party in power, or "the Government" as they call it. * * *

The Honorable R. L. Borden, an eminent lawyer of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is the leader and candidate for premier of the opposition, or the conservatives.

Corresponding to the governor general of the Dominion and holding office similarly, are the lieutenant governors of Manitoba and Keewatin and of the Northwest Territories, of which province and districts, together with the vast unorganized regions to the north, Rupert's Land is composed.

Coming into Manitoba as one of its early settlers, a captain with Wolseley's Red River expedition against the half-breed rebels of 1869, serving with distinction in the provincial legislature in 1880 and as a member of the Manitoban government for the ten years from 1889 to 1899, Sir Daniel H. McMillan, with force, foresight and Scotch affability, has been lieutenant governor of Manitoba and Keewatin since 1900, and has done much for western Canada.

They were strenuous times, those buffalo days of '69 to '70, when the frenzied half-breeds prowled 'round old Fort Garry (now a part of Winnipeg) till it fell, but seasoned in that campaign for the near-to-hand winning of this West were, beside McMillan, such men of after fame as the intrepid Dr. Schultz, Mair and a score of others, who in that remote wilderness and in the very vortex of insurrection and danger maintained the honor of Canada until the military expedition led by Wolseley and his subordinate officers, McMillan, Dennison and others, forced their way by canoe and boat into the country.

The Honorable A. E. Forget, since 1898 the capable lieutenant governor of the Northwest Territories, and recently reappointed for a second term, entered the public service in 1875 as secretary of the Half-Breed Commission then adjusting the disputed claims which had given rise to the late rebellion; and, endowed with the keenest of French-Canadian insights, his perfect understanding and mastery of the Indian character marked him at once for a long and eminent career, successively as secretary of the Northwest Council and amongst the Indians as Indian commissioner.

Expansion and growth of a most remarkable kind have characterized the whole of Canada within recent years, but in no part of the Dominion have these been so marked as in the West, and of this growth and expansion, at least in part, the current "Report of the Minister of the Interior," the Honorable Clifford Sifton, is an epitome. The significance of the great progress which Mr. Sifton, in charge of the immigration, is making in peopling the boundless areas of the fertile West, is best illustrated by a few comparisons in figures from his "Report."

In 1897, the first year of his charge, the number of homestead entries was but 2,084, while during the past year they reached the enormous total of 31,383. The land thus disposed of covered more than 5,000,000 acres, and there were beside some four and a quarter millions of acres privately sold. The movement of population into Canada has, in the seven years of Mr. Sifton's administration, increased eight-fold, from 16,000 immigrants in 1896, to 67,379 in 1902 and not less than 128,000 for the twelve months of 1903. These 128,000 settlers cost the Dominion government in their getting but $5.02 each, a surprisingly good investment, for the late ex-minister of the interior, Mr. Thomas Mayne Daly, has declared that every new settler is worth $1,000 to the country.

But forty-three years of age, Mr. Sifton, a barrister at law and king's counsel, has climbed rung by rung the ladder of Canadian fame from member of the Manitoba legislature and attorney general and minister of education of that province, to his present position in the Dominion government, and has enjoyed the distinction of being chosen by the British government to prepare and present its case before the late memorable Alaskan Boundary Tribunal. He has expressed the opinion that the immediate settlement of the Canadian Northwest is the most important national duty of Canada, and to this end is certainly devoting his untiring efforts.

Great as has been the development of the past and is that of the present, Rupert's Land today is at the dawn of the day of its still greater progress and prosperity. With an ever increasing deluge of immigration sweeping over it and depositing its alluvium of industrious humanity on a kindly soil; with an administration of governmental affairs liberal, intelligent and secure; with transportation facilities capably carrying the present products of the now settled areas, a coterie of resolute and energetic railway financiers, sanguine of the future, are, with commensurate government aid, preparing to solve the great problem of the developing of the enormous areas of the farther North, richly dowered but now inaccessible, by the construction of a second transcontinental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, who ranks high as an English financier, and Mr. Charles Melville Hays, born in Rock Island, Illinois, whose commanding position in the railway world is unquestioned, have overcome the well organized opposition to the financing of the project amongst the ranks of the Grand Trunk Railway share holders and they have given it their endorsation at a recent meeting in London. The approval of the Canadian parliament may be safely assumed, as the country clamors for it and it has become the national platform of the party in power.

Mr. Hays came into the Canadian railroading world after a training of over twenty-five years with the several railway systems of the United States, chiefly the Missouri Pacific, Wabash and Southern Pacific, of which latter he was president, resigning in 1901 to become second vice president and general manager of the Grand Trunk railway, which position he now holds.

Sir Charles entered into railroading as recently as the year 1895, after a prominent and varied career in other fields of finance, and since then has been the president of the Grand Trunk railway, which position he will probably maintain in the new and larger enterprise, the completion of which is promised within seven years.

It would seem, therefore, that the fondest expectations of the late lamented Victoria are to be abundantly realized as she expressed them from the throne during the early history of British Columbia as a colony of the empire. "I hope," said Her Majesty, "that this new colony on the Pacific may be but one step in the career of steady progress, by which my dominions in North America may be ultimately peopled, in an unbroken chain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by a loyal and industrious population." And Rupert's Land of today cannot but further develop into a Rupert's Land of tomorrow, which will attain to the utmost purport of the legend blazoned across the Canadian arch at the recent coronation of King Edward VII,—"Canada, the Granary of the Empire."

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* The regions north of the Saskatchewan watershed were held not by charter, but, like British Columbia, by lease from the Crown. (Page 150.)

** There have been two spasmodic outbreaks, led by the demoniac French half-breed, Louis Riel. In the first rebellion, known as the "Red River Rebellion of 1869," Riel had not a single Indian with him; in the last, or "Northwest Rebellion" of 1885, as it is called, he had a few tribes, but the great mass of the Indians, both in the organized territories and to the north, were loyal. Both rebellions were engineered by the leaders of the French half-breeds or Metis, with a few renegade whites as aides and abettors. (Page 150.)

*** The system of government of every British colony, excepting the crown colonies and East India, is a copy of the imperial system, of the premier and heads of departments chosen by him, all being members of the legislative body, and all being responsible to it, and subject to extinction in an instant by a vote of want of confidence passed in the lower house or by one or two unmistakable defeats upon decisive measures brought in by them. In either case the resignation of the minstry follows; and the representative of the king, the governor general, or, in the case of a provincial government, the lieutenant governor, calls upon some prominent man of the adverse party to form a government, or parliment is dissolved and a general election ensues. The governor general is nominated by the imperial government, the lieutenant governors by that of the Dominion. (Page 155.)

THE INDIVIDUAL

Look neither down nor up, my friend, virtue or vice to find;
For signs of growth look neither before you nor behind:
Lo, every earthly mortal unconsciously within
Gives room to every virtue and room to every sin.

F. P.

TEDDY'S ROMANCE

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

IT was Mrs. "Dick" Kendall's day "at home," and a nasty day it was, too, with a drizzling cold Fall rain. Only a few had happened in. Mr. Remington was leaving as Mrs. Kingsley Hudson came up the steps. She stopped for a moment and spoke to him. Music held a bond of sympathy between them.

"I'm so glad you came," said Peggie when Louise was inside. "I've been thinking of you all day."

"That so? I've been thinking of you, too. Thought I'd come late so we could have a real home visit together, without others coming in. I've been over at mamma's all day. 'King' and I were going out to the Hayward's but it rained so."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Peggie, "There's some one."

It was Teddy Carr.

He came in all smiles. "I thought I should find you two girls here," he said, "so I pulled myself together and came up. I saw Mr. Dick Kendall heading for Mrs. Smith's and I said to myself, 'go on, old man; coast's clear.'"

"Why, Teddy!" reproachfully said Peggie, "How you talk." Then she added: "I'm glad Dick is calling on Dorothy. I told him to, but was afraid he might forget. He's been trying to get there the last month."

"Oh, we know you told him," said Teddy wickedly.

"Now, Teddy, you shall not have any tea if you're bad."

"I'm not bad—am I, Louise?"

"Not very," she said, smiling.

"What's the news, Teddy?" Peggie asked.

"Things dreadfully dull, 'Mrs. Dick.' Fact is, every one is settling down—getting married. Now it used to be that people said all sorts of things—well, about Louise here—but, dear me, even Louise has ceased to interest gossips."

"For shame, Teddy," and Louise tried to look cross.

"'Tis a shame," he replied provokingly.

"Teddy," asked Peggie, "why don't you marry?"

"How strange!" mused Teddy, "it's the very thing I've come here purposely to talk about. You see, I knew I should find you—or thought I should find you both here, and I wished to tell you together and get your joint opinion."

Louise smiled doubtfully.

"You're joking," said Peggie.

"I like that!"

"No, really; well then, who is the girl?"

"She has not a very poetic surname, so I'll tell you only her Christian one. Neither of you know her. She lives in a little town in the White Mountains. Her name is Abigail. Do you like it?"

"It's very sweet and quaint," said Louise.

"Isn't it?" said Teddy enthusiastically. "She is a poor girl," Teddy went on, "but she has a heap of sense. She lives with an old aunt—just as I do. Of course I shall have to take her, too, but then I'm some experienced with aunts, you know, and the house is plenty large. I'm wondering, though, if Aunt Jane will 'cotton to' her. It's rather risky, bringing old people who are more or less settled in their ways together—but then, the house is large."

"Oh, yes," said Peggie, "you have plenty of room."

She glanced at Louise. Louise was really glad. She hoped Abigail would suit Teddy. He was such a nice boy.

"Then you are going to be married?" she asked. "Where and when did you meet her?"

"It's really quite a romance," Teddy went on. "Mrs. Dick," he asked, "may I smoke?"

"Certainly," Peggie said comfortably.

Then Teddy continued: "We met last month on my return home. It happened on the train. The old lady, it seems, is quite a gay girl—that is, she drinks some—her age, I suppose. And I met her in the buffet car having a cocktail. I was going on through to the smoker, but when I saw the old dame, I said to myself, 'Now here is a real game old lady,' so I stopped and sat opposite her."

Louise looked at Peggie in amazement. "Oh, Teddy!" she said, "I don't believe it."

"Very well, then, I'll not go on."

"Please do," Peggie said excitedly.

"Yes, do," agreed Louise.

"Well, if you really wish me to. You see, I've come to talk it over with you, because I would like to know what you think about it."

"Yes," they answered together in a rather decided tone.

"The old lady eyed me closely some minutes," Teddy continued, "and then she asked me some very inquisitive questions, such as old ladies are wont to ask. Well, it all ended that her niece was asleep, or reading, or something, and she—the old lady—had stolen off 'to take a nip.' She said she wouldn't have her niece know it for worlds, but that traveling always affected her so that she was obliged to resort to a stimulant. What surprised me was that she knew just the sort of stimulant she required."

"Well, maybe the waiter brought her that without her asking," Louise said thinkingly.

"It's queer," began Peggie, "that she did not have a little something in a bottle in her valise. It's queer, really."

"Now, that's just it," said Teddy. "I don't care to bring someone into the family that will make any unpleasantness. Aunt Jane has no use for 'tipplers,' as she calls them."

"It's awful!" said Louise.

"What does Abigail say?" asked Peggie.

"I didn't mention it to her. The aunt told me not to, you know. Then we didn't have time for any side issues. I was busy pushing my suit with her. We were on the train only two days. It was love at first sight on both of our parts. Those things do happen, you know."

"Yes," agreed Louise.

"Then you are really engaged?" asked Peggie.

"Yes," answered Teddy—"for two weeks." Teddy blew a ring of smoke into the air.

"For what?" asked Peggie.

Teddy kept on blowing rings.

"You wretch!" and Peggie came over and shook him by the shoulders. Louise looked relieved. It would have been too bad to have Teddy do a thing like that and then be miserable.

"You are a bad boy," she said.

"Well, I saw very well that as I had no news, I must invent some—and I am sure you've enjoyed my story."

"Fancy that old lady drinking a cocktail in a buffet car," and Peggie laughed good naturedly.

"How dreadful!" said Louise.

Teddy began to whistle "Forgotten." Louise looked up at him.

"It's all imagination, Teddy," she said sweetly.

"Maybe it is," he answered her, "but I don't agree with you."

Peggie was making tea.

"I know you are happy, Louise," Teddy added softy.

"Yes," she said, "I am; and I wish you were, too."

"I guess I'm a misfit," he said back again.

"No, you're not. Your day will come, Teddy."

Peggie poured the tea.

"Here's a cup to Abigail," she said, drawing her chair toward them. When they had finished Dick came in with Kingsley Hudson.

"Now all stay for dinner, won't you?" Peggie urged.

"Oh, we can't, thanks, dear," said Louise. "The boys are coming over this evening."

"You can stay, Teddy," can't you?" asked Dick.

"Of course he can," Peggie questioned.

"Why, yes—thanks." Teddy seemed pleased.

⁂

"He is so fond of home life," Peggie said to Dick after Teddy had gone. "It is too bad such men can't have nice homes themselves. It must be dreadfully dreary with that old aunt of his."

"Yes," Dick acquiesced, "I'm sorry for him. He was in love with Louise Hudson, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said Peggie absently, "everyone's in love with her."

II

"Where did you come from?" asked Peggie, looking around as Katherine Ashworth came up with Teddy Carr.

"Don't you tell, Miss Kate," said Teddy teasingly.

Kate laughed and threw herself on the grass at Mrs. "Dick's" feet. "Isn't it great out today?" she asked, looking up.

Teddy lighted a cigarette. "Let's have a claret lemonade," he said. "Louise plays well," he added, half to himself, as Mrs. Kingsley Hudson waved her hand at him from the tennis court. Then Teddy walked toward the club house.

"Excuse me, please," he called back at Mrs. "Dick" and Kate Ashworth.

"Where have you been?" asked Peggie again when she and Kate were alone.

"Down through the channel between the lakes," Kate answered.

"Did Teddy make love to you?" questioned Peggie.

"For shame! Mrs. 'Dick,'" Kate retorted, coloring.

"Come, tell me," coaxed Peggie. "I won't tell anyone."

"Well," said Kate evasively, "I don't think Teddy Carr's the love-making kind. Anyway, we are too good friends for that."

"Oh!" said Peggie. She smiled faintly. "But then," she added slowly, "that doesn't always follow."

"No," replied Kate, as she sat with her arms about her knees, and blew a stray lock of hair that fell across her face. "It doesn't always follow, I suppose. Mrs. Hudson told me that she fancied Teddy Carr wouldn't marry young."

"Did she?" said Peggie knowingly. "Well, one can't tell."

Teddy was coming back. He stopped at the court and spoke to Louise Hudson. Peggie watched them, but she made no remark. Teddy came and sat beside her.

"Are you coming to my box party at the horse show, Wednesday, Mrs. 'Dick?'"

"Am I invited?" asked Peggie.

"Oh, yes," Teddy said reassuringly, "if you are good."

"Who is to be there? Have you invited Mr. Stevens?" asked Peggie.

"Yes, and I'm going to call at the Smith's this evening to see if Miss Hoxey won't come along."

"That'll be nice," said Peggie. "Why yes, we shall be delighted to come."

Louise and Kingsley Hudson and Dick Kendall and George Hardy came up just then.

"My! but I'm warm," said Louise.

"Sit here," said Teddy, extending his chair. "I've ordered something to drink."

"How good of you! Thanks," and Louise took the seat.

"You play a fine game," he said, smiling at her.

"Think so, Teddy?" she questioned. "'King' says you've a new horse. One of the Ketchum horses?"

"Yes, you'll see her at the show."

"Shall you drive?"

"No, I'd rather entertain you."

"You are a nice boy, Teddy," she said.

Teddy offered her a lemonade.

"I'm going West next month," he said.

"Oh, are you? Where?"

"El Paso."

"Is it there you met Mrs. Fenn Moore?"

Teddy smiled again. "No, I met her in Asheville. She's stopped writing to me."

"You are very bad, Teddy. You should be ashamed of a flirtation with a married woman."

"You are a married woman."

"You are not flirting with me, are you?"

"No, Louise, I mean everything I tell you."

"Teddy, you are awful."

"But I do."

"Well, I'm a sort of mother confessor —a sister, you know."

"That's just what Mrs. Fenn Moore said."

"People can't help liking you. You are always so provokingly agreeable."

"Yes, that's my cardinal handicap. People always like me. I wish it had been a little stronger"—then he added slowly, "in one case."

"Foolish boy," Louise was saying when Peggie called.

"What are you two talking about over there? Bring your chair nearer."

"We are naming my new horse," Teddy answered, as he helped Louise draw her chair closer. "How do you like Abigail?"

Louise and Peggie laughed.

"What a funny name!" said Katherine Ashworth. "It sounds as quaint and old as Priscilla."

"What time is it?" asked Peggie, still laughing.

"Five-thirty," said some one.

"We must go, dear," said Louise to 'King.' He smiled at her, as they walked away toward the club house together.

Dick and Peggie followed with Mr. Hardy.

"Come on, Miss Kate," said Teddy, as he helped her to her feet. "If you will walk back to the boat house with me, I'll tell you a story."

"To the boat house?"

"Yes, I've forgotten my keys."

"Where are you going?" Peggie called, as she saw Teddy and Kate going toward the lake.

"To jump in," Teddy called back.

Peggie looked puzzled.

"They're not in love, are they?" asked Dick.

"I don't think so," answered Peggie, as she watched Kingsley Hudson help Louise into their motor car.

III

Peggie was in her room writing letters when she heard Louise Hudson asking for her down stairs. She went into the hall and called: "Come up here, dear—in my room."

"Oh, Peggie," said Louise as she came up the stairs, "Teddy's dead!"

"Teddy's dead?" she exclaimed.

"Dead—yes, dead," and Louise sank into a chair as they came into Peggie's room.

"Why, Louise—what can you mean?"

"Oh, it's awful! awful!" she answered, sobbing. "He shot himself with his gun."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Peggie.

"He was cleaning it," Louise went on, "and in some way it went off. They found him dead in his bed room."

"And what was he doing with his gun?" Peggie said questioningly.

"Why, he and Darrell Stevens were going up north gunning for a week or two. He had his things half packed. I suppose he thought it empty. Oh, Teddy—poor, dear Teddy!" and Louise gave way utterly.

Peggie was white, too. She sat quietly a few seconds. A thousand things were in her mind. Then she said, "Don't, dear—please don't," and she came and sat on the arm of Louise's chair and stroked her head. "It's too dreadful to realize," she said again, "but it might have been worse. We shall miss Teddy awfully—but we could miss others more."

"Yes," and Louise raised her head and dried her eyes.

"He looks so handsome, Peggie. They have laid him on a couch, and he is so white with his long, dark lashes against his cheeks. Oh, I can't believe it! I can't! I can't!"

"Then you were there?"

"Darrell sent for me. He came in just after, or something, and he thought of me for some reason; so he called me over the wire. I went right down. Darrell gave me these—" she added, as she unfolded a small parcel.

It was a little package of letters written on blue note paper and bound together with a string. There was a faint odor of violet as Louise untied them.

"They were on his desk. I suppose he was going to throw them out—or burn them. Darrell Stevens knew my writing, and so he gave them to me. He said I might as well take them—they did not concern anyone but me now."

They were both silent. Then Louise said, "I may as well leave them here."

"Yes," said Peggie sympathetically.

"No, I will take them," Louise said again.

"Teddy thought a great deal of you," Peggie ventured.

"Yes, we have known each other always. I did not think I should care so much, though; but it all seems so pitiful now. After all, Teddy didn't have much to live for. One can't be happy just being rich, and no one really loved Teddy, you know. No one really cared what he did. His aunt never knew much about him, and she was all he ever had. He must have been very lonely, poor boy!"

"Yes," said Peggie, "I suppose he was; but that's over now, too."

"Yes, that's over now," and Louise sighed heavily.

"What time is it?" she asked. "'King' is to come for me."

"There's the bell. Shall we go down?" said Peggie.

"Let us go right home, dear," said Louise to her husband when she and Peggie came down stairs.

Peggie watched them from the window as they went down the steps. "It's too bad," she said, with her head against the pane. "Poor Teddy!" Then she added as she turned and looked about the room, "but even Teddy won't be missed much—and it's just as well, I suppose. He was such a nice boy, too."

When Dick came home Peggie met him at the door. She greeted him with more feeling than usual. There was thanks in her heart.

⁂

They buried Teddy amid a garden of flowers. Somehow the service was not so hopeless as services so often are. The sweet calm of Teddy's features seemed to spread over the hearts of his friends and it was more like a goodnight than a goodbye. Mr. Remington sang with that sweet pathos in his voice that, while it made the heart sad, at the same time gave it a sweet sense of peace and rest. And when it was all over, and Teddy had been laid away for his last, long sleep, everyone else had someone to look to for love and comfort. It seemed to bring hearts even closer together—a sweet token for Teddy to leave behind. Kingsley took Louise for a cruise on the Mediterranean. Peggie and Dick stayed home all Winter, and Mrs. Smith entertained for her niece as usual.

WHO DWELLS WITH NATURE

By HILTON R. GREER

SHERMAN, TEXAS

WHO dwells with Nature, clasps her hand
  In cordial comradry,
Her best bestowals may command;
  No niggard hostess she.

With lavish grace she offers up
  All wholesome gifts and good;
She bids him drain her sparkling cup
  And share her daily food.

A roof of blue she arches o'er
  As shelter for his head;
Spreads for his feet a fragrant floor
  With pine cones carpeted.

She drapes his couch in curtains cool,
  Of sheer and lacey mist;
A mirror makes of some still pool
  By shifting shadows kissed.

She wakes wild melody in sounds
  Of silver-singing rills;
The hoarse-mouthed bay of distant hounds
  At dawn among the hills.

Wielding a magic brush, she spreads
  Rare pictures for his eyes,
And dazzles with warm golds and reds
  Of Autumn tapestries.

She opens wide her book of days,
  A classic clasped with gold;
Creation's moving tale displays,
  And legends wierd and old.

She leads him to some cloistered shrine,
  Shut in from sordid gaze,
Where deep-toned organs of the pine
  Chant solemn hymns of praise.

And as he bows in worship there,
  She sets his spirit free
From sordid care, and bids him share
  Her sweet tranquility.

A MASTER OF DISSECTION

PROFESSOR WM. T. ECKLEY OF ILLINOIS, WHO PREPARED THE STARTLING SPECIMENS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

By MICHAEL A. LANE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PROFESSOR WILLIAM T. ECKLEY

THE World's Fair visitor who strolls from the Pike to the educational exhibit in the social economy department at St. Louis, is occasionally struck by the sight of a great lay-out of peculiar specimens which, if said visitor be a layman, will be puzzling at first glance, and indescribably, and perhaps a trifle grewsomely, fascinating on closer inspection.

This collection will remind one of the remark made by the reverent old gentleman who, gazing upon the skeleton of a donkey in the Kensington Museum, exclaimed most solemnly, "Ah, yes! We are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made." For here there is not an organ nor a part of the human body that may not be seen plainly displayed to view and dissected out in a manner that claims the attention and rouses the imagination of him who understands the precise nature of the things at which he is looking.

The most remarkable of these rare specimens in human anatomy were prepared by Dr. William T. Eckley as the contribution of the University of Illinois to the educational exhibit. Whether from proximity to the Fair, or because it desired to be forward among the institutions represented at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the University of Illinois made a special effort to exploit itself, and it delegated all of this work to Dr. Eckley, who is head professor of anatomy in the medical department of the university.

For three months previously to the opening of the exposition, Professor Eckley worked in a special laboratory, getting ready the various specimens to be sent to St. Louis; and happy was the budding anatomist or more experienced man of medicine who was granted the unusual privilege of seeing the master dissector at his labors.

Professor Eckley, like most great specialists, is known to the public chiefly by reputation. He is one of the foremost American authorities in human anatomy and perhaps the greatest of American in the art of dissection. What is difficult for other men in that line is easy for him; and performances which other men find it impossible to do at all, he achieves with comparatively little difficulty. In short, Professor Eckley

LABORATORY WHERE THE DISSECTIONS WERE MADE

is a genius; and intimate contact with him is quite apt to discourage those who, before having seen him at his work, have a well defined idea that they were cut out (so to speak) for great anatomists. A friend of Professor Eckley once said to the present writer: "Dr. Eckley is a born anatomist, and the greatest dissector in the world. That's why he came to the top."

A single glance is all that is needed to prove the truth of this rather strong assertion; especially when the onlooker has a clear idea of the meaning of those amazing touches of the master hand which brings order out of chaos with a slight movement of the fingers, or which with a single, sure and deep-reaching cut brings the knife down to a deep-seated artery or nerve or ligament without even touching the surface of the structure the knife is seeking.

One day a visitor to Professor Eckley's laboratory, upon witnessing one of these marvelous performances, asked him why he did not practice surgery. The great little man shook his head. "I'm too fond of making surgeons to be one myself," he replied; thereby disclosing that innate love of teaching with which all men of intellectual power and originality are born.

Professor Eckley is a product of the great West and most of his life has been spent in western colleges and universities as teacher and professor of anatomy. Iowa claims him as a son, and the University of Iowa as a former student. Upon his graduation from that school he entered the medical department and took his doctor's degree; but although he practiced medicine two or three years, he did it rather to gain clinical experience than with any intention of remaining in the profession. Science called him with her irresistible voice, and he soon took a position in his alma mater as a teacher of human anatomy, which had for him an extraordinary attraction from the first. Leaving his native state as a young man, he went to Chicago, where he soon became a member of the faculty of Northwestern University and later professor of anatomy in the dental school of that institution. Subsequently he became professor of anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and retained that chair when the college was absorbed by the University of Illinois. He is a distinguished member of the American Association of Anatomists and is the author of several important works in his line, among which his "Anatomical Nomenclature" is especially notable, implying as it does a vast amount of historical research which carries one back to the pioneers of science who gave to the various structures in the human body the outlandish and perfectly wrong names which they, for the most part, bear today.

It was while he was filling his chair at Northwestern University that Professor Eckley was called as an expert in the famous Luetgert murder trial at Chicago. Luetgert was an eccentric sausage manufacturer who was accused of having murdered his wife and of having afterward destroyed the body in a vat in his factory. The only circumstantial evidence left was a few small bones, known as sesamoid bones, and the issue hinged on the question whether or not these bones were human. Dr. Eckley very promptly asserted that he couldn't say whether the bones were human or not; which drew out a most interesting cross-fire of questions in which the professor's remarkable knowledge of his subject proved a source of vast trouble for the prosecution. His explanations of the difficult points brought out were so simple and forceful as to delight and charm his hearers. His evidence was the most straightforward and interesting of any of the experts called to testify in that celebrated case.

For many years Professor Eckley was the only anatomist in the West who infused into his teaching a leaven of philosophy which imparted a zest and a higher interest to this somewhat dry subject. A warm adherent of the theory of evolution, he enlivens his subject with rational discourse, at once captivating and instructive. He has made a special study of the origin and history of the so-called "rudimentary structures," which, in a way, are the most strikingly interesting structures in the human body; and in many other ways he has introduced original and effective methods of teaching.

Men with a specialty, for the most part, know next to nothing of things outside their own line; but Professor Eckley, outside of his laboratory, is a broad and genial scholar who is not at all averse to that lighter literature which occupies the attention of the world at large. He is a great admirer of the writings of Herbert Spencer. His favorite poets are Shakespeare and Byron, and he likes to listen to the reading of a good story now and then, especially if it be one of Dumas' novels. He is a modest, quiet and whole-souled gentleman in his private life and a firm and steadfast friend. His wife, Mrs. Corinne Buford Eckley, is herself a well known teacher of anatomy and last Spring was a candidate for trustee of the University of Illinois.

PROGRESS

FOR little gain the life of man is long
Passing he leaves a sermon or a song
    To guide or cheer the multitudes behind,
Who join in turn the gray forgotten throng.

Amid cool shades where sorrow is forgot
Went all that bode in high or lowly lot,
    Rested a while and rose to plod anew,
As you and I shall do that know it not.

THE TALE OF A STAGE-STRUCK GIRL

AS TOLD BY THE TRAVELING SALESMAN IN A SNOW-BOUND TRAIN

By JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

"WELL," said the salesman from the East, addressing the other occupants of the chair car, "our urbane friend Billy Bates says we're good for several hours here. That it will take that time at least for the plough to get up from Painted Post on this grade, and dig us out of this drift. That being so, it seems to me we ought to make the most of the occasion. Institute a social session, as it were. It will keep us from falling asleep until the proper time comes."

"Bravo!" came from the deep-chested man at the end of the car, whom the salesman had mentally put down for a lawyer, but who was instead a well known lecturer. "I, for one, think that's a suggestion that should be acted upon. There are seven of us here, and if we each agree to tell a good story, the evening will pass so pleasantly that we'll be rather sorry when the plough comes."

A clapping of hands greeted this announcement.

"If I may venture to say a word," broke in Billy Bates, the conductor, "it would be to amend the suggestion to the extent of proposing that our friend Jacob here be assigned the first yarn. I know him of old. There's no one more competent, gentlemen."

The salesman arose in protest, but the acclamation drowned his words. He shook his head, then smiled, and at length acquiesced.

"My friend Billy," he began, "is fond of a joke, but as it seems I'm unanimously nominated to the job, to draw full pay for all jokes, patented or otherwise, I suppose I might as well bow to the will of the majority. I can't think of any story but one wherein the hero's name is Billy. Only it isn't the same Billy, and what's more it is a true story. And I'll call it

THE TALE OF A STAGE-STRUCK GIRL

The group of persons brought together so strangely by a haphazard freak of weather, settled themselves comfortably in their chairs, while the salesman, with a humorous gleam in his eyes, began:

"Well! When I first knew Ethel Powell some few years ago there wasn't a prettier girl to waste bonbons or flowers on. Only that matrimony and traveling salesmen don't make the most beautiful blend of mezzotint I'd certainly have waded into the game myself. Honest, I was that hard hit. Ethel measured right up to specifications. Soft, fluffy hair, melting blue eyes, a mouth of rich red curves, complexion like a soft-blown peach and a figure that would have driven a department store model out of the business! As a feminine proposition she was It, with a big I—and that's no dream!"

"With all these requirements, it wasn't any wonder that my friend Billy Brown took the count the first time he laid optics on Ethel. Next to having her myself, there wasn't anyone I'd sooner see have Ethel than Billy. He was as fine a looking fellow as she was a girl. There wasn't anything missing in Billy. His measurements were all guaranteed. He usually got what he wanted, too. That was a way he had. You simply could not resist him. Though he'd had loads of desirable girls flung at him, yet he never posed as a lady killer for an instant. But when Ethel came his way, it didn't take a second look to tell me that poor Billy was up for a long attack of amoritis. He was a gone case from the first. As a friend, I attempted to diagnose the trouble, to prescribe, as it were. It sort of helped me to forget my own troubles.

"'It's gone to your head, Billy!' says I. 'You've a serious case, and I think it's going to become chronic. In the week you have known her, you have shown all the symptoms. Accidental meetings; going the same way by a strange coincidence; wandering past her house and gazing at the light in her window; holding up the lamp post at the corner of the store where she does her shopping, under the delusion that your friends think you are waiting for your car; doing the hot foot to the confectioner's; and wasting liberal endowments of your hard-earned coin at the florist's — all these, Billy, show the thing's got into your blood to stay.'

"'Jake!' says Billy, 'do you blame me? She's a little queen. She's going to be mine—that is, if I can get her.'"

"Now that remark of Billy's, his beautiful modesty, made me more sure than ever that he ought to get her. For if he'd talked as if she simply could not resist, I'd have thought his head was getting inflated. 'You'll win her,' says I, 'if you go about it the right way. And she's big stakes. Make the play of your life.'

"'I will,' says Billy, solemnly. And he did. No one could resist Billy, and any girl with half the instinct the sex is credited with would know at once that Billy was right. The kind of goods that didn't shrink, fade or warp with wear. Ethel apparently knew it from the start. At first she was inclined to hand him out the ice. It seems some of Billy's old feminine admirers began to get in their fine work when they saw their careless, heart-free friend, who of old had always professed to love them all, actually settling down to the play of his life and cheerfully admitting it, too. They told Ethel's friends how fickle and vain he was, how fond of girl conquests he was, with a new love for every week, and would up by prophesying that she would speedily find herself one of the many. And when that did not work, they announced that Billy was never going to marry any but a rich girl. It all came to Billy's ears, and he was up against it hard for a time, straightening the tangle out. Then just when all seemed smooth sailing, along comes Professor Piggli, one time operatic star, but now down on his luck. The professor meant well, and wore clumps of hair to prove it. Likewise Billy always swore he wore corsets, but to me he always looked as if he'd been poured into his clothes, they fitted him like the illustrations on a can of condensed milk. Besides these little accomplishments, the professor cultivated a languid air, a studied pose and what he supposed was a dreamy expression. Then, too, there wasn't anything he couldn't do with the piano. He could tickle the ivories to beat the band, he could play cross country runs that took in every note.

"Well, there was a school for all sorts of accomplishments in the town, and the professor was taken in by the management as a teacher of voice culture and other things. The other things included the organizing of amateur grand opera companies. Now Ethel, like a number of other girls in the town, attended the school in the acquirement of the lighter arts. What they taught was perfectly harmless usually. I always thought Ethel a sensible girl, but it seems she had one weakness. She thought she could sing! Now, next to a girl being in love with the wrong man, there's no worse sign than finding she thinks she can sing. Ethel could sing, for that matter, in a soft, pleasing way that went fine for the house or a small party. But that let her out. When it came to succeeding Melba or Nordica, nay, nay.

"Well, after meeting the professor she got the singing bee in her bonnet, poor girl. Perhaps the maestro, (that's what he called himself in the case where his photographs showed him in a hundred bewitching twists and curves) liked to have the dear girl pleased, liked to tickle her fancy. No one ever knew just what stuff he poured into her ears, but it wasn't long before she felt there was a career before her. And the worst of it was, that with the coming of the career poor Bill's stock seemed to drop 'way below par. She treated him with growing indifference, grew angry when he dared to suggest the advisability of cutting out the musical act, and in various ways made him very miserable. Squalls innumerable began to take the place of the ravishing hours of intercommunion spoken of by the poet. Ethel began to talk of soul. Of course Billy knew that was a very bad sign, and he began to despair. He came to me for advice.

"'She'll come out all right,' says I, 'if she is worth having at all. The best of women have these attacks at times, but if they're good women they always wake up and come out of it before it's too late. If they stick to this kind of mania, why, they are not worth having anyway.'

"'But they are going to give an amateur rendition of "Il Trovatore," says Billy in gloom. 'Ethel's to be the heroine. I've told her to give it up, that it's all foolishness, because she's wearing herself out with all this confounded idiocy. But the professor has stuffed her up to the neck with the pleasing conviction that she was cut out for this sort of thing and that this will prove it to the world. And of course I don't count in things of that kind any more,' and Billy looked as if the end of his dream had come at last.

"'Sail into the Piggli,' says I.

"'What's the use?' says Billy, gloomier than ever. 'Ethel would only throw me down altogether. I tell you, Jake,' says he with sudden savagery, 'I simply can't lose her now; I can't live without her, no matter what she does.' Then I saw that Billy was very hard hit indeed. And for the first time my heart hardened against Ethel. After that, instead of things improving, matters grew worse. And it was only a short time before the wires were all down as far as the two were concerned. Ethel and he had a dreadful row. She told him she didn't like his walk, and other things, and Billy left, vowing never to go near her again. He kept his word, too; and up to the time of the show didn't get a glimpse of her. I was worried myself, for I liked the two of them, but it was a case where I couldn't very well butt in.

"At last came the festive eve when the opera was pulled off. There was a big crowd at the mill, for every star had a bunch of relatives who were bound to see the members of the family distinguish themselves. And there were so many families concerned that the place was packed. Harmless old ladies, whose worst dissipation was root beer, teas and lemonade sociables, were there with the conviction that they were going to get their money's worth. The budding girl, gotten up regardless, was out in force. Indeed, all the fifty-seven varieties were there with the goods. It was what the local paper called a gala night.

"Being in town, I determined to take the thing in too. After a struggle, I managed to get a standing position at the end of one of the aisles just as the curtain went up on the first act. Of course I picked out Ethel at once. She looked prettier than ever. Whether it was excitement or rouge, her cheeks had a tinge to them that made her a winner. Yet, with it all, I thought she seemed a bit unlike herself. Her voice trembled, and once or twice seemed to fail her altogether. But she got through the first act all right, and when the curtain went down and the lights came up, who do

I see, way down the center aisle, but Billy! He seemed to be watching the Grand Gazoozie Gazaza, Professor Piggli. I was trying to figure out just what Billy's meditations might be, when up goes the curtain on the star act of the show. You know the piece? The hero gets mixed up with the villain for keeps. You see they both want Ethel, and get real impolite about it. The hero says, 'She's mine!' 'Nay, nay!' says the villain; 'it's a mistake. I will make a plot and you will rot in jail! I swear it!' 'Ta, ta,' says the hero. 'She wouldn't have you for a gift. Flit! Back to yon green foliage where the woodbine twineth. I go to meet her at the fountain even now. Boo-la-la!' It looks like the hero's game, but the villain gets bad. First thing you know the hero is in the tall tower for his, with the villain doing the sun dance outside. The suspense is killing, when the villain gets tired and goes home for a rest. Then Ethel comes in. She's singing a love song to the man in the tower. The audience breathes hard, and a couple of old century plants weep in sympathy. There's a woman lying over from the tower, and she's supposed to be dead, for some reason I can't remember. Ethel, looking like a dream and singing that soft little song like an angel, moves slowly backward, always looking at the tower. Then I see with a start that she's moving right over backward to where the other woman is lying, and like a flash I wonder if she's forgotten all about her. On she comes, always singing, and I can see the audience is wondering too. The next step and I can see the tragedy of the show being scattered to the four winds. I look at Piggli, but he's walloping the piano. I see someone start up suddenly from his seat. It's Billy. The next moment the song ends in a smothered cry and a heavy fall. I just catch sight of the supposed dead woman flinging up her hands as Ethel trips over her and falls across her heavily. Then there's an irrepressible howl of merriment from the thoughtless crowd, at the sudden change to farce. Perhaps it was funny, but somehow it didn't strike me that way. On the stage all was confusion. The hero, who was supposed to be nailed down, as it were, in the tower, comes springing merrily out to the rescue. Then the audience roars. The opera company has become an 'uproar company,' and no mistake. With all my heart I pity Ethel with this unlooked for humiliation so freshly thrust upon her. The curtain comes half way down, sticks, then goes up again. Then suddenly, in the midst of all the racket, someone dashes down the aisle and springs upon the stage. It is Billy. He picks Ethel up in his arms. Almost before I know it I'm there too, right beside him.

"'Oh, Will,' I hear her say, in an agony of humiliation, 'take me away out of this — home, anywhere!' And then she puts her arms about his neck and sobs as if her heart would break. I see then in a minute that the bump the poor girl got hasn't done her any harm. It simply brought her to her senses better than anything else would have done.

"'Jake,' says Billy, turning to me with a glad light in his eyes, 'I threw that organ grinder out there a couple of kinks on the way up. Let's get out of this as fast as we can, or they will be wanting her to go on again.' By luck we tumbled right into a stage entrance that led us out into a quiet side street. It did not take me a minute to find a cab and put the pair of them safely inside, Ethel all the time keeping up the strangle hold upon Billy, who looked quite idiotic with joy.

"Of course that eventful night settled things. It wasn't many moons before I was chaperoning Billy and Ethel at the matrimonial altar. They would have me and no one else, which is the nearest I ever expect to get to the game. I just received this telegram this morning from Billy. It says:

"'Dear Jake: Young heir to the family joys arrived yesterday. I'm afraid he looks like his dad, but we're going to call him Jacob, just the same.'"

The salesman folded the piece of paper tenderly and sat down amid loud and prolonged applause.

PARTRIDGES IN NOVEMBER

By MIRIAM SHEFFEY

MARION, VIRGINIA

I

SILENTLY through the waving grass
The little brown creatures, trembling, pass
Under the willows by the brooklet's side
The little brown creatures, panting, hide.
Over the fields in the dawning gray
The little brown creatures speed away.
Where sunbeams dance and dewdrops glisten
The little brown creatures listen, listen!
Where the dying goldenrod's feathers quiver
The little brown creatures shake and shiver.
Low on the grass where the leaves lie dead
The little brown creatures go to bed.
Weary and worn they slumber, but—
With only ONE of their optics shut.
The little brown creatures are hushed with fear,
For they know that danger and death are near.
Death in the sunshine, death in the shadow,
Death in the forest, death in the meadow,
Death in the boulders, death in the bushes,
Death in the grasses, death in the rushes,
Death in the valley, death on the hill,
Death in the river, death in the rill,
Death in the rain, death in the breeze,
Death in the flaming forest trees.
Just how they can know is hard to tell,
But the little brown creatures know full well
(Though they never pause to wonder why)
That the hour of their doom is drawing nigh;
And the little brown creatures sigh and grieve,
For the world is too fair, too sweet to leave!

II

Stealthily over field and bog
The Enemy comes with gun and dog!
And O, such a roar, such a tumult is heard
That even the grand old trees are stirred!
And the little brown creatures, so timid, so shy,
They tremble and scream, they flutter and fly.
In the forest confusion and panic reign;
Where was peace now is war with its horror and pain.
Let pitying tears be solemnly shed!
Let a dirge be sung and a prayer be said!
The little brown creatures are dead, dead, dead!

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

By LUCY SEMMES ORRICK

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. GERTRUDE ORRICK

The First Negro Free School in America

THE state of Louisiana before the Civil war was a hot bed of slavery, yet to New Orleans belongs the credit of establishing the first school for negroes on the North American continent. That school was founded in 1835, and through the good offices of the white people of the city. At that time the condition of the quadroon women was a source of great distress to the archdiocese of New Orleans, so the Abbe Roussilon, representing his superiors, set about improving things. His task was an enormous one. The women, already famous for the high carnival held in the noted "quadroon ballroom," were careless of their reputation that extended to the shores of Spain and France. The power of their extraordinary beauty, velvety skins, limpidly brilliant eyes and languorous charms of body were far dearer to them than all the progress in the world, and were desperately hard to combat; but there were children to think for, and the reformers, even with great odds against them, made a start.

Three of the pere's penitents, an octoroon, a griffe and a mulatto, slaves in the homes of noble masters and mistresses, and Christian women, who felt deeply the degradation of their race, sought, and at the pere's earnest solicitation were given their freedom, and immediately sent to a convent in France, where for seven years they pursued a course of study to be dedicated wholly to the needs of their race.

On their return these women banded together in a little order, that of the Holy Family, and opened their now historic school. From the first it met with the generous support of the white people and with great success among the negroes. In the midst of the Civil war, and even after it, when the South was impoverished to the point of starvation and despair, the New Orleans people still stood by the school and shared their pitiful mite with the black nuns of the Holy Family. Later, these women, having possessed themselves of the old "quadroon ballroom," whose cypress floor three feet thick is said to be the finest dancing floor in the world, continued to labor among their own people, and do to this day as they did so many years ago. Always in sight, as a constant reminder that the whiteness of their lives must wipe out the stain left by the beauties gone before, is the inscription:

> "*I have chosen rather to be an abject in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the temple with sinners.*"

Five years later the first free school for negroes in this country was likewise established in New Orleans. An old free colored woman has the distinction of opening to her race the privileges of the vast number of free schools now supported by the United States. She left her home and a fund for the education of colored youth in Louisiana. This, the "Ecole des Orphelins Indigens," in the "old quarter" of New Orleans, has been in continuous existence since its founding, though the original building has been demolished.

Some idea of the school advantages of the negroes in the South today may be gathered from the following:

A NUN OF THE ORDER OF THE HOLY FAMILY, NEW ORLEANS

Public schools in New Orleans alone	**10**
For higher education in Louisiana	**8**
" " " " Alabama	**14**
" " " " Mississippi	**10**
" " " " Georgia	**19**
For higher education in 16 slave holding states	**138**
Public high schools	**94**

If we are to accept the number of school houses given in the report of the

THE "MAMMY" OF OLD SOUTHERN DAYS

commissioner of education as an indication of the number of common schools in the old slave holding states, they run into thousands.

The expenditure of the South for the education of the negro for the years 1900-1901 was $6,000,000 out of a total of $35,405,561. "It is impossible," says the commissioner of education, "to obtain an accurate statement as to the amounts separately expended for the education of the negro, for the reason that in eleven of the southern states separate accounts are not kept." This report in itself is a testimonial to the generous spirit of the southern people who charge nothing up against the thousands of blacks still so dependent upon them—for it must be remembered that the weight of the tax-paying falls almost entirely upon the white people. Some idea of this proportion, or disproportion, may be gathered from the Georgia report. In this state alone the negroes pay one-fifteenth of the taxes and yet receive nearly half the funds voted to the common schools by the state—a not unusual condition of affairs in the southern states.

While relations between the negroes and the white people in the South are so materially altered since the Civil war, the liberal provision made for the negroes by the white people discloses the fact that forty years are not long enough to root out of the heart of the southern white man that generations-grown idea and conviction that the negro, his retainer and ward, who for so many long years has looked to him for his pleasures and come to him in his sorrows, needs him and will need for

THE COLORED GIRL OF THE SOUTH OF 1904

a long time yet the kindly aid and affectionate interest of his one time master.

⁂

The Passing of the "Mammy," and the Colored Girl of Today in the South

NOT many Northerners know well, if at all, I believe, the "Mammy" of the South, the loved and trusted negro woman, who on the plantation or in the home was the truest foster mother to the white children entrusted to her that earth ever knew. The southern children of the next generation will be unable to know anything personally of this "Mammy" type, the type which brought up so many noble white women of the South from infancy to full and active life.

Since the Civil war ended, "Aunt Judy," the autocrat of the kitchen, and "Tobe," the proud and devoted body servant, have been eliminated through the operations of freedom from ancient and dishonored slavery. The colored maid, the fine seamstress, have lost their talents. Easy tempered, naturally indolent, left largely to their own inclinations, the negroes of the southern states have passed to a greater degree of inactivity.

Yet on every side there are opening to them innumerable occupations and means of education, means provided by white people who believe that color is no bar to progress and right living. According to the report of the United States commissioner of education there are 1,564,526 children enrolled in the colored schools of the South, but of these there are only the following number actually engaged in learning:

Females in sewing classes	9,340
Females in cooking classes	2,930
Men in farm and garden work	2,294
Men in carpentry	2,279

The figures speak for themselves. In other branches and in professions the figures are proportional.

Now that it is an established fact that wherever the black man exists in the white man's territory, the question of white sovereignty must arise, it is a study of more than passing interest to look into what the South has done in the past and is doing now toward the correct training of the negro—a training that will forever maintain a proper balance between the two races.

An impression prevails in certain sections of the country that negroes in the South, before and since the Civil war, have been rigidly excluded from the privileges of education. This is not so. Negroes of half a century ago, neither in the South nor in the North, had such advantages of free schools, hospital schools and universities as they have today; but they had schools as far back as 1835, as we have seen, in the very heart of slaverydom and under the patronage of the planters.

Aside from slavery, in consideration of the old opinion that a little learning, or power, in the hands of a slave or peasant, was a dangerous thing; also in consideration of the fact that the old opinion recurs with provoking frequency today in view of the labor troubles that have lost millions in money and something in blood, to capital and the United States, it is an open question whether the planter did not give the negro the education best suited to his needs, or at least the foundation of that education.

The planter understood the situation as it was then and dominated it; something no one seems to do today. He trained the negro for a specialist to the limit of his capacity, compatible, of course, with the sphere he was to occupy. Today the negro believes the limits defined by the word "compatible" are shattered—until he comes in contact with an opposing white force. He is trained to no end, he sees no boundary, no definite purpose ahead of him. Fifty years ago he had the constant care and guidance necessary to the mentally inferior race that, with all the schools of the twentieth century, he does not have today.

In the days of bondage negro women who showed aptitude for study were taught to read and write, accomplishments of simple music they loved, embroidery and fine needle work. Such needle work as, without exaggeration, can be said to rival that of the famous French convents or the hand made treasures of some of the commercial palaces stowed away in tissue paper, to be drawn out rarely and tenderly and only for the eyes of the elect. Existing marvels of a slave owner's wardrobe are vouchers for the above. As for laundering and cooking, no one who knows can dispute the slave woman's supremacy in that field or think of it without regret in this day of impossible cooks, striking laundries and extraordinary educational opportunities.

In addition to their talents in their especial fields, a highly valued characteristic of the southern house servants was a dignity and appropriateness of demeanor worth its weight in gold in any refined household and equaled only by those paragons of house servants, English housekeepers, maids and butlers.

As for the men, the wealth and returns brought in from cotton, sugar and tobacco plantations before the war certainly placed them in the highest class of farmers. The blacksmiths, carpenters and butchers on plantations were negroes who learned their different trades as white laborers do today. They had no fears of the poorhouse or a starved and suffering old age; they were cared for until the end of their lives. There were no misapprehensions as to position, nor are there today in the South, no cold shoulderings in the kitchen, house, laundry, restaurants and telegraph service, such as they meet with in New York and Chicago; there were no long years of apprenticeship for unsuitable occupations, as for instance, teaching in white school rooms, positions out of which they are now being forced from white schools in Chicago, and, as it appears, out of which they will continue to be forced, not only by the whites, but, which seems worse, by the insolent opposition of the children of their own race. In the South their limitations were understood and accepted; they were trained within those limitations and given every opportunity to make the best of their knowledge.

If education, like charity, begins at home, the negro of the old South certainly had a very fair beginning, taken as he was almost from barbarism and given a training in Christianity and refinement which thousands of the poor and laboring whites throughout the cities and country do not have.

While gaining in freedom in '65, the negro lost much in that ever present influence of the simple, ideal home life of the southern planter which was almost patriarchial in its kindness, its dignity and its responsibility. And when the negro lost, the South lost also.

The negro has now had about forty years of careless, reckless holiday. All this time groping unconsciously in the uncertainty following emancipation and emergence from the affectionate, protecting and responsible interest of the planter, he is at last swinging 'round again to the curriculum of his old master as provided by the schools which are to be his salvation. He is beginning to find himself. In the industrial schools, the twentieth century interpretation of the planter's training school, he is taking up again a suitable line of action, a close, earnest, genuine study of the simple occupations best suited to his slowly developing mind.

IN A GRAVE-YARD

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

IN calm fellowship they sleep
Where the graves are dark and deep,
Where nor hate nor fraud nor feud
Mars their perfect brotherhood.

After all was done they went
Into dreamless sleep, content,
That the years would pass them by
Sightless, soundless where they lie.

Wines and roses, song and dance
Have no portion in their trance ;
The four seasons are as one —
Dark of night and light of sun.

THE MINUTE-MAN AT CONCORD, ONE OF THE SHRINES OF GRAND ARMY WEEK IN BOSTON IN AUGUST, 1904

From a Photograph by Chickering

THE MINUTE-MAN

By EDWARD A. ABBOTT

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

JUST where, and by whom, the revolt of the American colonies was started may not with precision be told. Divers persons and many places say: "We were the history makers; ours is the blood-soiled ground in which to plant monuments and reap tourists." The wise one, content to seek the cradle of Liberty near the spot where was shed the first blood, takes the trolley for Lexington and dear old Concord, where the Minute-Man answered his first mess call and buried his first dead. There the cradle of the Minute-Man and the cradle of Liberty rocked together — the Puritan mother watching over both.

Burning powder so punctuates the pages of our national story, it is almost trite to say the way to our patriotic shrines is pointed by the bayonet, lighted by gun-fire, and familiar to the army mule. Thus directed, we hurry around from Lexington to Santiago, from Ticonderoga to the Alamo, proud of every name on the monuments, from John Parker to Henry W. Lawton, traversing five quarter centuries of American fighting men; men so like the boys who "stood pat" at Concord bridge it is hard to tell where, in the line, the Minute-Man ends and the disciplined Regular begins; or where the rollicking, insubordinate Volunteer of today is evolved from his pious, rum-drinking ancestor of the Revolution.

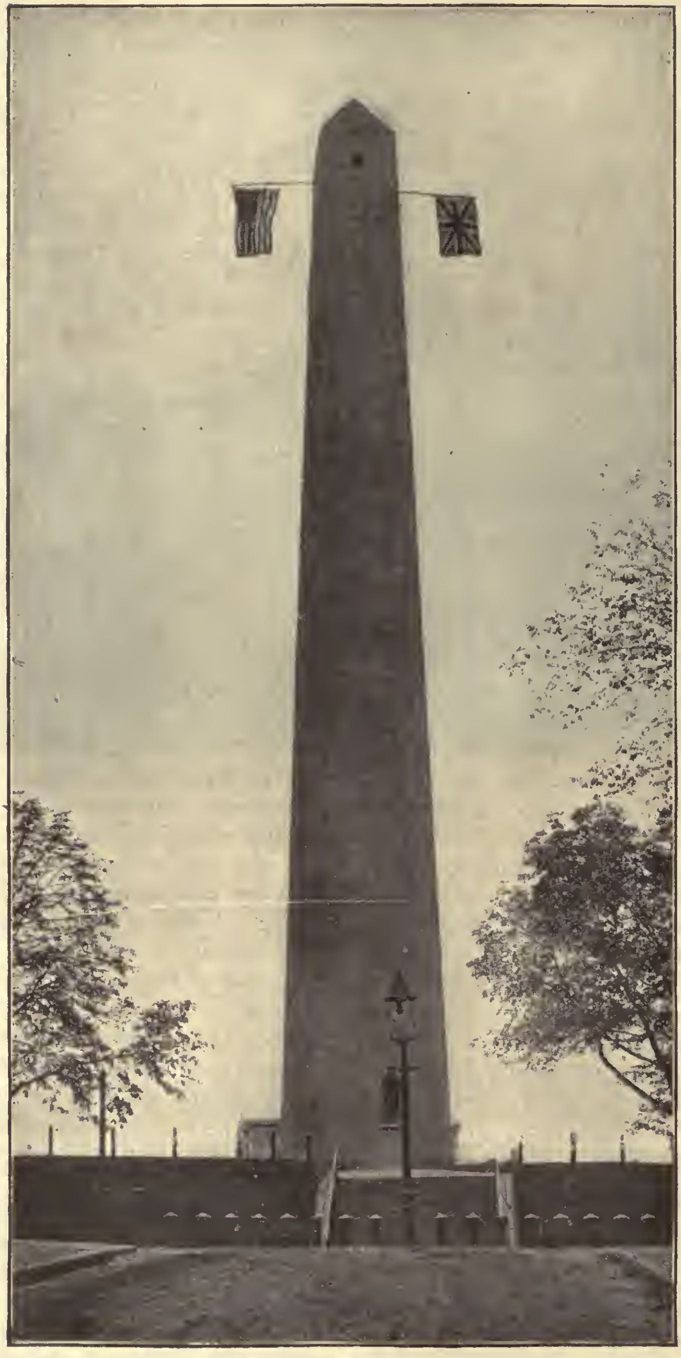
Starving at Valley Forge, or administering the water cure to the obstinate Tagalog in Luzon, our fighting man is much the same in temper and habits, whether he lugged the old flint-lock or carries the dainty Krag-Jorgensen. Drunk in the streets of Chattanooga, or dead with Custer on the Little Big Horn —we condone his sins, excuse his weaknesses, and perpetuate his deeds in patriotic verses set to ragtime music. We may hate militarism and fear imperialism, but most men, and all women, love the American soldier. Facing a battery or fighting a mob, he is fearless; a plague does not affright him; but in the neighborhood of an unprotected pig stye he is weak, even in the day time. Liberty walks unscared in his footsteps, but our chickens when he comes run under the house. The commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," he piously obeys, if the articles in reach are unfit to eat or too heavy to carry away. His ventures in petit larceny cover a wide range of subjects, from black mammy's pies at Chickamauga to sacred things at Peking. According to his philosophy his life is the cheapest of his possessions, and is wasted with light-hearted prodigality. The regular (always a volunteer) writes no "round robins" to the secretary of war!

Looking for the Tenth regiment of red coats, and trouble, the boys and men who picked their flints as they hurried along the roads of old Middlesex on the morning of April 19, 1775, were all that their twentieth century brothers are, and unhung rebels besides. The American soldier yearns for a fight with all its hazards, and goes joyfully to battle; but the prospect of hanging for treason tempers his jollity and gives him that gravity which characterized the Minute-Man in the first days of the Revolution. The grim courage of the Minute-Man was akin to that which dominates the pestilence, makes heroines of weak women, and everywhere sustains the Red Cross.

In appearance the Minute-Man was a backwoodsman, with the habits and instincts of a pioneer. While not famous for hospitality, he was not as parsimonious as he has sometimes been painted. He lacked something of the live wire suddenness of the volunteer, but he had a large measure of the patriotic patience of the regular. Both in war and in peace he was slow, but not stolid; cautious always, but seldom timid. Thinking his own thoughts, and proud of them, he always knew what he wanted and rarely failed to get it.

The like of him long since disappeared from New England, but his idiotype resides in the mountains of East Tennessee. Not exactly his double is our man of "moonshine" impulses, coon skin cap and homespun habit; but to know our mountaineer is to get the impression that he is an old acquaintance. Harking back to early times, it will be found that in Massachusetts colonial history and story he has been as accurately described as in the graphic pictures of him by Craddock and Alice MacGowan. Following the old flag, or riding with Forrest, he was the Minute-Man of the sixties, and in the Philippines his regiment, "The Moonshiners" as it was called, was always in trouble with the people in front. Like all good soldiers, he is strenuously peaceful in time of peace and very dreadful in time of war. Almost any likeness of these primitive patriots will fit their northeastern fellow citizens.

Too busy to acquire the graces, while wringing a meager living from an un-



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, A MEMORIAL TO THE MINUTE-MEN OF THE REVOLUTION, ADORNED LAST SUMMER WITH AMERICAN AND BRITISH FLAGS, ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON willing soil, the tall, lean, long-haired Minute-Man was not always an imposing figure. It may be said of him that he was long on martial spirit but short on martial bearing. Coaxing the stingy shilling across ungenerous counters was not a calling likely to inspire great thoughts and patriotic emotions; nor did a group of ill-paid and over-worked mechanics seem liable to breed statesmen and soldiers. But out of these unpromising materials, these odds and ends, the Nation has been wrought. The British parliament scoffed at this government of country doctors, uncouth farmers, wayside store keepers and untitled lawyers—a government made possible by the Minute-Man, sustained by the volunteer, perpetuated by the regular and respected even at Westminster!

But the Minute-Man was a citizen before he was either a soldier or a statesman, though he could be all three without changing his clothes.

He had a genius for civics, a capacity for applying the sciences, and an inclination to interfere with the affairs of others which has made the world his debtor. It is almost enough to say of him that he was a Puritan, and let it go at that; but that term, as understood out of New England, seems a little too harsh to apply to him. Puritanical he surely was, but not to the extent of cruelty to his friends and neighbors, as were his ancestors, who, in the hanging of witches and the persecution of Quakers, furnished examples of devilish brutality equalled only by some recent exhibitions of savagery in the states of Ohio and Mississippi.

While the 750 negroes scattered through Washington's army in front of Boston were offensive to both the Minute-Man and the great commander, the race prejudice of the former manifested itself only in mild abuse of his colored comrades. Only tea and taxes warmed his temperate soul and stirred his tardy heart to action. An unjust tariff alone begat in him that exalted indignation which brings on mob violence and arson. Even in the treatment of the negro, the Minute-Man and the Appalachian white man are not unlike. The harmonious relations of the races in the up-country are rarely disturbed, and one must look to the lowlands for the victims of white fury and the torch of him to whom "all coons look alike."

Little has been printed of the child life of the flint-lock patriot. Still unpublished are the real diaries of the real boys of the Revolution. Child lore, as a profit-making venture for author and publisher, is new—a contemporary of smokeless powder, canned foods, and thirteen-inch guns. Back of the Rollo Books, with their pious but impossible heroes, boy history is almost unknown. For the beginnings of the Minute-Men, the records of their youth, we must go to the unprinted pages of the big family Bibles, whereon is written in fading characters the birthdays of the Ezras and Abiels, the Abners and Nehemiahs of the colonial period. Most of these old fashioned names were cut in the rough desks and unfinished woodwork of the little red school houses, once illuminating the cross roads and hill tops of New England. Few of these names had other publicity until they appeared on the pay rolls of the army and the books of the tax gatherer.

Simple folk were they, but not common people; common people came to Maine, Massachusetts and thereabouts from sunnier climes, and from across the northern border. Their arrival—coeval with the appearance of hoop skirts and paper collars, marks the beginning of the end of the red school houses, and much of the robust manhood and rugged morality so intimately associated with those dark red foci of culture and learning. Whether the teaching led to Harvard or the hay field, the shop or the Grand Banks, it bred in the student a tough and practical patriotism, a civic usefulness, and that peculiar quality (never exactly defined though perfectly understood) which still distinguishes the down east Yankee from all other people and all other Yankees. This quality he still finds useful when he goes forth to establish a religion or to start a peanut stand; with it he invents a mouse trap or bluffs a nation—and finds it a hindrance only when he would be "as meek as Moses." His friends cal this valuable asset genius or enthusiasm; his vulgar rivals name it "gall," and waste their energies in fruitless efforts to follow his example and improve his methods. His theologies are durable, his commercial ventures successful, his traps useful, and his diplomacy worries the world.

The Minute-Men who participated in the shooting "heard 'round the world," the followers of Montgomery, Stark and Arnold, the boys at Bunker Hill—all were the barefooted alumni of the little red school house, and found this "gall" or genius valuable in the siege of Boston, the birth of a sea power, and the founding of the republic. What, but this principle, inherited from the fathers, could induce a people to raise a monument in memory of a fight they failed to win? And, so to plan this memorial that it shall forever pay for its own keep, required something more potent than a mere combination of sentiment and sagacity.

I have said the Minute-Man of my imagination was tall, lean, and long haired. Very likely he was of other shapes and sizes to match his dominant characteristic—that intense individuality which invites criticism, but renders inapt any general description of him, and almost defeats an attempt to picture him as he stood in his leather breeches, homespun jacket, and cocked hat, a target for the British regular's musket and the British governor's ridicule. Reaching manhood along a road full of grievances against the government, he knew why he was shooting and being shot, and, sure that within himself were all the elements of the great general and wise statesman, he cared little for the unkind remarks of his over-lord.

From an ancestry long accustomed to successful battle with everything hostile in climate, soil and people, the Minute-Man inherited a potential mixture of self reliance, caution, and masterful independence. From his school masters and preachers he acquired an austere faith and an education suited to his needs. By the light of his whale oil lamp he read "The Lives of the Martyrs" and "The Dreadful Effects of Popery." "Watts' Improvement of the Mind" satisfied his craving for light literature, and volumes of vehement sermons sustained his belief in the total depravity of his neighbors, and fostered in him a suspicion of his own danger of the punishment therein sulphurously depicted. He loved and respected his doctor, and took more medicine when he was well than we now take when we are ill. He feared and respected his preacher, and hated the Episcopalians and the king. He drank ale and cider at huskings, bees, and other rude entertainments, but in his more serious moods rum was the beverage he liked best. Twenty hogsheads of that stimulant was provided for the 15,000 rebels who occupied the trenches in the early stages of the siege of Boston.

If the value of food may be determined by the achievements of the eaters thereof, the simple diet of the Minute-Man is safe in comparison with the ration of the soldier whose beef was embalmed in Chicago, whose beans are predigested in Battle Creek, and whose milk will be sterilized before leaving the cow. On a meager diet of meat and vegetables of his own raising, and of flour milled at home, the Minute-Man walked his weary marches, sat out his still more tiresome sieges, and did some things with high explosives that are still printed in the histories, studied in the public schools and occasionally warmed over for the magazines. His hand-made history has a picturesque quality and a hand-to-hand intensity not found in the quick-firing-machine-made article of the right-now. Produced at a range of two thousand yards, or nine miles, according to caliber, history is voluminous, hurried and spectacular, but it lacks the homely, personal features so fine in the Minute-Man's story.

The foreword of his story was the cry of Paul Revere as he swept along those peaceful lanes, yelling: "The regulars are coming!" 'T was a confident call to arms, and a declaration of war! Into the ears of sleeping Lexington, Revere shouted rebellion; and Lexington's comfortable feather beds were still warm when the first rebel fell and the road to Yorktown was taken.

HOW REUBEN SPENT THANKSGIVING NIGHT

By LILIAN O'CONNELL

FORT CROOK, NEBRASKA

REUBEN was a farm hand in New England, strong in body, but rather weak in the head. A terrible glutton, he never knew how to stop when he had once begun eating. Like wiser men, Reuben fell in love, and, though he didn't lose his appetite, he lost much time in sighing and thinking about Jessie, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, whom he had seen at church. After staring at Jessie for many Sundays without daring to speak to her, he finally asked Joel, a neighboring farm hand, who was courting Jessie's sister Jennie, to take him next time he went to see Jennie.

"Well, Rube," said Joel, "I'd be glad to take you with me, but you're such an awful eater, Jennie'd never speak to me again, if she thought you were a friend of mine!"

"Oh, I've thought of that," said Reuben slyly, "and it'll be all right if you'll just tread on my foot when you think I've eaten enough!"

"Well, tomorrow's Thanksgiving night, and I'm going to have dinner with Jennie's people at six o'clock, for they've set up a new-fangled notion of having it then instead of in the middle of the day. Of course Jessie'll be there, too, and I'll take you with me, if you promise to stop eating when I touch your foot. It'll be a fine dinner, so be careful, and mind when they press you to take some more, as they will do from politeness, you say you've 'had great superfluity,' for that's the proper thing, and Jessie's great on politeness."

"I'll be as polite as they make 'em," said Reuben, "'Super-floority.' That's a fine word!"

"Superfluity!" corrected Joel.

"Well, I said 'superfluidy.'"

The next night Joel and Reuben "fixed themselves up" and went to their sweethearts' home. Joel was a favorite there, and Reuben was welcomed for his sake. Reuben was introduced to Jessie and fell more in love than ever. After plenty of talk and laughter and courting, Jennie and Jessie set dinner on a long table, and when their father had said grace they all set to work on the provisions.

A huge turkey with cranberry sauce

and all the many vegetables, corn, sweet potatoes, etc., that American soil and climate give to the table were piled together in abundance upon that smoking board. After the meat came plum pudding, and after that an endless array of pies—pumpkin, huckleberry, apple, custard, mince—pies with top crusts and pies without, pies adorned with fanciful flutings and architectural strips laid across and around; and to wash down this feast were pitchers of iced water and jugs of cider.

Reuben was tremendously hungry, and his eyes sparkled at this banquet. But he had scarcely taken half a dozen mouthfuls when a big dog under the table pressed heavily on his foot. Thinking it was Joel pressing his foot as agreed, Reuben pushed away his plate with a sigh, and declared he could not eat any more. Joel was surprised, and told him to go on, and everyone else urged him to eat. But Reuben was prepared for this politeness, and replied: "No, no, thanks. I've had great flipperty-flapperty," for he had forgotten the fine word.

They all laughed then, and Reuben laughed too, although it was no laughing matter to see everyone eating, and never a bite for him of all those good things! When the dinner things were being put away, Reuben watched where they were put, for as he and Joel were to sleep in the house that night, he resolved to make up for no dinner by getting supper when the folks went to bed. Then all drew 'round the fire and told stories, sang songs and guessed riddles till bed time.

Reuben forgot his hunger while watching pretty Jessie, but when Joel and he got in their own room, his stomach reminded him of its awful emptiness.

"Joel," said he, "I'm going down to the pantry. I saw where they put the mince pie."

"Wait; it's too soon to go down yet. And anyway, I know the house better than you, so I'll go and bring you something." Joel went softly down stairs to the kitchen, but found no pie there. The only thing he could lay hands on was a big bowl of cold soup.

"This is better than nothing," said Joel, and crept carefully up the pitch-dark stairs with it. Entering a room on the landing, "Here, Rube," he whispered. "It's only cold soup, but that was all I could find."

No reply, but a loud snore. Angry to think Reuben was shamming sleep, he whispered hastily:

"Sit up this minute and take this! If you don't I'll pour it down your throat!"

Reuben ignored this threat, so Joel added, "I've warned you, and here goes. One! Two! Three!" and he emptied the bowl on the sleeper's face. Choking and spluttering, Jessie's father (for it was he) waked, sat up in bed and coughed and swore till he woke his wife, whereon they quarrelled till morning.

Joel, finding his mistake, tried another door, and there found Reuben hungrily asking what he'd brought. Joel told him his mishap, and how he couldn't find the pie.

"You went to the kitchen," said Reuben. "The pie wasn't put there, but in the pantry outside. Now I'll go!" and he found his way speedily to the pantry. He thought he'd just take a mouthful or two, but every bite seemed to make him hungrier. When he finished the pie, he laid hold of a turkey bone, and tore away at it with his teeth.

By that time the house dog came to the pantry door. "Poor Rover, poor old fellow," said Reuben between his turkey bites. But when Rover heard the strange voice, he set up a loud, vicious bark.

"Goodness, I mustn't be caught here!" said Reuben. "Poor Rover, poor old man!" and he opened the door slightly. But Rover rushed furiously at his legs, and he shut the door hastily. Rover, now completely roused, seemed determined to rouse the house, for he barked with all his might. Reuben heard his host's voice answering the cries of all the household.

"I can't face them," said Reuben, "I must try to get out of this window, though it's small." Getting on a tall stool, he pushed half his body through the narrow window. Then he gave a mighty push at the stool to send his body through, but the stool slid from his feet, so that, having nothing to push against and nothing to catch with his hands, he stuck fast.

When the man of the house, a candle in one hand, a poker in the other, opened the pantry door, he and his people saw only a pair of legs kicking wildly in the air, then, in an awesomely mysterious way, going clear through the window and disappearing in the air above.

"Great Scott!" cried the old man, "What does that mean? Tim and Jake come out with me, and see if we can't catch the thief." They rushed out, but could see nothing. There wasn't even a footprint on the soft soil beneath the window.

"Extraordinary!" cried the old man, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and catching his breath with excitement. "This has been an awful night. First, I'm waked with a bowl of cold soup in my face, and then comes something, neither beast nor man, stealing food from my pantry!"

When they went back to the house, Joel and Reuben were coming down stairs, as if just awakened, though some of the girls looked suspicious. The pair were told the doings of the mysterious visitor, and Joel suggested it must have been some hungry, drunken tramp. Everyone was glad to find nothing but food from the pantry had been stolen, and all went back to bed.

When Reuben was sticking fast in the window, Joel, whose window was just over that one in the pantry, guessing what had happened to Reuben, let down a sheet, and whispered to him to catch hold. Reuben eagerly siezed it with his hands and teeth, dragged himself out of the pantry window, and scrambled in at the window of the loft.

Joel and Reuben never said a word on the subject, though often,during their respective courtships, the story of that dreadful night, was told at the girls' house becoming more mysterious with each repetition.

But when Jennie had become Mrs. Joel White and Jessie was Mrs. Reuben Lee, Reuben told his wife how he spent that Thanksgiving night. Jessie told him, laughing, that henceforth, wherever he went, he must openly eat enough to satisfy him; and that now she'd feed him so well at home that he would never again want to eat too much when he went out!

NOVEMBER

November's woods are bare and still;
  November's days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
  Life's light rests feet that long have stood;
  Some warm, soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us down to sleep.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson*

1,341 YEARS OLD WHEN IT DIED

WORLD HISTORY IN THE LIFETIME OF "MARK TWAIN" ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES

By HARRY MILTON RISELEY

NEW YORK CITY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

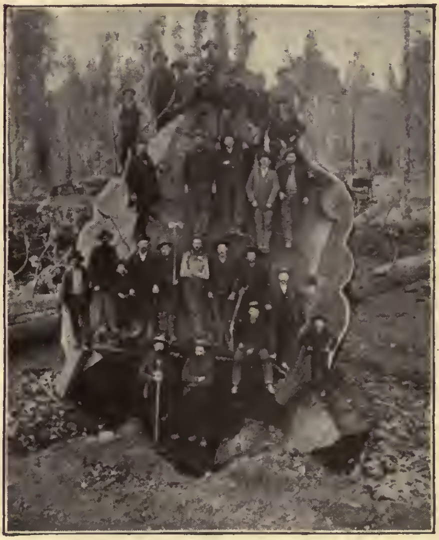
AMONG the many interesting exhibits to be seen in the new east wing of the forestry hall of the American Museum of Natural History in the city of New York, by far the most conspicuous is the immense cross section of wood which was cut from one of the giant sequoias, or "Big Trees," of southern California.

It is believed to be one of the largest sections of a tree ever brought from a forest, and many and difficult were the problems that had to be solved in the selection, cutting and transporting of so large a specimen. The weight of the section is nearly thirty tons, its thickness four feet, and its diameter sixteen feet two inches, not including the bark, which in places is nearly a foot thick.

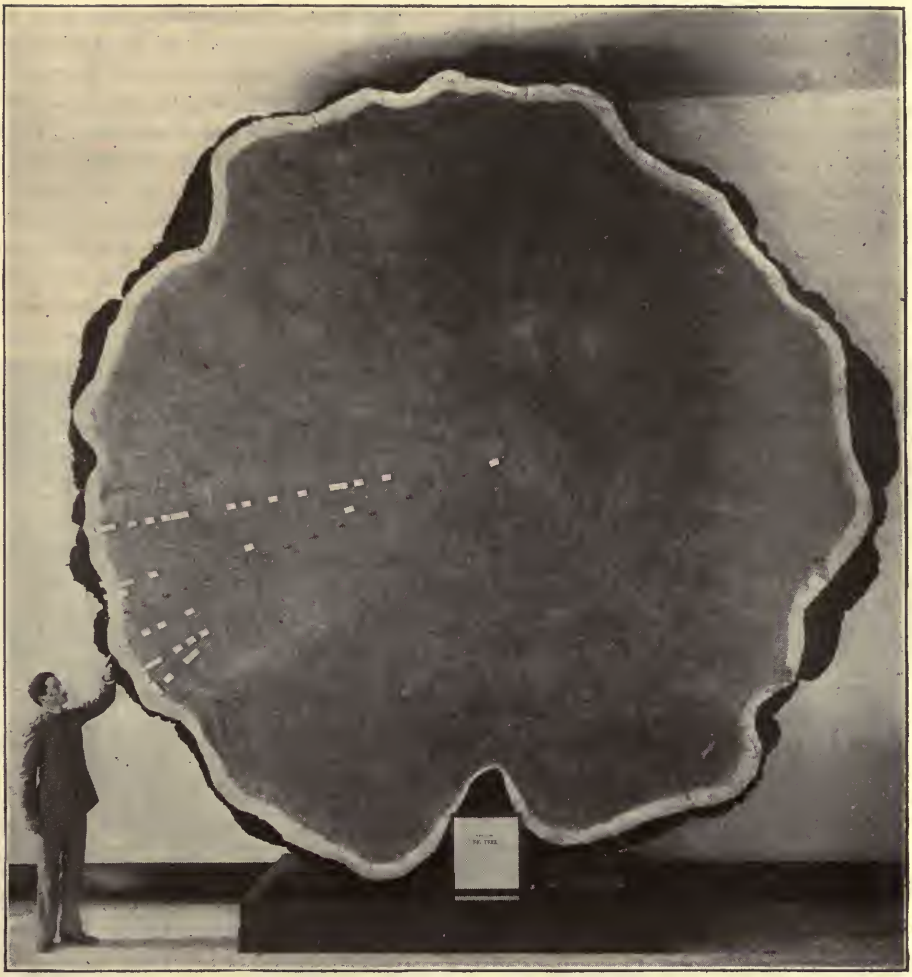
It was cut twelve feet above ground from a tree which stood fully 300 feet in height and which was free of limbs for a height of nearly 200 feet. The circumference of the tree measured ninety feet at the ground, and sixty-two feet at a distance of eight feet from its base. To those not fortunate enough to be able to visit the groves of these trees, the specimen on exhibition will give an idea at least of their immense size.

The sequoia trees are unique in the world, and have been aptly described as "the grandest, the largest, the oldest and the most majestically graceful of trees." They are also classed among the scarcest of known tree species, and have the extreme scientific value of being the best living repre-

THE FALL OF "MARK TWAIN"



ILLUSTRATING THE SIZE OF THE BUTT



SECTION OF "MARK TWAIN" AS MOUNTED IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY

The many small placards on the surface of the wood record historical events that took place when the tree was of the size indicated by the location of the placards.

sentatives of a former geological age.

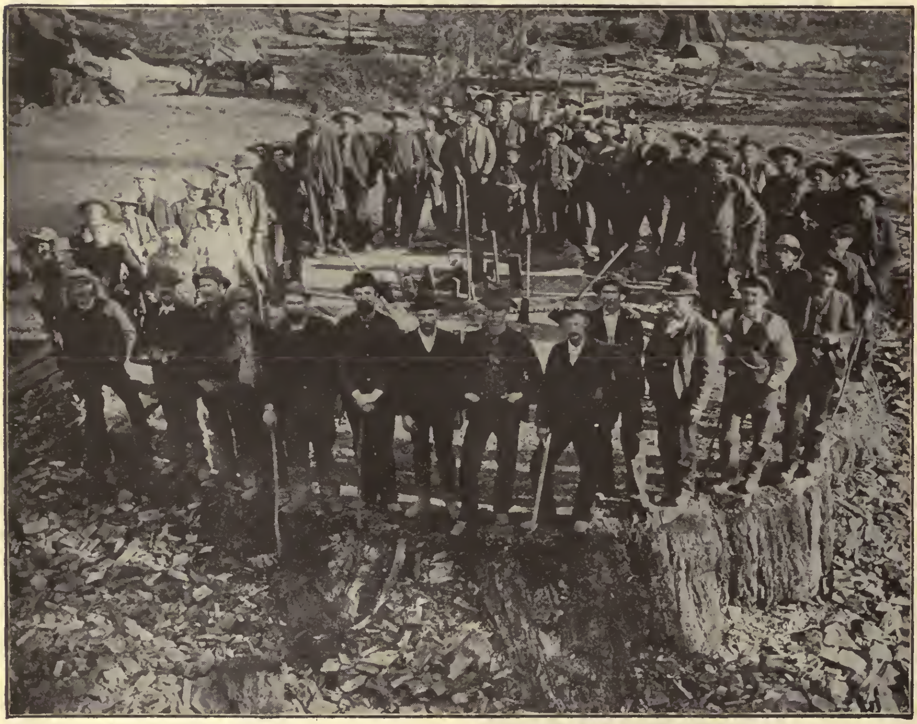
Fortunately, like most trees of temperate climates, the sequoia are exogenous, and by the concentric circles or rings of wood, which mark the seasonal periods of growth, their great age may be quite accurately determined. On the specimen on exhibition these rings are clearly and beautifully shown, and they indicate that the tree must have been 1,341 years old when it was cut down in the Autumn of 1891.

There are several groves of these trees in the King's river area of southern California which have been much visited by tourists, and many of the handsomest trees have been christened by them in their rambles, and several have been marked with marble tablets bearing such names as "Bay State," "Sir Joseph Hooker," "Pride of the Forest," "Grizzly Giant," etc. The tree from which the museum section was cut bore the familiar name of "Mark Twain," and was one of the most famous in that region because of its great age and size.

"Mark" surely upheld the reputation of the sequoia for longevity, as he must have begun his career in A. D. 550, which was only seventy years after the fall of Rome. When Columbus reached our shores he must have been already a mature old gentleman of close to a thousand Summers. In fact, practically all of mediaeval history, as well as modern, transpired during the life of this grim and silent sentinel of the forest.

The museum has strikingly illustrated the life history of this particular tree by placing upon the face of the section several rows of small cards, recording the dates of historical events of importance which have occurred during its career. These are so placed that the date of the event corresponds to the age of the tree at the point where it is affixed. In addition to showing the dates of political events, discoveries, etc., they also indicate the growth of the tree during each hundred years, thus marking the successive centuries.

For instance, when "Mark Twain" must have been a mere sapling, Europe was overrun by the Goths, Vandals and Franks, and a state of universal war prevailed. About twenty years later Mahomet was born, and then followed the establishment of the Mohammedan religion, which, during the following century and a half, threatened to prevail over the whole world.



FIFTY MEN STANDING IN A CIRCLE ON THE STUMP OF THE BIG TREE, WITH ROOM IN THE CENTER FOR TWICE AS MANY MORE

The beginning of the next century was marked by the crowning of Charlemagne on Christmas Day, 800. At this time "Mark Twain" was probably celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth. During this century the hardy Norsemen began their bold voyages in quest of treasure and adventure. They colonized Iceland in 981, and pushing farther westward probably sailed down along the eastern shore of America.

When our young giant had reached the age of 546, in 1096, the Crusades began, and continued for almost 200 years. They brought the various European peoples into closer intercourse, and resulted in the exchange of ideas that helped to prepare the popular mind for the great discoveries of civilization.

Printing with wooden block type was introduced by John Gutenberg in 1438, and in 1450 his invention was followed with the use of metal type, making possible the dissemination of knowledge and raised the standard of intelligence of the whole civilized world. No doubt our friend "Mark," at the age then of 888, was much interested in this new epoch, and made to his forest associates the familiar remark that the "world was surely growing better."

"Mark Twain's" own continent of America was discovered by Columbus in 1492, and was followed by Magellan's famous trip around the world to the westward during which he discovered the Philippines. About the same time Cortez discovered Mexico, and the new world was soon being explored for its reputed hidden treasures. Shortly after these events this grand old tree reached the ripe old age of 1,000, and during the succeeding centuries witnessed the rapid growth of inventive genius and the increasing freedom of thought. The corresponding growth of the tree, however, is represented by only a few inches. Years were but as days to this patriarch of the forest, while down through the ages it stood a mute witness of the coming and going of centuries.

UNITY

By ANNA H. FROST

WESTMINSTER WEST VERMONT

THROUGH my window streams a radiance
Rivaling the sunset's best,
When his glowing mural paintings
Flush the galleries of the West.

Whence this flood of golden splendor?
Tree of topaz, ruby, sard,
Where a squirrel on the maple
Flits and chirps like wingéd bard.

Doth he dream, this winsome creature,
Of his kinship with the tree;
With the birds and clouds above him;
With the sunshine and with me?

⁂

Hath he tender intuitions
Of the loving Cosmic Heart?
Of the all-pervading Spirit
Doth he haply "know in part?"

Sways the tree in mystic concord
With the planets' rythmic roll,
Vaguely conscious of its oneness
With the Universal Soul?

I would fain believe the marvel
That the squirrel and the tree
Dimly feel the law that links us,
Makes them one with star and me.

LEAVES FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE BOOK

I

WHEN THE HENS OF GERMANY WENT ON STRIKE

By ETHEL ARMES

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

THE hens of Germany went on a strike once, and the settlement of their troubles was consigned to Baron Gustave Hermann von dem Mueller, agricultural attache to the German embassy of Washington, District of Columbia. The steward of the kaiser's estates, one Freiherr Otto Adolphus von Puckler-Lundorst, was en route to assist the baron, and together the gentlemen were to inspect "our most illustrious chicken farms" and purchase some American hens minus perverted notions. Thus Baron Gustave took up the chicken question with his customary and commendable fervor, and it was not many days before it became the official joke, and the baron's private correspondence with Mr. Whitelaw Reid on perches and nests was parodied in nearly every dining room of the diplomatic corps. Whenever the baron appeared at any social functions whatever, the conversation gravely and delicately turned to incubators, brooders, feeding troughs and hen houses.

When at length the kaiser's steward reached New York, his mission had become famous, and Baron Gustave had, so it is said, a large number of thoroughbred American hens in gorgeously trimmed coops awaiting the freiherr. The noble gentlemen then toured the farms and hatcheries of Long Island and central New York, collecting samples as they went, so that by the time they reached Washington city they might easily have started in on Louisiana avenue on the wholesale basis.

I was assigned to the story and went up to the embassy the morning after the gentlemen arrived. Johan, of course, always comes to the door. Every newspaper man in Washington knows Johan—to his sorrow. I asked that intelligent Prussian if the freiherr Otto Adolphus von Puckler-Lundorst was in, and he blinked his eyes and scratched his ear, and said, as usual, "Vot vos dot?"

I spelled the name and he shook his head.

"Is the baron von dem Mueller in?" I then asked.

"Nein," returned Johan.

"Why, he hasn't left the city again!" I exclaimed.

"Nein, er schus goom pack."

"Well, Johan, where is he?"

"Er vas py der loodging."

"Do you know where that is, Johan?"

"Nein."

"Is the ambassador himself here, Johan?"

"Nein, er vas in der ould gountree for dis von mont more."

"Well, Johan, is the first secretary in?"

"Der gount Karl Yosef Wilhelm von Steinwartz-Linstow?" Johan inquired placidly, "you like mit him to see?"

"I do," said I, and Johan shuffled off. Never yet in the fifteen years that Johan has been doorkeeper of the German embassy has he lifted his heels from the floor. He returned, in his own time, and led me to one of the basement offices with white painted brick walls and barred windows overlooking the green square in the back yard. Behold! the Count Karl Josef Wilhelm von Steinwartz-Linstow. He was at least six feet five, blonde, of course, race of the Volsungs! He bowed profoundly several times when I entered, and with English but faintly accented inquired:

"What, fraulein, may I haf the pleasure of doing for you?"

"Tell me, if you please sir, where I may find the freiherr von Puckler-Lundorst?" I said, albeit hopelessly.

"Alas!" the count's very heart appeared to break, "he has come, fraulein, und he has gone!"

"Oh!" I cried.

"Oh!" he murmured spontaneously, "the freiherr will so sorry be! It was to Maryland that he was obliged to go early this morning—on business. But is there no one else who can for you serve, fraulein?"

"Perhaps Baron von dem Mueller can help me."

"Perhaps he can!" the count saw daylight again, "it will so vast a pleasure be for him."

"It is very important," said I.

"Of course — of course! I will telephone at once to the baron that he shall here come."

The count retired into the telephone box. Presently he emerged. "Alas," he murmured again, "the baron is in conference with the secretary of agriculture until twelve o'clock. The hour is not harmonious with him, fraulein."

"Where will he be this afternoon?"

"I will to Herr Walters telephone immediately, fraulein, and learn."

Again the count telephoned. "He will be in his lodgings on Connecticut avenue, near L street, at three o'clock, fraulein. To make this certain, Herr Walters will telephone him to be there and I myself will telephone to the agricultural department, and then, fraulein, if you will be so kind as to leaf your number, I shall there send word to you that the appointment may be definitely arranged, and I will tell Herr Walters to do the same. I am sorry, fraulein, that this does occasion for you one worry, but it is all that can be done just now, is it not, fraulein? Or is there more that I may do?"

I thanked him and said, "Perhaps another time."

As he held open the door for me, he bowed many more times and murmured low:

"I only hope, fraulein, that there may another time be!"

As it was then about eleven o'clock, I decided to walk over to the agricultural department leisurely and corral Baron Gustave if possible before he got away to his lodgings. Alas! as my Siegfried said, he too had come, und he had gone! The secretary laughed and told me he was mighty sorry, but he could not help it,—that at least five telephone messages from the embassy had come for the baron while he was in his office, and that Prussian gentleman, excitable at all times, had become quite unmanageable and had left twenty minutes before. The secretary was good enough to detail a clerk to locate the baron for me, while he joyfully rendered statistics on the point in question. He gave me the thrilling news that our egg crop exceeded in value the country's combined gold and silver output since 1850; that our American hens had laid during the last fiscal year, one billion, two hundred and ninety millions of eggs; that we have in the United States eighty-seven standard varieties of chickens. He even presented me with pictures of all the various kinds of hens, the very ones he had given to the baron and the freiherr the day before. It seemed that all these department figures had quite staggered the Prussians. The secretary said that Baron Gustave had told him with tears in his eyes, in the presence of the freiherr, that the hens in Germany would not lay, and that every egg in the empire had to be imported from Hungary.

"The baron also stated," remarked the secretary dryly, "that he was charmed with the American hen, only he wanted the department to guarantee that she would keep up her model standard in Germany—which information I will ask you to use at your discretion."

By this time the clerk reported that the embassy said the baron was at the club, the club said he was at the lodgings and the lodgings said he was at the embassy.

I returned to the office and there I found enough telephone messages to float a dozen barons. The first four actually stated that the Count Karl Josef Wilhelm von Steinwartz-Linstow was doing all in his power. The last one from Herr Walters was definite. It informed me that the baron was at lunch at the Metropolitan Club, and would come to his lodging at three by the clock, according to the hour named, where he would be charmed. An hour later I was again called up, Herr Walters asking in a heart-rending tone if I could not possibly make the appointment at two instead of three by the clock, and I replied that I could. I took a car in time to make the lodging at the hour named, when, as luck would have it, the fuse burned out and I had to get out and walk, so it was slightly after two when I reached the lodgings.

This was a two-story, pressed brick building, painted pale yellow with ginger-bread trimmings, opposite the convent on Connecticut avenue. The first floor was devoted to Turkish baths. On the second flourished the baron and his suite. I went up a long flight of dark stairs and reached a gloomy hall with crimson hangings and a few old guns and shields for armorial effect.

A small, stout gentleman in an embroidered smoking jacket opened the door. His hair was perfectly erect over his mushroom brow. It was Herr Walters.

"Ach! you vas der lady!" he cried, "und der baron on der ferry instant vent oudt! He was vatink von hour, und den he vas opleeged to go!"

I sank into the first chair that I found. "Oh, dear, I am so sorry!"

"Ach! I vas scho chorry! I vas scho chorry!" he also cried sympathetically, "gannot I do somedings, fraulein? I gan telephone to—"

"No!" I exclaimed, "don't ever think of the telephone ever any more. Do you suppose the baron will come back?"

"I veer not deez afternoon, fraulein! You see he vas opleeched to go to meet der Countess Steinwartz-Linstow at der schtation Paldimore und Bennsylvania, mit der gount whose wife she iss. She vas ooneggspected goom at dree o'clock."

A Countess Steinwartz-Linstow!

I recovered presently and asked Herr Walters about the chicken farms in Germany.

"Ach!" he cried, "Fraulein, I vas nicht von varmer!"

"Alas! Neither am I," I sadly replied and took my departure. Strange to say, I had no sooner boarded the elevated to return to the city room, than who should step on but Baron Gustave Hermann von dem Mueller and Count Karl Josef Wilhelm von Steinwartz-Linstow.

"Ah!" cried that Volsung. "There iss the fraulein!"

"The baron himself!" I exclaimed.

"Utd last! Utd last!" cried the baron in such an overwhelming voice that every passenger on the car turned around and stared, "Utd last we von another vind!" Off went his tall hat and he bowed to the very platform. He was quite as tall as the count, but not nearly so beautiful a man, for his nose and his fat cheeks were very red, and then — well, he was Baron Gustave Hermann von dem Mueller. Heaven itself could not preserve me. He poured forth in an absolute torrent:

"Fraulein! I dees morning a messach vrom Gount Linstow haf viles I vas mit der segredaire off acrigulture, dot I vos gome to mine loodching atd dree by der cluck to see von lady. Akain der same messach goom vrom Herr Walters—von young lady he say, und viles I am dinking vot gan dot be, der gount akain sendt vord dot it vos von madter off imbortnance, und she vas young und scharming und Herr Walters he sendt ofer der same vordts. I dinks I gannot mit der segredaire stay no more! I vas hoory to der cloob to loonch. On der vay I schtop vor von glass off pier, und vhen I goom to der cloob I dhere findt dree messach, von vrom der lady asking vhere vas I? I gannot eat off mine loonch, und den Gount Linstow sendt vort dot der gountess dit telegraph dot she vill gome at dree by der cluck, insteadt off dis efening, und der abbointment mit der yoong lady must be schange to dwo. I schange it und der lady say dot vas goodt, so Herr Valters tell me. I go to mine loodching before two und I nicht findt der lady. Herr Valters telephone. She dit gif no undser. Vot am I to do? I vait. I vait von hour und she vas nicht gome! Herr Valters do all vas he gan: he telephone vonce more, but der fraulein gif no undser. I valk oop und I valk down. Den I dink dot vas von schoke! Dhere vas no lady! I poot on mine hatd und schoin Gount Linstow. In all der time I mit Washington City am I nefer haf so crate hoory und eggscitement undt distress! But now udt last behold der lady!"

By this time there was of course an enraptured audience on all sides. I tried to speak, but no words came. The silence was ghastly.

"Vhat, fraulein, may I ask, vhat gan dees so imbortant madter be?" inquired the baron.

My voice returned and I stammered blindly: "What kinds of hens, sir, is freiherr von Puckler-Lundorst going to take back to Germany with him?"

It was out! I dimly saw the total and utter collapse of my friend the count. I vaguely heard through the roar of laughter in the car the loud tones of the Baron Gustave Wilhelm von dem Mueller:

"Fraulein! Vot vas dot? Ach! Der Blymouth Ruck, und der Vyandotte, under der Plack Spinach, und der Puff Go-sheen, und—" he paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Just—those—hens?" I faltered.

"Vy ask you, fraulein, iff der vas hens alone? Der vill be hens und cocks, too!"

IN THE VALLEY

By YONE NOGUCHI

TOKYO, JAPAN

THE Sierra-rock, a tavern for the clouds, refuses to let Fame and Gold sojourn.
Down the Heaven by the river-road, an angel's ethereal shadow strays.
The Genii in the Valley-cavern consult in silence the message of the Heavens
O Lord, show unto mortals thy journal — the balance of Glory and Decay!

The Evolution of RICHARD RUSH Attorney.

By EDWARD M. WOOLLEY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

RICHARD RUSH, attorney, sat in his office, leaning over his desk with his head buried in his arms—his attitude one of intense depression. He had sat there in the bare little room for a long time without moving; so long, indeed, that he had quite forgotten the passage of time, and the late afternoon sun was shining aslant through the open window upon his broad shoulders.

On the door was the black-lettered sign—reading backward from inside—"Richard Rush, Attorney at Law." A shelf of leather-covered books, a framed diploma hanging on the wall and a file of the Law Bulletin were the chief additional features of the apartment. On the open desk was a photograph of a young woman, resting on a little gilded easel. The Summer's breeze that was wafted through the window played with the chestnut locks of the despondent young lawyer, and ever and anon brushed them lightly against the picture.

At length Richard Rush raised his head from the desk and slowly turned about in his revolving chair, until the sunbeams fell upon his face. It was a strong, clean-cut countenance, smooth shaven and attractive, but his eyes were dull with despair.

"It's no use!" he said, aloud, as if continuing the reverie he had been carrying on. "I've given it a year's trial—a year today—and I am a failure. I have spent a year waiting for clients, and getting deeper and deeper into debt. Three clients in a whole year! Isn't that a proud record! Bah!"

He sprang to his feet, moved by sudden anger, and strode quickly back and forth across the room.

"Let me see!" he went on. "Four years spent in study at $600 a year—that's $2,400. One year in practice" (he emphasized the word "practice")—"that's $800 more. So far my law experience has cost me $3,200 and five of the best years of my life, and in return I've taken in $63. And now my creditors are about to seize my pitiful office effects and turn me out disgraced!"

After a time he sat down in quieter mood.

"I wonder what Alice will think?" he mused. "If I hadn't been a fool I'd have told her long ago how things were going. It wouldn't be so bad if I hadn't played the hypocrite to her—made her think I was a rising young lawyer working into a good practice. If I'd told her the truth from the start she might have retained some respect for me, even though I did prove a failure. An honest man carries prestige, even if he lacks ability. But now—ah! Richard Rush, how great will be your fall."

He took the photograph from his desk and gazed at it—gazed at it so long that the shades of night came stealing into his desolate little office and found him still there, with the picture of the girl in his hands.

"There's no other way," he sighed, at last, brushing his hand over his eyes. "I'll tell her tonight. Then I'll abandon this illusion, the law, and go to work. I'll release her from our engagement—if she wants it so."

He added the qualifying phrase with something like a sob in his voice. Then he shut his desk with a bang and turned to leave the room, which now was in deep shadow. As he opened the door he encountered a figure in the hallway, apparently groping in the dim light.

"I beg pardon," said the stranger, "but can you tell me where the office of Richard Rush, lawyer, is located?"

"I am Mr. Rush, sir," replied the young attorney, secretly saying to himself: "Another constable with a debt to collect, I suppose!"

"Then you are the man I desire to see," returned the other.

"Come in," said Rush, wearily.

"If you have no other engagement," the stranger said, with some diffidence, when the two were inside the office, "I would like to have a little confidential conversation."

"Certainly; I am at your service."

Rush lighted the gas and motioned the visitor to a seat.

"I have a brother who is in trouble," began the caller, who was little more than a boy, "and I want to engage the services of a lawyer—that is, a lawyer who will not charge more than we can pay."

Rush concealed his surprise.

"And therefore you thought I would meet your requirements?" he answered, with an unconscious air of injured feelings. "Did somebody send you to me?"

"I didn't mean any offense, sir," the youth hastened to reply. "You see I went to Attorney Benedict first, because he is so well known, but he said he couldn't touch the case for less than $2,000. He referred me to you, and said he thought you'd do it for half that."

Richard Rush mentally blessed Attorney Benedict, who had known something of the young lawyer's predicament.

"Mr. Benedict is a high priced lawyer," he said, "but it sometimes pays to get the best. What is the charge against your brother?"

"Murder!"

Rush started.

"Indeed! That is a most serious trouble."

"But he isn't guilty," hastily added the stranger. "Circumstances are against him."

"Tell me the story," said Rush, assuming a professional air, although he felt ill at ease.

The youth, with downcast eyes, related the incident of a most atrocious crime, in which a young woman had met her death at the hands, as the indictment charged, of Archibald Crews.

"And you can pay $1,000 for the defense?" asked Rush.

"That is what I wanted to explain. You see we can raise $800 by mortgaging our home. We have nothing else in the world. Mother is willing to give all she has to save Archie—everything!"

There was a note of despair in the boy's voice that appealed to the lawyer—who so recently had been despairing himself.

"Tell your brother," he answered, "that I'll go to the jail immediately after dinner. Before accepting such a defense it will be necessary for me to see the defendant and talk with him."

Rush, in truth, had no appetite for dinner. His brain was in a whirl. To a man in his desperate straits the thing that had befallen seemed like the wildest of dreams. Yet, almost destitute as he was, he hesitated. Criminal law never had attracted him, and this particular case was especially repellent. The horrible details of the crime oppressed him. "Suppose," he thought, with a shudder, "that this fellow Crews should be guilty!"

He made a feint of eating, and left the table with an apology for his haste. In the hall he encountered his landlady, who had been watching for him.

"Yes, yes," said Rush, impatiently. "I know you've waited a long time for your money. You've been considerate.

"I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATION"

I appreciate your kindness. You shall be paid this week without fail. I have some money coming in within a day or two."

The county jail was a gloomy place, especially at night. Rush never had been inside its walls before, and he felt uneasy as he was ushered between the steel bars into the lawyers' "cage," where Archibald Crews soon was brought by the guards.

The prisoner's appearance did not reassure Rush, for he had a bulging forehead and an averted expression of the eyes. He was pale and nervous under Rush's scrutiny.

"Before accepting your defense," said the lawyer, after preliminaries had been exchanged, "it will be necessary that you tell me in detail the circumstances of this affair. You will understand that it is a grave undertaking to defend a man in your position."

Rush unconsciously gave the impression that such responsibilities were not uncommon with him.

"Of course you understand," he went on, "that whatever the confidence you may repose in me, it will be inviolate. The law exempts an attorney from the witness stand, and I never could be called upon to testify against you. You understand it is customary for clients to trust their secrets to their attorneys."

As a matter of fact, Rush knew very little about the custom—especially in criminal cases.

The prisoner cast a brief glance of suspicion at Rush, and then resumed his downward gaze. He shifted uneasily.

"You have my word, Crews," said Rush, perceiving the man's hesitation, "that I shall not betray your secrets, whether I accept your case or not."

Crews was silent. He changed his position, drummed with his heel on the iron floor, and brushed his hand across his forehead.

"Mr. Rush," he said, at length, "I haven't any doubt that your word is good, but, at the same time, I don't see any reason why I should make a confidant of you, unless you agree to be my lawyer. I—I—can't afford to take chances."

Rush long had cherished the idea that his chosen profession was the highest of callings. From the day he had begun to read Blackstone, he had sat upon an exalted imaginary seat, and as he progressed month by month in his college course, the idea became more and more fixed, that the law was, indeed, the noblest profession, not even excepting medicine and the ministry. True, he had known lawyers who had disgraced themselves, but this fact did not detract from the nobility of the calling itself. The day he was admitted to the bar was a proud one, and since that time, even through his financial hardships, he had been upon a mental pinnacle.

Yet here sat Richard Rush, with all his high ideals, contemplating the defense of a murderer! Some instinct told him that Archibald Crews was guilty.

At an earlier period in this young lawyer's "practice," he would not have hesitated. He would have scorned the thought of taking such a case. But now he sat there, bound hand and foot, it seemed. The frightfulness of his temptation loomed before him—but he was powerless to resist. To refuse this client meant retirement from the profession he had struggled so long to attain. It meant ruin. The crisis that had come upon him might be averted, if he were to avail himself of this opportunity which Providence, or the devil — he wondered which—had so unexpectedly thrust upon him. To refuse it meant not only public humiliation, but it meant what was far worse in the eyes of Rush—humiliation before the eyes of Alice Merton.

The struggle was a bitter one. The question was to be settled on the spot. His whole future depended on that moment.

"I understand," he said, after a minute's silence, "that you could pay $800 for a lawyer. How much can you pay down? You know a retainer is necessary."

"My mother will give you $200 tonight if you will call on her. The remainder can be paid as soon as the mortgage can be arranged."

The young lawyer's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. "Two hundred dollars — tonight!" he thought. "God knows I need it.

"Very well," he said aloud, "I'll take your case."

Oddly enough, at the very moment he bound himself to the prisoner's fortunes, a chill breeze swept through the iron corridors of the county jail. The wind, shifting to the north, had brought a sudden change in temperature. Rush was anything but superstitious, but the cold wind on his perspiring forehead affected him in a singular way. Of course, it was only a coincidence, he thought.

An hour later, Richard Rush emerged from the county jail. The raw wind blew a fine, penetrating mist in his face, and seeing a cab near by, he signaled it. It was the first time in his life he had indulged in such a luxury. He couldn't tell why he did so now — except that a strange, unnatural mood was upon him. He saw opening ahead the career of a lawyer. Wealth, honors, fame!—these were in his visions. Yet he shuddered and sank back in the seat of the cab.

"But the cost!" he muttered. "Linked to a self-confessed murderer — and for $800!"

That night sleep was far from his fevered brain, and he walked the floor until the gray streak in the East had widened into a band that reached from the northern horizon to the southern.

The day was Sunday, and Richard Rush, in pursuance of an engagement, went to the home of his betrothed and escorted her to church. He was a member of the communion himself, and taught a bible class in the Sunday school.

Afterward, Rush took dinner at the house of Miss Merton. During the meal the sermon was discussed, and Rush, as befitted his position as a fluent young lawyer, took the leading part in the debate. The sermon had been upon "Duty, in the Face of Obstacles and Temptations." Inwardly, Rush said to himself:

"Hypocrite! I never thought you would sink so low!"

For the next few weeks the young lawyer had little time to spend with Alice Merton. He was busily engaged upon the defense of Archibald Crews.

His hitherto lonesome office became the scene of daily and nightly conferences. The witnesses who were to testify for the murderer were called in frequently. Rush scarcely took time for his meals. He was at his desk before the average lawyer was at the breakfast table; and long after midnight the light from his office window was dimly reflected into the silent street. He grew pale, thin and nervous. His friends chaffed him about getting a partner to relieve his over-burdened practice. Alice gently rebuked him for neglecting her, and, worse still, for neglecting his health. He replied:

"HIS OPENING STATEMENT TO THE JURY"

"When I am through with this case, I'll take a rest. Everything depends on my success now—my future lies before me. If I succeed, my standing is assured. Money will flow into my pockets, and—and we can be married in the Fall."

His conscience wasn't given time to assert itself fully. Once launched upon the tide of energy that filled him, Rush throttled this conscience whenever it sought to whisper weakly in his ear. He crushed it deliberately, with the venom a man might exert upon a snake. But there were times when Rush, awaking in the dead of night, would find his conscience getting the better of him. On more than one occasion he arose and tramped the streets until dawn, arguing, arguing, arguing—with himself.

The night before the date fixed for the trial, Rush had the final tussle. He reached home at sunrise, fagged out, disgusted with his profession, loathing himself, remorseful—but resolved to see the thing through. He had finally put aside his high ideals and theoretical standards of legal ethics.

"There's no use!" he muttered as he tumbled into bed. "I can't afford to throw fortune away because of a little moral or religious compunction. I'm a lawyer."

When Rush began his opening statement to the jury, there was general surprise in the court room. Judge, state's attorney and spectators were astonished at the eloquence and vigor of the young man. Few of the persons present ever had heard of him. They asked themselves:

"Who is this new genius of the law?"

The state put on its witnesses, one after another, showing a most damaging case against Archibald Crews. The spectators shuddered as witness after witness drew the rope tighter and tighter about the prisoner's neck.

One by one, Rush cross examined these witnesses, and by his adroit queries excited the admiration even of his opponents. But it was not until the time came for the defense to put on witnesses that the prosecution received its greatest surprise. Unexpected evidence was introduced—from witnesses who had been unknown to the state, tending to establish the innocence of the defendant. So strong was this evidence that a revulsion of feeling swept the court room.

In his argument before the jury, the assistant state's attorney denounced this surprising testimony as perjury, and made such a strong speech that the tide of feeling was turned back, and everybody in the court room seemed satisfied that the jury could not fail to convict. Then Richard Rush made the speech for which he had been preparing all those weeks. It was the speech upon which he staked his future as a lawyer. From the time he opened his mouth to the moment he closed, he held the jury and spectators spell bound. Such eloquence never had been heard in the court room before. Women wept aloud, and the prosecution was aghast. One by one, Rush punctured the arguments of the state. He skillfully intermingled reason with emotion, carrying the jurors along in a train of rhetoric that was irresistible. His sonorous, musical voice added to the spell of finely wrought sentences which Rush, with infinite care, had created and committed to memory days before. By continually dwelling on the little inconsistencies in the state's evidence, he gradually built up a structure of doubt in the minds of all who heard him. When he closed, with a brilliant peroration, there was the silence of death.

The state's attorney, in the final summing up of the case for the jury, made an attempt to counteract the influence of Rush, but he was too late. The jury, after being out fifteen minutes, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Archibald Crews, who had been sitting beside his attorney, trembling like a leaf while his fate hung in the balance, sprang up and eagerly extended his hand, as the tears of joy ran down his face. But Rush, for some strange reason, pretended not to see, and deliberately turned his back.

Then the widowed, broken mother of the murderer worked her way through the crowd and threw her arms about Rush's neck, sobbing hysterically.

From this side and that, pressing forward upon him, the relatives and friends of Crews, anxious to bestow congratulations and joyful demonstrations.

Oddly enough, Rush frowned upon those who sought to lionize him, and as quickly as he could he left the court room and hurried to his office, where he hastily wrote a note to Alice Merton:

"I am sorry important business takes me out of town tonight; otherwise I should be glad to receive your congratulations."

In his room he threw a few things into a satchel, muttering: "I can't stand these compliments. Why should a fellow who has bartered away his soul for $800 be compelled to listen to a lot of drivelings? I must get away for a day."

He took the train for a country town among the hills. Here, after a meal for which he had no appetite, he set out to work off the nervous reaction which the ending of his long task had brought. He tramped through the dust of the roads until the moon rose, and then he strode off across country, his thoughts still in a tumult. When, late at night, he returned to his hotel, the old question still confronted him.

"Have I simply paid the price of success? Could a lawyer have done otherwise?"

Next day, when he returned to the city, he was surprised to find awaiting him a letter from the state's attorney, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Rush:—I am in need of an assistant state's attorney to reinforce my staff, and I shall be glad to offer you the place, at a salary of $3,000. I should be greatly pleased if you could arrange to take up the work immediately, so as to conduct the prosecution of John Perrie, who will be placed on trial Monday for murder. It will be a hard case, for the evidence against him is not strong, but I believe you are the man to convict him, once you take hold. Kindly advise me at once of your decision."

Richard Rush held the letter in his hands for a long time, and never a smile of triumph flitted across his face. A few weeks before, this young lawyer, sitting in this same chair, had condemned himself as a failure in his profession. Now he saw a brilliant future in his grasp. Yet he frowned.

Once more the shades of night stole in at the dusty window, and darkness encompassed him. He sat there, while the sounds in the street grew less and less frequent, and the moon rose, calm and beautiful, over the thousand roofs about him. When the deep, solemn tones of a great bell not far away struck midnight the moonbeams were resting upon the form of Richard Rush, bent over his desk—his face once more buried in his arms.

He raised his head at the stroke of twelve, and, rising, went to the window and looked out on the deserted pavement.

"'It will be a hard case,'" he muttered, repeating the language of the state's attorney in the letter, "'for the evidence against him is not strong, but I believe you are the man to convict him.'

"Great God!" he said. "So I am the man to convict him, though the evidence is weak. Oh, my beloved profession, where are now your exalted ideals?"

He stood for a few minutes longer, deep in thought, then he turned with a quick, decisive, but half despairing look on his drawn face and lighted the gas.

"I have freed a guilty man," he said, as he took up his pen; "why should I not send an innocent man to the gallows?"

Then he wrote this letter to the state's attorney:

"I am greatly honored by your valued offer, and I hasten to accept the same. I shall be ready to assume my duties tomorrow morning."

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By HELEN ARTHUR

NEW YORK CITY

VI

EFFIE SHANNON

EFFIE SHANNON was born in a little town in New Hampshire, near Haverhill, Massachusetts. Her father was a Presbyterian minister, and, strange to say, the tale of family opposition does not go with the story of Miss Shannon's career. Her father saw how wonderfully his baby could mimic persons and things, and he consented to allow her to become a child actress.

Her debut was made in the old Boston Museum with John McCullough in a production of "Coriolanus"—she was then three—and her duty was to strew flowers in the path of the "lead." Her next engagement was with John Stetson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," playing the everlasting Eva. She was then seven. She had never seen the play or read the book, and it was said that she wept so over her part that the first rehearsal had to be postponed. Miss Shannon has a sister who is an actress, and when children the two alternated seasons, playing and going to school. After she ceased playing child parts, she came to New York looking for an engagement, and seeing an advertisement of the late Augustin Daly's, she made up her mind to apply in person. She told her friends, who insisted upon loaning her their best individual apparel, and thus arrayed in the various articles which were the especial pride of each, she met the awe-inspiring Mr. Daly. He hired her on the spot—telling her that she was a bit of comedy in herself.

It was as leading ingenue with the Lyceum Company that she became so firmly established in the affections of New York theater goers, and her greatest success here was as Margaret in "Lady Bountiful."

Since she and Mr. Herbert Kelcey, also of the Lyceum Stock Company, have become co-stars, they have played in "The Moth and the Flame," "Her Lord and Master," "Manon Lescaut" and "Sherlock Holmes."

Miss Shannon is a Greek and Latin scholar of no mean reputation, having published the first translation since 1854 of the Sapphic Fragments, and her paraphrase of the Vergilian Georgics, though not yet brought out, is considered by those who have seen it as remarkably good.

This season she and Mr. Kelcey have broken away from the modern domestic play, and are appearing in "Taps," a translation of "Zapfenstreich," the powerful drama by Franz Adam Beyerlein, now resting under the censure of Kaiser Wilhelm because of its strictures regarding army discipline. In structure, the play is unusual, since there is but one woman's part, and Miss Shannon is consistently good through it all.

⁂

VII

ELEANOR ROBSON

ELEANOR ROBSON is one of our youngest stars, and one who in a few more years will have as large and devoted a following as either Maude Adams or Julia Marlowe. She was born in England, her parents and her grandmother being players of distinction. Her mother, Madge Carr Cooke — now "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,"— came to this country to play with the late Roland Reed, bringing her young daughter with her, and feeling that the little Eleanor would surely prefer school life to the hardships of traveling, Mrs. Cooke placed the child in a convent on Staten Island, New York.

Whether or not the stage was to

MISS EFFIE SHANNON

become Eleanor Robson's profession was not at that time considered a burning question; she was a mere child. A child to be sure, but a very lonesome one, and Eleanor Robson made up her mind that she would be where her mother was. Mrs. Cooke was then playing in Daniel Frawley's stock company on the Pacific coast, and there Eleanor Robson went. Mr. Frawley gave the girl small parts in his productions, and from the very beginning her talent was noticeable. From San Francisco, Miss Robson went to Milwaukee to the Davidson's stock company, and then came the chance to be with her mother again and the two went to Denver. It was while playing here that Miss Robson's opportunity arrived; she was "discovered" and given the role of Bonita in "Arizona." After her success in this, she played in "Unleavened Bread," and in the Spring she created a stir by her work with Otis Skinner and

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AS BECKY SHARP

Mrs. Le Moyne in a series of matinees presenting Browning's "In a Balcony."

Then, for a year, she was leading woman with Kyrle Bellew in "A Gentleman of France." Her first star part was in "Audrey," and later she was Juliet in an all-star cast of "Romeo and Juliet."

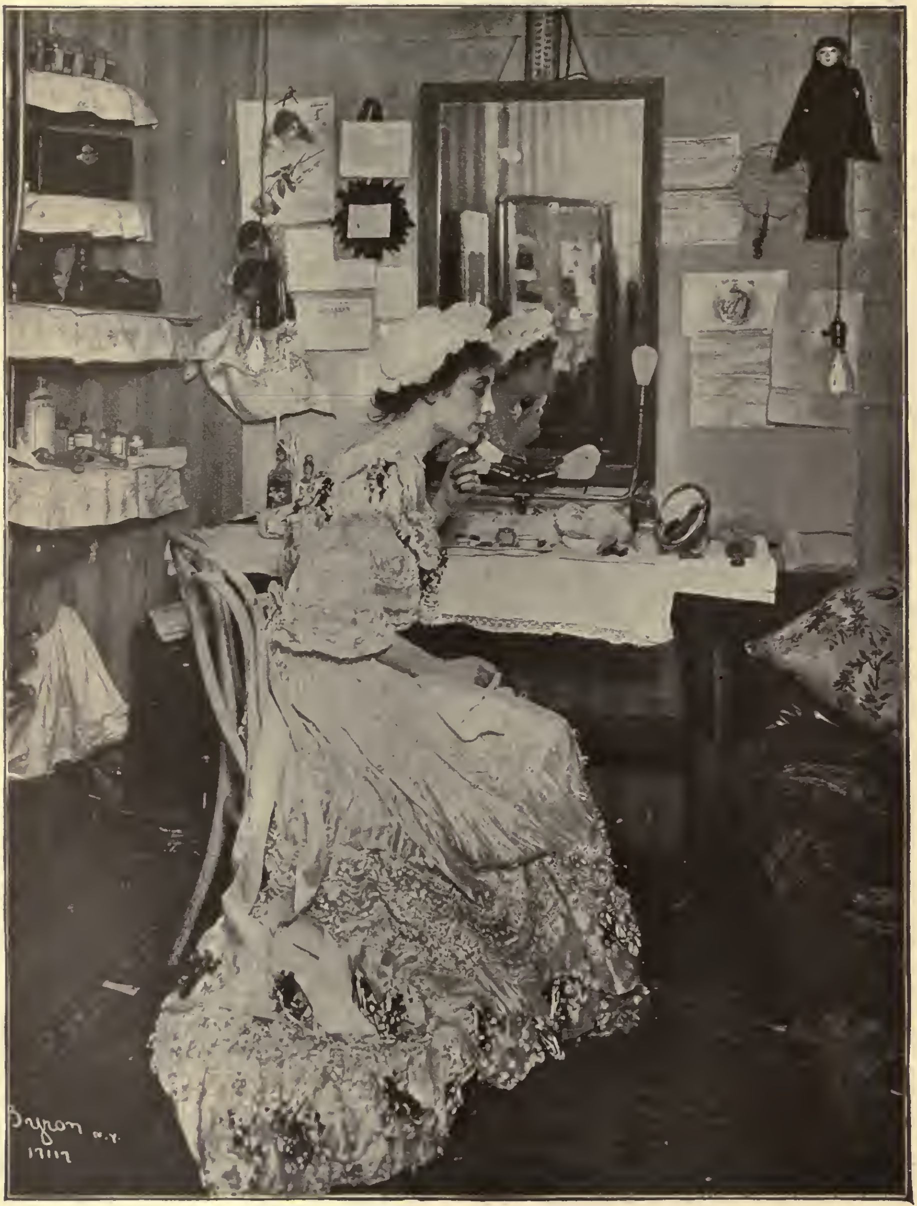
Last season as the slavey in Zangwill's play "Merely Mary Ann," she was one of the year's successes. Miss Robson is now playing this part in London, and has been accorded the greatest personal triumph of the many American actresses who have tried to win British favor.

⁂

VIII

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

THE name of Minnie Maddern Fiske is the signal for a discussion as to whether or not she is our foremost emotional actress, and for my part, I



ELEANOR ROBSON IN HER DRESSING ROOM, MAKING UP FOR THE LAST ACT OF "MERELY MARY ANN"

consider her so. Her parents were players well known in the West and she was born in New Orleans. As a child she played in companies with her parents, her roles being of the greatest variety, ranging from Prince Arthur in "King John" to little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Her first great success was as "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and she has since appeared in "Divorcons," "Little Italy" and "Mary of Magdala," in all of which plays her characterizations have been remarkable. The public has cared more for her Becky Sharp in the play of that name adapted by Langdon Mitchell from "Vanity Fair." In appearance and manner she is Thackeray's character to the very life.

Her husband is Harrison Grey Fiske, the owner of the Manhattan theater and the editor of the Dramatic Mirror. This season Mrs. Fiske is to be at the head of a permanent stock company known as the "Manhattan," which is expected to equal, if not surpass, the famous Lyceum and Wallack companies. So far as the men in her company are concerned, the array is imposing—George Arliss, John Mason and Charles Cartwright; and as for the women, there will always be the wonderful Mrs. Fiske.

SETTING THE HEATHEN FREE

By FRANK PUTNAM

EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE JAP is in FORMOSA, the BRITON'S in BOMBAY,
Your UNCLE'S in MANILA, and they all are there to stay.
'Twas not for gain or selfish ease they sailed across the sea—
Their business is to set the poor benighted heathen free,

To set the heathen free,
To set the heathen free,

To make them wise and virtuous — the same as you and I.
(Our guided lightnings leap the deep, our pinions dare the sky—
O brothers take our offered gifts before the day you die!)

The tender hearts among us deplore the grief and pain:
I see Truth's mighty temple arise on Error slain;
I see Love's bonds draw closer the lands along the sea
What while we strive to set the grim and stubborn heathen free,

To set the heathen free,
To set the heathen free,

From ignorance and prejudice—the same as you and I.
(One earth beneath us, overhead a single arching sky,
And we shall speak a single tongue before the day we die!)

The child, reluctant, goes to school: the childish peoples must;
And what they cannot understand, that shall they take on trust.
They kick against the pricks today, but shortly we shall see
Their children bless the hour we came to set the heathen free,

To set the heathen free,
To set the heathen free,

From all their evil practices —the same as you and I.
(From slander, envy, greed and lust—the same as you and I.
God grant we save their heathen souls before the day we die!)

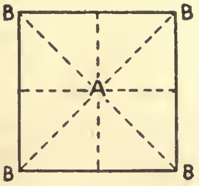
PAPER DOLLS AND FURNITURE

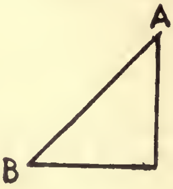
By MISS E. C. M.

DAUNT, CALIFORNIA

THE long Winter evenings draw near, when, varied though her resources may be, the house-mother often hears the query, "What can we do?" Then will be the time to bring out the National, together with paper and scissors, when joy will reign supreme. Never have we known the charm to fail. We have known members of a large primary grade to keep scissors flying all recess and noon, making doll furniture of all kinds and dolls of all ages and complexions. They had "little bits of dolls," giant dolls, dolls "a-dancing" and dolls whose bright, chalky smiles haunt me still.

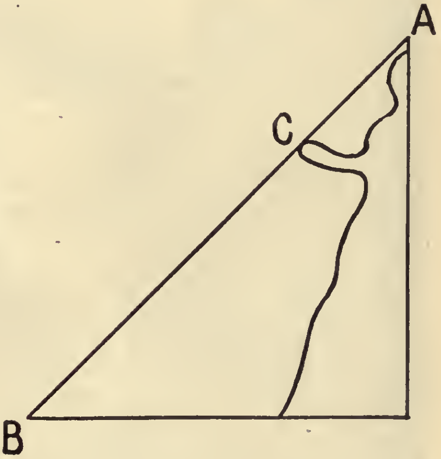
These dancing dolls were made as follows: Fold a square of paper along dotted lines till it looks thus:



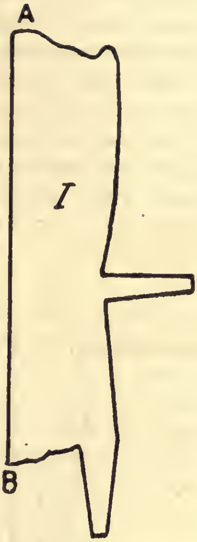


A of the folded square corresponds to A of the original, and B of the folded square corresponds to B of the original square.

Now cut where indicated, leaving the arms joined at C. Open the square and you have four dolls standing in a circle holding hands.

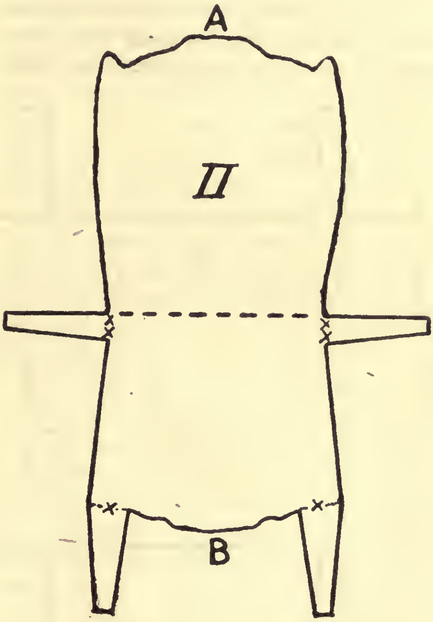


The furniture making will be simplified if the patterns given in the magazine are cut out and traced on the paper to be used. The process may be still further simplified if one-half the pattern is traced upon a folded paper, i. e., place this half chair pattern (I) with line A-B along your folded edge of the paper; trace, then cut. Upon opening, you find a perfect chair pattern that looks like figure II, and is ready to fold upon dotted lines.

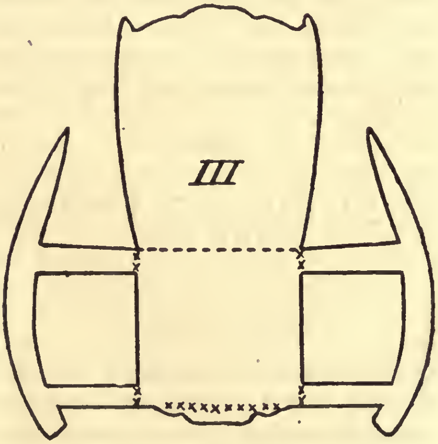


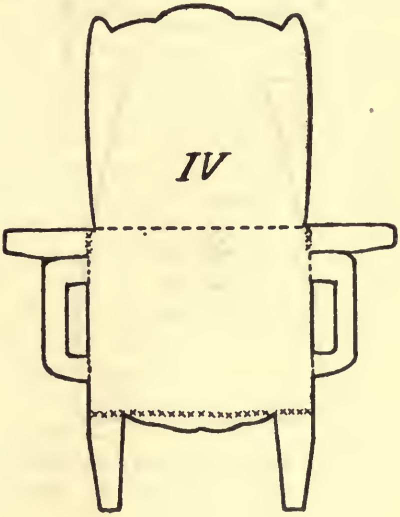
These chairs may be modified indefinitely into rockers, arm-chairs, Morris chairs, etc. Here are some of them which will be very satisfactory made from stiff note paper or old envelopes and which may be improved by painting with water colors or even common colored school crayons. After cutting out the arm-chair, the children will readily see how the rocking chair may be made with arms. Now for a bed and a table, the easiest of all.

Aside from mere amusement, this play has a value. The child, in his endeavor to keep his furniture from "wobbling," will take great care to draw and to cut the pattern exactly as given. He will also find ample scope for exercise of inventive powers. Modifications of his chairs and tables will suggest themselves to him. He will want more furniture, too, such as sofas and bureaus or even a piano. He may want a house for his possessions, and its building, whether of pasteboard boxes or blocks, will occupy one afternoon. Like the new andirons, every treasure means another.

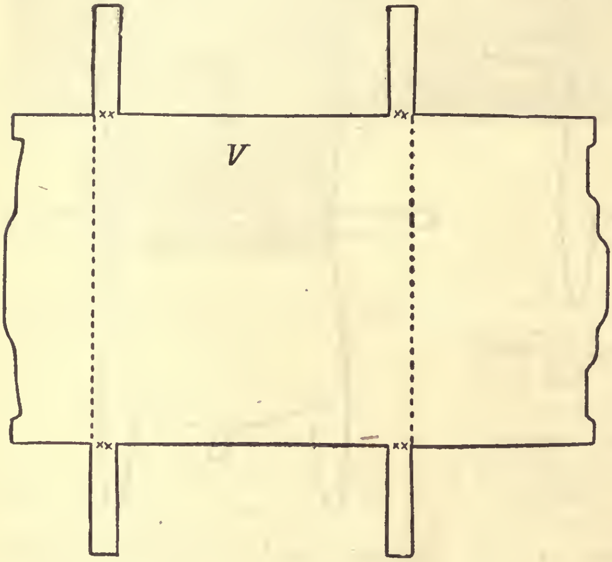


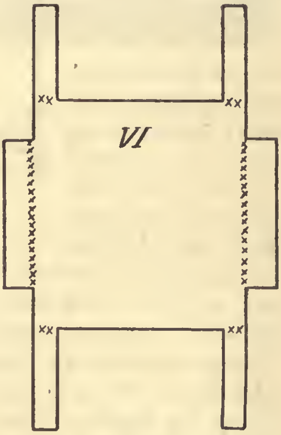
Paper dolls and their wardrobes have

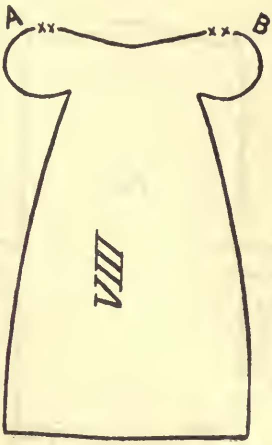




proved a "joy forever" to their fond mothers. A certain young woman is known to have kept among her valentines and other more sentimental keepsakes a paper doll with dresses of every shade and style. One lavender tissue paper ball dress was trimmed with ruffles and draperies, with puffs and long, flowing sashes. It must have needed a girl artist and dressmaker for its manufacture; but the plain, everyday wardrobe of white paper has proved equally as satisfactory. If by chance the child has never made such articles, here is a simple pattern as a foundation for embellishment. This figure represents a double piece of paper folded at A-B. The lines x x x indicate where it is left uncut. Hats are made of a circular piece of paper with a cut in the center the size of the doll's head. These may be trimmed with ribbons drawn through another smaller cut or with feathers made by cutting into the edge of an oval. But why need we older people elaborate further? That is half the fun. Give the children these patterns and they will do the rest.







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STUDYING ADVERTISEMENTS

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

STUDYING advertisements may not seem, at first thought, an occupation calculated to help the housewife in a direct way, yet the woman who makes a study of them will find many that will put her on the track of articles which will lighten her work to a very great degree, and in the advertising matter she will find many "tricks of her trade" made plain.

In many cases a postal card is the only expense required to secure a really valuable booklet, while in other cases a few cents buys a sample of the goods (worth far more than the price paid) and the booklet comes with it.

This is true along many lines, but particularly so in those of special interest to the cook and housewife. The manufacturers of certain food stuffs go to great expense in order to have their preparations tested and experimented with, and then publish a booklet filled with the finest of recipes, and new methods of using the article being advertised.

The writer has a booklet sent out to advertise a certain brand of salad dressing, which is in reality a complete treatise on the art of salad making. About fifty pages are filled with recipes for salads made from everything under the sun, seemingly, and with each one the little wrinkles which go to the making of a perfect salad are explained. As might be expected, every recipe calls for the use of that particular salad dressing, but others, even the home made article, may be substituted; the point is that the owner of that booklet has learned, not not only many valuable facts about salad making in general, but the fact that it is possible to have a bottle of dressing at hand ready for any emergency, and that its quality is something to be proud of. Several pages are given to directions for using the dressing, in preparing fish or oysters for frying, and in many ways in which the average housekeeper never dreams of using it, though it is what gives the indescribably delicate flavor to dishes prepared by world famous cooks. At the foot of each page a paragraph tells the little things we all want to know about the "how" of entertaining. The cover is artistic; the paper of the finest; the printing and illustrating of the best, yet the booklet is to be had for the asking.

Another booklet, sent out by a meat-packing firm, is a beauty and filled from cover to cover with choice recipes for using meats of every kind in unusual ways, and with each recipe there is a menu appropriate for some form of picnic, porch party, luncheon, or other informal and jolly affair.

At a venture I have just examined the October issue of a household magazine, and in it I found seven booklets offered, teaching the art of making soups, salads, desserts, candies, or some other branch of cookery.

Not long ago the advertisement of a new silver cleaner that required no rubbing caused me to send for a sample. It did more than was claimed for it, and I at once ordered more, and now I put even the worst tarnished silver into it, let stand half a minute or so, take it out and wipe it. The silver looks like new, and the work is less than that of washing it after a meal, yet I should still be rubbing away when I wanted bright silver had I not read that advertisement.

Another line of advertising well worth watching is that carried by the different railroads. Their booklets are works of art, and give so much information in a delightfully interesting form that one absorbs knowledge, almost unconsciously, while enjoying the descriptive writing and the illustrations. No geographical text book or encyclopedia gives the class of information included in these booklets which are prepared at vast expense by the companies issuing them. They are furnished to the public for a few cents in stamps, but the value of them to students—in school or out—is beyond question.

As a rule the offer of booklet, or sample, is not made a conspicuous part of the advertisement, but it is there for those who read it closely, and ninety-nine times in a hundred the offer is worth taking advantage of, because in some lines it will, to a degree, make work easier, the outlook on the world and its people broader, and point the way to other and greater helps.

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SECRETS OF HOME BREAD MAKING

By LEORA BETTISON ROBINSON
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

RECIPES for bread making are, so far as cook books are concerned, definitely indefinite, and directions from expert cooks are often as mysteriously mystifying. Experience and practice are the two essentials impressed on the novice; but she fails to see how experience and practice in failures can be of benefit.

"Put in just enough yeast," says the expert, "not too much or it will taste; not too little or it won't rise. Flour according to the loaves wanted. Work it with just enough water and to make dough. Let it rise just right. Work it out into loaves when it is light. Bake in a moderate oven. You will soon learn."

But the novice did not soon learn. The intricacies and uncertainties of making bread were her despair until a neighbor with a genius for teaching as well as for making perfect bread, gave her the following directions:

"Measure four quarts of flour. Sift it into a large pan, dredging well the board with about a pint of the flour. One cake of yeast, compressed or dry, dissolved in one quart of lukewarm water—water that just feels warm to the fingers. Put into the flour a large kitchen spoon full of sugar, a table spoonful of salt, and one of lard. Mix the dry materials, then the lard. Add the yeast and enough water to make a stiff dough. It will be soft enough before morning. Bread does not need much working — just enough to mix the ingredients smoothly. Put the batch of dough into a two and a half gallon bucket which has a cover. Put on the cover and wrap the bucket in a folded table cloth. In the morning, in Summer weather, the dough will be at the top of the bucket. In cold weather it must be set in a warm place. When the dough reaches the top of the bucket it has risen enough. Work it smooth. It will crack under the touch. This will make a pan of rolls and five loaves of bread. Grease the pans and set the bread near the stove. As soon as the dough rises to twice its original bulk, it is ready to bake. Have a rather hot oven with a steady, slow fire; which should not be disturbed during the baking. When the bread has stopped 'singing,' it is done, but must be left in the oven about five minutes longer to season. Take the loaves out of the pans, stand them on the side, wrap up in a table cloth."

These explicit directions faithfully followed insure good bread—no guess work about it and no failures. It is only necessary to be exact in measurements, to have the dough stiff, so that no more flour will have to be added after the dough has risen, to cover the bucket, to knead when the dough has reached the top of the bucket and to bake when the loaves have risen to twice their original size.

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A GOOD WAY TO MEND

By MRS. LUCY M. FARNUM
NORWOOD PARK, ILLINOIS

IN repairing small trousers do not make a darn upon a patch placed underneath, for this will soon become frayed and unsightly. A better way is to proceed as follows:

Beginning at the seam in the back, cut from one side of the seat a piece big enough to include all that has become thin; fold this over upon the other side and cut exactly the same amount from that. Rip out the seam of this cut portion, and—using one-half of it for a pattern—cut two pieces from new cloth;

remembering to cut these three-fourths of an inch larger than the pattern all around the outer edge, and exactly like the pattern on the edges to be joined. Stitch these two latter edges together; dampen and press. Next insert this prepared patch in the opening cut in the garment, being sure to have the seams exactly meet. Stitch all around, making the seam three-eights of an inch deep. Dampen and press flat.

For worn knees, rip the side seams of the leg to a point above the worn portion, and cut this off straight across. Cut the patch three-fourths of an inch longer at the top; seam it to the cut edge of the leg and press. Next stitch the side seams, and lastly make the hem at the bottom. Trousers repaired in this way will look and wear like new.

In buying ready made suits for boys, it is well to get two pairs of trousers with one coat. The better portions of the pair worn first can be laid aside for patches.

A THANKSGIVING BASKET BALL PARTY

By MRS. KATHERINE E. MEGEE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

IT had been agreed between the first and second teams of the Waynesboro basket ball club, before the game which was played on Saturday preceding Thanksgiving came off, that the losing team should give an entertainment of some description on Thanksgiving, at which the victors were to be the guests of honor. This pleasurable duty fell to the lot of the first team. Accordingly, on Saturday night a caucus was held, plans for an entertainment suggested and discussed and a committee of three appointed to investigate more thoroughly the feasibility of these plans, and report at another meeting to be held on Monday morning.

OUR COOK

By MADGE WHITCOMB

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

OUR cook is very good to me;
She lets me help her, lots.
So, when she's baking apple pies,
I prick the top with dots.

When I grow up as big as her
I know what I shall be;—
I'll be a Dinah, too, and cook
Good things for boys like me.

This committee strongly favored the adoption of one of the three forms of entertainment: — a breakfast party, a high tea, or an evening affair of some description, and proceeded to set forth the advantages and disadvantages of each as it appealed to them. The breakfast would be the most informal, and for that very reason, would in all probability be the most enjoyable; but, if served at the hour the etiquette of such matters sanctions, that is, at high noon or thereabouts, might interfere very materially with the plans for the Thanksgiving dinner which is the feature of the day in all truly American homes. A high tea is really but once removed from a dinner party, and would offer an opportunity for the display of much artistic genius in the way of distinctive touches to the table decorations and menu, employing the teams' colors and the basket ball as a motif for the same: yet to carry all this out successfully would entail more expense and labor than either of the other plans suggested; the refreshments at an evening party, being more simple in character and less varied, would reduce the cost of that feature very considerably and enable the girls to entertain, in addition to their guests of honor, a number of other friends and acquaintances, which would add greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion, and as these outsiders would be largely of the male persuasion, the idea became doubly attractive. Then, too, the margin saved on refreshments might be spent for flowers and other decorations.

It was plain, from the enthusiasm they displayed, and the fact that they omitted to note the disadvantages, that the committee strongly favored the notion of an evening affair, and when put to the vote, it carried the day unanimously, which went to show that the committee only voiced the sentiment of the whole team.

There being so short a time intervening until the coming around of the auspicious day, preparations and plans went steadily forward. First, a rough estimate of the probable cost of the entertainment as a whole was made, and each girl pledged herself to pay her allotment. It was decided after some discussion that ice cream, cake, preserved ginger, bonbons and fruit punch should make up the refreshment list. Some one of a resourceful mind suggested that the ice cream be chocolate, molded to simulate a ball and served in baskets of spun sugar, and that the cakes should also carry out the basket ball idea. The suggestion met with the hearty approval of all, and its originator promised to interview an out of town caterer over the 'phone that very day to ascertain whether the idea were possible of accomplishment. Another girl undertook the responsibility of getting a florist's prices on red and white roses, the winning team's colors. A third member promised to hunt up a "true and tried" formula for fruit punch and estimate the cost of the ingredients,—the compounding would, of course, be done by one or more of the team. By this division of labor a great deal was accomplished in a short time, and at the late afternoon caucus a report was made.

Much to the satisfaction of the team, it was discovered that their estimate made in the rough would enable them to carry out all their plans and still leave a snug little nest egg for the etceteras which on such occasions intrude themselves upon one's notice at every turn. The first of these extras came in the shape of invitation cards and envelopes. One of the girls volunteered to write the invitations; another agreed to answer for their distribution.

The house in which the entertainment was given was well adapted, with its attractive reception hall and large double parlors, for such a gathering, and lent itself readily to the decorative scheme. The hall was made especially festive and emphasized the cordial greeting and welcome accorded the guests by their fair hostesses. Red and white bunting and the team's pennants were everywhere. The railing of the staircase was garlanded with the winning colors, while the newel post was very cleverly converted into a post from which was suspended a wire basket in which rested a huge ball of red and white roses. A daintily laid tea table occupied a corner of the hall and an attractive maiden, whose gayety defeat had not altered, dispensed the cup that cheers to each new arrival, as he or she stood by the bright fire burning in the grate, and thus both the inner and the outer man were comforted at the same time.

The parlors were also brave in red and white. This profuse display of the victor's colors showed that the first team knew how to suffer defeat bravely, if nothing more. The number and size of the rose jars filled to overflowing with luxuriant blossoms testified to their liberality as well as to their love of the beautiful.

Here and there in the parlors small tables, were arranged, and everything in readiness for the games which were to be a feature of the evening's entertainment. The favors were small, fancy baskets filled with tiny chocolate balls.

At half past ten the games were suspended and refreshments served, the small tables being again pressed into service. While still lingering over their fruit punch, strains of music were heard, and at the same time the door of a room in the rear was thrown open, disclosing to view the musicians seated under a canopy of red and white bunting. The nature of the music was invitation enough. Partners were chosen, and a general adjournment to the music room followed. The remainder of the evening was given over to dancing, of which sport young people were never yet known to tire, and when the time came for good nights, the unanimous expression of the guests was, that though the first team might, when a game of basket ball was in question, sometimes came out second, as hostesses they certainly would always score first.

WHAT TO DO WITH OLD THINGS

By MISS AMY MILLER

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

THE average housekeeper is often confronted with the problem of what to do with old things — umbrellas, kid gloves, empty spools, etc., which have outlived their usefulness. Here are some practical hints, Mrs. Thrifty Housekeeper, on their disposal.

First, that seedy old umbrella, which has seen better days. Cut off its cloth cover. If of silk, the pieces are useful in mending old silk garments, or to piece down "sister's" skirt when she suddenly "shoots up" and outgrows her clothes. Make a little yoke of bias folds and faggotting, place on the top and the skirt is ready for school days.

If you have a bookcase or some tiny window sashes, and no brackets or curtain poles,Mr. Umbrella is the fairy godfather to supply them. Take to pieces and with one blow of a hatchet cut a rib to desired length, previously tying a white string where you wish to chop. Now screw into the window frame at the top two small brass screw eyes for the socket; place in this your rod. If your windows are on hinges, the rods must lack at least an inch of reaching the window, to permit the latter to open freely. Hem and hang your curtain from the rod. Keep all in place by a string run through the hole at the end of rib and tied to the screw eye. The bottom end of the curtain may hang loose or have another rod attached.

Take an old umbrella, rip off the cover, open the frame and secure the handle to a pole some four feet long, stuck into the lawn. Plant in a circle seeds of morning glory or other vines, and from stakes at regular intervals tie strings up to each rib and have a pretty lawn ornament or arbor for the children.

Lap and tie firmly an umbrella rib

and sew in the round top of a handkerchief bag.

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So many useful things can be made from old broom and mop handles that these should never be burned or thrown away. Take a smooth broom handle and into each end fasten a small screw eye, at the proper distance; screw into the wall, behind the kitchen stove or over a register, two screw hooks, and hang the handle from these. This is a splendid way to air and dry the baby's wardrobe or tea towels, etc. Placed in the bathroom for towels, it may be stained or painted to match any woodwork.

Last Fall I took an old broom stick, cut it in two parts of eighteen inches each. I padded one stick with some old muslin scented with orris powder, then I wound it with some old ribbon of a gay Dresden pattern, leaving a large bow in the center, with one long loop to hang up by, and lo! a pretty waist hanger which sold for a dollar at a charity bazaar. Sets of them could be made for coats, waists and skirts.

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Mop sticks make fine curtain poles for single windows. Two sticks spliced together, the joint neatly covered with tin, make a pole for a wide window or folding doors. Paint to match woodwork.

Roll your unused silk goods on a broom stick to prevent splitting. Roll your embroidery pieces to avoid folding.

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Tie all empty spools on a string and hang away for future use. When driving a nail in your tool shed, laundry or barn, or when out camping and you have no clothes hooks handy, put the nail through a spool, thus saving clothing, etc., from rust stains, and this also preserves in some degree the shape of the garment.

From an old kid glove cut a strip about one inch by four. Roll lengthwise tightly and sew the outside edge firmly down with cotton, (silk cuts through the kid); this, when sewed to the inside of a coat, or other heavy garment, makes a hanger that cannot tear in two. Use care in matching shades and it will not show much.

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Never throw your old tin cans away. Hold by the tongs over a gas flame, or place in the range to melt to pieces. With a hammer pound the tin flat and nail over the holes of Mr. Rat or Mr. Mouse. Lay the largest pieces around on kitchen tables and shelves, for hot kettles to stand on.

With heavy shears cut from tin the antique hinges, flowers, leaves, etc., now so fashionable for ornamenting picture frames, shirt-waist boxes, etc. Tack on with small brads and use wire for the stems to connect. Lacquer or stain any color.

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Never throw away a broken piece of cut glass unless absolutely shattered. Some years ago I saw some lovely vases of cut glass on sale for three dollars and a half. One of them, which had a large piece broken off the top edge, I bought for twenty-five cents. A skillful glass cutter cut off this uneven top for thirty cents, so I have a lovely vase for just fifty-five cents. If your cut glass decanter or water bottle literally "gets it in the neck," have it trimmed down into a rose bowl, or a small olive dish or tray.

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EARNING "PIN MONEY"

By WINNIFRED RAKESTRAW

CHERAW, SOUTH CAROLINA

I AM going to tell the girls who have to stay at home some ways for earning a little money. Every girl likes to have a little money of her own to spend.

I.—Did you know that you could earn eight or ten dollars, or possibly more, from a few rows of strawberries? The time to plant them is in the late Fall. We have only seven rows, but they bring us in eight or ten dollars every Spring. We planted the Brandywine. If you plant them in the Fall they will bear plentifully in the Spring, and after they are once planted they require very little attention. We pick them ourselves, only taking those that are perfectly ripe, and we sell them at twenty cents a quart. Last year we sold some plants from them, too. So you see that two or three dollar's worth of strawberry plants is a good investment.

II.—If you like to sew, but cannot fit clothes well, go to some good dressmaker and offer to finish up her work for her. She will probably be glad to pay you for making the collars and cuffs to waists, stitching skirts and frilling drop skirts. You will also be asked to sew on hooks and eyes, and put on buttons and work button holes. You can take the work home to do, as I did. I made a nice little sum that way in the Spring. If you can hemstitch, embroider and do the faggoting which is used so much now, you can get good prices for it.

III.—I made about five dollars in "Gibson Girl" pillow tops. Get a yard of forty-inch, ten-cent white lawn. Cut from it four eighteen-inch squares of lawn. Now provide yourself with some pretty Gibson heads. Put one underneath one of your squares of lawn and carefully trace the outline. Don't try to make the hair or shade the face with the picture still underneath, for you cannot see clearly enough, and it would be a failure. Place a blotter beneath the lawn when you commence shading. After you have done one or two, you will think it very easy and delightful work. I sold them for twenty-five cents apiece, and got several orders for screens. I charged more for screens. The best way to put them on the market is to get some merchant to let you put them in his store window. They are very pretty when made over a pale blue or yellow lining and finished off with a wide ruffle. Get some one who takes Collier's to give you the Gibson heads from it. I hope this will prove a useful article. I know these ways are practical, for I have tried them.

P. S.—I intend to make "The Home" department of the National Magazine pay my church money, if I can. Possibly this will be a useful suggestion, too.

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HOW TO REST A TIRED MIND

By JESSIE PORTER WHITAKER

PIGEON COVE, MASSACHUSETTS

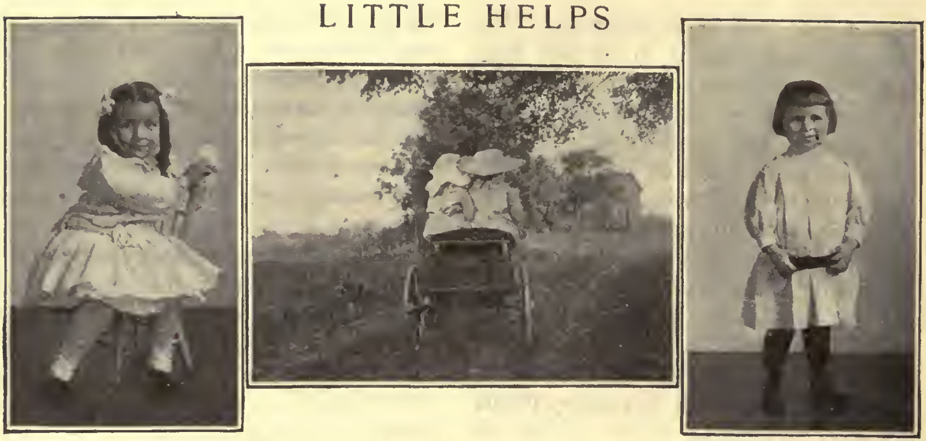
CHANGE of scene and occupation is restful, as Mrs. Gwin shows in her remarks about out-door walks, in the August National, but an intelligent interest in some phase of nature is an additional help.

Consult Mrs. Florence Merriam Bailey's good books for beginners, or Grant's "Our Common Birds and How to Know Them" when you see some bird you cannot name; and you will need a glass at first, for only a robin or an English sparrow will stand still while you look for marks of identification, and even they have many cute ways interesting to watch. If you learn to listen to the songs and calls of the birds it will add interest to your walk, like hearing the voices of dear friends.

In the early season you will need to keep count with pencil of the kinds you hear, lest you lose your count in the multitude of voices; but even on the dullest November day one may hear many kinds, for it is true that if we think birds we shall hear birds.

So may you forget the impudent servant or the "jelly that wouldn't jell."

LITTLE HELPS



THREE PRETTY PICTURES OF MASTER FRANCIS AND MISS MARGUERITE, THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD TWIN CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. F. E. BROWN, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A HANDY DRESS FORM

By AGNES NOYES WILTBERGER
South Shore, South Dakota.

The home dressmaker who does not care to buy or construct a permanent dummy, often feels the need of a handy substitute for herself, upon which to adjust the fulness of her shirt waist, the hang of a bolero, or the folds of a fichu drapery. It is no reflection upon the most classically correct form to say that a common feather pillow will prove a good substitute. Take a smoothly fitting, well boned lining or corset cover, fasten it around the pillow, stuffing out the bust and shoulders to make them smooth, and pulling a little extra fulness up into the neck and out at the armholes. The pillow should be large enough so that the feathers are not all needed to fill out the form, because, for convenience in working, it should have a base well below the waist line to rest upon. This accommodating effigy will rest upon the table in front of the worker, patiently bide her own time for the careful adjustment of gathers and folds, receive with complacency the thrusts of innumerable pins, and display no tendency to faintness.

HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER

By FANNIE W. WOOD
Falmouth, Indiana

For indoor growth during winter there is little beauty or satisfaction in small slips that are often seen in the only bright windows in an ordinary home. Large, old plants have a dignity and beauty the small plant never has. One good-sized, healthy, well-cared-for plant with plenty of room and light, will give more pleasure than a window full of crowded, sickly looking plants or slips with not more than four or five leaves on each one. Crowded plants are sure to grow tall and spindling.

If fine plants are desired, cover the stand with moss or sand to keep them moist and shower the plants occasionally. They need a moist atmosphere, but do not make the mistake of keeping the soil in the flower pots constantly wet, never allowing it to dry out even a little on the surface. The soil in the pots should be given a chance to get nearly dry before watering. To keep plants in good condition they must be protected from sudden changes and drafts of cold air. Fresh air must be admitted when plants are kept in a living room to take the place of that whose vitality has been burned out. Like ourselves they need healthy air to breathe. To keep in good form plants must be turned often and pruned. Arrange flowers in window garden with regard to contrast or harmony, but do not overlook the importance of placing the sun-loving plants very near the glass and those liking partial shade in the rear. Remember, palms grow best out of the sunlight entirely. Another essential with palm culture is the best of drainage.

TO CLEAN GLASS BOTTLES

By LINA S. MERCHANT
Buffalo, New York

Keep a box of small pebbles, from the size of a small pea to a small bean, and when you wish to clean decanters or glass bottles, put into the article from a teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls of the pebbles, according to size, then add warm water to which a little soda has been added, and shake until all discolorations have been removed. This method is much better than using shot, which leaves behind a portion of oxide of lead, which soon impairs the beauty of the glass.

A BATH MAT HINT

By MRS. R. L.
Roanoke, Virginia

Have any of the housekeepers who read the National found trouble in keeping their bath mats dry and clean? Often they will be left on the floor wet, to be walked over by dirty shoes. I put a tape loop on each corner of one end of mine and hang it on the bath room door, convenient to use and where it can cover an unsightly hot water bag, or whatever may hang on the door.

POLISHING THE PIANO

By MRS. LOTTIE MORSE
Santa Ana, California

Your piano may be polished safely and beautifully with pure castile soap and cold water. Moisten a small soft cloth with water, rub well with soap, dip lightly in water again and apply, washing about eighteen inches square surface at a time. Dry at once with old cheesecloth, and the polish is there. Do not use chamois.

MAGIC OF SAVED PENNIES

By AURELLA ROUNDS
Rogers Park, Illinois

Have you ever tried saving your pennies? It is surprising what a short time it takes to accumulate two or three dollars. I started a penny bank a few years ago, dropping into a little sweet grass basket which happened to be on my desk all the pennies that came my way,—some days there were but two or three and again they would number seven or eight. I have had a spoon case, leather covered and satin lined, made to order, to hold a dozen of my pretty souvenir spoons; have framed two water color paintings, bought a pair of silver sugar tongs, a chocolate pot and other things that I wanted but did not feel I could afford to spend the money outright for—all from the premises.

When I have one hundred saved I put them in an envelope, marking on it the amount, and lay them aside. As soon as I have enough to purchase the article I am working for I take the envelopes to the bank, dry goods store or news depot and have no trouble in exchanging for bills.

Three of my girl friends are saving now, having noticed my little basket of pennies, asked about it and received "nest eggs" from it. Don't you want to try it and see how nice it is to be able to point to first one pretty and useful piece and then another and say that you bought them with pennies?

TWO COMFORT HINTS

By BELLE TAYLOR
Austin, Texas

There are two little things which, if done nightly, will add to the joy of going to bed and to sleep after working hard all day. One is, to rub vaseline or olive oil into the soles of the feet. This is soothing and cooling in Summer and warming in Winter.

The other is, to take a pinch each of fine salt and powdered borax, dissolve in a little water, say two or three tablespoonfuls, and bathe the eyes. The salt and borax, with a small vessel for mixing, can be kept on the washstand ready for use, so that it will take very little time to do it while preparing for bed, and the eyes will be refreshed and strengthened for the next day's work. This has been tried and recommended by more than one, and is worth trying.

ONIONS AS A DISINFECTANT

By GRACE MURRAY STEPHENSON
Austin, Texas

One of the best disinfectants in a sick room where there is contagion is a dish of sliced raw onions. They should be carefully disposed of every morning, preferably buried, and fresh ones used. As they absorb so many impurities from the air, they should never be peeled or sliced any length of time before they are to be used as food.

TO CLEAN SPONGES

By MRS. MARGARET FELT
Somerville, Massachusetts

To clean sponges wash them in diluted tartaric acid, rinsing them afterwards in water. It will make them very soft and white.

TO REMOVE SUMMER TAN

By MRS. J. V. MARRS
Jewett, Illinois

Apply the following: Lime water, one ounce; oil sweet almonds, one ounce; a pinch of boracic acid.

VIRTUES OF WATERMELON SEED

By MRS. ABRAHAM DUNHAM
Terre Haute, Illinois

If a new arrival may speak out, I would like to tell you all to save plenty of watermelon seed to use in case of sickness. I know of no other home remedy so good for kidney trouble as watermelon seed tea. Use a handful of watermelon seed to one pint of water; let it steep well; dose, one-half teacupful taken at intervals as desired. During a long seige of mumps last Spring we found nothing equalled this for giving the patient relief. It is mild and harmless and yet efficacious, and may be given to little babes in small doses. Since my experience last Spring with nearly a dozen cases of mumps in the family, I am resolved never to let a season pass without storing up a large quantity of watermelon seed.

SOMETHING WORTH REMEMBERING

By MRS. E. M. KLINK
Portland, Oregon

Something that will become an old household remedy in a few years, but has not been discovered long enough to be so now, is the fact that alcohol is a perfect antidote for carbolic acid poisoning. Never have carbolic acid in your house without having a bottle of alcohol also. Should the acid be swallowed by mistake, give immediately from three to five tablespoonfuls of pure alcohol, followed by an emetic. Should the acid be spilled on the flesh apply alcohol freely to the spot at once, and a terrible burn and scar may be entirely averted.

I have seen this tried both ways with perfect success.

STORE UP AUTUMN SUNSHINE.

By FLORENCE BICKNELL
Watkins, New York

One way of making the household duties easier is to take good care of the health. First, do all the work possible on the veranda; second, open all the doors and windows every morning and let the sunshine in. Hang all the bedding out on the line. Third, store away all the October sunshine and October air in the system you can, for it will strengthen and thereby aid you in your tasks during the winter months.

TO DETECT SPURIOUS LINEN

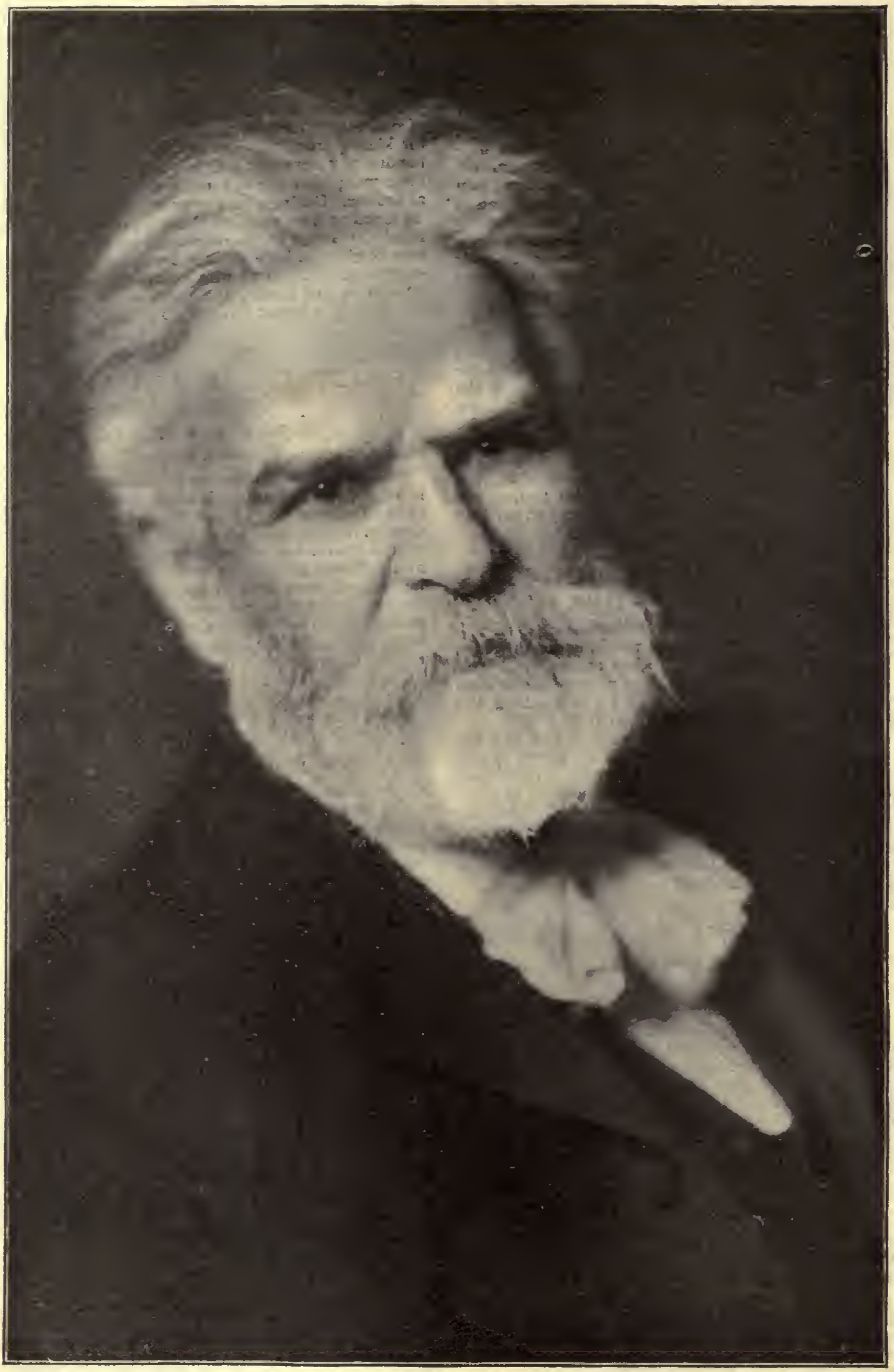
By ADELAIDE NEWHALL
West Medway, Massachusetts

When making the purchase, moisten the tip of one finger and press firmly upon the goods. If it wets through instantly, the fabric is linen. Cotton will require several seconds to become saturated. Linen should be shrunk before an attempt to draw a thread is made; otherwise the line may show an alarming diagonal.

RECONCILING A BOY TO PATCHES

By MRS. F. PHILLIPS
Seeket, Maine

Small boys who dislike to wear patched trousers make no objection, frequently, if the patches are placed outside, in the way bicycle trousers are reinforced. I always buy two pairs of trousers with one coat; after the first pair is worn out the best part is cut out and kept to repair the second, when they in turn, need mending, and so the patches are of the same color and material.



EDWIN MARKHAM, LAST OF THE GREEK SINGERS, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE" AND MANY OTHER FINER IF LESS FAMOUS POEMS
From a portrait by Pirie MacDonald, photographer of men, New York City

EDWIN MARKHAM

By YONE NOGUCHI

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE EASTERN SEA

A LITTLE while ago the yellow moon (the world is turning yellow also in Autumn) rose like a solitary priest in his evening walk. What a reflection in the moon! The breeze passed. The insects hushed. The trees cast their shadows in the indolent air. I have been reading "My Own Book" under the soft light of a lamp—how I hate the electric globe!—the record of a journey over a mountain and valley of my life. Once upon a time the following was written:

"May 25, '97—I have dined—good God!—with Charles Edwin Markham (he had not shed off his 'Charles' at that day) at Miss A. K.'s hillside cottage—the hillside where the high trees sing 'some cry of Sappho's lyre, of Saadi's flute' as he expresses it. He was artlessly commanding, prophet-like indeed, but unlike Joaquin, with a delightful reminiscence of scholarliness. His personality appeared to me as if he were a huge country house having a hundred windows open, into whose every room—even a bed-chamber—I was welcomed. I felt perfectly at home with him.

"His voice was clearly large like a voice of the woodland. His brown eyes kept no secret, like the bosom of the sky. 'My God is Poesy and Myth,' he said. What sunshine in his face! He was like a free bird, kissing his hands to the world with laughter, singing some glad song into the wind. He was like a boy just out of his school gate. He showed me a cheque sent from the publishers for his 'Looking into a Gulf' (I have read it a week ago) with such an innocent pride, in the street car on the way to his house. He invited me to stop a day or two with him. What a heavenly simplicity!

"He talked upon William Morris and Watson. He made me believe that the poet should stand on Life (not looking upon the stars only.) The poet has to ease the road and lighten the load for a faltering soul. Building a fraternal kingdom should be his work—the perfection of Brotherhood. 'Love is greater than song or singer,' Markham said.

"He is more than a poet for the Japanese mind. What a tender largeness in his heart! I felt a happy sensation from his hand—what a warm hand with sure grasp!—the sensation of meeting with the dove-eyed Truth running through his blood. I was glad to leave my hand buried in his safe hand.

"We left Miss A. K's late at night. It was dark. We walked down the hill, frightening the crickets to a sudden hush in spite of ourselves. What a beautiful poem, by the way, is his 'Cricket.'

"He took me around to see his books—what a library!—when we arrived at his house. He was particularly proud in showing me Keats' Complete Works with the 'light-winged dryad of the trees' in gold for the cover design. He read me some of his poems.

"I thanked God I was given such a highly pleasing evening.

"Good-night, Mr. Markham!"

One day he invited me for his lecture on Omar Khayyam. (Where's a town which was indifferent to the Rubaiyat?)

"Is there no chance for a poet to publish his work?" he exclaimed, when I got to his house. He denounced, but with abundant humor, the eastern publishers who returned his mss. with the usual thanks after keeping them many a month.

He wrote me, August 29, 1897, to be exact: "I shall be glad to see your book when it comes out. Two books for you, and here I am FORTY-FIVE with none!"

Think of Markham in '89 with "The Man With the Hoe!" Finally he got one book—a wonderful one, too.

Alas, my books will soon be perished like a phantom in the air. His book—the one book after a patience of more than twenty years—will live as the voice of the century.

I read "Tompkins" on the top of the tablets of his letters written in those days. Yes, Tompkins grammar school! He was a beloved head master of the school for many a year. You cross the Bay of San Francisco—what an elegant mirror it appeared under the glorious Californian sun from Miller's Heights!—and you take a train for Oakland. You will see a school at your right—an insignificant affair alike to any other grammar school,—that's the Tompkins. Mr. Markham (or "Professor Markham" as he was called) might be seen every morning hurrying on a bicycle—he was a splendid rider—carrying his manuscripts of poems under his arm. (Oakland people must be missing his heroic sight nowadays. How they respected him!) He used to ask me whether I had any poem with me—"something in pocket" as he put it—whenever I met him—even on a chance meeting on the street. It would be quite a natural thing for him to carry a ms.—as natural as to carry a handkerchief. "Poetry is my life," he declared in the first line of the first letter he ever wrote me. He would serenely sit in a little room of his friend's house every evening, where he used to dine,—the room where the picture of "The Man With the Hoe" with "the emptiness of ages in his face," was hanged. (I smiled to myself conceitedly when his poem made a sudden outcry, and said: "I know it.")

He would carefully revise his poems over and over. Once I saw his manuscript of one poem whose each line was changed more than a dozen times. A lady who knew him intimately told me once laughingly that he would take an entire evening in thinking whether he should use a semicolon in the place of a period. He would send out a few copies of his poems in manuscript among his confidential friends for criticism. "John Vance Cheney doesn't think it wise to drop 'Charles' out of my name," he said one day. Doubtless he must have been asking about that also. I dare say it took him two or three years before he cast it off entirely. He asked often even my own opinion upon his work—I, a foreigner, with a scanty store of English poetry. He would regard it as an honor if he were praised by school children.

One Sunday Mr. Markham and I went to see Joaquin Miller, he carrying his mss. of course, and I with an apple pie for Miller's dear mother.

"Put aside your poems, Markham! Let us talk of something else," Joaquin exclaimed bluntly. I knew he must have been wounded. Poor Markham!

I saw him one afternoon with Miss Murphy, carrying a few bundles, in San Francisco. We parted after exchanging a greeting. They were married on the next day, to my surprise. Once he asked me to join in his housekeeping, and assured me of a jolly time with him and his library. I had written him for any suggestion at that time when I was rather hard up. I didn't accept his kind proposition. I lost the chance of my life. It is my eternal regret now that I did not live with him for even a few months.

We had been talking of nothing but Markham's poems. There was a rumor of his leaving California. Someone ventured to accuse him of being spoiled by his sudden fame. We—Mr. Miller and I—had just finished our dinner at the Heights. Miller began to smoke and said that he had seen Mrs. Markham in Oakland street. "She assured me that Markham was wearing the 'same old hat'," Miller said.

I found myself in New York in '99.

I hurried to see Mr. Markham in Brooklyn where he lived. His beard was trimmed nicely. He was dressed in a frock coat. He was thinking about something else. He was cold. He invited me to dine with him on the next day. I didn't come, however, thinking he was not the same Markham whom I used to know.

He invited me again last Spring when I was fresh from England. I went to his home in West New Brighton. He rushed out from within, stretching out his large hands. "I smelled your odor, I felt your vibration," he exclaimed at the entrance door.

"Come right in!"

Thank God, there was my dear Mr. Markham again, big hearted, sunny and sweet.

PETERKIN

By KATHERINE LEE BATES

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

THE crown of cats who trod as if
Shod in a moccasin.
He tested his milk with a delicate sniff,
He leapt on mice like a hippogriff,
And no wonder at all that Pendleton
Thought a shadow had crossed the sun
When beneath his hand lay cold and stiff
His Peterkin.

With folded paws poor pussy lay,
Mute as a violin
On which the fiddler forgets to play,
And his little master to grief gave way.
"If my other friends should die," wept he,
"I could bear it, mamma, for I should see
Them all again in heaven some day.
—But Peterkin!"

Who knows? whatever on earth is sweet
A sweeter life may win
In the paradise garden, incomplete
Without the frolic of creature feet.
Where our lost birds trill, and our lost dogs wait
To welcome us in at the dear home gate,
Please God, where the loved and the loving meet,
Is Peterkin.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

CHARLES R. DENEEN OF ILLINOIS

I AM not making any predictions concerning the result of the national election to take place this month. Five times I have offered presidential forecasts, and not once was I sustained by the facts. Some men have a genius for siding with minorities. Roosevelt may win, or Parker may win. It doesn't make much difference to me which wins. Either man will do the work as well as a good many earlier presidents have done it. Both are good, sound, average Americans, mentally and physically; and the rule of the average may not be brilliant but is usually safe.

Four candidates on state tickets seem to me to be sure of election — four whose campaigns have been most widely discussed, next to that of the national tickets. These men are:

1—CHARLES R. DENEEN, republican nominee for governor of Illinois.

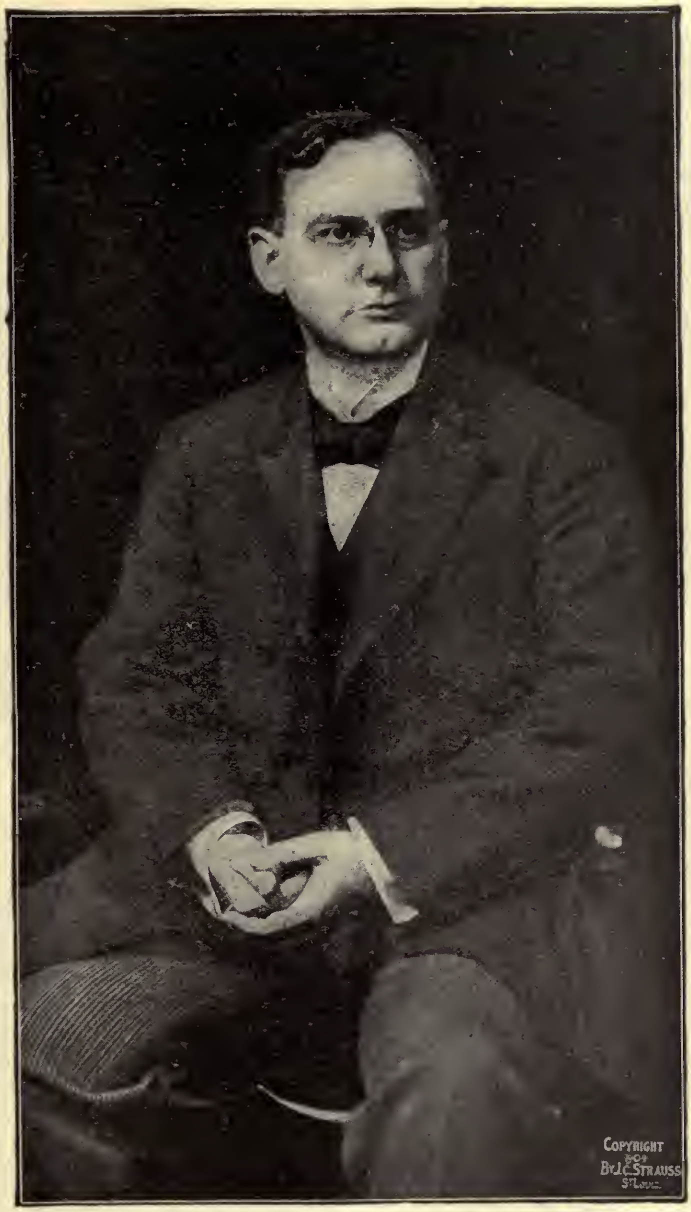
2—JOSEPH W. FOLK, democratic nominee for governor of Missouri.

3—ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE, republican nominee for governor of Wisconsin.

4—ALVA ADAMS, democratic nominee for governor of Colorado.

Deneen and Folk are prosecuting attorneys—in Chicago and St. Louis respectively — who actually prosecute, without fear or favor, rich rascals and poor — declining to be restrained by political or any other pull—governed by a conviction that the honest majority of the voting population desires to see the laws honestly and impartially enforced. Folk's specialty is democratic boodlers—he has purged his own party of the thieves who prostituted it to their own base ends. Deneen's specialty for a long time was dishonest bankers—and he is represented by a long row of them, safely caged, in one of the prisons of Illinois.

Adams has been governor of Colorado before, and when in that office commanded the respect of both capital and labor, that is to say, of mine owners and miners' unions, which under Governor Peabody's administration have alternated in fomenting anarchy in certain sections of the Centennial state. Adams



HONORABLE JOSEPH W. FOLK OF MISSOURI

Not yet thirty-five years old, this man has won national celebrity, and is soon to become governor of a great state. Like Charles Deneen of Illinois, whom the republicans of that state have named for governor, Mr. Folk is a public prosecutor who actually prosecutes, without fear or favor. He cannot be either bullied or bribed. The plain people of Missouri have found this out, and they are going to confer upon him the highest honor in their gift—not because he is a democrat, but because he is an honest public officer — and because a vast majority of Americans want that kind of men in office. The same logic should elect Deneen.

has a way of making men of all sorts like him—probably because he likes all sorts of men—and is said to be fair in his dealings with them, rich and poor alike.

Peabody possibly meant to be just; he certainly has given sanction to utter lawlessness on the part of the mine owners, in a way and to a degree that has caused him to be severely censured by men of all shades of opinion outside of Colorado. Instead of bringing to bear all the forces of civil law to restore peace and order in the mining regions, he turned the military forces of the state over to the mine owners and let them commit outrages worse even than those which the union miners committed against non-union men—and these were bad enough.

What Colorado needs is order and the restoration of civil justice. With Adams in the governor's chair and an honest legislature in session at Denver, the people of Colorado will get action on their mandate for an eight-hour day in the mines. It should be remembered that it was the action of the mine owners in evading and by trickery defeating the state's popular mandate for this eight-hour law that gave rise to the present trouble. Colorado needs to teach both her mine owners and her union miners that liberty under law is not a dead letter. It seems to be the general impression out that way that Adams is the best instrument the state can use to do this particular bit of teaching.

Lafollette's fight is for control of his party in his own state and ultimately for the presidency. The former he has won; the latter is a long road. The essence of Lafollette's platform is a demand that the government be brought closer to the people and made more immediately responsive to their will. He is in the republican party what Bryan is in the democratic party—a disturber, a radical, a progressive.

Ambitious?—and selfish? Of course. What politician isn't? Human, are they not? The best we can ask from the best of them is that they shall take their orders from the rank and file rather than from special interests or classes. The wisest leaders of both the old parties are constantly doing this thing more and more. Roosevelt owes nine-tenths of his personal popularity to the general impression that he relies on the people and not on Wall street for his election. Parker's lack of favor with the Bryan democrats is due to their belief that he is backed by and may if elected be controlled by the Wall street element. As a matter of fact both men have Wall street backing—all they can get of it, and glad to have it. Wall street is a part of the United States, and an uncommonly rich part. Its residents are voters. Most of them, because they or their friends enjoy or desire to enjoy special favors from the federal government, are campaign contributors. A good many of them contribute to both party funds—so as to be "safe" whoever wins. Politics is a matter of "business" with them—strictly business.

I fear that my first choice, Debs, and my second choice, Watson, will not get many votes in Wall street. "Jim" Keene and other academic socialists among the millionaires may quiet conscience with a ballot for Debs, and Poet-Banker Stedman may give his vote to Historian Watson, through professional courtesy; but I fear that if either Debs or Watson is to be elected to the presidency this year it will have to be done by men who have no favors to ask of government at the expense of the indirect tax-payers.

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CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

"SOUTH SEA IDYLS" has become a classic throughout the English-reading world. It stamped its author at once as one of the foremost living liter-

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, WHO WILL WRITE FOR THE NATIONAL DURING 1905

ary artists. In the roll of living American men of letters there are less than a dozen — James, Howells, Twain, Markham, Harris, Read, McGaffey, Aldrich, Miller, Stedman and Riley—who can be ranked with the author of the "Idyls." And all his other books sustain the impression of his exquisite artistic sensibility, his utter fidelity to the highest ideals of craftsmanship. In person and in product, he fulfills admirably the part of a Great Man of Letters.

Mr. Stoddard has taken up residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and after a long convalescence from a severe illness, has begun a series of reminiscential sketches and essays — biographical and autobiographical, to appear in the National Magazine during 1905. Mr. Stoddard authorizes us to announce the following titles, the first to be published in January:

1.—"In the Valley of the Shadow of the Sky Scrapers," concerning which he adds: "It is to be a breezy sketch of my last experience in New York City—a city which I loathe from the bottom of my heart. I hope you don't object to that?"

Not a bit!

2.—"Ouida: at Home in Florence—an Interview."

3.—"Prentice Mulford: a Personal Sketch of Him as I Knew Him."

4.—"Rudyard Kipling in His Brattleboro Home, as I Saw Him."

5.—"Recollections of Kate Field."

For the December National Mr. Stoddard has written a Christmas story in his best vein, as colorful and quaintly fanciful as a fine old tapestry. It is called, "Christmas at Crazy Castle."

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THE CHRISTMAS NATIONAL

STODDARD'S story, "Christmas at Crazy Castle," heads the list of eight stories which will make the National for December, 1904, the best fiction number in the history of this magazine. Other titles are:

2.—"The Woman's Number," by M. MacLean Helliwell of Toronto.

3.—"Deep Mining," by Christobelle van Asmus Bunting of Evanston, Illinois.

4.—"John Moseley's Victory," by Elliott Flower of Chicago.

5.—"The Tar-Burner," by Harold Child of Norfolk, Virginia.

6.—"Hiccoughs," by Holman F. Day of Maine.

7.—"A Christmas House Party," by Katherine E. Megee of Waynesboro, Virginia.

8.—"S'posin' It Was You!" by Elizabeth Fry Page of Nashville, Tennessee. (A story for the children.)

Aside from the departments—"Affairs at Washington," "Beauties of the American Stage," "The Home," and "Note and Comment," there will be but three special articles in the number, as follows:

1.—"Phoebe," a bird story by Dallas Lore Sharp, whom John Burroughs believes is the most faithful of all our nature students and whom I believe to be the finest literary artist in that interesting group.

2.—"In the Bungalow with Charles Warren Stoddard — a Protest Against Modernism," by Yone Noguchi, the second in a series of intimate character studies of leading American men of letters to be written for the National by the celebrated young Japanese poet and story teller. "Edwin Markham," in this number, opens the series.

3.—"Aloha! Wela, Wela!" by Ethel Armes, who, like Yone Noguchi, was a member of a group of talented young people that gathered about Stoddard in his famous Bungalow in Washington, when he was professor of English literature in the Roman Catholic university there.

The Bungalow is no more, but the memory of it will long endure in these sprightly sketches of the life that made it notable among the literary shrines of the national capital.

THE HOME OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

PLANS AND PROSPECTS—PRESENT AND FUTURE

CAN WE COUNT ON YOU?

WHAT is more glorious than to feel the exhilaration of success? What can be more gratifying than to think you are in accord with the spirit of progress? And what can charm an editor more than to know that he has the enduring affection, though he may not have the unqualified admiration, of his readers? The National is a peculiar periodical — it is not necessary to emphasize this to those who know the magazine. With fitting modesty it may be said that the National Magazine is the product of its readers rather than of its publishers.

For months past I have been studying some new way of conducting a subscription campaign. With all the periodicals now afloat the customary method is to inaugurate a clubbing proposition and offer premiums, which is to some extent the manner in which the National has been built up; but what we want now is, not to have people take the magazine because of other offers, but rather to have them come to us of their own accord — come because they want the magazine for itself—and itself alone. Now the minds of several other men as well as my own have been concentrated upon this proposition, and we could think of nothing better than what is contained in the preceding page, which page is also reproduced in many prominent magazines and newspapers in the country. Through this announcement we feel quite sanguine that fifty thousand people will be interested in the awards of ten thousand dollars to be made to our readers; but this is only the commercial side of the proposition and is not to be compared with the greater and more beneficial purpose back of all this.

The real purpose is to obtain for the magazine a distinctive feature for the coming year, where each number will contain some of these excerpts, which will multiply the interest in the magazine beyond all sensational methods. For it is the quiet, increasing interest month by month in not only one article or story in the magazine, but in every part of it, from cover to cover, that builds up a strong and enduring subscription list, something we have and hope to continue to deserve. I feel, somehow, that it is not necessary to go into details with any of the old readers of the National in reference to our purposes, but to those who are now meeting us for the first time and becoming acquainted with the magazine I would like to talk it over.

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SOME years ago President McKinley set about appointing me to a consulship, but when the matter was almost arranged, he advised me very kindly not to accept it, knowing, as he did, of the ambition I had in view to some time publish a national magazine; and on his assurance that I was capable of beginning the work at that time, my undertaking was inaugurated. Its success has been that of every other business enterprise. There have been dark days and sunny days, struggles and victories. There have been poor magazines and good ones, but all through there has been the unswerving loyalty and interest of friends who have increased in numbers from month to month.

Now the natural increase in the subscription list of a magazine is from 20,000 to 30,000 in a year. Our ambition is to have 1,000,000 subscribers, so you can see that in this way, even at a compound rate of increase, it would necessitate a lapse of about thirty or forty years to reach the goal. Therefore, we are adopting American advertising methods and are making this award frankly for the purpose of introducing the magazine more quickly. We shall cheerfully pay out this $10,000 for the direct benefit of our readers. This is a liberal proportion of our entire receipts, and we prefer to expend it so that our readers may have a share in the profits rather than to lay it out in other experiments.

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BEFORE finally deciding upon this plan, I took the precaution of trying it in not less than fifty homes, and submitted it also to the advertising men of various publications of all classes. It has been read by senators, members of the cabinet, congressmen, merchants, lawyers, doctors, street car conductors, motormen, hotel porters, mechanics, financiers handling their millions, newsboys, dentists, general passenger agents—in fact, I cannot recall any class either among workers or men of leisure, who have not read this advertisement. What was the result? First it brought a smile, sometimes growing into a convulsion of laughter. Then came a sobering of the face as the reader reached the small text and found that Joe Chapple was sincere and had in all this a purpose more important than the mere desire to amuse.

But the advertisement has not escaped criticism. There have been advertising men who have avowed their scepticism openly, but that only served to convince me that I had hold of the right thing. One thing especially impressed me: in nearly every instance, the individual on reading the ad. at once began to search his pocket for that little, well worn clipping which he had carried for years—something that had touched his heart and that he had preserved as a priceless gem. Others, office men, commenced the search in some of the small drawers of their desks, and there were few who had not some treasured scrap to bring forth, radiating, inspiring and noble.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY—THE "TOURIST TEN" IN JAMAICA

ALL this testing of the ad. was a lesson to me, for it proved that men are fundamentally sentimental, I verily believe more so than women. I was amazed to note men, apparently rough and toil-hardened, produce from their pockets some little bit of verse, or some kindly sentiment in prose, that would have done honor to the finest nature on earth. If I have nothing else coming to me from this enterprise other than the knowledge of the innate goodness and kindness of human nature, I shall consider myself repaid. This is the kind of information that inspires; every day the horizon seems to widen and grow brighter as one realizes the fundamental gentleness of the average man, no matter what his daily life and actions seem to indicate to the reverse. Reinforced by the knowledge thus obtained, I felt secure of being on the right road, no matter how much my readers might smile at first sight of my proposition.

Then again, I have tested my plan, as I said before, in the home. Here, too, the more I investigated the more I became convinced that there is in each life some sweet, pure sentiment, though it may be hidden; there is a deep-seated admiration for the best and noblest of all that we see and hear. "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

⁂

NOW these contributions will embody what is best and highest in each life and will, I am sure, prove a great attraction in the magazine during the coming year. They will be published from month to month with the names of the contributors, and the prizes will be awarded when the list reaches two hundred fifty thousand, (250,000) or will positively be awarded before September 1, 1905, or it may be sooner. All depends on how subscriptions come in. We may be able to make the award in a few months or even weeks.

Every one who reads these lines should send us in his or her clipping at once, with fifty cents to cover a six months' subscription to the National; and if another clipping is found, send that also, but in each instance when a clipping is sent it must be accompanied by fifty cents to pay for a six months' subscription, either for the sender or for a friend. No clipping can be sent without fifty cents, as it will not be eligible for consideration unless this condition is complied with. Any person on our subscription list is free to send in fifty cents, which will pay for six months more on his subscription and entitle him to send in a clipping as well. If a subscriber sends in $1. it entitles him to one year's subscription and the sending in of two clippings, and the new reader, subscribing for the first time, is also at liberty to send $1 and get a year's subscription and send in two clippings. I am making this part of the plan perfectly clear so that no correpondence may be necessary. The absolutely necessary correspondence involved in this proposition is so great, and our regular daily mail is so large, that we must decline any correspondence regarding the rules of this competition; we shall make them perfectly clear in this number. Remember fifty cents for six months subscription with every clipping.

⁂

IN several homes where this proposition was tested, the impulse on the first reading was to go direct to the old family Bible, or to mother's scrap book, and find those few lines that had been carefully laid away and that had stood the test of time and frequent readings. It is truly amazing to realize the discriminating intelligence of the American people in the matter of literature. In one family there were six members and each one had a clipping ready within an hour after reading the advertisement. I feel sure that we must have fifty thousand families in the United States who will go and do likewise, and it will readily be seen how rapidly this would advance us toward our million circulation. The remark of one of the daughters of this family, as she advanced with slip in hand and radiant face, specially impressed me.

"Now, mother, we know how valuable those selections are that you have been saving up for years past."

I feel sure that many other families will find out the value of their save up clippings.

⁂

ONE prominent editor said to me when I showed him a rough draft of my idea:

"There has been nothing like it for getting at the real desires of American readers, and it will throw a great deal of light on a problem that has perplexed not only the editor of the National Magazine but all editors."

I answered that we were willing to share the information that our contest will bring with our brother editors. Our idea first and primarily is to get at the very heart's core of the American people, and to receive the inspiration which this knowledge must bring. It will be the first time in the history of the publishing world that any periodical has been given a direct glimpse into the inner life of the readers; into those recesses of their thoughts where are stored things sacred and hallowed by time and memory. The pile of silver dollars as high as your head is nothing compared with the prize which I shall have in re-

Mr. J. E. Colenso Mrs M. E. Fogg Mrs. J. M. Chapple Miss Partridge Miss Manuel Mr. N. Decker

THE NATIONAL'S PARTY ON BOARD STEAMER CARPATHIA. THEY VISITED FIVE FOREIGN COUNTRIES, AND INSIST THAT IT WAS THE GREATEST EVENT OF THEIR LIVES turn. I ask your kindly interest and cooperation in a purpose which cannot fail to do us both good, and help us to give to the readers of the National the very things that they most want.

We all have days of work and burden bearing, of rapier fencing with business, of fighting duels with circumstances; on one day let us forget all and read something fragrant with the sentiment which charms today as it did in days gone by.

⁂

THIS advertisement, we believe, comes just at the right moment. We would not have dared to launch such a proposition had we been a perfectly new firm, but the National in its eleventh year has made a record by this time of which, I feel sure, our readers are as proud as we are. When we announce premiums, our subscribers know that the promise will be carried our to the letter, and good measure given besides. When we sent out queries on "How to Secure a Million Subscribers," and, incidentally, mentioned a trip to the West Indies, the thousands and thousands of responses that poured in upon us proved how much faith our readers had in what we offered them.

But what impressed me most in relation to this past contest was the close personal interest taken by all contributors, as shown in their anxiety to send in suggestions that should be practical and workable. The contributions to the contest were not sent in the mere spirit of prize getting, but were all thoughtful and of undeniable interest, plainly expressing the desire to benefit the magazine to which they were sent. Fifteen of us went to Jamaica, and the June number told the story of our trip. We republish here a few lines voicing the sentiments of that party. This is simply given to interest new subscribers. Then some time ago we announced a European trip, and from this our party has just returned, having visited five foreign countries. This trip was a source of unqualified pleasure in every way, and the hearty appreciation of every member of the party is a full reward for the trouble and cost of the expedition.

The article signed by the members of the National's European party speaks for itself more eloquently than any words of mine can do. The general sentiment seems to be, as Miss Partridge so kindly expresses it, that this trip will be a lifelong inspiration to those who took it.

Now, I want old and new subscribers to have equal advantages. Our old friends know how highly we value their friendship and interest. What we want is subscribers for ten, twenty, fifty years, aye! a lifetime—a subscription for the National Magazine itself and what it strives to represent.

⁂

THOUSANDS of new subscribers have been added to the National merely through the kindness of readers who have sent the magazine as a present or Christams gift to their friends. And what more appropriate gift can be found than a magazine, which comes not once, but every month to remind the recipient of the absent loved one who sent it? What I want is your cooperation. It is just the same as building up interest in any organization. If ten people bring ten new auditors with them each Sunday, that church will soon be crowded, so we go on the theory that nobody can help us so well as those good readers who have known us for years, and we earnestly request their enthusiastic interest in this enterprise. We feel that you will recognize, as we do, that this is the natural corollary of our growth, and is the sequence of our development.

There is only another month until Christmastide — let us make it an occasion of happiness in thousands of homes where you and I can send our message of love and good will through the pages and monthly visits of the National.

Now for the "National" campaign!

CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS

THE LOFTIS SYSTEM

Is the one successful system. WHY? Because it is quick, easy, confidential and absolutely reliable.

HOW IT OPERATES The distant buyer simply selects a Diamond, Watch or other article from our catalogue and before he could hardly expect its arrival it is handed to him at his home, place of business, or, if he prefers, at his express office. All express charges are paid by us. We assume all the expense and risk of submitting our goods for inspection and approval, knowing that in nine cases out of ten a sale will result. We send out Diamonds and Watches that tell their own story and sell themselves. All we ask is the privilege of submitting them to intelligent and impartial people—people who can discriminate in qualities, workmanship and prices.

PAYMENT AND CREDIT If what we send meets your entire approval you pay one-fifth on delivery and keep the article, sending the balance to us direct (we have no collectors) in eight equal monthly payments. These terms make anyone's credit good, for any honest person can and will meet these small payments promptly. This system permits us to open an account and do business with all classes and conditions of people. The ten-dollar a week employe is just as welcome as a customer on our books as is his wealthy employer. Every Diamond sold by us is accompanied by a signed certificate, guaranteeing its quality and value, and we will always accept the Diamond as so much money in payment for other goods or a larger Diamond.

OUR CASH TERMS We also have a cash plan, and it is just as far beyond competition as our easy monthly terms. Here it is: Select any Diamond and pay cash for it, and we will give you a written agreement that you may return the Diamond at any time within one year, and get all you paid for it less ten per cent. You might, for instance, wear a fifty-dollar Diamond Ring or Stud for a year, then bring it back to us and get $45, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year less than ten cents per week.

INVESTMENT AND SAVING There is no better investment for money than a Diamond. Every year the prices increase from ten to twenty per cent. The demand for Diamonds increases annually, while the supply becomes less and more uncertain every year. There is hardly a doubt but that values will increase during the next twelve months, more than twenty per cent. As a method of saving money, there is none equal to a Diamond purchased on our easy payment terms. The small amounts needed to meet the monthly payments can be accumulated by so small a saving as ten cents daily. You have the Diamond in your possession as security, and every day experience the pleasure and prestige of wearing a Diamond. We furnish every person, whether they are a customer or not, one of the Loftis Steel Safes for home savings. Put the little safe on your desk, bureau, bench or table and every day drop into it the stray pennies, nickels and dimes that are frittered away without notice. Do this for a few days and you will have the first payment ready for a Diamond. We will deliver the Diamond at once, while you keep the little safe at work saving the small amounts necessary to meet the monthly payments.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS Don't spend five or ten dollars for some cheap and trifling Christmas gift. Use the same money in making the first payment on a Diamond—something that will last for ever, and every day remind the wearer of your regard and good judgment. Time, wear and exposure do not affect Diamonds in the slightest degree—in fact, they become more valuable every year.

OUR EARLY FALL CATALOGUE A copy will be sent free for the asking. It contains a complete history of the Diamond from mine to wearer. Your name will also be listed for a free copy of our LARGE ANNUAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Please write today and make sure of receiving an early copy.

SAVE A DIAMOND

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS

AN INVITATION

We invite you to visit and inspect our magnificent World's Fair exhibit, one of the largest and finest displays of diamonds and precious stones ever made in America, and one of the most interesting and valuable exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition. Our diamond cutters at work will gladly show you every process of cleaving, cutting and polishing, from the rough diamonds, as taken from the mines in South Africa, to the perfectly cut and polished gems. Do not fail to see it, the location is Block 32, Varied Industries Bldg., in Diamond Cutting and Jewelry Section.

The present condition of the Diamond market is such, that it would pay anyone to make Christmas selections now. Write for catalogue today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. (Est. 1858.)

Diamond Cutters and Manufacturing Jewelers

Dept. M-10 92 to 98 STATE STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Copyright, 1904,
Franklin Advertising Agency, Chicago.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

OUR PLANS AND PROSPECTS—PRESENT AND FUTURE

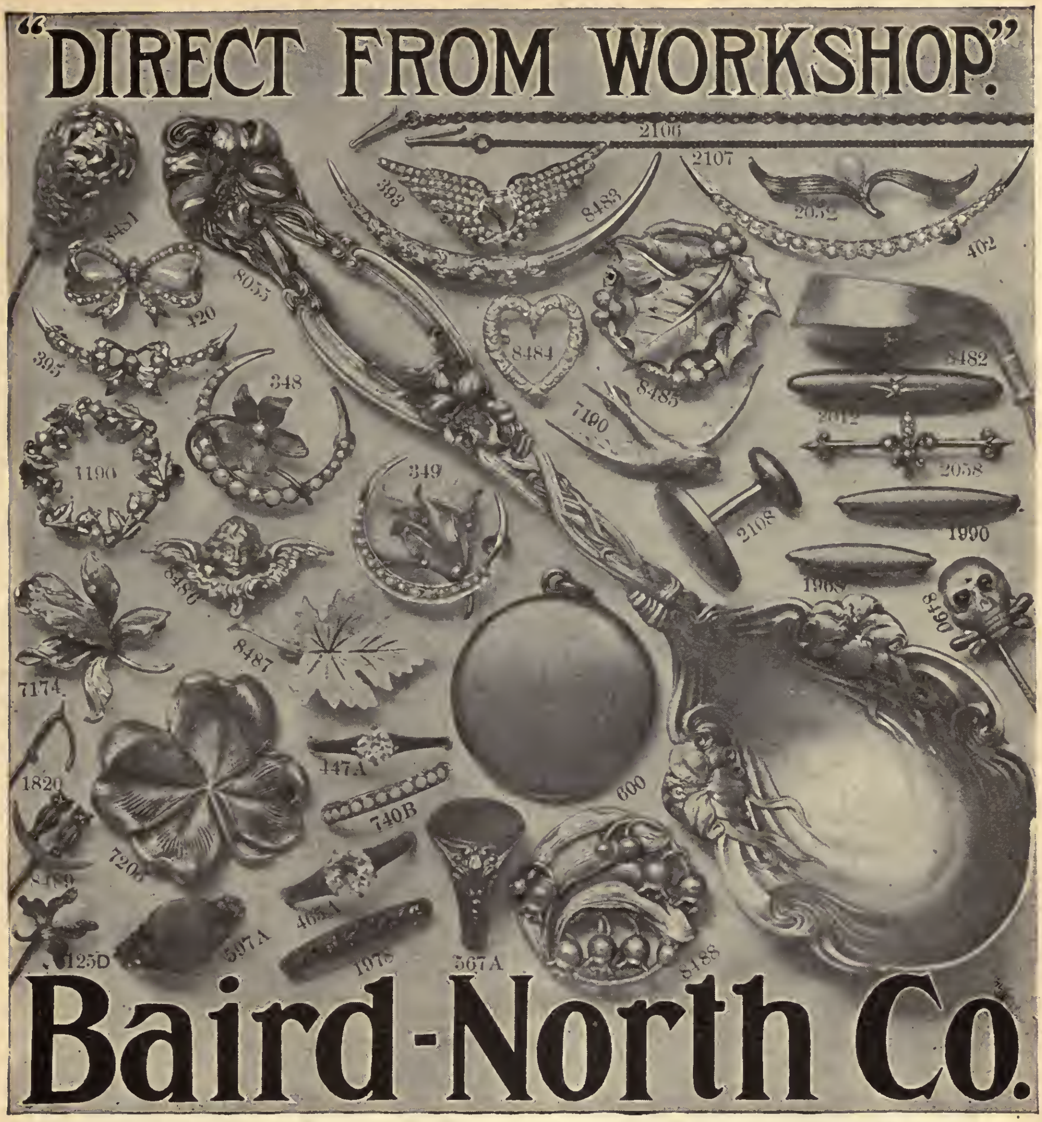
The undersigned subscribers of the National Magazine of Boston, Massachusetts, chosen to accompany Editor Joe M. Chapple to the West Indies, desire to most heartily and enthusiastically express our appreciation of the trip that has truly been the event of our lives. From our homes we were brought to Boston and given a hearty welcome at the office of the National on the day of sailing. Nothing was overlooked for our comfort and pleasure from the time we left our homes until to our homes we returned. The promises of the itinerary were more than fulfilled, and the entire party, with our good natured and ever thoughful leader, was an inspiration and liberal education to all. Never a thought or care but for enjoyment. The National Magazine cruise to the West Indies we unhesitatingly pronounce a noteable and splendid triumph and achievement.

We can scarcely find words to express our appreciation and admiration for "Joe Chapple and his National Magazine." Our future "ideas," efforts and interest are pledged unreservedly for all time to the National. We were awarded a prize tour, but we prize more than all else the friendship and generous kindness of the editor and his good wife, Mr. and Mrs. Joe M. Chapple, and the pleasant acquaintances formed, which will continue as long as life lasts. We cannot too strongly commend the National as a periodical of great purposes and one that carries out these purposes to the letter.

We all expect to see the day when the National Magazine has one million subscribers, and that day will come just as sure as one million people get to "know Joe Chapple and his National Magazine." Coming from every section of our great nation, representing many avocations, trades, professions and pursuits in life, we know and feel that the National, more than any other periodical, lives close to the hearts, homes and wholesome purposes of the great American people.

Long live the National, its editor and staff! They have so meritoriously won the life long affections of readers scattered in all parts of the world, who we believe will heartily concur in the sentiment and loving tribute which we have endeavored to express in this message which comes from our hearts."

Horace Levan Houghton, Armstrong.
Maer T Taylor Sherman Tex.
Sibbell Banks Waltham Mass
Annie M Sawyer. Greene. Maine
John J. Wentling Jr Greensburg, Pa
Barbara Galpin, Somerville, Mass
Mary E. Sawyer Greene, Me.
Johnnye Mae Sturdivant Clinton, Miss.
Maud Isabel Pushman 75 Chatham, Lynn
Ray. G. Whinery Marshalltown Iowa
Claude. W. Stevens New Britain Conn.
J. W. T. Lawlor St. John N.B



DIAMOND MERCHANTS—GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS

447A	Diamond Ring	$50.00
465A	Diamond Ring	160.00
537A	Solid Gold Signet Ring	3.50
597A	Solid Gold Signet Ring	2.00
	We engrave one script letter to read, free of charge; monogram 50 cents	
740B	Solid Gold, Pearl Guard Ring	2 00
125D	Solid Gold Scarf Pin, Baroque	1.50
348	Solid Gold, Pearl Brooch	4.00
349	Solid Gold, Pearl and Baroque Brooch	4.00
393	Solid Gold, Pearl Chatelaine	5.50
402	Solid Gold, Pearl Brooch	4.50
395	Solid Gold Pearl Brooch	3.00
420	Solid Gold Pearl Brooch	3.75
600	Solid Gold Locket	5.00
1190	Solid Gold Brooch, Pearls	2.00
1820	Solid Gold Scarf Pin	.50
1988	Solid Gold Stock Pin	.65
1978	Solid Gold Stock Pin	.65
1990	Solid Gold Stock Pin	.75
2012	Solid Gold Stock Pin, Pearl	1.00
2052	Solid Gold Stock Pin, Baroque Pearl	1.50
2058	Solid Gold Stock Pin, Pearls	1.00
2107	Solid Gold Neck Chain	2.00
2108	Solid Gold Cuff Links	2.00
2114	Solid Gold Neck Chain	4.00
7174	Sterling Silver Brooch	.50
7220	Sterling Hat Pin like 7174	.50
7190	Sterling Silver Brooch	.35
7206	Sterling Silver Hat Pin	.75
8055	Sterling Sugar Spoon, Lily Pattern	1.50
	Our catalog Q pictures the Lily Pattern complete.	
8481	Sterling Silver Hat Pin	.30
8482	Sterling Silver Hat Pin	.50
8483	Sterling Silver Brooch	.50
8485	Sterling Silver Brooch or Chatelaine	.50
8484	Sterling Silver Brooch	.25
8491	Sterling Hat Pin like 8485	.50
8488	Sterling Silver Brooch	.40
8487	Sterling Silver Brooch	.35
8488	Sterling Silver Brooh or Chatelaine	.50
8492	Sterling Hat Pin like 8488	.50
8489	Sterling Silver Scarf Pin	.20
8490	Sterling Silver Scarf Pin, Ruby Eyes	.45

We are the largest mail-order dealers in our line in the United States. Selling direct to the user our prices average one-third less than those of the retail dealers—buying from us you save the middlemen's profits.

Our catalog Q is a valuable book, containing illustrations of over 8000 articles—Diamond and Gold Jewelry, Rings, Watches, Brooches, Pins, Chains, Leather and Toilet Articles, Table Ware, etc. It is full of suggestions for the holidays—a boon to the busy housewife, and especially so to those somewhat removed from the large centres.

We fully guarantee every article we sell; we assume all possible risk; we return your money if you ask it. Our catalog Q should be in the hands of every economical Christmas shopper. It will also be found useful throughout the year.

We will gladly mail it to you upon receipt of your address. A postal does it. **Write Now.**

Address, BAIRD-NORTH COMPANY, 290 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, MASS.

WINNIPEG — MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM PORTAGE AVENUE

WINNIPEG, THE METROPOLIS OF WESTERN CANADA

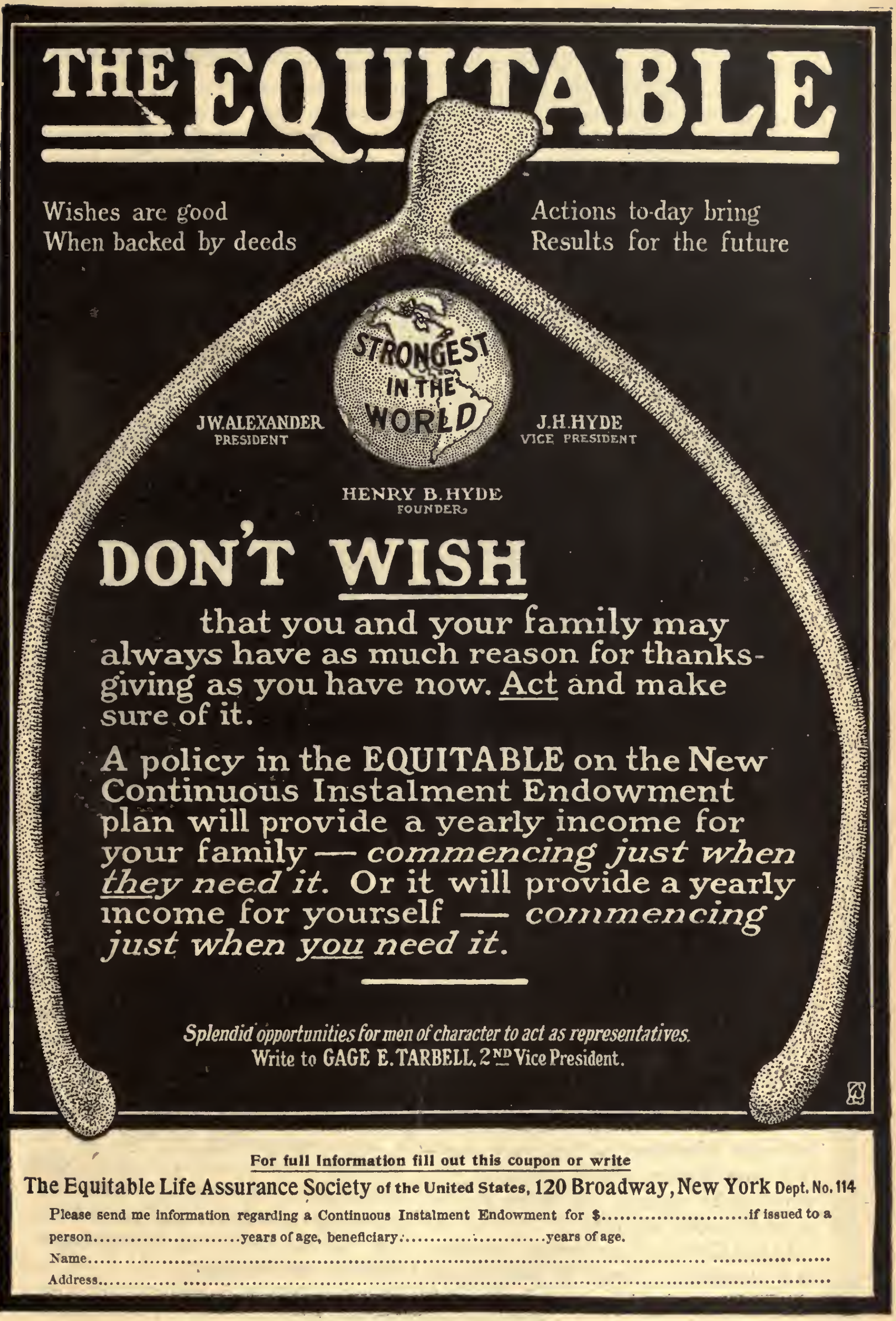
By SANFIELD MACDONALD

DURING the past few years the interest aroused in the United States in the farm lands of the great Canadian Northwest has induced a flood of immigration into that vast district from the States, greater, probably, than that from any foreign country to America. Throughout the entire country, people have been irresistibly attracted by the wonderful opportunities for acquiring free farms. The city of Winnipeg, where the pleasant climate is a special inducement to settlers, is the capital and center of this vast domain — the veritable gateway to the new and great Northwest. Here Spring begins in April, being followed by an ideal Summer, while the Winter is not so severe that it need be dreaded by anyone.

In this delightful land I have been introducing the National Magazine, and have met with a most kindly reception. The National already has a large sale in Winnipeg, and the publishing of this article on the city will do much to increase the interest of the people in the magazine, as well as making known the advantages of the city to a large number of readers in all parts of the world. There is no doubt but that Winnipeg is one of the coming cities, and this is clearly demonstrated by statistics. In 1870 the population was 215, in '74 it was 1,869, and each year saw a liberal increase, until today it has reached 77,000, and these figures are somewhat lower than the actual population.

Winnipeg is admirably equipped in

[Continued on next left-hand page]



THE EQUITABLE

Wishes are good
When backed by deeds

Actions to-day bring
Results for the future

J.W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT

J.H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

HENRY B. HYDE
FOUNDER

DON'T WISH

that you and your family may always have as much reason for thanksgiving as you have now. Act and make sure of it.

A policy in the EQUITABLE on the New Continuous Instalment Endowment plan will provide a yearly income for your family — *commencing just when they need it.* Or it will provide a yearly income for yourself — *commencing just when you need it.*

Splendid opportunities for men of character to act as representatives.
Write to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2ND Vice President.

For full Information fill out this coupon or write

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, 120 Broadway, New York Dept. No. 114

Please send me information regarding a Continuous Instalment Endowment for $........................if issued to a person......................years of age, beneficiary......................years of age.

Name..

Address...

all essentials for health and comfort. The water supply and protection from fire are all that can be desired, the pavements, walks and boulevards compare favorably with those of any large city, and are laid down at an unusually small cost, the stone being obtained from the city's quarries at a minimum expenditure. Most of the streets have boulevards, and stone walks are generally used throughout the city.

Churches are numerous, and almost every denomination is represented, while the school system and buildings compare favorably with those of any city in the Dominion. In addition to the primary and grammar schools, there is a collegiate institute, which serves as a preparation for the university, and in this department education is free, as it is in the lower grades, with the exception of some slight expense for books to the more advanced scholars.

In the City Hall an excellent reference and circulating library of over 15,000 volumes may be found, and the free reading room is supplied with forty-four monthly and thirty-five daily and weekly newspapers and periodicals from the United States, Canada and England. Mr. Carnegie is donating $75,000 toward the fine new library building which is now being erected. Another public institution is the Winnipeg general hospital, which is maintained chiefly by the contributions of the city. The Grey Nuns of St. Boniface also have a fine hospital across the Red River, a short distance from Winnipeg, and the Children's Home, the Women's Home, the Free Kindergarten the Deaf and Dumb Institute and other institutions of a similar nature provide all the accommodation that is needed along these lines.

WINNIPEG CITY HALL AND MARKET BUILDING

Winnepeg is the central market for a large surrounding district, and the handsome warehouses and shops testify to the amount of domestic trade. Grain production, stock raising, cattle breeding, mining, lumbering and fishing are some of the industries carried on, and shipments are made daily to points over

[Continued on next left-hand page]

A New Calendar Idea

FOR

1905

And A Unique Record of Baby's Doings

The accompanying half-tone illustration represents one of six beautiful, original color designs used in the new Resinol Art Calendar for 1905. These six designs have been reproduced in all the delicate coloring of the original paintings, and in the full size 8 x 15 inches—printed in 12 colors. This Calendar is more than the ordinary recorder of months and days. The original and unique feature of a picture-diary that marks the interesting events of baby life, gives it an unusual attraction in the home where there are small children.

There are six illustrated pages depicting different incidents of child life, with spaces for all of baby's "sayings and doings." It will record the date of the stork's visit; the date of the first tooth; the first childish word, and the many happenings in baby's early life, so dear to the mother's heart.

The color designs and drawings are the work of Maud Humphrey, the celebrated artist whose pictures are noted for the realistic portrayal of child life. The Calendar is a production of the highest art of printing. Children's books of equal quality, and of far less real interest, cannot be purchased in the stores under several dollars. As a Calendar alone it is equal to those selling for two dollars.

You Can Get It FREE

Send us two wrappers taken from **Resinol Soap**, and the Calendar will be sent postpaid. The soap retails at leading druggists for 25 cents a cake. Another way to procure the Calendar is by sending one wrapper and 15 cents in stamps or coin. Or, we will send the Calendar postpaid on receipt of 40 cents, and include with it one cake of Resinol Soap.

We are making this splendid offer this year in order to familiarize more people with Resinol Soap. It is the ideal skin soap, and in addition to its remarkable healing qualities, feeds and nourishes the skin, creating and maintaining a clear complexion. For the daily use of adult or baby it is unequaled. Resinol Soap keeps the baby clean, sweet, and healthy. From its extreme purity it is the safest soap to use in all skin affections, its action being particularly grateful to allay inflammation in cases of eczema, or any rash common to babyhood.

The Calendar is in every way an art work, an ornament to the nursery, or any room in the home.

It is advisable to make your application early, as the demand for them is very great
Address **Dept. X**

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

a thousand miles distant. The excellent railway systems afford every facility for transportation, and the efficient street railway service enables merchants or pleasure seekers to get rapidly and easily to all points in the city, a single fare carrying the passenger from one end to the other. A glance at the custom receipts gives some idea of the large foreign trade carried on, though much of the foreign goods consumed in the city is not credited to Winnipeg, being purchased, duty paid, in Montreal and Toronto.

BAWLF BLOCK, WINNIPEG

In addition to grain production and cattle breeding, many other industries are being established in Winnipeg, and furniture and upholstery, brooms and brushes, oatmeal, flour and gristmills, tents and mattresses, clothing, bookbinding, carriage works, marble, tin ware, boiler and machine shops and many other industries are well represented.

Winnipeg ranks third among Canadian cities as a financial center, and there are already thirteen banks, which represent a paid up capital of nearly fifty million dollars. Bank clearances in 1894 were $50,540,648; in 1903 bank clearances had increased to $246,108,006.

Winnipeg, being the provincial capital, is the headquarters of the superior court, the Manitoba legislature and several other official bodies, which add much to the interest and importance of the city, while its handsome buildings, well kept streets with twenty miles of shade trees, its nine parks and delightful environment and its great grain market, the largest in the British empire, make it a place of unique interest either to the resident or visitor.

UNION BANK BUILDING, ONE OF WINNIPEG'S NEWEST STRUCTURES

BIRD CENTER ETIQUETTE

(A CARD GAME)

The Artistic and Social Hit of a Decade

"A BIRD CENTER PARTY"

A Volcano of Excitement and Laughter

Every card from an original drawing by the greatest cartoonist of them all—McCutcheon. Handsomely printed in colors on heavy ivory enameled card board.

As a Fun Maker at Informal Parties every pack is worth its weight in gold.

LEARNED IN A MINUTE.

50c AT ALL DEALERS OR 50c PREPAID DIRECT FROM US.

GILT EDGED EDITION DeLUXE, $1.00.

HOME GAME CO., - - 73 Wolf Bldg., CHICAGO.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

HERE it is Thanksgiving time again, and if there is any periodical that ought to be really thankful it is the National. It has been a year not only of success, but of invaluable experience, education and inspiration.

The cool, crisp days of Autumn make us appreciate a change from even "the good old Summer time," and I hope that we are all entering on our Winter's campaign with the full vigor and buoyancy of hope, which carries forward to success many an enterprise that "stranded on the sea-deserted shores of inaction" would have been sure to fail. When I sit down to my Thanksgiving dinner—and goodness knows where I shall eat it—I shall think of every one of you, and offer a silent prayer of thanksgiving that will include every reader of the National —aye! every human being on earth. This may seem pretty broad, but is it not true that the older we grow the larger our hearts become, until we can include in our good will the whole human family, every nation and tongue. Wandering for so many years to and fro among strangers during my travels, and finding here, there and everywhere always a kindly spirit of hospitality and welcome, has convinced me that we are apt at times to grow a little bit too reserved, and desire only to be associated with those of our home circle in whom we are selfishly interested.

In traveling I have often found that the most interesting companions are those who are apt to be overlooked by others. I stood in the telephone booth of the Grand Central Station in New York the other day—a spot that has been grimly called "the trouble corner." There were fierce and furious ladies and furious and fierce gentlemen, all trying to make an appointment or send some message at the same moment. The doors of the booths were slammed with that fervor which is sure to bring a halo of sweetness over the telephone operators. In one corner stood a lady with a baby in her arms and an abundance of parcels. There were tears in her eyes, and it was evident that she had come to send some sad message. Unused, probably, to the telephone, she was at a loss to know how to use it and yet hold the baby. There was no place to lay it down, and in all that throng of spectators there was not one who came forward to solve the difficulty for her. It is true that her purchases were not bestowed in bags of alligator or sealskin, but it was probably fatigue and nervousness that made the operator snap out, when she asked what she should do with the baby while she telephoned,

"We don't furnish benches for babies, or — nurses."

I suppose that wearing the silk hat had made me feel especially benignant.

[Continued on page 242]

BUNCO

COPYRIGHT 1904 PATENT APPLIED FOR

The Great Card Game

At once takes command of the brain and gives a new pleasure one can't shake off. Bunco unmistakably eclipses everything in the game line and means a pronounced sensation in your community. **It's alive with endless new situations and amusing combinations.** One never grows weary of it, and it is destined to supplant all games of modern times. Easy to learn and keenly interesting to both the young and the old. Anybody can play it—successfully played at progressive parties as well as individual tables. 115 Cards.

Your dealer sells Bunco for **50c**, or order direct from us for **50c**, postage paid. Don't delay as it truly means an emphatic sensation in your community.

Also makers of **Bird Center Etiquette.** A card game from original drawings by John T. McCutcheon. All dealers, or **50c**, prepaid.

HOME GAME CO.
73 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

I took the baby and held it, while the curious throng looked on me as an escaped "freak" from Boston. Only one sweet-faced lady came and gave me a word of encouragement. "I am so glad that you did it. Babies are always so quiet and restful in the strong arms of a man."

* * *

My shoulders went up two inches, and I really became so interested in that baby that I was sorry when I had to place her back in the arms of her mother, but the look of deep gratitude and the few words of broken English were worth more to me than any day's work I ever performed. I don't know who she is; I don't know whether she is a subscriber or not, but she belongs to the great human family and she is a mother, and I think I never did anything that gave me more satisfaction than the performance of this slight service. After the mother and baby had passed out, I began to inspect the faces about me, and there were few that had even a look of sanity. There was the broker chewing his cigar, the lady who had missed a bundle in the station, the young man laden with a box of flowers who had lost his train, and many another equally distressed mortal. I think if the incidents of that "trouble corner" could be recorded we would have some mighty interesting reading for the National. Anyhow, I carried away a pleasant remembrance from the ill-fated corner, and today recall the kindly words of that little, gray haired lady—a mother she must have been—that were like an oasis of peaceful green in the desert of surging humanity off the city streets.

* * *

Why not look pleasant and have your "picture face" on all the time? Why not have a smiling contest at the Thanksgiving dinner table? See who can smile the longest and most pleasantly. See who can do the kindest act and speak the sweetest word. And how much is in the softly spoken word! Half the trouble is not in what is said but how it is said. The sharply spoken word is often like a spark to a tinder box and starts off a temper that is like a fire brand.

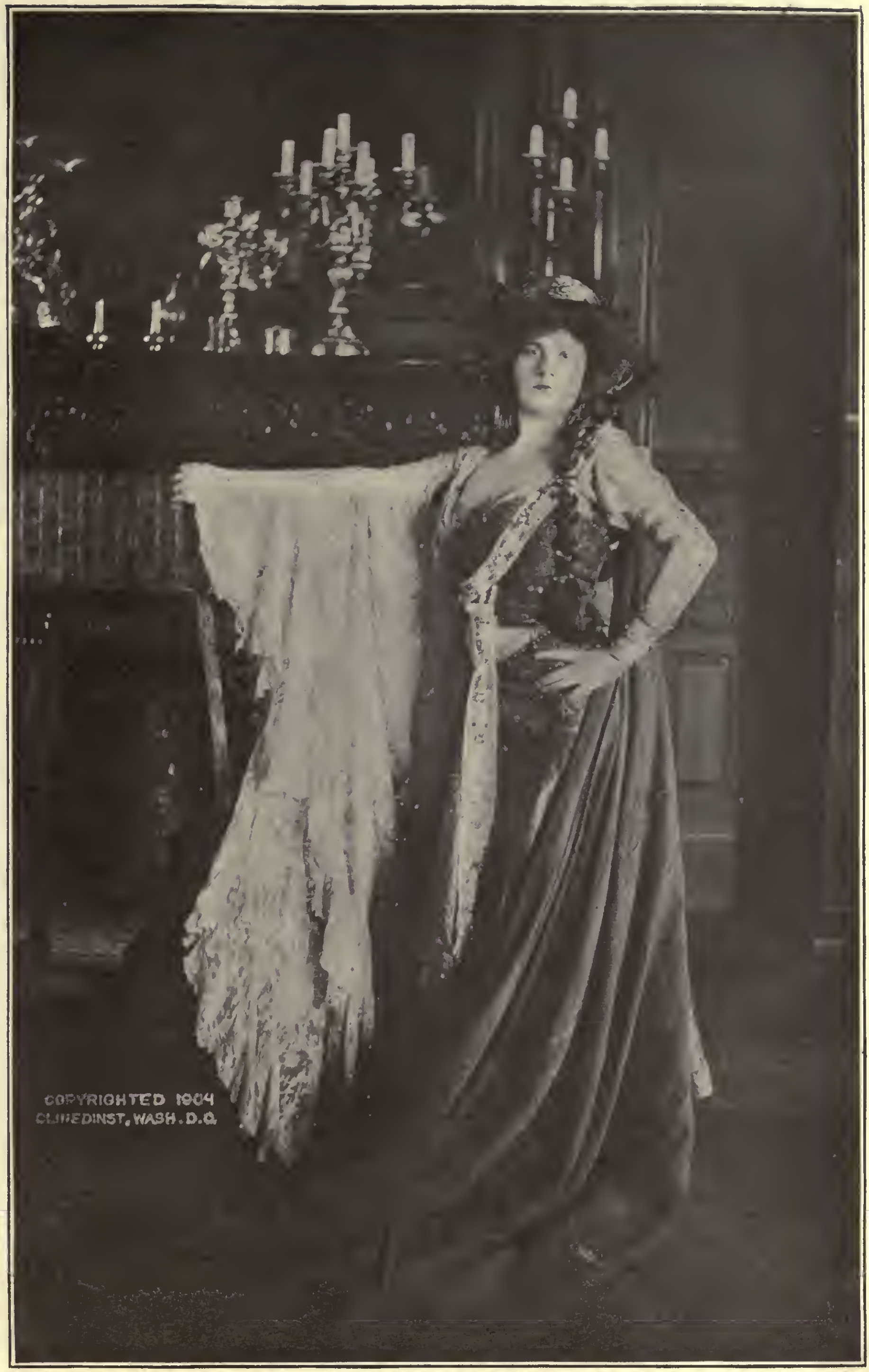
As I turn the pages of my Pleasure Book tonight, I think of the thousands and thousands of Thanksgiving gatherings to come all over the country—happy and merry, for that is the day when the children have special dispensation to do as they please and eat an unlimited supply. The mother sits down, flushed from the rush of preparation but happy that she can do for others — just slip up behind and give her that unexpected Thanksgiving kiss — be thankful to God —but be very thankful to the mother God gave you,—for to many of us there is now no mother to bless and sanctify the day. Yet on that day there must be shadows as well as sunlight in the picture, and after we have had the hearty hand grasp of greeting from dear friends and the delights of our feast, why not take a little half hour, or even an hour, to find some one who has not had these pleasures and endeavor to leave with them just one pleasant memory of the day in which the nation, as well as the individual, unite in giving grateful thanks to the Giver of all Good?

* * *

There may be a variance of creeds; there may be a dispute as to dogma, but on one thing all are agreed, and that is the worth of a kind act and gently spoken word. And if the way has been hard for some of us, let us remember that

"Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others, this is the lesson a life of trial and suffering may teach us."

This is an old, old story, and has been said and resaid since the world began, but it is one of those things that bear retelling in the cheery glow of Thanksgiving tide.



COUNTESS MARGUERITE CASSINI, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF COMPTE CASSINI, THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES. THE COUNTESS IS A WARM FRIEND OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AND A POWER IN THE FIRST SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON. THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER IN THE CHARACTER OF "JUDITH", AT A FANCY DRESS PARTY

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE, WHO IT IS SAID WILL SHORTLY BE GIVEN CHARGE OF THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT, WHERE HIS ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY AND RIGOROUS HONESTY WILL CORRECT WHATEVER ABUSES MAY HAVE CREPT INTO THE SERVICE

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE
VOL. XXI. DECEMBER, 1904 No. 3.

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE is always a refreshing interest in the opening days of congress in the hearty greetings between the members present and kindly reminiscences of the members who are missing. Many changes may be noted in the twelve months that have passed.

MR. BARNES, SECOND SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT, DELIVERING THE EXECUTIVE'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS
Photograph by Clinedinst

One of the first debts a congressman hastens to pay for his constituents is the visit to the president, and for the first few days after congress opens the doors of the reception room are kept swinging. It is really interesting to notice, as the visitors emerge from the presence of the president, what a wise and mysterious look their faces have, and one can sometimes almost guess the purport of the conversation that has passed during the call. The newspaper men soon go after the information, and in some strange way they manage to get it, but it requires a duel. A duel of diplomatic question and cross-question worthy of the superior court. Often when the president's visitors emerge one may observe mysterious notations on the back of a card, on an envelope or the margin of a newspaper. These might not be legible to the ordinary reader, but the few marks mean much, and often contain information that will pass into the pages of history through the medium of some bill in congress. I was interested the other day in seeing a little notation which a congressman showed me, that he had made several years before. This was no less than the nucleus of the most noted bill of the last congress, which had been elaborated stage by stage until it grew to the fine proportions which saw the light a short time ago.

It was pathetic to see the older members approach the

REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT E. HITT EXPLAINING TO SENATOR EUGENE HALE OF MAINE ALL ABOUT THAT TREMENDOUS REPUBLICAN MAJORITY IN ILLINOIS

Photograph by Clinedinst

White House and have to make an effort to establish their identity as members of the fifty-fourth congress. Only a few years ago, when these men called to pay their respects to the president, they were among the best known men in Washington, but new faces have come to the front and their identity is already forgotten. The public memory is a short one.

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A PRETTY little story is told of how the heart of a great Washington diplomat was won by the courtesy of a tiny five-year-old boy, when the doors of the great man were closed to all the social notabilities. Many formal calls had been made by those who were the equals of the distinguished foreign ambassador, who was seeking rest and recreation at his Summer home, but he showed no inclination to pursue the acquaintance further. There was one lady who refused to call, and this so worked upon the feelings of her little son that he determined to uphold the dignity of his family by calling upon the ambassador himself. Without a word to anyone, the little fellow bestrode his tiny pony, and equipped with his card case—stocked with visiting cards about the size of a postage stamp—and accompanied only by a groom, he set forth to visit the distinguished foreigner.

The bell was rung and the card presented to the butler, but the ambassador came out himself to meet the little visitor. He took him up in his arms and looked at the name on the tiny card.

"My little man, I am very glad to see you," and his fatherly heart warmed to the child who had come to see him as an act of courtesy. "Have you no friends with you?"

"I am the only gentleman," said the little visitor, "but there is another man outside and my pony."

The reply amused the ambassador, accustomed to the usages of foreign courts, and he informed his visitor's parents of their child's whereabouts and made a day of it with the little fellow,

SENATOR ARTHUR PUE GORMAN OF MARYLAND — IS IT POSSIBLE HE CAN BE LAUGHING OVER THE ELECTION RETURNS?

Photograph by Clinedinst

MRS. SYDNEY JOHNSTON BOWIE, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE BOWIE OF ALABAMA, AND ONE OF THE REIGNING BEAUTIES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY. SHE WAS MISS ANNIE FOSTER ETHERIDGE OF OCALA, FLORIDA, BEFORE SHE CAPITULATED TO THE GALLANT MEMBER FROM ALABAMA

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

providing entertainment also for "the other man" and the pony in true baronial style.

But the courtesy of this little five-year-old resulted in establishing certain important relationships and reciprocations which probably could not have been brought about in any other way, for the heart of the ambassador is not easy to reach. How true is the old Bible saying, "A little child shall lead them."

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THE writing of the message may have been an arduous task to many of our

MISS CATHERINE ELKINS, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR ELKINS AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF FORMER SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS OF WEST VIRGINIA. MISS ELKINS IS ONE OF THE PRETTY DEBUTANTES OF THE CAPITAL SEASON AND AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN

Photograph by Clinedinst

presidents, but the facile pen of Theodore Roosevelt does not halt when this duty comes upon him. It would be interesting to know how the message is constructed. As nearly as I can understand, it is a process of careful editing. All the questions of the hour have to be touched upon in a sentence or paragraph that gives the gist of the reports submitted from the various departments. It is the endless amount of detail involved in grappling with the many parts of the government's machinery, in order to send forth a clear message to the

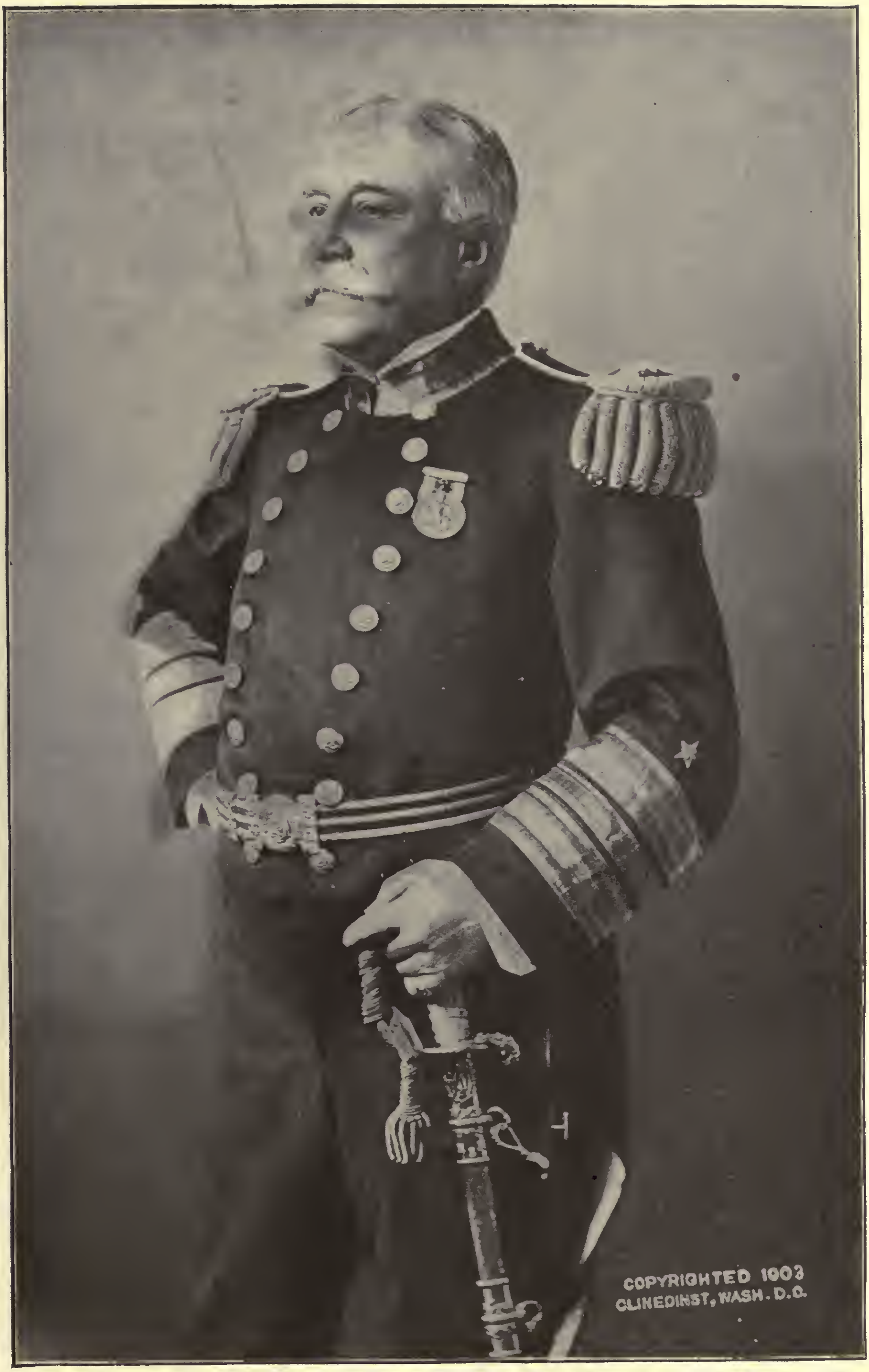
American people, that calls for a literary cogency and an administrative ability with which every man is not gifted, though these qualities appear in an unusual degree in the present chief executive. I can fancy him making a note here and an elimination there, as he arranges the material that he has gathered up during the months of work at his desk.

BARON SPECK VON STERNBERG, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, AND COMPTE CASSINI, THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, IN THE UNIFORMS OF THEIR OFFICE

This quite uncommon photograph was taken by Mr. Clinedinst one day when the two diplomats chanced to enter his studio simultaneously. Neither consented — nor forbade — the making of the photograph showing them together; though custom frowns upon anything of the kind, the men are friends and were not unwilling to let the fact be generally known. Compte Cassini is dean of the diplomatic corps at Washington.

It may be assumed that the fact we have a literary president has led people to expect that matters of daily routine and dry detail shall become dramatic and picturesque under his treatment of them. As a distinguished southern gentleman said to me:

"We may not like the president down South — we don't; and all the misdeeds charged against him may be true; yet there is something so intensely human about the man that he compels our admiration and our confidence. When he thinks a thing right, he does it straight up and down; and when he says a thing he says it in the clearest possible lan-



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY'S FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH; HE TOLD HIS PHOTOGRAPHER HE WOULD RATHER FIGHT THE BATTLE OF MANILA OVER THAN TO STAND AGAIN BEFORE A CAMERA

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

guage. No American can read the messages of President Roosevelt without being enlightened. He is serving the people with his fullest capacity, honestly and fearlessly, and what more can we ask? I don't vote for him, but I must confess I like him."

The message this year was awaited with even more than the usual interest, coming so close after the Thanksgiving proclamation and the results of the election. It seems to have all the virility of the president's earlier days, and yet is pregnant with the deliberation and thoughtfulness that are the outcome of nearly four years of service in the highest office of the nation.

MISS MATILDE TOWNSEND, A LEADER OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY
Photograph by Clinedinst

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IT is interesting to note how different many public men are from the popular impression of them which exists. The public picks out one characteristic and makes a figure of that, not considering the many other points in the man's make-up. There is Senator Tillman, perhaps as fierce-looking a man as ever shook finger across the aisles of the senate chamber; whose rasping voice and biting sarcasms are as cutting as the Winter winds. To many people this man seems acid to a degree on first acquaintance, yet when I tell you that few men are possessed of a more kindly and sweet disposition, you will be listening to the plain truth. Would you ever think that this man, who won his epaulettes in a war of bitter words, is passionately fond of flowers, and that every moment he can snatch from his duties is given to the care and nurture of plants of various kinds? Would you believe that this man, in the very thickest of the bitter life struggle today, yet regards the

SENATOR BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

MRS. ROBERT J. WYNNE, WIFE OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL

flowers that grow for him beneath the sunny skies of Carolina as his dearest treasures and the greatest luxuries of his life? Ben Tillman may be a crank. He may have peculiar ideas regarding the race problem, but nobody who has watched him tenderly touching the petals of a carnation or caressing the leaves of a rose bush still steeped in the morning dew, will fail to appreciate the revelation of a nature, which, once seen, conveys a more accurate idea of the man's character than could possibly be gained in any other way.

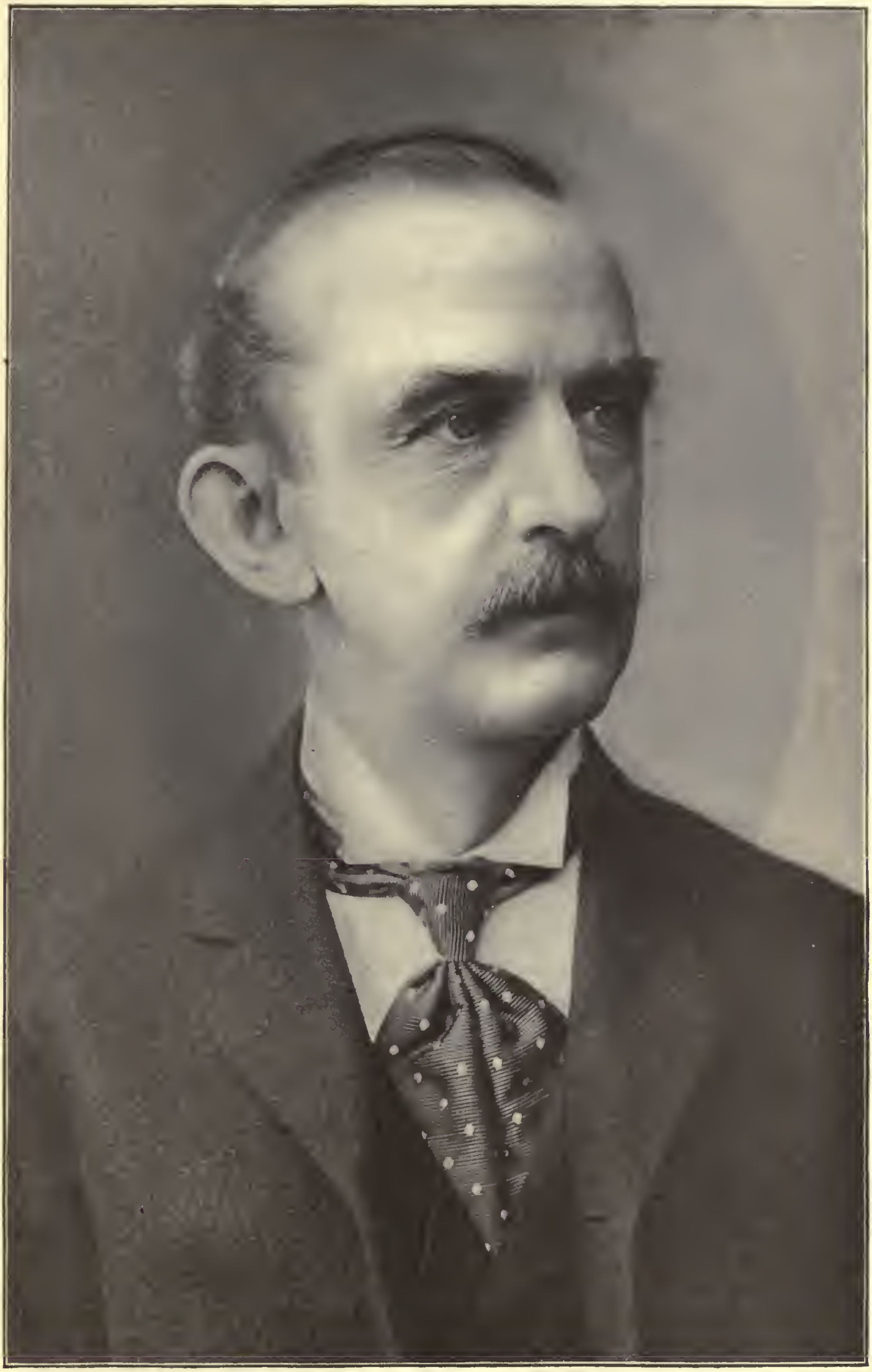
Senator Tillman has also a humorous side to his mind, as the story he tells about the silk hat he got to make Washington calls in will show. He was not happy in that hat. He said he did not know what to do with it nor how to handle it. When he got through the calls, he came out and walked up and down the street, perhaps in an endeavor to get accustomed to the unusual head covering. He said he never felt so foolish in his life and imagined that everybody was looking at him. He had a yearning to go home and get hold of his slouch hat once more. Since that time, however, he has acquired the art of wearing a silk hat, and does it as gracefully as any man.

Talking about silk hats, there was a time in St. Louis when we made a sort of rest room of our booth, and many a tired mother was invited to remain there with her children and rest before going on to finish the tour of sight-seeing. It came to be regarded as a sort of oasis in a wilderness of hustle and bustle. Among other young people who came to the booth during the weeks that I was under a wager to wear a silk hat, were my three nephews and one niece, whose ages range from four years to four months.

It happened on that day that the baby niece and baby nephew were decorated respectively with blue and pink ribbon, and it also happened that I was delegated to carry the four-months-old nephew from the Liberal Arts Palace to the States entrance, a distance of about half a mile. How these little mothers get along, holding a baby all day, I cannot imagine, for that four-months-old made my head and arms and back ache before I had finished my half-mile; but I trudged along, carefully holding the young scion of the house. I was about to take my seat in the street car, when I was accosted by a ruddy-faced man, evidently from the country. He said:

"My wife wants to know if that 'ere baby is one of them out of the incubator?"

I felt puzzled at first, then thought that my silk hat must have suggested one of the gentlemen from the incubators, but this did not seem a sufficient explanation. Then it flashed upon me that I was carrying a baby decked with pink



SENATOR AND FORMER GOVERNOR WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE OF MASSACHUSETTS, SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE SENATOR HOAR, AND ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED SONS OF THE OLD BAY STATE, WHICH WILL UNDOUBTEDLY RETAIN HIM IN THE SENATE AS LONG AS HE WILL CONSENT TO SERVE

Photograph by Chickering, Boston

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BY G. V. BUCK. WASH. D. C.

MRS. MARY ADELAIDE (SMITH) FAIRBANKS, MOTHER OF THE VICE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by G. V. Buck, Washington

ribbon, while my brother beside me held a girl who wore blue ribbon, and this is the method adopted for marking the sexes at the incubators.

We escaped as soon as possible from our questioning friend, and I must say that we succeeded in getting home with the children without any further suspicions having been raised as to our being kidnappers.

AS early as nine o'clock Admiral Dewey walks into his office in the Mills building, diagonally across from the navy department, sits down at his desk and gets to work with the same precision that he might use if still aboard the Olympia. In the corner opposite his desk is a cedar chest, which was made for the admiral in Manila. He pointed to it and said:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS OF INDIANA, SENATOR AND VICE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by G. V. Buck, Washington

"In that chest will be found the real records of the battle of Manila never yet published. I hope to prepare them for publication and that they will be made public after my death."

Upon the wall above the chest were a number of maps new ones just prepared, of the Philippines. Captain Swift came in, and it was most interesting to see the admiral put on his spectacles again and go over the maps carefully, pointing out the places selected for new naval fortifications, indicating with his finger the route of the new line of railway to be built in Luzon.

Captain Swift has seen a great deal of service in the Philippines, and when the two naval officers got their heads together and were absorbed in looking over the new points of interest with

Public Library, Lawrence, Mass.

reference to fortifications, I thought how little the country realizes how our nation has grown during the past five years.

In another corner of the room was Admiral Dewey's faithful dog, Bob, who is with him on all occasions. Bob waits patiently all the forenoon, while his master sits at his desk making calculations and carrying on a vast correspondence, the importance of which is little realized by outsiders.

Despite the close attention which he gives to his work, Admiral Dewey always keeps up his connection with current affairs. I was much interested when he ran over some quotations from President Roosevelt's "Utterances on All Questions," until he came to, "A good navy is not provocative of war; it is the surest guarantee of peace." Then he read: "Naval war is two-thirds settled in advance, because it is mainly settled by the preparations which have gone on for years preceding the outbreak."

THAT Miss Etta Giffen, superintendent of the reading room for the blind in the library of congress, has been solicited by General John Eaton, former commissioner of education, to draft the bill for the higher education of the blind to be presented before congress at its next session, is an illustration of the unique position occupied by this young lady as a promoter of the welfare of the sightless at the national capital. General Eaton, who has devoted years of attention to the needs of the blind of this country, declares that Miss Giffen is more competent to formulate a plan for their educational development than anyone else of whom he knows. The present commissioner of education, Dr. Harris, has also conferred with Miss Giffen upon the subject, and is of a like opinion with General Eaton.

The proposed bill will affect the interests of blind persons throughout the United States, providing for their educa-

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR MORTIMER DURAND, WITH MISS DURAND AND ATTACHES OF THE EMBASSY, ENJOYING A CANTER ON THE FINE ROADS ABOUT WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

SENATOR AND MRS. CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW OF NEW YORK

Photograph by Clinedinst

MISS ETTA GIFFEN, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE READING ROOM FOR THE BLIND IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

tion for the higher pursuits of life at colleges and universities under the direction and at the expense of the national government. They will thus be brought into contact with seeing students, and will be able to demonstrate generally their capabilities, which are now scarcely recognized. An important feature of the bill will be the elimination of the present pauper or charitable element in the entire system of the education of the blind. The latter are, as a rule, extremely sensitive, and this classification of them in public tuition acts as a positive handicap.

A matter also now engaging Miss Giffen's attention is the introduction into this country of the "maternal" system of education of the juvenile blind, practiced by Madamoiselle Mulot in her school at Angers, France. A wonderful feature in this course of instruction is a method of writing, easily acquired by children of five or six years of age, enabling them to communicate by letter with their seeing friends who do not understand the "point," or raised characters. Miss Giffen has on exhibition at the reading room letters written by pupils of Madamoiselle Mulot. The writing is executed by means of a metal screen, rather complex in pattern to the sight, resembling an arabesque.

Miss Giffen has attended several international congresses for the amelioration of the condition of the blind, both in this country and Europe. A number of influential and liberal-minded educators in the colleges and universities of Washington are her personal friends, and she is enabled to have their counsel and support in advancing the cause of the sightless. In fact, it may be said that this lady enjoys peculiar facilities, as well as capacity, in the furtherance of a noble work.

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WHILE I may be making an unpopular suggestion at the present time, I cannot resist the impulse, in consideration of the success which is bound to accrue from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to suggest an international exhibition in Boston to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts in 1620, the most important date in our history.

It seems to me it is now the East's turn, for the West, the middle West and the South have had their expositions, and it is time for the pendulum to swing eastward. The mass of population in the eastern states insures a large attendance.

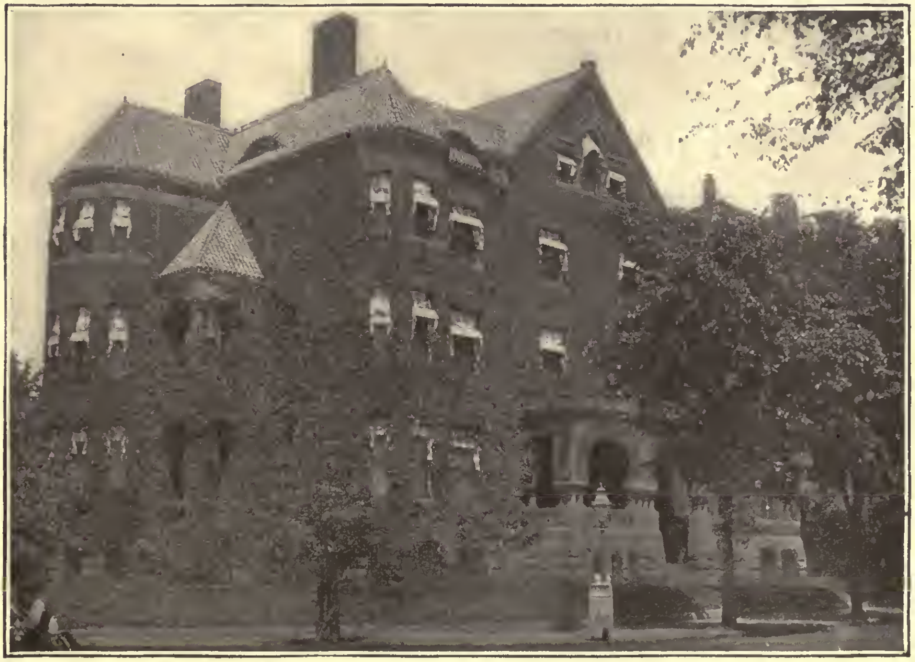
Why should the East be selected, and why should Boston be chosen from among the other eastern cities? The East should be the scene of the next exposition for many reasons, one being that most western people are eager to come this way, and the people from our western states are much more ready to travel than those in the East, while their keen interest in all historic details of the older cities is clearly shown by the eager delight of the visitors to Boston during the G. A. R. encampment, when the veterans and their friends almost wore themselves out going from one point of interest to another in order to miss nothing of importance during their brief stay.

There is no doubt but that transportation facilities will be much improved within the next sixteen years, and that it will be possible for the fathers and mothers of the coming generation to bring their young people across the country quicker and cheaper than is now possible; and it is certain that the rising generation of Americans are a race that will not easily tire of visiting. Of course it is rather difficult to picture what sort of exposition would meet the demands of the world in 1902, but it is safe to say that it will not lack interest for our citizens of all ages.

IN purchasing its embassy, the Italian government obtained one of the finest residences in Washington. It stands on the point of land formed by the junction of New Hampshire avenue and Twenty-first street, not far from Dupont circle, around which are located many of the capital's most noted mansions.

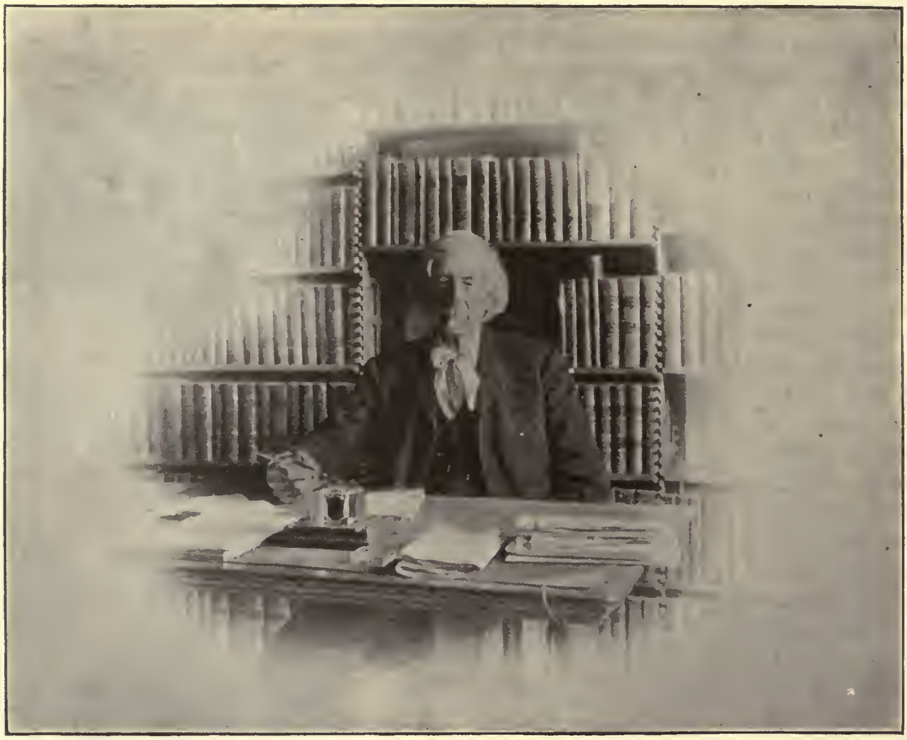
The house was built and formerly occupied by Mrs. Hearst, widow of the late Senator Hearst of California. It is of red brick with brown stone trimmings, the imposing entrance portico being of the latter material, with a door of oak heavily studded with iron bolts.

The interior arrangement is spacious and magnificent in design and decoration. The apartments include a Dutch dining room, a lofty music room, its walls hung with paintings by famous artists, and on the ground floor a large banquet hall with walls and ceiling of California redwood.



THE ITALIAN EMBASSY'S HOME IN WASHINGTON, ONCE THE HOME OF MRS. PHOEBE HEARST OF CALIFORNIA

Photograph by Miss Curry



FRANK B. SANBORN IN HIS LIBRARY AT CONCORD

FRANK B. SANBORN

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A BIRTHDAY GIFT

OH Sage of Concord, canst thou not impart
With birthday gift thy philosophic art;
How to renew the lease of life each year,
With fresh provision for the tenant's cheer ?

From Medway's meadows swept by Summer breeze,
Where woman's wit makes every prospect please,
The only man where only man is vile,
I wandered forth for many a pleasing mile.
By Martha's vines I sought Nantucket's heart,
Where Mary's home hath found the better part;
Isle of the blest with waters calm bedight,
I saw old Plymouth cradled on the rock,
Where rocked the cradle of our parent stock,
Where Plymouth's captain holds his vigil still,
The rock-hewn warder of the storm-swept hill.

And where is laid by Marshfield's sea-girt strand
The black-browed giant of the granite land.

And thou dost cherish all the sacred fires
Lighted of yore by patriotic sires;
Holding aloft the torch o'er land and sea,
To light a race intelligent and free;
Unbent by gales or breezes of the time,
Obeying still the voice obeyed at prime.
When on the body politic your eye
Descries raw sores of error, you apply
The saving salt, with application firm,
And smile benignant if the patient squirm.
By Concord's stream whose "every wave is charmed,"
You face the thousand shocks of life unharmed.
To age of gold distraught with Mammon's rage
You bring the solace of the Golden Age.

Erect, serene, with unbeclouded eye
You see unchanged the changing years go by.
Grant us thy secret with thy printed page,
Oh Sage of Concord who hast conquered age.

EDWIN WEBSTER SANBORN.

◆

A STORMY DAY IN WINTER-TIME

By CORA A. MATSON-DOLSON

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

THE snow-flakes lodge in the cedar trees
Or sweep in a cloud with the rushing breeze;
But what care we for the Winter storm,
With love in our hearts and the hearth-fire warm!

On the window sill is a tulip red
As bright as its mates of the Spring-time bed.
It nods to the cage where the linnet swings,
And dreams of the song that the bluebird sings.

The baby laughs at the blossom fair
And tugs at the strands of my braided hair.
With a child to love, and the hearth-fire warm,
Oh what care we for the Winter storm?

The Woman's Number

By M. MacLean Helliwell

TELL you all the news since you've been gone? Land sakes, Mis' Banks, it'd take from now till Chris'mus! Yes sir, Ratley Center has had more excitements to the minute during the past few months than in the whole course of her previous hist'ry. There's been the induction of the new 'Piscopal minister, the Methodist seedcake and cooky festival, the burnin' of the organ fact'ry, and the puttin' out of the Woman's Chronicle, and Lida Freer's engagement. You didn't? Why, she's been engaged a good four weeks now; it's ancient hist'ry. But if you haven't really heard tell of it yet, it'll be news to you, and you may as well get it from me as the next one. Besides, I can tell it to you right, for my Bess was clean in the thick of it. It all come out of the Woman's Chronicle—the dear help us, not heard of that! Why, I thought the fame of that had spread clear through the Union! You mean to say there wasn't no word of it down to New York? Pshaw, you must have missed it in the paper. You never was much of a hand to read the papers, Amelia Banks. Here, put this cushion to your back, and make yourself comfortable, and I'll start in at the beginning.

You did hear of the organ factr'y burnin' down, didn't you? Well, most of the fact'ry men's cottages went too, and they was in a sight of trouble — no homes, no money, no work. We all done what we could, but laws, it was little enough for poor critters thrown out right in the thick of Winter. We had special services in the churches for them, with special collections, which as far as the men was concerned was probably the most important feature of 'em; not as I'd insinuate for a minute that the fact'ry hands ain't as good and pious Christians as anybody else in this community, but you know yourself, Mis' Banks, how it is — money talks, and prayers ain't very fillin' when a man's hungry.

Well, all Ratley Center united in tryin', one way an' another, to raise a decent fund, but it was slow work and we women concluded that if we could just do something all by ourselves we'd be better satisfied. We knew that if we could only think of the right thing we could make it go.

Then one day Mr. Sands dropped in when some of us was talkin' it over. You know Mr. Sands, the noo editor of the Chronicle. He come just before you went away: young, good-lookin', enthusiastic, and smart as a steel trap. He's just made the Chronicle hum since he took holt, I can tell you. Just out of the university a year, come to Ratley Center bearin' his blushin' honors full upon him, gold medals, scholarships, and all sorts of things. Oh, Lord love us, Amelia Banks, how literal you be! No, I don't mean that he actually walked the streets with his scholarships tied 'round his neck and his medals adornin' his manly bosom like a veteran on parade! It's a waste o' breath quotin' po'try to a person with no more imagination than a ball o' woosted; but your folks never was littery, was they, Amelia? Oh, yes, I know all about the preacher; but one preacher in a fam'ly don't necessarily make—the editor?—oh yes. Well, the girls was plumb crazy over him, and even the married ladies fluttered a bit when he hove into view, he had that takin', gallant way with him.

Well, as I said, he dropped in one day when we was all wondering what we could do to swell the relief fund.

"Ladies," says he. "I have an idea for you. Suppose you bring out a Woman's Number of the Chronicle. Women's numbers have come out in several places recently with great success, and I know that with the talent here at Ratley Center you ladies could beat all records hollow. I'll let you have the paper for — let me see, St. Valentine's Day would be a good time to bring out a special number. Why not take it then? That will give you three weeks to get ready."

Well, say, the way we took holt of that idee was a caution. We held a meeting right off, in the town hall, and in two days it was settled, committees formed and the land only knows what all. You know Lida Freer, don't you? Mis' Thomas' niece, she that used to spend all her Summer holidays here till last year when she went to Europe. She graduated from college same time as Mr. Sands did, same college too. I asked him one day if he'd known Lida Freer, and, my word, he got as red as a beet and then white as chalk, looked real embarrassed in fact, and hummed and hawed and finally admitted he had known her some, and he agreed that she was mighty smart and pretty, but when I said how sweet she was, he flared right up and said she was the most opinionated young woman he'd ever saw. "My heart!" says I, "she must have changed considerable then since she used to come to Ratley Center," and someone interrupted us just then, and I never could get him on the subject again.

Now it happened that just when we'd decided to bring out that Woman's Number, Lida Freer, prettier than ever, come to visit Mis' Thomas, and bein' fresh from college and abroad and all, she was chosen co-editor of the thing with Miss Shernley.

Say, there was friction over that, too. Miss Shernley, 'cause she's always been the littery character of Ratley Center,— a littery character with a wooden face, as my Bob says! — contributin' cooky receipts and pathetic sketches of lovers united in death and such to the Sunday Herald, she thought she was goin' to be the whole thing, and she rather resented havin' Lida in it at all, while most of the rest of us wanted Lida to run it alone and Miss Shernley to be run out.

Finally we settled it by makin' them equal and callin' them co-editors. Then they had Maude Sykes, Muriel Spence, Flossie Taylor and my Bess on as reporters and such, and Mis' Taylor, bein' as her husband's the most littery preacher we have, and Mis' Short, and Miss Fallow, the thin one that does the po'try writin', was all put on as advisory editorial board.

There was another big committee, too, with Mis' Judge Myers and Mis' Dr. Thorpe to the head of it, to canvass for advertisements and that, and they did noble! I'll tell you all about their side of it and all their little troubles another time. I've got to stick close to the editor part of it and Lida Freer, if I'm to get through before my men come home to supper.

When they got their editorial committee all fixed up, they held a meetin' of it for the purpose of lettin' Mr. Sands explain everything to 'em and tell 'em all they'd have to do. I let them have it here, as Tom has the most stock in the Chronicle company, and Bess was in it and we have the second biggest parlor in town.

" 'GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. SANDS,' SAYS SHE, AND SAILS * * * PAST HIM AS IF HE WAS DIRT"

Lida was a little late, and I was talkin' by the door to Mr. Sands when she come in. Law, Amelia Banks, if you'd a saw them two when they come plump together face to face! "I guess you knew Mr. Sands to college, Lida," says I, and almost afore I'd said it Mr. Sands out with his hand and opened his mouth real eager. But Lida takes one step back and her head goes up till I thought it'd strike the chandelier.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sands," says she, and sails into the room past him as if he was dirt. Well, I'd heard tell of marble hearts and frozen faces, and I think I seen them then. I didn't think that quiet little Lida had it in her, but as my Bob says, no mortal man ever can get onto all the curves of any mortal woman.

When I turned to look at Mr. Sands he had his mouth tight shut and an awful look on him, and I just suspicioned that minute that there'd been something up between them when they was at college, and I whispered to my Bess to keep her eyes open, for there'd likely be interestin' doin's afore that Woman's paper got out. Bess is sharp, too; I knew nothin' could happen without her seein' it.

Mr. Sands explained everything most beautiful and grammatical, like a printed book, and it sounded real simple and easy, though I'd never guessed before there was so much to gettin' out a paper. I tell you, we've all looked on Mr. Sands and the Chronicle with a heap more respect since we've found out how much toil and thought they represent. It's no play-actin' to be an editor, I can tell you. Why, all the women on that Chronicle took to their beds for periods rangin' from a day to a whole week, onct the paper was out, and I had to give my Bess a whole bottle of brandy and Peruvian bark to fetch her up to the mark again. You let the brandy soak on the bark, you know! it's a fine—Land sakes, if it ain't strikin' four! I must get along quicker, if I'm to get through at this sittin'.

Well, after explainin' everything, Mr. Sands said he'd had a big room down at the Chronicle office fitted up with tables and chairs for the use of the committees, and the ladies was to look upon it as theirs as long as they needed it, and if they ever wanted advice or help of any kind, he was entirely at their disposal.

When he got through Miss Shernley talked some, and then Lida was called on for a few words. I thought Lida would be all of a quiver, but land, she got up as cool as a cucumber and talked just as if she was readin' it. But she had the coldest lookin' face I ever seen. She thanked Mr. Sands—and when she said his name it somehow gave you the feelin' that she was alludin' to someone away off somewheres to the North Pole—for his room and his kindness in lettin' them take the paper, and for his generous offer of help, which last, however, she thought they would not have to take advantage of, and so on. After she set down different of the ladies spoke, and asked about things he'd already explained and made all kinds of fool suggestions, and finally I passed 'round tea and hot biscuit and tipsy cake.

I must say, Mis' Banks, that the women of this town did work like Trojans over that paper. My Bess was down there all day and every day, and at night she'd come home clean played out; but I'd feed her up good, and she'd tell me all that had happened since mornin'.

It seems there was lots of friction. The main trouble, accordin' to Bess, was that the two committees didn't have separate rooms. They was supposed to each have a separate table, but first minute anyone missed anything she'd trapse straight over to the other table and rummage through papers and things like all possessed; then of course, they'd get mad at each other. They kept the littery things in a big clothes basket, and Lida put a notice on it: "No One To Touch This Basket, By Order." But the notice just had the opposite effect: stirred up their curiosity so they simply couldn't let it be. And 'twant all the committee ladies that did the meddlin', either. All the women in town seemed to think theirselves privileged to come in when they liked and poke through things, till poor Lida was most distracted.

Miss Shernley lost her head early in the game. Her one idea was to do what she called "prunin'." She bought herself a dozen blue pencils, and she did nothing all day but set at the table slashin' her pencil through every bit of writin' matter she could lay her hands on, and Lida had to hustle 'round and see to everything herself.

They had the typewriter that was at the fact'ry, May Walker, to do the typewritin' they wanted, and one day Miss Shernley swooped down on some writin' she found on May's table and blue-pencilled it till you couldn't see a word of printin'. It turned out it was a private letter May'd written to her young man in a slack spell, and when she found it fixed up like that she was madder'n a wet hen. She did all kinds of talkin' 'bout pryin' dishonour and that kind of thing, and of course Miss Shernley fired up, and they had the biggest kind of a row. Just as it was at its hottest Mr. Sands came in, and he managed to cool 'em down. Lida was out while the circus was goin' on, but they gave her full particulars as soon as she got back, and say, when they told her Mr. Sands had had to make the peace she was hoppin'. She told those women she'd never been so ashamed in all her life; she gave 'em straight talk for about fifteen minutes, and not one of 'em so much as said "boo" back to her.

Of course every woman that had half an idea in her head and a dictionary in her house thought it her dooty to write something for the woman's paper—dooty, is the way they put it, though the real truth is they was simply burnin' to see theirselves in print. The two editors was supposed to do the decidin' as to what should be printed, and even then it was hard enough for poor Lida. She'd make her choice real conscientious and get 'em all sorted out, when Miss Shernley'd come along, toss up everything, and then take the first thing that come to hand, sayin': "Oh, this will do admirable, Miss Freer, perhaps a trifle verbose, the touch of the amatoor. I'll just prune it a little, give it a professional touch or two and I'm sure it'll be the strongest thing we'll have." Bess can take her off to split your sides. Bess says she'd pick up any old scrap, make the same remark, and then fall to with her long blue pencil.

Then all the women on the advisory board thought it was their business to read all the stuff and pass judgment on it. Well, you know yourself, Amelia Banks, the clicks this town is divided into, and you know the Thorpe set is none too friendly with the Taylor lot, so you can just picture to yourself the wranglin' and janglin' over those writin's when all those women got their fingers in the pie. At last Lida got desperate. She took Bess into her confidence, and them two let the rest talk and just quietly fixed it up between 'em what had ought to go in.

Of course every woman with a pet fad thought it the opportoonity of her life to air it, and they'd come ridin' their hobbies right into that room so rampageous that their hoofs seemed to clatter clear through your brain, Bess said. Oh, law, don't gape like that, Amelia! A hobby-horse ain't a breathin', flesh and blood equine! That's Bess' poetical touch. She's got a real littery air to her talk since that Chronicle business. Her pa and me wouldn't be a mite surprised if she took to writin' books some day.

Well, they'd ramp in with manuscrip's a mile long all done up in a tight roll and tied with ribbons, and they'd rear like ten furies when Lida'd say she didn't think she could take 'em.

Then, bein' as it was a St. Valentine Number, every critter in this town that could hold a pen settled down to work to grind out a Valentine pome. Bess said they poured in like a Christmus snow storm—short ones, long ones, fat ones, thin ones, rhymey ones and onrhymey ones—all sorts and conditions of poems floatin' in in one steady stream. Lida was real worried at first, then she got kinder hysterical and everyone that come in upset her more. They had to get a special clothes basket to hold the poems alone. And all the poetesses would come streakin' in to make sure their immortal works was goin' in, and they'd jaw Lida by the hour provin' to her why theirs should have the best place on the first page. They always said it was just a little thing they'd dashed off on the inspiration of the moment, but they'd like to see it in, as it seemed to breathe the spirit of the season. Law! considerin' they dashed 'em off so easy, they appeared to set a mighty onreasonable store by em!

Lida got to be a pretty good ball-tosser before she was through with that game. She had a big brown envelope with "Rejected Manuscripts" written on it, and she stuffed all the impossible stuff into that; and would you believe it, Amelia Banks, a lot of those women got at that envelope one day when Lida was out and went through the whole lot, and they most all found some of their own there! My eye! when poor Lida got back they were ready for her, tooth and nail. They accused her of all kinds of partiality, and they waved their rolls of written stuff at her and wanted to know what was the matter with that, and some of 'em went home mad. Indeed, they do say Mrs. Dr. Wilkins hasn't spoken to Lida since. It seems she'd written a story of her life in six chapters with no stops through any of it, Bess said, and she'd been a little previous writin' to all her children and relatives and friends tellin' 'em what she'd done and for them all to look for it when the paper come out, so naturally when she found the whole thing in the brown envelope it riled her some.

Well, all this time Bess hadn't seen much to tell between Lida and Mr. Sands. He'd come in every day or two to see if he could help any, and when Lida wasn't there, the women would swarm 'round him like bees around a honey-pot, but when Lida was there and he'd ask if there was anything he could do, she'd always thank him very politely and tell him there was absolutely nothing, that they was gettin' on beautiful, and she wouldn't let on for a second that she was one mite worried. But he must have been a goat if he didn't see for himself how white she was gettin' and what big, black circles was comin' under her eyes.

The day before the fourteenth, things was at a climax. I stepped in for a minute to see how they was gettin' on and to leave a bag of fresh doughnuts to cheer 'em, and, my word, that room looked as if a cyclone had struck it! The tables was onspeakable, and the floor was ankle-deep in papers and truck. All the ladies on committees and a sight that weren't were fussin' and gabblin' like all possessed. Miss Shernley, with her hair rumpled up terrible and her pink silk tie all under one ear, was sittin' on a box in one corner goin' over a strip of printed stuff about as wide as your hand and a good yard long, with her blue pencil, and Miss Thornton was rumpussin' 'round under everybody's feet lookin' for something she'd lost.

Miss Thornton wasn't on any committee, but Bess said she took her seat in that committee room the very first day, and she never stirred out of it except to go home to sleep till the whole show was over. She just sat there like a darnin' needle in a board, writin' what she called paragrafts. She said they'd do to fill up odd spaces, and she just kep' turnin' 'em out like a machine, on all kinds of subjects under the sun, from the personal side of the late Queen Victoria and Mrs. Cleveland, the latest patterns in crazy quilts, and how to clean turkey feathers, down to real deep, metaphysical things like "Does Mosquitos Think?" and "Is Our Senate Pure?" and the land only knows what all. Bess said all anyone could read of 'em was the titles. She wrote 'em straight along, the way she talks — no stops till her breath, or in writin' her ink, gives out, and all kinder scrunched up together. When she speaks to me, I never know whether she's tellin' of the latest case of mumps or the minister's new slippers. It's real aggravatin' too, for she's awful thick with the minister's family, and she could be real edifyin' and enlightenin' in her talk if anyone could make it out, for she always gets the latest news goin'. Bess said she must have turned out a hundred or more of them paragrafts. I suppose she thought if she'd only do enough, some of 'em would be sure to get squeezed in somewhere. Every time Lida'd pass her she'd lampoon another paragraft at her, and then she'd ask about 'em after, and it Lida lost 'em, as she generally did, there'd be awful times.

So as I said, when I looked in that mornin' she was scramblin' about after a paragraft on "Great Naval Heroes" or "Home-Made Hair Oil," I couldn't make out which, and Lida was goin' about lookin' cool and collected to the casual observer, but white as a bit of starch and her eyes as big as saucers, and I noticed when she took up a bit of paper her hand was shakin' like an ashpan.

All the girls they had for reportin' was runnin' in and out with sheets of writin', and while I stood there the proofreader that belongs to the Chronicle come up lookin' as mad as a hatter, with a long roll of printed stuff in his hand.

"Who's bin doin' the proofreadin'?" he asks, real gruff.

"Miss Shernley, Mrs. Thorpe and I," says Lida.

"Well," says he, "it's a pity you didn't say right out that you none of you know nothin' about it. You've got the proofs so messed up they can't make head nor tail of 'em upstairs. Where's the rest of 'em? If the paper's comin' out tomorrow you'd better let me take 'em as they are. There's no time to be runnin' off new proofs every minute."

Now it happened that Mr. Sands had just come in to tell the editors it was time to go to the composin' rooms to arrange the forms, — put their stuff in where they wanted it, you know, — and he heard every word that man said. Lida turned as red as a peony, but before she could say a word Mr. Sands whispered something to the man and he lit out on the double. Then Mr. Sands give his message and he ended up quite skillful:

"I am afraid you will be all mornin' in the composin' room, so you had better let Clark read the rest of the proofs. I am afraid you won't have time."

Well say, I guess Lida saw through that right enough, she's as smart as the next one, but it was a real tender way of puttin' it and she never let on. She just gathered up all the proofs that was layin' 'round, took what Miss Shernley had away from her, and gave 'em all to Mr. Sands.

"Very well," she says, very cool and distant, "I should prefer to do them myself, but they came down so late it gives us little time for anything."

Then they all trailed up to the composin' room and I come home.

The ladies didn't none of 'em, that is the real workers, get home to any of their meals that day. We sent victuals down to 'em, and about six o'clock I went down and made a good b'iler of coffee. As it grew late, every hour the pandemonium got worse. Black-faced fellows was flyin' 'round shoutin' for stuff, and every little while someone'd rush in like mad and make a dive for the clothes basket, huntin' for something that had been forgotten and simply had to go in.

I couldn't see Lida anywheres for a while, then I found her in a little room at the head of the stairs. She was sittin' before a table, with a telephone and a telegraft thing on it. It was Mr. Sands' private office and out of the telegraft thing was comin' a long bit of tapey paper covered with unintelligible marks. It come out steady with a click, click, and had run all over the table and was curlin' up like a snake 'round Lida's feet.

The poor girl had the telephone receiver at her ear and she was writin' like all possessed on a big pad of paper, while the tears was fairly pourin' out of her eyes. Every minute or two somebody'd poke a head in at the door to ask a question or yell out something, and Lida'd answer 'em with her face turned away.

"I'LL NEVER LIVE TILL MORNIN' * * * BUT AT LEAST I CAN STICK AT MY POST TILL I DIE."

For a minute I could only gasp, then "For the land's sake, Lida Freer," says I, " whatever's the matter?"

She looked up from her pad for half a second, then she says with a gulp: "I'll never live till mornin', Mrs. Arthurs," says she, "but at least I can stick at my post till I die. To think that poor Fred goes through this every day and can still smile and have his wits and I quarreled with him—I—just think of it, Mrs. Arthurs, with him—because he wouldn't acknowledge woman's mental equality with man! Well, at least he will see that she has his tenacity and endurance if her brains are soft soap, and she'll die before she'll give up." And with that the tears gushed out a perfect flood.

"Alida Freer," says I, dabbin'

away at her eyes with my hanky, as both her hands was took up, for her pencil never stopped one minute, "I'm goin' down stairs to send someone up here to relieve you, and I'm goin' to take you home this very minute."

"No, no," she fairly screams. "I don't leave this building till the paper's out; but if you would just take my place for five minutes till I ease my hand; it's got writer's cramp so I can hardly write. Some brute has been havin' a bye-election, and somebody, I don't know where, is telephonin' me all about it, and I've got to write it down as fast as he speaks it."

I took her place and wrote for a while, till the voice said:

"I'll let you have the rest in a few minutes."

I put up the receiver and looked at Lida. The little thing on the table was still spittin' out white tape.

"What's that doin'?" says I.

"It's stocks," says Lida. There's something great goin' on in Wall Street, and that's tryin' to tell all about it. I think it's very important, but I can't make anything out of it, and important or not, it can't go into our paper. Go on, you little demon, tell all you know if you want to, but you're wastin' time. Nobody cares, not even Mr. Sands—he's forgotten all about you, too."

There was a queer gulp in her throat and just then the telephone rang and she set down to her bye-election again. As soon as she got her pencil goin', I slid out and started on a hunt for Mr. Sands.

I found him just clearin' the composin' room of the mob of women that possessed it. I could see he was doin' it none too soon, for there was murder in the compositors' eyes, and the galley slaves, if that's what you call 'em, was flyin' 'round as if they'd been drove clean distracted.

When Mr. Sands got all the women out of the door, he come back and says to the foreman:

"Now fire ahead; arrange it to the best of your ability and whoop it along, hell-to-leather! The forms should be on the press now. If the paper is out on time I'll give you all double wages for tonight!"

I tell you they all jumped to it. I couldn't help chucklin', and that drew Mr. Sands' attention to me.

"Ah, Mrs. Arthurs," says he, "this hot, dirty room is no place for you. Won't you come down stairs?"

"Yes, I'm comin', says I, "I was just lookin' for you. Mr. Sands," says I, when we got outside, "you're generally so good helpin' the ladies, it's a wonder you leave a poor little thing like Lida Freer to stand this strain all alone."

Say, Amelia, he blushed like a school boy and he drew his head up kind er mad for a minute; then his eye caught mine and I guess he seen I was pretty sympathetic and well-meanin', for his look changed right off and says he:

"Mrs. Arthurs, there is nothing I could do more gladly than lighten Miss Freer's burdens, but she will not allow me even to offer her my assistance."

"Had a fight, didn't you?" says I. I never was one for beatin' 'round the bush. Take a bull by the horns, say I, and then you've got him.

He looked sorter surprised at that.

"Miss Freer has been honorin' you with her confidence?" he remarks pretty stiff.

"Not a conf," says I, "but I'm an old woman and not all a fool, I hope. I s'pose you got swelled heads, both of you, all along of goin' to college, and tried to cram down each other's throats how clever you each was—it's the way of the young—and naturally you both got mad."

He smiled a little, then sighed.

"I dare say that is just about what it amounted to," he says, "though it seemed rather different then. My head was swelled no doubt; but I won't say that of Miss Freer," he added hastily.

"Well, I'll say it then," says I. "Now young man," I continued, "you're in love with Alida Freer, ain't you?"

He gazed at me kind of haughty.

"Oh, you may as well acknowledge it," I says sorter irritated, for time was passin'. "Anybody with half an eye can see it, and it's nothin' to be ashamed of; Lida Freer's a mighty nice girl."

That fetched him, and he drew himself up quite proud.

"Ashamed of?—By the Lord, no!—I am in love with Miss Freer, Mrs. Arthurs, and I am proud of it, even though she will never have anything to say to me. She prefers a career in which she can demonstrate the mental superiority of woman. To be a mere wife is, in her opinion, a poor attainment for a girl."

I put my hand on his arm.

"Young man," I says, "I like you and I like Lida, and I hate to see nice young people miserable. Lida's dead in love with you from her head to her heels, only she's been too proud to own it even to herself. This Woman's Chronicle business has pretty well knocked that career idea out of her head. She's eatin' dirt and cryin' her eyes out, and gettin' nervous prostration as quick as anyone can in your office this very minute, and—" But if you'll believe it, Amelia, he was off like a shot, and me in the middle of a sentence. 'Twant very good manners for a college-bred man, was it? But law, Amelia, I don't hold it up ag'in him. He had his temptation strong.

It was six o'clock in the mornin' when the first paper come off the press. I had hung right on, for Bess said she wouldn't leave till the old cat was dead—not a real cat, you know, Amelia, po'try ag'in,—and I wouldn't leave Bess. Not that she did much I must say, for she and that young teacher, Mr. Phillips—he come last Christmus, guess you haven't seen him yet—well, he and Bess spooned it pretty well all night, sittin' on a pile of papers in one corner of the committee room. I guess probably I'll have news for you in that quarter before long, though you needn't go to spreadin' any reports yet. No, he'd no earthly call to be there, but there was several fellows squeezed in, to cheer up the girls, they said.

Well, at six o'clock the first paper was done. I was seein' to another b'iler of coffee, so we could all have some kind of a breakfast before we went home, when Mr. Sands and Lida come up with a paper. Mr. Sands handed it to me, sayin':

"The first paper off the press, presented to Mrs. Arthurs with our compliments and sincere thanks."

"Then it's all right?" says I.

"All right," says he, and with that Lida kissed me and he squeezed my hand till the tears come.

Oh yes, they'll be married soon, this June, most likely. Lida says it's a pretty big hurry, but Mr. Sands says they've to make up all the good time they lost through their proud didos. My Bess'll be bridesmaid in white and green. Bess has such a clear complexion she— The paper?—why yes, it was a real nice paper. Of course it had some little mistakes in, but that was natural. There was one awful silly thing got put in three times and the one star bit Lida'd got one of her professors to write as a special favor was never put in at all. Lida did feel bad about that. Some of the people was mad when they couldn't find their stuff in it and some because what was put in of theirs had been cut up,—they didn't appreciate Miss Shernley's blue pencil. But there's no hard feelin' that I know of now, and every woman felt pretty good when it come out that the paper'd cleaned up a cool fifteen hundred for the fact'ry relief fund.

No, there wasn't any po'try in it at all. Lida found she'd get into such hot water pickin' out some and leavin' others — po'try writers bein' seemingly even touchier than the other kind—that she just wrote a nice little bit on the first page, sayin' that so much excellent po'try had been sent in, it had been impossible to make a fair selection, so they'd regretfully decided not to print any, but that it was hoped that at some future date it might be found possible to print all the poems submitted in a little book.

That tickled everybody, of course, and some of 'em speak real serious of havin' the book of poems brought out for the Christmus trade.

There was one good joke, though. Not one word of all that stock stuff was put in. The little machine did its level best, spittin' it out till it nearly choked itself, but Mr. Sands and Lida was so taken up with their own affairs, they never thought about it till all the forms was locked, and of course it was too late then.

Well, must you be off? I'm real sorry you won't stay to supper. Drop in again soon and I'll tell you about the trials of the advertisin' committee. I shouldn't be a mite surprised if a weddin' come out of that, too. Just keep your eyes on Gracie Parry and Bert Arden comin' out of church tomorrow!

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

THERE was a man who grieved much that he was not a soldier, for he yearned to do deeds of strife and valor; but his country was at peace and there was no pretext.

⁂

And he waited and was old and feeble, and there was no war.

⁂

And Death came and the man said, "Woe is me that I should die and not have my wish!"

⁂

Death said, "What was your wish?"

⁂

The man answered, "My wish was to be a great soldier and to fight many battles."

⁂

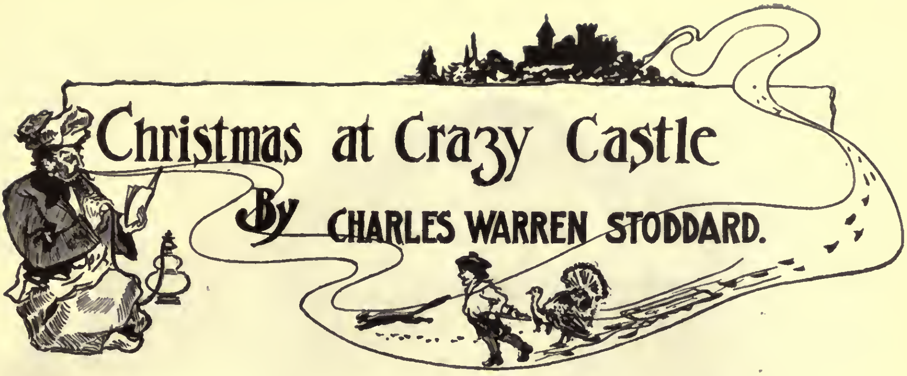
And Death replied, "You have been a soldier these many years, and a coward at heart. Lo, even now you have lost the greatest of all battles!"

⁂

And the man rallied and with his passing breath said, "I have known no conflict; what battle have I lost?

⁂

And Death said, "The battle of Life."



Christmas at Crazy Castle

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. GOLDBECK

AS I was saying when I was interrupted, upon coming to myself behold I was submerged in billows of lace; just fancy being swallowed up in seas of chiffon, with a violet spray from a jewelled atomizer crystallizing in your beard. Well, this was my case at the moment when I awoke the morning after my arrival.

There stood the Cherub in pink pajamas, parting the voluminous gauze draperies that hung from the ceiling: they were heavily crusted with large lotus leaves in applique. Before I was half awake the Cherub leaped astride of my prostrate body and wished me a "Merry Christmas" over and over again, with such playful tweakings of the nose and ears and jetting of violet spray as made further sleep out of the question. Realizing this, I emerged from the lap of luxury—of luxury such as I had not known in years—and passed into the adjoining chamber. An unfamiliar garment was thrown over the back of my easy chair. It was a nondescript garment, the pattern of it evolved from the ingenious brain of our Lady, the Chatelaine of Crazy Castle. I donned it at once: my head passed through a slit in the shoulders, poncho fashion; there were sleeves like trailing wings; there was a train that seemed to add a yard to my height. "Merry Christmas," I cried to the Cherub, who could not but admire me in the sweeping folds that idealized my outline.

Then came a messenger bidding us to a late breakfast, and the Cherub fled away in search of his dressing gown, but speedily returned to lead me by the hand down stairs and through winding ways into the somewhat remote breakfast room. Once there, more greetings and the exchange of pretty gifts.

Fair shining faces reflected one another's joy on that Christmas day: the Chatelaine in bewitching dishabille, the pink and white cherub—her son and heir home from school for the holidays—a pink and white cherub, the pink of perfection, the white of innocence. Then Hadji in his fez, more than half an Oriental after his Winter on the Nile, and redolent of some faint, subtle Eastern odor; lastly, myself, just back from years of wanderings abroad, the special correspondent, foot-sore and heart-weary; for the path I trod was not a primrose path, and often I had envied the Prophet his ravens and the children of Israel their manna.

We breakfasted cheerfully and then adjourned to the music room—a lofty, spacious hall where the grand piano was heard to great advantage, and where Hadji, an accomplished musician, gave us an impromptu recital that filled our hearts and our souls with melody best suited to the occasion.

" * * * WISHED ME A MERRY CHRISTMAS OVER AND OVER AGAIN"

After this he withdrew for the day.

The Cherub, having donned suitable raiment and with skates in hand, went forth to the frozen fields. I was about to take my leave when the Chatelaine detained me. She said, "I have a confession to make; will you hear me now, Ghostly Father?"

II

Having seated myself by request, she turned to me, saying, "I have in the long past given you glimpses at my life here, but only the merest glimpses. It was always my intention to reserve details until you could hear them and ponder them on the spot. That hour has at last come; after a compact made seven years ago, you are my guest under my own roof. Listen to the simple story of the decline and fall of Crazy Castle.

"This house is the embodiment of one of the noblest of philanthropic dreams. As not infrequently happens, that dream culminated in a series of domestic nightmares out of which we have not fully awakened.

"My father believed in social harmony. To him community life seemed the higher life, indeed the only life worth living; therefore he called unto the heart-sick and suffering souls, and to those that labored and were heavy laden; and to each he offered rest. He said, in his brave, self-sacrificing way,—'With all my worldly goods I thee endow," and having purchased a forest fed with rivulets and a glade sloping to the river shore within sight of the distant sea, he reared this lordly castle, and, throwing wide the gates—they were not mere doors when he opened them — he bade his followers enter and be at rest. Doubt me not when I assure you that they entered without fear and without reproach.

"'In my Father's house are many mansions.' I used to puzzle my embryo brain over this text. I never quite understood it until this structure loomed ominously before us. There are mansions and semi-mansions and demi-semi-mansions within this house, my Father's! There is an individual front door to each of these several mansions, a back door also; but walls of brick and plaster separated one tenement from another, and though to the eye of the observer the house may seem one long and lofty castle, it is really a house divided against itself and divided many times over. These various compartments once tenanted, it was soon discovered that though the dividing walls separated one united family from another next door, and happiness was emblazoned upon their lintels, unhappiness lay in wait for inexperienced infancy the moment it tripped upon the lawn. In due season civil war was declared: embittered parents became intemperate partizans, and each drove the other from the field of battle.

"What was left? A whole row of houses for rent, houses with scarred walls and stained and littered floors, and many a window guiltless of its glass."

She paused: I did not say, "I told you so!" I pride myself upon this fact. I might have said it, but it would have been taking a mean advantage of that innocent and defenceless woman.

"What followed? Listen," she resumed—"A change came o'er the spirit of my father's dream. With the dauntless hope that wings the optimist to loftier flights—no matter what experience may have taught him or untaught him in the past—the Castle was anon refilled to overflowing. It became a military academy. The broad lawn before it was a parade ground, from the flag staff in the center floated Old Glory. Tents were pitched upon the borders of the grove, cannon were trained upon the four quarters of the earth in grim but voiceless defiance. It was delightful to witness the maneuvers of these flowers of chivalry — shall I say 'buds' — they were all in their teens?

"Was this experiment successful? By no means. Commencement Day that opened with a royal salute, ended in a blaze of glory and a cloud of smoke. No more the brazen button dazzled upon that bloodless field. Is it the end? Not yet. What followed? The College of Higher Estheticism, limited! The study of Shakespear and the lesser poets, with semi-weekly private rehearsals, were the star numbers in its seductive curriculum.

"The forest was the Forest of Arden, every youth was an Orlando and every maid a Rosalind. 'Today,' said the president, as he gathered his toga at the hip and assumed an air as stately as statuesque—'Today we shall consider the master's masterpiece of pastoral comedy: "As You Like It." Repair to those shady bowers where you are awaited by Thalia.' They threaded the grove in couplets to the soft music of birds and brooks. They wore the livery of love—which is not tailor-made, but a creation of artless art, the admiration and the despair of the modiste. A bell recalled them to the class room for a free discussion of the play, or a rehearsal on the stage of the theater at the extreme end of the castle. It was a dream-life in a dream-land, and it survived one solitary Summer.

"No! The end is not yet. When next we came to life the Summer simpletons flocked. We were a watering place, renovated within and without, refurnished from the cellar to the turrets of the towers. Steamers laden with picnicers and 'transients'—those devourers of the land who can be traced to the ends of the earth by the debris that strews their track, those beauty-blighters and fell-destroyers of Nature, were landed at the end of the little dock yonder and demoralized our days.

"The nights alone were ours. There were the whip-poor-wills and the complaining owls, and crickets galore, yet these but punctuated the silence and made it the more intelligible. The follies of fashion, the frivolities of flirtation, were forgotten for a time; the dead watches of the night were ours and ours alone—but let that pass! It did pass: everything passes that happens here. The annals of this house are made up of the briefest paragraphs: this was one of them; it was the beginning of the end. Behold the end! Happily you are in at the death and shall share the funeral bake-meats.

"Now, there you have the rise and fall of Crazy Castle. Do you find that its history repeats itself in the conventional, the inevitable manner? that it does not hang together and comes to no logical conclusion? Would you see how, notwithstanding, like a ship with those unsociable, water-tight compartments, we are built upon the one keel, and must of necessity all hang together? Come with me!"

My Lady seized my hand and led me to a cellar door. We descended cautiously into the Arctic night that was kept there in cold storage. I thought of the Catacombs, which are not chilly; and of the Hall of Bats on the Nile shore, which is hot with the heat of the desert. Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the perpetual twilight of the place, and I began to wonder at my environment.

The cellar ran from end to end of the castle—it looked half a thousand feet in length. It was groined and cemented and resembled a corridor in a subterranean monastery. On one side a row of small, oblong windows, now banked with snow, gave a feeble light; on the other was ranged a series of coal bins, one for each of the tenements above, all empty now save that which contained our private Winter supply. Our voices, though we scarcely spoke above a whisper, startled us; our footsteps, though we trod lightly, awoke mocking echoes; the empty coal bins, the stairs that led up to vacant chambers overhead, the awful hollowness of the place, were not enlivening. I thought, what a place to be locked in through an almost endless night; as for solitary confinement there for a week or a month, or for six months, which must seem forever—O death, O grave! Thou wert indeed welcome rather than this!

Suddenly we heard a piercing shriek at our very feet, and a half-starved cat plunged furiously into outer darkness. Our blood froze; we turned abruptly and ascended into the light of day.

III

I was about to take my leave when the Chatelaine detained me. The sun was shining; the Cherub was skimming over the ice on invisible wings and a pair of silver skates; Hadji was singing some weird refrain to his own delicate accompaniment in his apartment on the next floor. My Lady and I were again tete-a-tete. She resumed:—

"I have an explanation to make. It is necessary for you to at once understand the situation, or you will not appreciate the spirit of the welcome we so freely offer you. Let me confess to you at once that it is Christmas Day, that we four are alone in a house of ninety rooms, and that we are without a servant. Cook, butler, parlor maid, chamber maid, bell boy and stoker are at present unknown quantities in Crazy Castle. Until yesterday, a few hours before your advent, we were well provided. No sooner was I certain of the date of your arrival than I began to make all suitable preparations for your reception. I selected a suite of rooms which I felt sure would appeal to your aesthetic taste. Each article of furniture was weighed in the balance and none now in your chamber, your dressing room, your library, were found wanting. From various suites throughout the Castle I gathered lace draperies enough to smother an Othello — thus would I avenge the wrongs of Desdemona. There, also, are stores of bric-a-brac and the dainties that bachelors delight in. The self-feeding furnace is in reality a parlor volcano that shall make a tropic of your headquarters. There you shall be as solemn as an anchorite, or as boisterous as a bacchante, if so disposed."

I bowed my appreciation and my gratitude. With a wave of her hand she continued: "This house is nothing if not original. I resolved that when you crossed its threshold you should enter an earthly paradise; nothing should jar upon you. If the Cherub greeted you upon your arrival with that quizzical couplet, 'How much a fool that has been sent to Rome excels a fool that has been kept at home,' it was a harmless quiz that was to lead off the pleasantries of the season. Underlying it was the good cheer of Christmastide, and a good sister was to out-Cinderella Cinderella and her fairy godmother, presiding by the resplendent range in a dream of a kitchen not made with hands. To this end, I advertised in the most respectable of Manhattan Dailies. I wanted no chef, whose highest mission appeals only to the palate; our souls must be fed as well as our bodies, and all our several senses delicately nourished. With Hadji's aid, I penned the following advertisement:

WANTED:—The society of a Young Lady of culture and refinement, who is mistress of the art of preparing dainty dishes—and can play Chopin. Address this office. AESTHETIC.

"I had the notice placed in the personal column; that column appeals to the curious who are sometimes the most interesting and always the most interested of readers. I wanted no common culinary drudge; I felt sure that my appeal must find a sympathetic response in some bosom, 'heart whole and fancy free'—and that we should pass our waking hours between attractive extremes, discussing delicatessen in the dining hall when we were not under the spell of Chopin in the music room.

"I was right. Within four and twenty hours after I had signalled the sympathetic searchers of the personal column, one of those nondescript conveyances peculiar to village railway stations was seen approaching the castle. I am not exaggerating when I say our hearts were in our throats. It is not once in an age that a vehicle of any description—save only the butcher's cart or the grocer's—comes hitherward. We are recluses and are known as such throughout this part of the land. When the driver drew rein we threw open the door. Hadji and I stepped out upon the veranda and paused in the attitude of inquiry. A young lady sprang forward wreathed in smiles. I do not exaggerate when I say wreathed in smiles. She was lithe, graceful, tailor-made, unmistakably a thoroughbred. In a low, sweet voice with a post-graduate accent she introduced herself. She had seen my advertisement, it had attracted her and she had answered it in person without delay. Her name was Flora, and she looked it—the rose-red cheeks and lips, the bluebell eyes, the corn-silk hair. We led her to the parlor, showering welcomes as we went; a president's daughter could not have asked for more. She laid off her wraps—they were of the first quality—and having cast an approving eye upon us and upon everything within sight, she said suddenly, with an arch smile, 'But I came to work, not to play; may I see the kitchen ?'

"We entered the kitchen, which was certainly well furnished, and felt quite happy and contented when she approved of it. Without delay she looked into the resources of the range, she settled the coals, she tripped gaily to the china closet and exclaimed: 'Oh, I must dress those shelves with scalloped paper: have you any tinted paper in the house?' We had, reams of it, and some was forthwith produced, scissors were hunted up, and we three sat down in the kitchen and began to cut scallops with the enthusiasm of amateurs. We visited, also, like old friends reunited after a long separation. Now, as I think of it, it was she that did most of the visiting. We were madly curious as to who she was or where she came from and why she came, yet she plied us with so many questions and seemed so deeply interested in our household affairs we were quite flattered, and found it a pleasure to unbosom ourselves.

"The hours flew by. The china closet was transformed into an ideal. The pantry was a disappointment: with all her tact she could not disguise the fact. There wasn't meat enough on the skeleton in that closet to feed a mouse in Lent. The butcher was overdue, he could not be looked for until the following day. But what of that? Miss Flora flew to the flour barrel; she was always on the wing and she perfumed the air with the subtle odor of heliotrope sachet powder in her flight.

"Such biscuit as we had that evening! They were flaky and fairy-like and food for the gods. Jam also, and pickles, and a cup of tea that might quicken the dead. Then we three helped one another to wash the dishes, and it was a delight. Everything passed off with the sparkle of a comedy, yet we had had no rehearsal and each word and act was an impromptu. From the kitchen we repaired to the music room. Miss Flora was in high spirits; her grace, her vivacity, her sparkling wit inspired us and we congratulated each other in stage asides that this one the very one of all others had come to our rescue, and come in season to key everything up to concert pitch in anticipation of your arrival.

"At the proper moment I suggested Chopin. Without embarrassment or a moment's hesitation she seated herself at the piano and played as one inspired: in a word she was an artist, and Chopin's faultless interpreter.

"The hours sped apace. There was music and dancing; Hadji was in exceptionally fine voice and sang weird romances that thrilled us, romances breathing of youth and passion and hopeless

"SHE CONSULTED HER WATCH * * * AND HASTENED AWAY" love. It was with difficulty that we parted for the night, and, oddly enough, it was Miss Flora who almost literally drove us to our rest.

"When we were awakened in the morning the sun was high; the breakfast table, daintily laid, was never more attractive: eggs, hot coffee, steaming cakes—and the sallies of wit that kept us in gales of laughter—filled me with such dreams of future joys that I felt quite like saying grace.

"Breakfast over, the kitchen was soon in order, and I was about to suggest that we repair to the music room and spend the day—we could easily take cake and wine there instead of a formal luncheon, and the harmonious atmosphere would remain undisturbed — I repeat, I was about to suggest that we repair to the music room, when Miss Flora said, quite cheerfully, 'Now I must take the train for home. I did not bring my trunk with me, because I thought it wise to make your acquaintance first.' I interrupted her, 'We shall send for your trunk, and spare you the bother of a journey, and ourselves the pain of parting.' 'I must go,' said she, with polite firmness. 'My mother would never permit my trunk to leave the house unless I were there to claim it; she doesn't even know where I am, for I told her I was to pass the night with a friend and she might look for my return by noon.'

"She consulted her watch, and, putting on her wraps, she shook us cordially by the hand and hastened away. We watched her in dumb surprise as she entered the very conveyance that had brought her to us from the station and which had arrived in the most opportune manner just in season to enable her to catch the next train for New York. This must have been prearranged.

"Hadji and I looked at one another in silence. 'The Vanishing Lady,' said he with a profound salaam. 'The Vanishing Lady,' echoed I.

IV

"And that is why we must serve you with a dinner of herbs this Christmas Day, instead of offering up the stalled ox and the inflammable plum pudding. It is a pure case of pot-luck, dear boy, but you are Bohemian enough to relish the absurdity of the situation; are you not?"

Of course I was. It was a labor of love and a love feast that followed. All day long we busied ourselves gathering together the remnants with which the pantry was strewn. The Cherub strode to the mile-away village and returned with a turkey that was toothsome and a mince pie that gladdened our hearts, when we had taken the chill off it. What busy hands were ours, what hurrying feet, what jokes at our own expense. We didn't mind if the Cherub was in the way; we stayed him with flagons, we comforted him with apples; and all was well. Often we returned to Miss Flora as a subject of discussion, for we talked incessantly—you see we were working at high pressure and this was our safety valve. We came to the conclusion that the young lady in question was a character and one worth studying. Most likely she had been a tomboy in her youth, a vivacious Vassar virgin a little later; was full of fun and loved a frolic; must have had experiences, perhaps some of them a little risky; was a young woman of birth and breeding, highly accomplished, well read, and with a romantic love of adventure; therefore, when she read the Chatelaine's personal in the journal of the upper classes, she was at once seized with the desire to answer it in person, and spy out the eccentricities of life as it was lived in Crazy Castle, at short range and with the naked eye.

She came, she saw, she conquered. In four and twenty hours she had taken a mental inventory of everybody and everything. She had played upon the susceptibilities of Hadji and the Chatelaine as if their heart strings were a lute. Had she stayed a year she could not have known them better; she felt this before she came hither; she came hither because she knew this and came without her trunk because she would not need it in the brief period she proposed to spend at Crazy Castle.

"And now," said Hadji, reflectively, with an Oriental shrug and a toss of the tassel of his fez, "and now we shall be the laughing stock of her set for weeks and months to come!"

"What does it matter?" added the Chatelaine, as she mingled the syrups and spices in some delicious sauce that was presently to intoxicate our palates. "We that have free souls, it touches us not! However, one fact is evident, we must have a maid to do general housework and cook as plainly as she pleases; the piano is no part of the plan henceforth and forever: I have spoken!"

She evidently had, and we were all hushed for a moment. Then dinner having arrived, we dished it with more or less agility, seated ourselves at table, fell to, ate, drank and were merry—just as merry as if the whole program had been carefully arranged and carried out to the letter with the greatest possible success.

We washed and dried the dishes in concert, without breaking too many of them. We placed upon the table the coffee, the eggs, the bread and butter for our breakfast; it being a movable feast each one of us was to prepare his own at the hour which suited him best.

In Hadji's chamber that night we burned the fragrant and consoling weed and quaffed the spicy cup, while each told a tale suitable to the season, a tale of a Christmas eve at the Antipodes, in Cairo, Paris, Tonga-Taboo. The Cherub was in dreamland when we wished one another "many happy returns," and wandered away to dimly lighted chambers, as distant and as silent as sepulchres.

V

The day that followed was one of unwonted activity. At certain hours solitary souls found their way into the kitchen where they prepared their own food and ate it without a murmur. It is a wonder how anyone ever found that kitchen; or having stumbled upon it once was able to return to it again unguided. We had serious thoughts of blazing the corners of the winding passages that led to it, but refrained, for there was ever uppermost in our hearts the hope that in a day or two someone would come to lift up our hearts for us and relieve us of those domestic duties which however beautiful in song and story are too often a burden in reality.

The Cherub breakfasted with me. It was a pleasure and a pain to break an egg with him and weaken his coffee with cream. He had joined his mamma for a few days only, and this was the very last of them. In the afternoon he was to return to the abode of his guardian, who looked after the education of the youngster with paternal care.

How I should miss him when he had waved adieu from the far end of the lawn as he was being driven to the station. The Chatelaine would then keep to her apartment; Hadji to his, and I to mine. It had all been explained to me with picturesque details that made the whole scheme flow on like a narrative; it sounded like so many pages from a book: it was something in this line:—

A maid had been sent for, one who, though not an experienced cook, was equal to an emergency and whose fingers were more familiar with the contents of the flour barrel than the keyboard of the pianoforte. She was due at any moment, doubtless we should dine or sup in her presence, and rejoice together.

Everything was to be made clear to her. Hereafter plain living and high thinking were to be the order of the day; as for the night watches, they were sacred to solitude and silence. We were to have breakfast served in our studies at any hour from midnight to high noon. One pull at the bell rope would summon the maid, who, having her menu posted upon the bulletin board in advance, would at once prepare the breakfast and present it in due season.

Breakfast over, a second summons would cause the removal of the breakfast tray. Then there was the forenoon in which to work and do all our labor — or as much of it as could be done before two o'clock in the afternoon. Then dinner, or late breakfast if you will, en famille; after this happy meeting an hour's diversion in the music room; or, if the day be fair, a stroll over the crust of the snow, or under the low-hanging boughs of the hemlocks fringed with pendants of crystal.

To our several suites again to read or write, or dream until supper time. We sup together, sit together at the card table after supper, or entertain one another with fragments of our lives and adventures, or listen to music, until there is a lull, when we simultaneously arise and depart as unceremoniously as possible.

Hardly had the Cherub left us when Nora appeared. Delicate little Nora with ivory-white skin, pale pink cheeks, pathetic eyes, and brown hair smoothed over the temples, barely escaping the eyebrows, and hiding away behind the tips of the ears. At sight of her, albeit she was prim and plaintive, we took heart again and reveled in the joy of living. How little is necessary to cheer one when there has been less cheer than fear.

Hadji and I burned pastilles in the semi-barbaric recesses of his divan, and talked of the Levant and the Levantines until we seemed to hear the jingle of necklaces of coin on the bare bosoms of the Ghawaze, as they shuddered from head to foot in their serpentine dances; and hearing this, we drew deep draughts from the cooling and coiling tubes of the narghiles which Hadji held as priceless souvenirs of his lost youth.

Alas! The faint music that we heard was but the chiming of the distant sleigh bells. We were the quietest of quartets under the hushed battlements of Crazy Castle.

VI

The great day dawned upon us, the opening day of the new life. We were within the octave of Christmas. If our Christmas dinner was in a certain sense a disappointment, though we had eaten it with a relish and rather enjoyed our discomfiture, we now proposed to make up for it and finish the Christmas holidays right royally.

I awoke early. It was still dusky in my chamber. I heard the coal sifting down into the huge self-feeder and saw the fierce glow of the fire within the isinglass doors and felt very comfortable and cosy. I rose to look out of the window: the slender moon was in her last quarter; the lawn looked bleak and forbidding; the mounds where the flowers bloomed in pyramids when their birthdays came around, were like so many frosted cakes.

And Nora, where was she? In the depths, somewhere, or the breadths of the castle; surely not in the kitchen at this hour. I lit my lamp and read, grew drowsy, returned to my pillow and dozed. When I awoke again it was broad daylight and I was hungry. I put on my robe, my fur-lined slippers, raised all the window shades, shook out the lace curtains and pulled the bell cord for the first time.

Taking a book in hand—we had no journals there—I held it while I looked out upon the landscape. It was not inviting. The skeleton trees, the little and larger drifts that seemed to be striving to hide something and make a mystery of it. The river that washed the shore was of the color of lead, and looked as lifeless. How different the vistas in the blithe Spring mornings with the halleluia chorus of the waking birds.

So I was dreaming of Spring, buried in all its beauty under that white pall, but anon to rise again from the dead in glorious resurrection, a miracle of fragrance and of form and color — when I heard the approach of footsteps: they were ascending from the depths and it seemed to me were a little weary for so early an hour in the day; at any rate, they displayed no vivacity; they were not firm, methodical nor even dogged, like the tread of the toiler; they were two little feet tottering up the stairs.

Between the sitting room and the library there was a passage: in the passage there was a shelf, over the shelf a sliding panel communicated with the hall leading to the stairway; I heard the panel pushed aside and the tinkling of dishes on a tray; the panel was shut to, the footfall of the invisible one died away in the distance and all was still.

I found the tray on the shelf: coffee, toast, an egg with appurtenances, canopied with immaculate napery. The sight of it, the odor of it quickened and refined my appetite. I carried my breakfast to a small table by a window and ate leisurely, between paragraphs in a volume of meditations from the pen of a recluse like myself.

This was the new life we had just begun; a life that was to know no intrusions; a life led apart from the world, the flesh and the devil. It was true enough that no one of these had ever troubled me; not the world, surely, for I could do without it—or thought that I could: not the flesh—little I cared for it, unless it were of my own picking and choosing; not the devil, who seemed to me more to be pitied than spitted; I never hear his name mentioned discourteously but I resent it, and think the defamer a coward and a bully for his pains.

What temptations were to come to me in this solitude? What assaults and from what sources? I had entered upon the new life as trustful as a babe, and perhaps as helpless. The innocent are confiding; I felt that, could I have confidence enough, not the shadow or even the thought of the Vanishing Lady could disturb my tranquility, and that my innocence was now assured.

Having returned my tray — with a few complimentary crumbs scattered upon it—to the shelf, I rang again. Invisible hands removed it, invisible feet retraced their steps and I was left to myself for six solitary hours of self-communion. The chimes summoned me to dinner. At table we renewed an acquaintance that was constantly interrupted and which consequently never seemed to deepen or broaden, or to get any farther than when it first began; we always started just where we left off, and if, once in a while, we by any chance so far forgot ourselves as to become confidential, it was as if we had stepped through a thin crust of ice, and we checked ourselves with a gasp as one does after a douche. Polite conversation after dinner, more solitude and our several cells until the evening meal. Warm biscuit, tea, preserves; Nora at table with us, but evidently ill at ease. To our boudoirs and our beds betimes; poor Nora in solitary confinement.

A week of this began to tell on us. Nora grew pale and dumb; she now climbed the morning stairs with difficulty; I think she was half famished; she ate only a morsel when at table with us and we had to urge her to do that much. We all began to fear that her days were numbered—and so they were.

It had been snowing, but the flakes fell upon a waste of slush and made no sign. The sky was as dense and depressing as a circus tent at the end of a hard season. We had for some days but little to say to one another; to be sure we were all busy, but we minded our own business and were too much absorbed to be curious as to the business of others. On one of the most doleful of evenings we had gathered at the community table to sup. No one had said anything in particular; apparently there was nothing to say. Silence was at last broken by the Chatelaine, who, taking one of Nora's warm, not too warm, biscuits, and tasting it, said, "I find these rather heavy!" Hadji, turning a bite in his mouth, added, "They are heavy." Then I, divided between that delicacy which all guests are bound to observe when household affairs are under discussion, and desire to sympathetically acquiesce in every phase of feeling which host or hostess might express, said, half apologetically, "They are a trifle heavy!" The biscuits were deposited upon our plates, a dead silence followed—but for a few moments only. Without warning, Nora covered her face with her hands and cried like a child; the Chatelaine, turning upon her with pitying eyes, vainly endeavored to repress her emotion; Hadji was himself for ten seconds, when he wept in his napkin; I naturally followed suit, and together we sobbed in chorus. O fatal hour! We drank our tears, and with tears we did moisten our meat!

Suddenly it occurred to us that we were acting like idiots, and therein lay our salvation. The Chatelaine exclaimed, "What folly," and laughed lightly as if life were a joy; Hadji joined her with hilarity, as if life without biscuit were a blank, even biscuit regardless of avoirdupois; I chuckled to think we were all so happy, notwithstanding; even Nora smiled — smiled such a pretty smile of relief that we fell to and swept the board of those biscuits to the last leaden one,— and we all survived the feat.

But Nora left us after that; we pleaded in vain. Storms could not stay her, nor the tempting offer of a doubled wage. She left us, white as a snowdrop with just a suggestion of the holly berry in her flushed cheek, and a promise to forgive and forget—but could she ever forget us, I wonder?

Here endeth the second lesson.

VII

Were we cast down after the departure of Nora? Not in the least. We seemed to be gaining in health, strength, spirits and acquiring a self-confidence the worth of which was far above rubies.

We had taken up the burden of the day with a song; we began to relish the comedy situations and to applaud one another as heartily as if we had been audience instead of players. Having settled ourselves comfortably for the season,— we confessed to having lost faith in the handmaidens of the period— the bell rang; we looked at one another in amazement. Who should ring the bell of the castle unbidden? It was a portentious bell, it meant either business or pleasure. Need I add that those terms are antithetical? The bell rang again, rang imperatively; it continued to ring until we felt that we must answer it; we answered it in a body.

At the door stood a plainly clad woman long past her prime. Her hair was neatly tucked under a stuffed hood. Her dress and cloak were of ordinary material, and she wore brogans half-soled with clotted snow. In a sweet, motherly voice that followed close upon the heels of a courtesy she said: "I have been looking for work, and was told in the village that you might perhaps engage me." There was a sparkle in her eyes that assured us she was as youthful at heart as anyone of us, and with her years of experience, why should she not become our good angel, one upon whom we might rely at all times and for all things? She should prove a very present help in our emergency, and we felt like falling upon her maternal bosom and calling her blessed. We did not. We merely accepted her as the embodiment of a special Providence, and congratulated ourselves that though it were the eleventh hour, still we were not forsaken, and this also was a mark of grace abounding.

We led her to the kitchen and established her. With a few well chosen words we gave her welcome, and the domestic machinery was once more running smoothly. "After all," we said to one another in the same breath, "we have had enough of Floras and Noras; it is Mary Ann that makes the world go 'round," and for two blissful days we put all our trust in her. She was not talkative, she seemed absorbed in the breakfast, dinner and supper problem. If by chance we passed her in one of the many passages of the castle she was startled and for a moment disconcerted; she was probably exploring the castle, no one ever came there but wanted to do as much.

One day at dinner the bell was rung again; Hadji referred to it as the dreadful bell that summoned us to heaven or to hell. Mary Ann, whose duty it was to "mind the door," paused and was visibly agitated. What could it mean? We joined forces and went on a voyage of discovery. No sooner was the door thrown open than police officers, feebly disguised as men of peace, seized our venerable Mary Anna and in a very unceremonious and indecorous manner bundled her into an ambulance that had been backed up to the front steps in readiness to receive her. She was philosophical to the last. With the sweetest spirit of humility she resigned herself to fate, and was tucking her disordered skirts about her, when one of the kidnappers whispered to us, "She is an escaped lunatic; we are returning her to the asylum."

VIII

It is a pity that there are not more professed lunatics in the world. When I write my book, "How to Become Insane," I shall prove that all people are more or less insane, though it is only the exceptional character that is publicly declared a lunatic. A perfectly sane man, sane upon every point at all hours of the day, and all days of the week, or month or year, would probably be confined by the authorities to prevent a lynching—he would be so unlike other people. Therefore have we all our weaknesses, as we each have a darling sin, and it behooves us to treat one another with caution, lest we fail to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

In a spirit of resignation worthy of a pagan, Mary Ann had returned to her long home. It was a long home—a very long home with a high wall about it and a thousand barred windows that looked upon the abomination of desolation that abounded within the wall.

While she was with us she had shown no evidences of a disordered imagination; indeed, she had seemed the sanest member of the household; probably we had not chanced to touch upon the point where reason tottered and judgment went astray.

Our escape was fortunate. Had Mary Ann once lost her balance, who of us could help her to regain it? I am sure that had we all of us stayed long enough in Crazy Castle we should have gone stark mad. When one wakens in the morning to find himself condemned to solitary confinement and the vow of silence, even though it be only for five-sixths of the four and twenty hours, and these hours richly upholstered, curtained and canopied with lace, with an atmosphere just of the right temperature and with the proper per cent. of humidity born of an incense-breathing atomizer, and yet finds life a burden—something very necessary to the health of body and mind and soul is lacking.

When the day seems without beginning and without end, and the titles of books fail to interest one, and even their backs and sides, whether plain or pictured, become mildly repellant; when one can no longer remain within the confines of his luxurious prison house, but rises nervously to grasp cap and coat and cane and go forth into the cushioned aisles of the wintry woods, hoping all the while that something — almost anything—might happen, so long as it broke the monotony of one's existence; hoping to meet a pilgrim or a stranger or even a tramp, so long as he would kindly stop you for a little chat, or peradventure assault you for the sake of a change; when sleep deserts one's pillow, and the voices of the night are many and some of them mournful and all of them unaccountable; when one begins critically to consider the faults of one's old friends—new friends are ever faultless—and to forget their redeeming features; when from day to day one begins to realize without a quiver of the conscience that he has left undone those things which he ought to have done, and done those things which he ought not to have done, and there is no health in him—'tis time to call a halt.

This was our state. We began to wear upon one another and the wear began to show. The Chatelaine at intervals locked herself within her apartment and held no communication with the outer world, save when a dish of tea or a crumb of toast were left at the threshold of my lady's chamber — a muffled tap upon the door announcing the fact to the self-immured; Hadji had withdrawn to the dusk of his divan and was lost in a maze of smoking pastilles; sometimes we heard his music stealing upon the silence, a weird chant it was: the bird-like call of the muezzin descending like a lark's song from the girdling gallery of a minarette, with that plaintive refrain, "Prayer is better than sleep." We doubted it then: heaven knows we would all have been glad enough to sleep, perchance the last sleep, yea, even the sleep that knows no waking! This was our state.

Thus were we drifting on toward the inevitable climax, the one most to be avoided; drifting listlessly, hopelessly drifting with the current that was ever increasing in volume, in strength and in velocity, and sweeping us surely to our doom. That way madness lies!

IX

We knew well enough that the gossips were busy with us down in the village but a mile away. The finger of scorn was pointed at us by some who drove to the far edge of the lawn, where they drew rein and studied the exterior of the castle with the eye of suspicion.

We might have hung out our shingle and surprised no one. Even though that shingle bore the legend, "Mad Men Made While You Wait," it would have been accepted seriously. This was a clear case of "I told you so!"

Well, we fooled them all. We sent for an English matron, who was as calm and cool and wise as a trained nurse; who liked cooking and housekeeping and regular hours and was an authority on health foods and how to administer them to the faithful and the faithless. She brought sunshine into the house and brought it from a land where there is not overmuch sunshine; it is all very well for the clouds that they have silver linings, but I don't see that we gain anything so long as the lining isn't turned our way.

There was sunshine in the soul of Mrs. Blank, and a heart as big as her bodice. And oh, the way in which she mothered us and mustered us, and turned us out for our daily airing and ordered us in when we had stayed long enough. She sent us to bed and called us up, and Crazy Castle, for the first time since the laying of the corner-stone, began to realize what discipline meant —and really it wasn't half bad when we got used to it.

X

The amphitheater of the Metropolitan Opera House was like a magic cavern

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THESE SILENT MONTHS?" QUERIED SHE.

walled with gems and ablaze with dazzling light. There was a living background beyond the flashing jewels, a background of more or less animated human forms; but these were, after all, but a background, and before the supreme splendor of these pyramids of precious stones they paled their ineffectual fires; as properly conducted backgrounds should.

The Chatelaine, Hadji and I sat in the seats of the scornful. No flaring headlights from Golconda's caves bedecked our modest persons. Our jewels were of the mind and of the emotions, pearls of thought, and the heart within our bosoms like great throbbing rubies.

Why were we there in our semi-pastoral disguise, when we should have been buried in the solitude of Crazy Castle? Because! Often and often we had visited the metropolis in spirit, now we were there in very truth, and in a body that we might not grow lonesome in the great city. We were there for the purpose of restoring our souls, after a long and trying Winter of culinary inclemency: that is all!

Between the acts the Chatelaine, seizing Hadji by the arm, whispered: "Where have I seen that face?"

For some minutes Hadji searched in vain for a familiar countenance; at last he discovered one that caught his eye and held it for a time. He was evidently attracted, a little startled, much perplexed. "I don't know where you or I have seen that face," he said—looking down into one of the boxes that were like hanging gardens sparkling with dew—"But I have seen it somewhere."

They were both silent for a time. Another act of melodious passion sang itself out and was curtained from the eyes of all. The audience swayed like wind-swept corn and buzzed like a hive of swarming bees. Of course I knew nothing of the lady in the tiara, with arms that caressed the air and faultless shoulders nestling in voluminous folds of ermine. I was not invited to interest myself in the one whom they had found attractive. Indeed my eyes are so dimmed with searching for the undiscoverable, that even with the aid of lorgnettes I could hardly distinguish one person from another across the chasm of the stalls. To confess the truth, I never bother myself about who may or may not be in the theater or opera house.

At the close of the evening we lingered in the lobby to note the tide of fashion as it ebbed into the night. It was a pretty spectacle, so full of color and sparkle, and ravishing flesh tints, mingled with all the perfumes of Arabia.

"There she is!" exclaimed the Chatelaine and Hadji in one breath. "See!" She is looking this way—and smiling, too!"

Just before us was the object of their interest, almost within arm's reach. I glanced at her, half curiously, and in a moment recognized the friend I had made in London and met in Paris, in Venice and Monte Carlo, and whose delightful comraderie had left us almost lovers.

I hastened to her side with every pleasurable emotion and we at once resumed a fellowship that had been suffered to remain unacknowledged for no earthly reason whatever.

"Where have you been all these silent months?" queried she.

"For the past Winter, in retirement with dear old friends," I answered; "may I have the pleasure of presenting them?"

"I shall be delighted to know any friends of yours," she replied as I led forward my companions.

"Miss McFlimsy; permit me to present the Chatelaine of Crazy Castle; and the Hadji of the ditto-ditto!"

The three stood aghast for a moment, and then all bubbled over with laughter.

"Come," said the beauty of the box in the imperial circle. "Come! The laugh is on me. Somehow it always is;

it is only a case of sooner or later. Let us adjourn to Cherris, where we can, at our leisure, over bird and bottle, tell fairy tales of the past. Oh! By the way; allow me to present my uncle! You know one has at times to be shadowed by a chaperon, if only for the sake of appearances. I, even I, at intervals submit to the infliction.''

The highly presentable uncle smiled blandly and we drifted toward the street. She evidently never ruffled his plumage, nor he hers, for that matter. Who could? Who would even if he could? Who should, under any circumstances? She had ennobled and decorated both Hadji and myself with a rose from her corsage; she showered flowers upon the Chatelaine, who was hanging upon the arm of mine Uncle Chaperone. She was more charming than the Charmers, charming never so wisely. Hadji and I were beginning to crowd one another a little for admiration of her. Our hearts were warming into budding love.

The Chatelaine and she were as rival queens; very queenly indeed, yet there was the possible hope that they might anon call one another sisters or cousins or something as tender and as touching, in very truth.

For was she not Flora McFlimsy, the very Flora of very Floras who played the Pet of the Pantry with instant success at Crazy Castle for one night only? Who filled our mouths with angels' food and our hearts with lightness and longing? Whose coming was as the dawn of the day star; and whose going was as the shadow of endless night?

There we were, rose-ennobled after many moons; two roses with their thorns against our breasts—Hadji's and mine: Hadji and I her slaves henceforth and forever; and the Chatelaine and the Chaperon looking on with kind approval, as one would say in the old manner, "Bless you, my Children!"

But two is company and three none! Which shall it be? Oh favoring fortune, whose throne is at her feet! Tell us, ye answering stars! Is it Hadji's or is it mine, when the Chatelaine gives one of us away to that tantalizing tomboy, that best of all good fellows, Our Lady of Smart Set Hill?

A WORDLESS PRAYER

By MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

CALHOUN, ALABAMA

DEAR Lord, I am so glad today
I cannot find the words to pray;
Up yonder in the red oak tree
A little thrush sings joyously;
No need of any words has he,
His song is prayer and praise to Thee.
O search my heart, and, seeing there
My gladness, take it for a prayer.

PHOEBE

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

A BIRD STUDY IN JUNE

IT is certainly a humble environment. The delicious spring of water, the plenty of wild, cool air, and the clean pavement of loose stones do not surround this home as they did the home of Mr. Burrough's Phoebes, nor does this look "out upon some wild scene and overhung by beetling crags." Instead, this Pheobe's nest is stuck close up to the low board roof in my pig-pen.

"You have taken a handful of my wooded acres," says Nature, "and if you have not improved them, you at least have changed them greatly. But they are mine still. Be friendly now, go softly and you shall have them all—and I shall have them all, too. We will share them together."

And we do. Every part of the fourteen acres is mine, yielding some kind of food or fuel or shelter. And every foot, yes, every foot, is Nature's; as entirely hers as when the thick primeval forest stood here. The apple trees are hers as much as mine, and she has ten different bird-families, that I know of, living in them this Spring. A pair of crows and a pair of red-tailed hawks are nesting in the wood-lot; there are at least three families of chipmunks in as many of my stone piles; a fine old tree toad (his second season now) sleeps on the porch under the climbing rose; a hornet's nest hangs in a corner of the eaves; a small colony of swifts thunder in the chimney; swallows twitter in the hay-loft; a chipmunk and a half-tame gray squirrel feed in the barn; and—to bring an end to this bare beginning—under the roof of the pig-pen dwell a pair of Phoebes.

To make a bird house of a pig-pen, to divide it between the pig and the bird—this is as far as Nature can go, and this is certainly enough to redeem the whole farm. For she has not sent an outcast or a scavenger to dwell in the pen, but a bird of character, however much he may lack in song or color. Phoebe does not make up well in a picture; neither does he perform well as a singer; there is little to him, in fact, but personality—personality of a kind and (may I say?) quantity, sufficient to make the pig-pen a decent and respectable neighborhood.

Phoebe is altogether more than his surroundings. Every time I go to feed the pig, he lights upon a post near by and says to me: "It's what you are! Not what you do, but how you do it!"—with a launch into the air, a whirl, an unerring snap at a cabbage butterfly and an easy drop to the post again, by way of illustration.—"Not where you live, but how you live there; not the feathers you wear, but how you wear them—it is what you are that counts!"

There is a difference between being a "character" and having one. "Jim" Crow is a character—largely because he has so little. That is why he is "Jim." My Phoebe "lives over the pig," but he is not nicknamed. I cannot feel familiar with a bird of his air and carriage, who faces the world so squarely; who settles upon a stake as if he owned it, who lives a prince in my pig-pen.

Look at him! How alert, able, free! Notice the limber drop of his tail, the ready energy it suggests. By that one sign you would know the bird had force. He is afraid of nothing, not even the cold, and he migrates only because he is a fly-catcher, and thus compelled to. The earliest Spring day, however, that you find the flies buzzing in the sun, look for Phöebe. He is back. The first of my birds to return this Spring was he — beating the bluebird and robin by almost a week. It was a fearful Spring, this one of 1904. How Phoebe managed to exist those miserable March days is a mystery. He came directly to the pen as he had come the year before, and his presence in that bleakest of Marches made it almost Spring.

The same force and promptness are manifest in the domestic affairs of the bird. The first to arrive this Spring, he was also the first to build and bring off a brood—or, perhaps, She was. And the size of the brood—of the broods, for the second one is now a-wing, and there may yet be a third!

Phoebe appeared without his mate, and for nearly three weeks he hunted in the vicinity of the pen, calling the day long, and, toward the end of the second week, occasionally soaring into the air, flapping and pouring forth a small, ecstatic song that seemed fairly forced from him.

These aerial bursts meant just one thing: she was coming, was coming soon! Was she coming or was he getting ready to go for her? Here he had been for nearly three weeks, his house-lot chosen, his mind at rest, his heart beating faster with every sunrise. It was as plain as day that he knew,—was certain,—just how and just when something lovely was going to happen. I wished I knew. I was half in love with her myself, half jealous of him, and I, too, watched for her.

She was not for me. On the evening of April 14, he was alone as usual. The next morning a pair of Phoebes flitted in and out of the windows of the pen. Here she was. Will some one tell me all about it? Had she just come along and fallen instantly in love with him and his fine pig-pen? There are foolish female birds; and the Rolls are not without such love affairs; but this was too early in the season. It is pretty evident that he nested here last year. Was she his old mate, as Wilson believes? Did they keep together all through the Autumn and Winter, all the way from Massachusetts to Florida and back? Or was she a new bride who had promised him before he left Florida? If so, then how did she know where to find him?

Here is a pretty story. But who will tell it to me?

What followed is a pretty story, too, had I a lover's pen with which to write it—the story of his love, of their love, and of her love especially, which was last and best.

For several days after she came the weather continued raw and wet, so that nest-building was greatly delayed. The scar of an old, last year's nest still showed on a stringer, and I wondered if they had decided on this or some other site for the new nest. They had not made up their minds, for when they did start it was to make three beginnings.

Then I offered a suggestion. Out of a bit of stick, branching at right angles I made a little bracket and tacked it up on one of the stringers, low enough down so that I could watch easily. It appealed to them at once, and from that moment the building went steadily on.

Saddled upon this bracket, as well as mortared to the stringer, the nest, when finished, was as safe as a castle. And how perfect a thing it is! Few nests indeed combine the solidity, the softness and the exquisite curve of Phoebe's.

In placing the bracket, I had carelessly nailed it under one of the cracks in the loose board roof. The nest was receiving its first linings when there came a long, hard rain that beat through the crack and soaked the little cradle. This was serious, for a great deal of mud had been worked into the thick foundation, and here, in the constant shade, the dampness would be long in drying out.

The builders saw the mistake, too, and with their great good sense immediately began to remedy it. They built the bottom up thicker, carried the walls over on a slant that brought the outermost point within the crack, then raised them until the cup was as round-rimmed and hollow as the mould of her breast could make it.

The outside of the nest, its base, is broad and rough and shapeless enough; but nothing could be softer and lovelier than the inside, the cradle, and nothing dryer, for the slanting walls shed every drop from the leaky crack.

Wet weather followed the heavy rain until long after the nest was finished. The whole structure was as damp and cold as a newly plastered house. It felt wet to my touch. Yet I noticed the birds were already brooding. Every night and often during the day I would see one of them in the nest, so deep in that only a head or a tail showed over the round rim. After several days I looked to see the eggs, but to my surprise, found the nest empty. It had been robbed, I thought, yet by what creature I could not imagine. Then down cuddled one of the birds again—and I understood. Instead of wet and cold, the nest today was warm to my hand, and dry almost to the bottom. It had changed color, too: all the upper part having turned a soft silver-gray. She (I am sure it was she) had not been brooding her eggs at all; she had been brooding her mother's thought of them; and for them had been nestling here these days and nights, drying and warming their damp cradle with the fire of her life and love.

In due time the eggs came—five of them, white, spotless and shapely. While the little hen was hatching them I gave my attention further to the cock.

I am writing this with a black suspicion overhanging him. But of that later. I hope it is unfounded, and I shall give him the benefit of the doubt. A man is innocent until proved guilty. I have no positive evidence of Phoebe's wrong.

Our intimate friendship has revealed a most pleasing nature in Phoebe. Perhaps such close and continued association would show like qualities in every bird, even in the kingbird. But I fear only a woman, like Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller, could find them in him. Not much can be said of this fly-catcher family, except that it is useful—a kind of virtue that gets its chief reward in heaven. I am acquainted with only four of the other nine members—great-crest, kingbird, pewee and chebec — and each of these has some redeeming attribute besides the habit of catching flies.

They are all good nest-builders, good parents, and brave, independent birds; but aside from Phoebe and pewee—the latter in his small way the sweetest voice of the oak woods—the whole family is an odd lot, cross grained, cross looking and about as musical as a family of ducks. A duck seems to know that he cannot sing. A fly-catcher knows nothing of his shortcomings. He knows he can sing, and in time he will prove it. If desire and effort count for anything he certainly must prove it in time. How long the family has already been training, no one knows. Everybody knows, however, the success each fly-catcher of them has thus far attained. According to Mr. Chapman's authority the five rarer members perform as follows: the olive-sided swoops from the tops of the tallest tree suttering "pu-pu" or "pu-pip;" the yellow-bellied sits upon the low twigs and sneezes a song—an abrupt "pse-ek," explosive and harsh, produced with a painful, convulsive jerk; the Acadian by the help of his tail says "spee" or "peet," now and then a loud "pee-e-yuk" and trembling violently. Trail's fly-catcher jerks out his notes rapidly, doubling himself up and fairly vibrating with the explosive effort to sing "ee-zee-e-up"; the gray kingbird says a strong, simple "pitirri."

It would make a good minstrel show, doubtless, if the family would appear together. In chorus, surely, they would be far from a tuneful choir.

I should hate to hear the fly-catchers

all together. Yet individually in the wide universal chorus of the out-of-doors, how much we should miss the kingbird's metallic twitter and the chebec's insistent call!

There was little excitement for Phoebe during this period of incubation. He hunted in the neighborhood and occasionally called to his mate, contented enough perhaps, but certainly sometimes appearing tired. One rainy day he sat in the pig-pen window looking out at the gray-wet world. He was humped and silent and meditative, his whole attitude speaking the extreme length of his day—the monotony of the drip, drip, drip from the eaves, and the sitting, the ceaseless sitting of his brooding wife.

He might have hastened the time by catching a few flies for her or by taking her place on the nest; but I never saw him do it.

Things were livelier when the eggs hatched, for it required a good many flies a day to keep the five young ones growing. And how they grew! Like bread sponge in a pan, they began to rise, pushing the mother up so that she was forced to stand over them; then pushing her out until she could cling only to the side of the nest at night; then pushing her off altogether. By this time they were hanging to the outside themselves, covering the nest from sight, almost, until finally they spilled off upon their wings.

Out of the nest upon the air! Out of the pen and into a sweet, wide world of green and blue and golden light! I saw the second brood take this first flight, and it was thrilling.

The nest was placed back from the window and below it, so that in leaving the nest the young would have to drop, then turn and fly up to get out. Below was the pig.

As they grew I began to fear that they might try their wings before this feat could be accomplished, and so fall to the pig below. But Nature, in this case, was careful of her pearls. Day after day they clung to the nest — even after they might have flown—and when they did go it was with a sure and long flight that carried them out and away to the tops of the neighboring trees.

They left the nest one at a time, and were met in the air by their mother, who darted to them, calling loudly, and, whirling about them, helped them as high and as far away as they could go.

I wish the simple record of these family affairs could be closed without one tragic entry. But that can rarely be of any family. Seven days after the first brood were a-wing, I found the new eggs in the nest. Soon after that the male bird disappeared. The second brood has now been out a week and in all this time no sight or sound has been had of the father.

What happened? Was he killed? Caught by a cat or a hawk? It is possible; and this is an easy and kindly way to think of him. It is not impossible that he may have remained as leader and protector to the first brood, or (perish the thought!) might he not have grown weary at sight of the second lot of five eggs, of the long days and the neglect that they meant for him, and out of jealousy and fickleness wickedly deserted?

I hope it was death, a stainless, even ignominious death by one of my neighbor's dozen cats.

Death or desertion, it involved a second tragedy. Five such young ones at this time were too many for the mother. She fought nobly; no mother could have done more. All five were brought within a few days of flight, then, one day, I saw a little wing hanging listlessly over the side of the nest. I went closer. One had died. It had starved to death. There were none of the parasites in the nest that often kill whole broods. It was a plain case of sacrifice—by the mother, perhaps; by the other young, maybe—one for the other four.

But she did well. Nine such young birds to her credit since April. Who shall measure her actual use to the world? How does she compare in value with the pig? Yesterday I saw several of her brood along the meadow fence hawking for flies. They were not far from my cabbage patch.

I hope a pair of them returns to me next Spring and that they come early. Any bird that deigns to dwell under roof of mine commands my friendship; but no other bird takes Phoebe's place in my affections, there is so much in him to like and he speaks for so much of the friendship of nature.

"Humble and inoffensive bird" he has been called by one of our leading ornithologies—because he comes to my pig-pen! "Inoffensive!" this bird with the cabbage butterfly in his beak! The faint and damning praise! And "humble?" There is not a humble feather on his body. Humble to those who see the pen and not the bird. But to me—why, the bird has made a palace of my pig-pen.

The very pig seems less a pig because of this exquisite association; and the lowly work of feeding the creature has been turned by Phoebe into an aesthetic course in bird-study.

FAVORITE BOOKS

By FRANK PUTNAM

EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

I

WHEN I began, a visionary boy,
  To follow Crusoe's story on the isle,
So fearful was the tenseness of my joy
  That neither love nor duty might beguile
My mesmerized attention from the page
Where man triumphed o'er naked Nature's rage.

In less delight, but having keener sense
  To note wherein the hero went amiss,
I studied with an interest intense
  The thrill-compelling ventures of the Swiss;
Made pause, betimes, to mount the hero's throne,
Recast his deeds and claim them for my own.

Came Froissart then of high romantic air,
  Whose heroes strove for honor under arms,
Indifferent to weariness or care,
  Proclaiming each his lady's glorious charms;
At ease alike in castle or on plain,
So he might couple glory with Love's gain.

I hardly know when first I felt the spell
  Of Scotia's Prince of Singers, but it seems
My memory links the Ayr with Little Nell
  Far down the misty highway of my dreams,
Commingling fleeting happiness with tears,—
A heritage of fragrance for the years.

II

The Book of Nature, bound between the skies,
  Whereof the countless pages are the days,—
I scanned its text with keen and reverent eyes
  Among the fields and in the woody ways;
Along the whispering river's winding rim
My spirit rose in Earth's eternal hymn.

'Tis but a step from love of Nature's self
  To love of Nature's loveliest — her girls;
Ah, who but, taught by some entrancing elf,
  In Love's own Book has garnered wisdom's pearls?
Unindexed joys and woes its pages throng —
Blisses that burn and pangs that linger long.

Romance and Youth departing in the night
  The day returns to find the heart at rest;
The eager mind inquires of wrong and right,
  Delves into schemes and puts them to a test;
Ponders the words of Sages So-and-So,
On whence we came and whither we shall go.

A fruitless task: I cease and turn aside
  To mingle with my brothers in the mart,
Seeing how each to all is near allied,
  Feeling the cosmic impulse in my heart:
Around me sweep, intent upon the strife,
The characters that throng the Book of Life.

DEEP MINING

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

I

PEGGY stood in the doorway waving her hand goodbye to the children as they were starting out on their morning walk. Kate Ashworth was coming up the street. Peggie waited for her.

"You're just the girl I'm looking for," she said. "How did you know I was wishing to see you?"

"Mental telepathy, I suppose," Katie said, coming up the steps.

"How are you, anyway?"

"Oh, I'm fine," Peggie answered. "Come in and I will tell you all about it."

"About what, Mrs. Dick?" and Kate unloosened her wraps and laid them on a chair.

"Why, a little scheme I have. It's what I've been wishing to see you for. Come in here"— and Peggy led the way to a pretty room, where they got the morning sun. "Sit down, dear," she said smiling, "and I'll tell you what it is."

"Now, you are sure you'll not tell, not a single soul, until — well, never?"

"Positively, Mrs. 'Dick,' you frighten me. Yes, I swear."

"Well, then, it's this: I've picked

you out from among all my friends as the most suitable in every way to help me."

"Thanks, mightily."

"Yes really, you don't need to laugh. It takes a very clever person to help me do this, and a person with a lot of tact, and agreeable, and innocent, and — well, everything else that you are."

"Oh, Mrs. 'Dick', do tell me what is it?" Kate Ashworth was sitting on the tip edge of her chair, with her hands together in her lap, looking straight at Mrs. 'Dick' Kendall.

"It's a long story, dear. Pray be confortable. Of course you know that Darrell Stevens was very much in love with Louise Spaulding Hudson — I mean before she married."

"Um — hum — or rather, I did think so at first," Kate said with a sigh of relief, "but do you know, Mrs. 'Dick', I have really begun to think he didn't care so much—never did—that is, so much as we thought—you know."

"Well, you may be right, my dear, and I really do hope you are, for that means that you and I are going to have smoother sailing than we otherwise might."

"'You and I?'" Kate said ponderingly. "Oh yes, I forgot."

"You see, my dear," Peggie went on," it's just this way: Darrell Stevens is too fine a man to waste his life brooding; or, if he isn't doing that, to be left all alone with no one to care particularly about him, or for him to care particularly for."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. 'Dick', but I can't see how that concerns you and me."

"Be careful," said Peggie, "don't get stupid. That won't do at all. Why, don't you see, you and I have got to find a girl for him."

"Oh—I—see;" then she added after a pause: "'I'll stay in.'"

"I knew you would," and Peggie smiled.

"I know the girl," Kate began again. "Why, Dorothy Hoxey to be sure."

"Yes, she's the one," and Peggie laughed outright. Now, my dear," she went on, 'I don't believe in promiscuous match-making, or in being really meddlesome, but I do believe where there are two such nice people living—as these two—that they should be brought together—don't you?"

"'Deed I do. Oh, it'll be grand to see how they take it. I suppose he'll give her a dog like Mrs. Hudson's and she—Oh, what will she do?"

"Well, we shall see. Now what you are to do is to see a lot of Mr. Stevens —that is, all you can, and always be saying nice things about Dorothy. He will never suspect you. He might me—and I will manage her. We will do all we can to throw them together and I am sure it won't be long before they will see that they are meant for one another."

"I hope I'll be there when they do." Peggie laughed.

"I'll have a few in Sunday night for a rarebit."

"Does Mary know about it?" asked Katherine.

"No. Oh, don't you dare breathe it. Mary would call us mischief-makers."

"You are right, she would."

"Here comes Mr. 'Dick'," and Kate waved her hand at the window. "I must be going," she said.

"Don't hurry," said Peggie.

"I've not, my dear, but I must go, really."

Then after Dick came in and Katherine turned to go she said again: "I'll see you Sunday?"

"Yes, don't forget," and Peggie smiled knowingly.

"No, I won't," she answered as she went out the door.

A week later Katherine called Mrs. 'Dick' over the wire.

"I'm down town," she said, "but I couldn't wait to tell you that I met Mr. Stevens in at Fowler's just now and he was putting his card into a smashing box of violets to be sent somewhere."

"I wonder where?" asked Peggie.

"I can't imagine," Katherine answered—and they both laughed.

Peggie was happy. She always felt that she had stolen something from Dorothy though she knew quite well that Dick never intended marrying her.

⁂

When his old friend Kingsley Hudson came, and so unexpectedly and quietly and instantaneously fell in love and married the girl Darrell Stevens thought himself in love with, the whole world for a time lost its interest. He had practically made up his mind to marry when his plans were nipped in the bud and by his dearest friend, too. It was no consolation, either, that Louise had married the finest man he knew and that they were as ideally happy as two persons possibly could be. He only saw the gloomy side of it when he thought on the subject at all. Others didn't know what to think. Some said he never really cared for her; others said he did; but all would have agreed that he had at least gotten over it. Louise, herself, had settled it long ago that he never did love her. She was glad, too, as "King" was his friend. They both felt very warmly toward him, for had he not brought them together? They had asked him to the house "dozens of times," but he was "so busy" with mining schemes that he did not get out often.

The whole affair had not escaped Peggie's notice. She had always liked Darrell Stevens immensely. He was a very superior man. His eyes reminded her of some one.

The Hudsons went for a cruise on the Mediterranean that Winter. Mr. and Mrs. "Dick" stayed home, and Darrell Stevens was in town. Dorothy did not visit in the South. She stayed in town, too, with her aunt and uncle. Kate Ashworth and Peggie had smooth sailing. Things were very quiet. Mrs. Smith gave one or two "affairs." She always did—for her niece.

Peggie said to Dick one night at dinner: "I wonder Mrs. Smith has not married Dorothy Hoxey off long ago. She is really a lovely girl and so talented, too, and not penniless, either. It does seem 'most always the way, though —men are not wise enough to marry girls like Dorothy."

"Think so?" said Dick, lighting a cigarette. "Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I do," and Peggie added slowly: "If I had been Mrs. Smith I should have had a different campaign."

"Yes, Peggie," and he blew a ring of smoke, "but every one is not so clever as you are."

She laughed lightly and threw him a kiss with her first finger.

"I know it," she said.

II

Mrs. Smith consciously or unconsciously took up the thread of Peggie's scheme, and by Spring it was quite materialized.

The wedding took place in June. Darrell did not sell the town house, as was his intention in the Fall. He had it remodeled somewhat instead and refurnished almost throughout. The gardens were planted and plotted anew and the rose-path to the Summer-house was stripped of its weeds, and the bushes trimmed. They were all in blossom when he took Dorothy there; and as they walked down the perfumed path with his arm about her, she thought she was perfectly happy.

Darrell said to himself that his marriage was the beginning of all his good fortune. The mines in Mexico that had been in litigation so many years were at last out of the courts and his titles perfected. He was glad to be married, too, for he did not like the idea of having no home — that was what unmarried life meant. Of course, he did not feel about marriage as "King" Hudson did, but then "King" was a dreamer. There was not that warm glow in his heart that "King" had talked of. He had not expected or looked for it. He had married a woman who was talented and cultured; a woman who did credit to his family and his name; a woman whom he regarded with the deepest respect and reverence and a woman whom he felt sure would make a good mother. He had never told her that he loved her. He had never told any woman that, though he came near doing so once. A shiver of satisfaction went through him as he thought he had not done so. Yes, he and Dorothy would be very congenial, he was confident, and, after all, that was all one could hope or wish for. He was getting too old "to fall in love," as they say. Few men at thirty-four fall in love—except men like old "King," maybe.

And so things went on.

Dorothy thought sometimes that Darrell was a trifle stern. He did not love her quite as she would wish—"but then, it is different with a man," she would say. "Men cannot feel as women do."

Summer went and Fall—and then came Winter.

It was after the holiday season, Dorothy being slightly ill, when Darrell came home one afternoon and told her he must leave that night for the Southwest. He had gotten a wire and a letter concerning the mines, and if he intended doing anything with the proposition he must act at once.

"If you were well, you might go with me," he said, "though I am afraid you would not find it pleasant. There are no conveniences, and you would have to be alone almost all the time."

"I should like to go," she said. "I do not like to be left behind. Couldn't you wait till Saturday? I should be well enough then."

"Oh, no, my dear, I could not possibly wait another day. It is of vital importance that I go at once. I am very sorry—but I shall soon be home again."

"Then you can't even wait over tonight?" she asked disappointedly.

"No, I cannot possibly, dear."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but, of course you can't help it. I wish I were able to get your things out for you."

"Oh, don't worry, Dorothy, I can do it quite as well. I hate to leave you while you are feeling ill. If you think it necessary, of course, I shall wait, dear."

"Oh, no, the sooner you go, the sooner you are back again, and I'm not really ill now. I shall be up tomorrow."

Dorothy was lonely when Darrell had gone; but she thought afterward that she did not then know what loneliness was. Darrell came home after a fortnight. Dorothy was her old self again. That evening she got out Darrell's favorite music and played for him. He sat in a chair some distance from the piano abstractedly, and Dorothy wondered, when she had done, if he had heard at all.

"Shall I go on?" she asked once. At first she thought he did not hear her, but then he answered:

"Yes, oh yes, by all means, don't stop—please don't."

She played more and then more; then she came over to his chair:

"Come, let us go to the 'Land of Nod.'"

"Yes," he said, rising, "I am tired."

⁂

There was the usual round of gaieties before Lent, and Dorothy and Darrell contributed their share. It happened once or twice Dorothy was obliged to go out alone. Darrell took several flying trips to the mines before Spring. At first he spoke of taking her, but she "would better wait," he said, "till some time later on," when he did not "have to hurry so."

Dorothy agreed because it was the only thing to do—and then Darrell forgot, afterward, even to speak of her going, so that it got to be the natural thing for him to go alone.

As Summer came on and it became too hot to spend much or any time at the mines, Darrell agreed to join a yachting party of the Hudsons.

"You're getting too busy, old man," said Kingsley Hudson when he invited Darrell.

"I know it," he agreed, "but it is always so—getting started, you know."

"Yes," replied "King," "a man loses a heap of time that way."

Darrell looked at him in surprise, but he said nothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick were of the party, and Mary and Kate Ashworth, and Mr. Perkins and some others. Darrell remarked that they made up "a happy family." He seemed to enter into the spirit of the trip and Dorothy began to think that perhaps she had been hysterical in her ideas about him. She really saw very little of him alone. Perhaps in the old days he might have found time and a place, even on a small yacht, for a tete-a-tete. She had surprised Kingsley Hudson and Louise several times together. But it was different with them. Yes—quite different—and Dorothy sighed deeply.

Mr. Hardy came by just then. He threw his cigarette into the water and leaned with her over the railing.

"Fine out today, isn't it?" he said, looking at her.

"Yes," she answered smiling, turning the pages of a book she held.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm not reading," she said again, "it's one of Mr. Hudson's books. I just picked it up as you came by—it's Lord Byron," she added.

He reached for it, and she gave it to him. He opened it at random and read:

"'Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood, which folly has
wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing
glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss
of love.'"

"Lord Byron was a lover," she said, with her chin in her hands, as she looked away over the blue waves.

"Yes, he—and 'King' Hudson—and some others," he answered her, laughing.

"Isn't the sea blue today?" she asked.

"Yes, it is like your eyes," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, not looking up.

"And your cheeks are like that sky over there where the sun sets," he added.

"You are a flatterer," she said, smiling. She was glad to see Peggie and Kate Ashworth coming toward them.

"We are looking for you, Mrs. Stevens," said Kate as they came up.

"Are you?"

"Yes, come and play fan-tan, won't you? Mary says she will. Nearly every man is smoking except 'King' Hudson. He and the 'Queen' are trying to get sunburned while they read poetry. Come on, Mr. Hardy, will you play?"

"Of course he will," said Peggie, taking hold of his sleeve. "He is the most obliging man aboard.' At that Mr. Hardy started away with Mrs. "Dick." Dorothy and Kate followed.

⁂

It was the last of August when Darrell and Dorothy were home again.

At the first sign of cold Darrell had gone to the mines, and Dorothy began to realize what the Winter would be. He made longer trips now, and she was alone most of the time.

The Smiths went to France and Dorothy was more lonely than ever. She said to herself that she was "all alone now." And though so much of her life had been lonely, she could not get used to it. It was not natural to her. Kate Ashworth was the first to speak of it. She said one day while in at Peggie's:

"It's a shame how Darrell Stevens leaves his wife all alone for weeks and even months at a time. I'm afraid, after all, we made a mistake, Mrs. 'Dick.'"

"I've been thinking about that a good deal lately," Peggie replied. "You see," she continued, "most women would not take it so to heart. They would have gone along with him, or gone in for society more, or something."

"That's what I said," agreed Kate, "but Mary says there are only three things to do in a case like this: For a woman to take up society, and receive the attentions of other men; or to go into a convent; or to take up the fine arts."

"Now what will Mrs. Stevens do?"

"She won't take up society," said Peggie.

"No—and she won't go into a convent. She is too proud to create scandal. She is a dear woman—I'm sorry for her."

"Yes," said Peggie, "so am I,—but I'm afraid she is not wise."

"Well, Mrs. 'Dick,' it's different when you're only looking on."

"Yes, you are right, Kate dear."

Dorothy did the only thing left her, she became a club woman. It happened in this way:

She tried going out alone, but though everyone made much over her, and "Mrs. Stevens" was received with open arms, Dorothy felt out of place. When Darrell was along it was different; but she did not like the flattery and coquetry of other men, when he was not by to sanction it. True, no one ever said anything more to her now than before, but she could not stand even that. It made her heart sick. She kept up her calls only, and gave up large functions. She studied her music more, but at last that too became burdensome. She was asked to musicales and Sunday night "affairs" —"just the musical set, you know"; but "the musical set" was too Bohemian for a woman of high ideals. It would have been different had Darrell been along; but this was society also, only more natural and truer, she felt. She liked "the set." There were Mr. Remington, Mrs. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. Hardy, and many more whom she really enjoyed. Perhaps it was that her soul met its own, and Dorothy was afraid. At any rate she dropped out and was soon forgotten. She had always belonged to the Woman's club, though her attendance was rather by fits and starts. One day she happened in for the sake of something better to do. Several urged her to come next time.

"We are to have a most interesting program," they said. "Miss Caulfield is to lecture, you know, and we are trying to get Monsieur Borel to talk. He is the most interesting and charming man. We are all enraptured over him."

And so it came about that Dorothy went the next time and the next, and after that she rarely ever missed a meeting. The nights were the loneliest, but she busied herself with music and calls and other things during the day, and kept the evening for her club work. And, because she was known to have small responsibilities at home, more and more was being put upon her shoulders, until, at last, she found herself at the head of the local organization.

"I never really expected this," she said, the day they elected her.

"You are the right woman in the right place," someone said, and Dorothy began to believe it true.

She was really beginning to care again. Things did not look so dull and so hopeless. No, she was not happy; she never expected that. Happiness was not meant for everyone — only for some, like Louise Hudson, and Mrs. Dick Kendall, too—perhaps. But then she was not so awfully disconsolate as she had been at first. Darrell came home for a week at a time now. On Christmas he wrote her a nice letter and said he hoped to be home by the New

Year. He wished so much to spend Christmas with her, but Christmas was like any other day. He was sending her, he said, some kumquats and a little remembrance for the day. It was a tiny filigree Mexican watch—a pretty little thing, and Dorothy looked at it a long time. Then she put it back in the case and laid it away.

That night while she was sitting at her desk she took out a little book and opened it to where a faded rose was pressed. She kissed it and put it back again; then she laid her head on her arms and wept quietly.

❧

There was to be a convention of women's clubs and Dorothy went. She read an article on "The Manifest Destiny of the Woman's Club Movement." It was a success. Congratulations were reaching her on every hand. There was a feeling of pride and pleasure within her, and she thought of some one whom she loved, and she wondered if he, too, would be proud of her.

The convention lasted two days and the last day was almost entirely given over to business. 'The most important feature was the election for the office of the state presidency. There was a strong fight on. One faction was supporting Mrs. Blair, the wife of the senator, her opponent being the wife of Mr. Clarke, the merchant prince. The day was fast going and things were at a deadlock, neither faction being willing to yield to the other and neither obtaining the coveted majority. There was but one course to pursue—choosing a dark horse. And Mrs. Darrell Stevens was taken up by both parties and promptly elected. Dorothy was too surprised for words, but, really, it was a very natural procedure. She was young and pleasant and capable. She had no fixed enemies. Everyone was delighted. However, Dorothy was wholly unprepared for this responsibility. She was not quite sure that she ought to accept the office. It meant that she must go to various clubs throughout the state, as well as attending committee meetings and national conventions. That would, of course, take her from home a great deal. She felt that she must advise with Darrell, so she wrote him at length, asking him to wire at once his opinion regarding her situation.

Darrell read her letter hurriedly. The nearest telegraph station was thirty miles from the camp. He could not possibly leave that day, and no one was going over. He would get up early in the morning and make the journey. He then put Dorothy's letter in the table drawer and went to the shaft house. Mr. Wright, the company's engineer, met him as he came up.

"Anything new?" Darrell asked.

"No," he answered, "but there is likely to be at any moment now. We ought to strike something different pretty soon. This formation can't keep up much longer."

"Have you been down today?"

"No, not yet. I thought we might go together."

"All right.'

The two men got into the car and took the long plunge into darkness. There had been great and excited anticipation for nearly five months now.

"If we only get through this diorite and find out that ore continues beyond—then we can take our time," Darrell said over and over.

The formation was a trifle different, and things were looking hopeful. The excitement was growing among the men. They were working like beavers. Darrell stayed there all day, and when he crawled into his hard bed at night he was exhausted. The next day he awoke to find Mr. Wright waiting for him.

They breakfasted together and went to the mine. Darrell was at high tension and his mind was so occupied with the outcome at the mine that he forgot

Dorothy's letter. Once during the day it came to him, and he said to himself that he would surely ride to town in the morning; but the next morning was like the others of late and so it went by again. On the sixth day after Dorothy's letter, about four o'clock in the afternoon, it happened. Darrell went down the shaft to see for himself. It was a great blow. They had struck a barren dyke! He was so tired when he came out again that it seemed to him he could not possibly walk to the house. His heart seemed almost to stop and his head swam round and round. He threw himself on his bed and slept fifteen hours. In the morning Mr. Wright asked him what he proposed doing.

"Take out the reserve ore and quit, I guess. It's the only thing left, isn't it?"

"The only sure way—yes."

"Well, I can't go in any deeper. I'm 'all in.' I shall leave day after tomorrow, at least for the Summer. In the Fall I'll run down again. My plans are indefinite just now. How long will it take to mine the ore in sight, do you think?"

"I can hardly guess," Mr. Wright answered. "With a week or two's work, however, it can be estimated very well. I should think, though, it would take eight months. You ought to be able to make good at least on what you have put into it."

"Oh, assuredly," Darrell replied. "It's mainly the time gone, of course." Then he turned to go.

"I'll want a long talk with you before leaving," he said.

It was not until he sat at his desk again that Darrell thought of Dorothy's letter. Remorse stung him. He had been in a fever of excitement. But now the spell was over. The bitterness of disappointment had come, but with it rest. Rest—yes, that was what he had needed so long—for more than a year; in fact, ever since his marriage.

He was scanning Dorothy's letter now, and he felt a strange feeling of regret while doing so. At first he questioned why he had ever married. What had his married life been? Certainly nothing to her. She had been left lonely and alone. He realized it now that his fight was over, and he felt himself turning toward her. He thought of Louise Spaulding, and of that day he had driven her to his farm. He thought of Mrs. "Dick" Kendall, of Mrs. Morley Jones and several other women he had known. He wondered if any of them would have stood by her husband as his wife had done. He felt sure some of them would not. Then he read: "I await your answer, Darrell, for though you are so far away, I know you would rather I did not enter upon this course without consulting you."

"And I have been a brute," he was saying, "and have not even wired her!" He tried to analyze his actions. He could not. He could not imagine himself being what he had been. He grew impatient, and after leaving a hurried note for Mr. Wright, he jumped on his horse and rode to town. That night he found himself on a Pullman sleeper en route home.

When he arrived Dorothy was gone. It was not known when she would return. She had left no order for the carriage to meet her. Darrell had gone over this same conversation with the servants several times, but could not learn more. There was nothing to do but wait. He slept late on the second day, and when he awoke it was raining. He dressed and had a leisurely breakfast. Then he smoked; then he tried to read some; but he could not concentrate his mind. He put on his topcoat and hat and ordered the carriage. He would go to the club, but after going a block he decided to return home. He smoked some more and walked about the house. Later he had lunch—or tried to eat; somehow he did not feel hungry.

In the afternoon he slept again, and when he awoke it was dark. He turned on the light and found it was almost seven o'clock. The rain was coming down in torrents and he could see through the window, under the street light, the straggling passers-by. Suddenly he remembered he had eaten scarcely anything since breakfast, so he tried to eat again. He did fairly well and felt better.

He had a fire built in the music room —that room was nearer her, somehow, and he sat before it in the big easy chair that he had sat in when she played for him. He could see her slight form now, with that crown of golden hair, as she played. How slight she was, though strong! Now she would look around with her sapphire eyes upon him. He had never seen her beauty as he saw it now. She seemed to be swaying to and fro. Still he could hear her play. Now it was the "Spring Song"; now "Narcissus"; now "The Dance of the Fairies." Oh, why had he left her alone all these nights? This one night was killing him. How it rained; and rained; and rained. Where could she be?—and then, almost as by magic, she came through the doorway.

"Why, Darrell!" she exclaimed, coming to him, "When did you come?"

"Wait—I'm awfully wet," as he came towards her. "I had no umbrella and I am drenched just coming from the cab. I am so glad you are home," she said, looking at him.

He had thought of a thousand things to say when she came, but now that she was really here he felt choked. She acted as though she had not expected him to care much: to be glad he was home again. How could he tell her what a brute he knew himself to be? What could he say?

"I am so tired," she said.

"I am sorry," he answered; "come, sit here, and I will get you some tea. Your feet are wet," he said, feeling her shoes.

"Yes, you see I had no rubbers. It was not raining when I got on the train. Thank you," she smiled as he untied her shoes. "My slippers are upstairs—never mind." Darrell fairly flew to bring them.

"He is always so kind," she was saying to herself. "I wish I had him with me more." She sighed as he came back into the room.

"Don't," he said. He was fastening her slipper and she looked down at him. "Don't sigh," he said—"it breaks my heart."

"Your heart must not break so easily," she answered. "Hearts must be made of sterner stuff."

"Yours is," he said, "but mine—well, I've only just found mine tonight, and it's very fragile, Dorothy."

He looked up and she was still looking at him.

"I never realized all the unhappiness I've been to you until tonight," he said. "Can you forgive me, dear, and learn to love me?"

"I learned to love you long ago, Darrell, she replied. She put both her arms around his neck, "and I have only waited to tell you."

He rose and took her in his arms and drew her over into the big chair.

There were a few embers left amid the ashes—the rain still rained. There was a faint sweetness in the air. Dorothy put her golden head against his shoulder, and when he kissed her she was almost asleep.

"I am so happy," she whispered. "I I hope I shall never wake up."

"You are not dreaming, dear," he said. "This is life—real life."

III

"I wonder," said Peggie to Dick one night at dinner, "how Dorothy and Darrell Stevens ever came together?"

"Why," said Dick, "I thought you had a hand in that, yourself."

"Oh, that was before they married.

I mean afterward. Dorothy got so dreadfully formal and went in so for club work and all that, you know; and Darrell never appeared to care much what she did. Then, suddenly, when she became a real light in the club world, he came back and they sailed away to France. George Hardy met them at Cannes, and he said they were like lovers on a honeymoon. Dorothy was prettier than ever and they were as happy as larks in Spring."

"Well," said Dick, "Darrell could not help but love her. She is lovable."

"Oh, I understand that," Peggie replied, "but Darrell was not in love with her until they left for France—I know it. How did his mines turn out?"

"Why, first they were a great disappointment — struck a barren wall, or something. Then, it seems, they went to work on some side ore and found a big bonanza mine. They're coming back, you know."

"When?"

"In a month or so. I met 'King' Hudson at the club today and he had heard from them."

"Oh," said Peggie, "that so? I must see Louise."

"They have a boy—born in Naples, I believe."

"How newsy you are—dear me! What else do you know?"

"Nothing—only he can't be president—can he?"

"Who?"

"The boy."

"Oh, I don't know—can't he if he is not born under the flag? Well, they won't care for that. They have found something greater than the head of a nation. There are only a few who find happiness, you know."

Dick went over to her chair after lighting his cigarette.

"You're right, Peggie," he said—but we have got a chance at both."

DESERTED

By EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

FAR from the highway stands the empty home
With unhinged door, and warpéd, shrunken stair:
Over its walls the chilly shadows roam,
Rank to its lintels huddled ivies come,
Past its blind face the startled swallows flare.

Wrapped in its memories, it stands aloof,
Strange to itself, patient in wind and rain;
No tender hearth-breath curls around its roof,
No voice within welcomes or calls reproof,
No child's face peers behind the cobwebbed pane.

Let us not wonder why; we shame it more
With echoing voice and stir; let us depart
Turning in pity from the hapless door;
Closing the dumb gate in awed silence, for
This is the dead hope of a human heart!

JOHN MOSELEY'S VICTORY

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OTHERS were at the scene of the accident before John Moseley; it only remained for him to pick up the dinner pail that had been hurled some distance from the wrecked trolley car. While the crowd hovered about the suffering child and a physician did what he could for her, John Moseley stood apart, irresolute. There was tragedy where the child lay, but the dinner pail added to the heartrending pathos of it. It represented one of her daily tasks—a duty she was proud and happy to perform. They all knew her; they knew how regularly she carried that tin dinner pail to her father at the factory, how she delighted in this trifling responsibility. Even now he was expecting her, and, instead of her joyous, smiling face, there would come to him the news that she had been—what? Maimed or killed?

The doctor turned a sad, solemn face to the crowd.

"She is dead," he said.

In an instant the crowd became an angry, unreasoning, vengeful mob, and only quick action on the part of the authorities saved the motorman, and the engineer and fireman of the train that had run him down, from violence. All three protested that they had done all they could to prevent the accident, but a mob does not reason: vengeance alone is its idea of justice.

"The bell was not rung!" they cried, as they surged about the two policemen and the few conservative citizens who had rallied to the support of the police. This the fireman denied, and the engineer pointed out that his action in promptly reversing his engine when he saw the danger had prevented a much worse accident. Only the front end of the car was damaged, and the girl was the only passenger in that end.

The frenzied people turned their attention to the motorman.

"Kill the coward!" they yelled. "He jumped to save himself." But the motorman insisted that he had set the brakes and reversed the current before jumping, and he could do no more than that.

The towerman, previously forgotten, was discovered at this point, and the cry went up that he had not lowered the gates. This was true, but he protested that it was not his fault. The gates had not been in good working order for some time—a fact which he had reported to his immediate superior without result—and they "caught" when he tried to lower them. He had tried to warn the motorman by shouting.

The crowd was not in a humor to accept excuses; it wanted, and tried hard, to get at one or all of these men. It pushed and eddied and fought, and stones were beginning to fly, when its attention was diverted. The limp little body was being carried away on a stretcher, and the mob followed. Beside the stretcher walked Moseley with the dinner pail.

It is only in a moment of overwhelming passion that the average man resorts to physical violence, and such turbulent emotions are not lasting. The little town of Marshfield had not forgotten, but it was in quiet mood when the inquest was held. It still demanded vengeance; it spoke harshly of the railroad company for refusing to elevate the tracks when petitioned to do so; but it was now willing to leave all to the law. The people had resumed the even tenor of their way; they were calm and dispassionate, willing to wait. A miscarriage of justice might — indeed would — rouse them again, but there was no fear of that.

Punishment was necessary, and someone would be punished. The law would decide who it should be; but the law, like the people of Marshfield, is the slave of precedent, and too often it reaches only for the man who happens to be nearest to its hand. It may have a long arm, but it hesitates to extend it.

John Moseley alone thought deeply. The dinner pail, which he had absent-mindedly taken home with him, kept the details fresh in his mind. It was a common, old, dented dinner pail, but it made him think of the child, of her mission at the time of her death, of her joyous pride in that mission, of the father who had daily watched for and welcomed her, of the cruel shock; and somehow it did not seem to John Moseley that the law was going to do what it should do. Someone would suffer, but to what purpose? Moseley was an uneducated man, but he had a heart and a goodly share of hard sense, and he was sufficiently prosperous in a small way to make him influential in a town where modest incomes were the rule and one factory represented the only business of any magnitude.

The four employes were held to the grand jury, and Moseley still glanced occasionally at the dinner pail and debated with himself. He was drawn for that jury, but the problem was not solved to his satisfaction. While others held that the responsibility rested upon one or more—possibly all—of the four, he took a different view. But would anything come of the course that commended itself to him? Could anything come of it? When the case came up for consideration in the grand jury room, he listened to the evidence and he noted the attitude of the other jurors. They did not look beyond the four, each of whom contended that he had done his full duty, so far as lay in his power. It was confusing and puzzling, for in many details the evidence was conflicting.

"But someone is to blame," urged the foreman. "It's a clear case of criminal negligence somewhere, and, to my mind, it's about an even thing between the four of them. This is the third accident at that crossing in six months, and we've got to take action that people will remember."

Another juror suggested that they also ought to get after the man whose duty it was to repair the gate, and a warm debate followed, all of which aided John Moseley in reaching a decision. They were too short sighted, he thought; they did not even hint at what was in his mind.

"Do you reckon it's goin' to do any good to git after these here people?" he asked, rising in his place at the long table. "They got their lesson, ain't they? You don't think fer a minute that them fellers is goin' to take any chances ag'in, do you? An' if we indict all of 'em, do you s'pose folks is goin' to remember it any longer than they do the accident? An' what good 'll it do? Kin they make it impossible to happen ag'in? Course they can't, an' we got to go after the feller that kin. I'm fer indictin' the gen'ral manager of the railroad."

The other jurors were startled. They knew Moseley for a man who was slow to make up his mind, but usually accurate in his judgment, and always direct in his methods. There was nothing of the diplomat about him; he went straight for the object he sought to attain. And he was almost invariably successful. But to indict the general manager of a railroad for an accident on his line was unprecedented.

"He couldn't be convicted," asserted the foreman. "He had nothing to do with this."

"Mebbe not," admitted Moseley, "an' then ag'in, mebbe so. Let's look at the facts. This here road don't skirt the edge o' the town, where there ain't much doin'; it runs right through the center, cuttin' the town in two. That bein' the case, them there tracks ought to be elevated, an' you know it an' he knows it. We been tryin' to git him to elevate 'em, but we can't, fer a fool council give him an unconditional grant of a right-o'-way, that's got a good bit to run yet. S'long as he don't want anything more, we ain't got any hold on him. An' what does he say when we try to git him to put up the tracks? ''Tain't business,' he says, an' he's right. It ain't business, but it's human life. When you git right down to it, why was that little girl killed? Was it because o' the motorman? Partly, mebbe. Was it because o' the gates? Partly, mebbe. Was it because o' the engineer? Partly, mebbe. But I believe they was all doin' the best they knew how — all but the general manager. He was the only one who could have made it impossible, an' he didn't. Course he'll talk about the board o' directors an' all that; but if this here was his town that's cut in two by them tracks, an' if his folks an' his friends had to be crossin' 'em all the time, the tracks would be h'isted quicker'n a cat kin jump, an' don't you fergit it! I got a dinner pail up to the house—an' old, dented dinner pail that the little girl was carryin' to her father—an' sometimes it seems like it talks to me, talks o' duty done an' duty not done, an' the man that don't do his duty by his fellow man is the one to blame. You know who he is. Are you afraid of him? Are you waitin' fer something more to happen? Ain't he done enough now?"

John Moseley paused, and there was a dead silence.

"He could have saved her, an' he didn't," he added, and sat down.

To the astonishment of the people of Marshfield, and to the consternation of the prosecuting attorney, who insisted that a conviction was impossible, Samuel J. Barton, president and general manager of the D., H. & T. railroad, was indicted by the grand jury. The four who had been held at the inquest went free.

⁂

In the city the news of the accident created not even a ripple of excitement. It takes a big accident to even slightly disturb the routine of a railway office. The facts were reported to Mr. Barton, but they made no impression on that busy man. His subordinates would attend to everything, and it was not likely the claim agent would have any difficulty in effecting a settlement, if any liability attached to the road.

"They wanted to lynch the train crew," his informant told him.

"There are always irresponsible people who talk about lynching in time of excitement," returned Barton. "No injuries and only one fatality, you say?"

"That's all. A little girl was killed."

"Too bad," said Barton, in a meaningless tone. His mind was on something else at the time, and there was nothing in it to him but an annoying and unfortunate mishap in the operation of the road.

A few days later he was informed that the engineer and fireman had been held to the grand jury.

"The result of emotionalism," he commented. "After an accident people seem to think that they've simply got to indict somebody, just to ease their minds. Well, see that bonds are furnished, and instruct the legal department to look out for their interests."

Then came the startling news that Barton himself had been indicted.

In the railroad offices this was treated as a joke, and at first even Barton was inclined to laugh. It was so absurd to indict a man of his standing for the death of a child 200 miles away. But it was not pleasant, even as an absurdity, and his inclination to laugh disappeared entirely when he found that he was the central figure in a sensation. The evening papers, which had dismissed the accident originally, now gave all the details of it, in addition to presenting a full account of the proceedings of the grand jury.

Somehow, it came home to him now, as it had not before. The little girl was about the same age as his own little girl, and perhaps — nay, presumably—as well beloved. She had been taking her father's lunch to him, as was her custom. The father was waiting expectantly for the joyous smile and chatter that was more to him than the mission that brought her, and then — Barton shuddered. He was held responsible for this. It was ridiculous, of course, but—it was horrible.

"He could have saved her and he didn't," he muttered, repeating John Moseley's assertion, as he drove home that evening. The papers gave a pretty accurate account of what Moseley had said. "If this had been his town," he went on, still repeating Moseley's argument, "the tracks would be elevated, and don't you forget it."

Would they? Was it true that he was imposing on others a danger that he would not tolerate if he and his were concerned? No; of course not. When first petitioned to elevate the tracks, he had submitted the matter to the board of directors, and the directors had decided that the expense was not warranted. He had voted to this effect himself. If he had not—if, instead, he had taken the stand that the petitioners were justified in their demand—would the result have been different? Had it really rested with him to say whether these people should be exposed to this constant danger? A board of directors is an impersonal thing. As a member of that, he could take blame without wincing. But this was a different thing altogether: he stood alone. The child was dead, cruelly killed; was his the fault?

His wife met him at the door with an evening paper in her hands.

"Why have they indicted you?" she asked.

"Oh, those jay juries will do anything where a corporation is concerned," he replied carelessly. "Nothing will come of it."

"But surely you are not to blame, even indirectly," she urged. "Is that crossing so very dangerous?"

"There have been several accidents there," he answered, shortly. "But there's no question of responsibility in this action," he added. "They have simply singled out the man in the highest position, because the board of directors refused to elevate the tracks for them. It amounts to nothing. I'm not worrying, so there's no reason why you should."

He spoke only half the truth. He was not worrying about the indictment, but he was worrying about the child. He told himself he was not to blame, but his arguments were not convincing. The grand jurors put the responsibility upon him. Regardless of the legal strength or weakness of their position, they believed that he had been guilty of a willful sacrifice of human life, in that he could have prevented it and did not. How many others held the same view?

His little girl sat on his knee that evening, very thoughtful.

"What's an indictment, papa?" she asked at last.

"Have you been reading the newspapers?" he demanded, in a tone so sharp that it surprised her.

"I saw your name in big letters," she explained, "and I wanted to see what it said about you. You didn't kill the little girl, did you?"

"No, no, dear; of course not," he answered, hastily.

"And you couldn't help her dying, could you?"

His voice trembled a little, as he drew her close to him and told her she shouldn't read such things.

"It would have been just the same if it had been me, wouldn't it?" she persisted; and somehow he could not answer at all. "Because they said," she went on, "that if you lived there you'd have done things that you wouldn't do for the people who do live there. But that isn't true, is it, papa? You love all little girls, don't you? And you wouldn't let anybody's else's little girl be hurt, if you could help it, any more than your own—I know you wouldn't. Because all little girls have papas and mammas that love them just as much — why, what's the matter, papa?"

He put her down very gently and went out without a word. He did not dare trust himself to speak, and there was a moisture in his eyes that only a walk in the open air could clear away.

❧

At the meeting of the board of directors, two weeks later, Barton presided as usual, and under a weight in front of him there were some papers in which he seemed to be more than usually interested. No reference was made to the indictment until Barton himself brought Marshfield into the discussion. This was at the conclusion of the routine business.

"Gentlemen," he said, rising and drawing the papers toward him, "I have taken the liberty of having plans and specifications made for elevating our tracks where they pass through the town of Marshfield."

"Preposterous!" cried one of the heaviest stockholders in the road.

"As you doubtless know," Barton continued, ignoring the interruption, "our tracks pass through the heart of this town, crossing the main thoroughfare. In no other town are the conditions the same; in no other town is the danger so great. I think we owe this to the people of Marshfield and—to humanity."

"It will be establishing a costly precedent," argued a director.

"A precedent that should be established," said Barton. "Wherever these conditions exist this action should be taken. Marshfield did not build itself on both sides of our road; we put our road through the heart of Marshfield, because it suited our convenience. We have no right, in my opinion, to put these people in constant danger."

"They can move," laughed a jocular member of the board.

"Your views seem to have changed," suggested another.

"They have," admitted Barton.

"It's preposterous," repeated the heavy stockholder. "They've tried to sandbag us by this indictment, and I'll admit they seem to have one member of the board badly scared."

"I have here," said Barton, tapping the pile of papers, "a letter from the prosecuting attorney informing me that the indictment has been quashed. It was an absurdity, of course, but that grade crossing is not."

"It was a bluff, anyway," insisted the stockholder, "and we can't afford to be bluffed. Why, every town on the line will be after us for something, if we're as 'easy' as this. Let them wait."

"It was no bluff when they twice petitioned us," urged Barton.

All other business was finished and the directors were becoming impatient.

"Let them wait," two or three repeated; and one added, "Let's adjourn."

"One moment, please," insisted Barton. "I am very much in earnest in this, and I will make it a personal matter."

"Time enough later," was the retort. "Let them suffer a little for the outrageous impertinence of their action."

Barton pushed the papers toward the center of the table, and leaned forward, still holding one hand on them.

"I have here," he said, "the plans and specifications for elevating the tracks and also a resolution authorizing the engineering and construction departments to proceed with the work. If the plans are not suitable, they can be changed; but you must act on the resolution, gentlemen, or" (he placed another paper with the pile on the table) "on this."

"What is it?" someone asked.

"My resignation as an officer and a director of this board," answered Barton, slowly and distinctly. "I will not be responsible, directly or indirectly, for those conditions one minute longer than it will take to remedy them."

They looked at Barton in astonishment. He was very pale, but determined; there could be no doubt that he meant exactly what he said. If he failed to carry his point, he would have made a great sacrifice for nothing. To do as he had done a man must feel deeply—as Barton felt. It was quixotic to risk so much in such a way, but he had considered all this long before, and he was sure he would rather lose than compromise with his conscience. Nothing short of this could ease his mind.

For a moment the board seemed inclined to accept his challenge and his resignation; but the heavy stockholder who had made the determined fight against track elevation was a man who never let pride or principle stand in the way of his business interests. And Barton, although a very small stockholder, was a valuable man.

"I don't like to be bluffed," said the heavy stockholder, "but it's better to be bluffed than it is to lose the services of an official who is experienced, capable and thoroughly conversant with every detail of the road's business."

And he laughed good-naturedly but without joyousness—as a man does when he knows he is beaten and simply wants to make the best of an awkward situation.

When the news was received at Marshfield the citizens wanted to erect a statue to John Moseley in the public square. They gave him the credit, and so far as they were concerned he was entitled to it; but no one in the town really knew just how or why he was able to gain this victory.

EXPERIENCE

By MARGARET ASHMUN
MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

NO joy have they who know not any pain —
Who hide not some sweet grief from light of day;
And those who know not loss know naught of gain,
No joy have they.

To feel is all. Who sees the old moon wane
Wins joy of each new waking. Those are gay
Whose tears are dried. The happy live in vain —
No joy have they.

"HICCUPS"

By HOLMAN F. DAY

AUBURN, MAINE

WHEN Perley Ward came down from his Winter's work in the wood he brought as gifts to his young wife seven fisher-cat skins, a loupcervier pelt, four huge, hardened mushroom growths, on which woods' scenes could be painted, and nearly two pounds of spruce gum, tied into the corner of a meal bag. No more admirable specimens of spruce gum were ever seen in Palermo village. Perley had spent his evenings of leisure scraping the globules. Each was as big as the end of one's thumb and glowed with ruddy fires as though it had absorbed the glories of Summer sunshine, the mellowness of bland Autumn and the flarings of the huntsman's camp-blaze, savory with steam from the venison steaks. It was gum to start moisture in the mouth corners if it were rolled before greedy eyes from palm to palm; it was gum that melted into a cud of succulent spiciness, and one was prompted to jam it hard between the molars, fillip it on the tongue, squat it against the front teeth, draw out its yielding pinkness across the lips into a long, elastic ribbon and then thrust it back jealously and ruminate with those rabbit-like chewings generally called "gum-yankin's."

Mrs. Perley Ward succumbed to all this temptation. She chewed gum all day long. At meal times she stuck the little pink gobbet under the edge of her plate; when she went to bed her gum decorated the headboard so that it might be handy next morning. She chewed steadily, with those little crackly snappings of the gum that the experienced ruminant is enabled to produce. Her husband counseled her to be more moderate. He said that pretty soon she would have cheek muscle as big as a biceps and would look like a squirrel lugging nuts.

But she prolonged her gum debauch. Then one day she began to hiccough. At first 'twas only a little, easy, gurgling hiccough. There were faint sounds like subdued snickers, scarcely more than a catching of the breath, with lip nippings and pretty frowns and laughter when a hiccough chopped a word in two.

"Can't you take somethin' for that?" demanded Mr. Ward at the dinner table. "You sound like a chicken eatin' hot peppered bran mash."

"They'll stop in a mi—tchick—minute all ri — tchock — all right," said Mrs. Ward cheerily, and she ate a little dry sugar.

But they didn't. They were snickering away cheerfully at supper time. Mr. Ward informed her that she sounded like a setting hen clucking.

"For deuce-nation's sake," he protested, "choke it off, Phoebe. I told you not to chew so much gum. Now you're gettin' your pay."

His wife was a bit more serious at bed time. Those hiccoughs had tugged at her aesophagus for nine hours, and the everlasting iteration of "ock" was becoming monotonous. She tried the easy methods of cure. She took nine sips of cold water. No good. By Ward's advice she held her breath, sat in a chair and doubled forward, her chin upon her knees, repeating the movement regularly. But when she had finished that exercise four hiccoughs disjointed the short sentence in which she told her husband that his remedy had failed. She went to bed, but her cluckings shook the four-poster until Perley Ward was exasperated. All at once he leaped up with a terrific yell, grabbed his wife by the shoulders and shook her. Her screams of terror were shot through with hiccoughs.

"Usually," explained Mr. Ward, apologetically, "if you can scare anyone in good shape you can cure hiccups. But you seem to be fairly runnin' over with 'em."

In the morning Mrs. Ward was haggard after a sleepless night. The hiccoughs went on with the regularity of the ticking of a monster eight-day clock. Mrs. Ward had heard that hiccoughs running eight days would kill any one. Aunt Rhoda Bragg, who bobbed in during the forenoon, said that her grandmother had told her that people who hiccoughed five thousand and three times died when puckering for the next "ock." Mrs. Ward hadn't kept count, but she began to get worried. When Aunt Rhoda advised her to stand on all fours, take a long breath and slowly raise one foot in the air, Mrs. Ward did so. No effect.

The grocery driver came in and told her that if she drank enough whiskey to get dead drunk the hiccoughs would stop. But Mrs. Ward was an earnest member of the W. C. T. U. She firmly stated that she wouldn't drink liquor even to cure a cobra bite. The grocery man lifted his eyebrows and went away with the air of one who has done his duty and shifts all responsibility.

Time and the hiccoughs went on. Three days passed. The whole neighborhood was interested in the case. Everyone was digging in musty recipe books and quizzing old folks for hiccough remedies.

Mrs. Ward tried them all. She took a mouthful of water for each year of her life and a sip of sweetened cider for every star on the United States flag. She went out and jumped off the big beam into the hay bay. She stood in the middle of the room and whirled like a dancing dervish. She inverted herself on her head in the corner for a full minute by the clock. She jumped around the room like a kangaroo and painfully hopped on all fours like an exaggerated toad. She ate ice cream, she drank cold coffee. And the doctor put four different kinds of poultices on her chest and red medicine in one tumbler and pink in another — spoons across the top — one every half hour, one before eating; but still those hiccoughs kept yanking out of her throat like an anchor chain out of a hawser pipe. Her muscles ached from the fantastic calisthenics, she was frantic from sleeplessness, weak from fatigue and hunger. She took to her bed and lay there gasping hiccoughs like an expiring skate fish. Mr. Ward ceased to remind her that he "had told her so" about that spruce gum. Her hollow eyes seemed to accuse him of some crime, as though he had placed a deadly weapon in her unaccustomed hands.

"Phoebe can't last much longer this way," mused Mr. Ward. "I reckon I'd better send for her relatives." And he did.

Among the arriving kinsmen was her brother, a dictatorial big man with hairy hands and brusque ways.

"By godfrey ginger!" he roared in the parlor conference of relations, "you're a nice set of clam fritters to let a woman lay up here and hiccup her lungs out. Why, every ten-year-old child ought to know enough to cure hiccups. She needs to be scared."

He impatiently stopped their explanations with a disgusted flourish of his hairy hands and started for the front stairs.

"You stay here," he commanded; "all of you stay here."

They could hear him creaking from tread to tread on the stairs as he advanced with the caution of a stealthy elephant. They heard the slow whine of a door on its hinges and then:

"Gr—r—r—wer—aouw!" That yell in the upper regions would have drowned the howl of a fire-boat's siren. A plaintive squeal and a moan followed and then the fall of a heavy body. When the troop of breathless relatives arrived in the room the big man was just lifting his sister back into bed. She was deadly white and her eyes were closed.

"She's dead!" bellowed her husband. He ran to the bed, gazed on her and then faced the brother with the fury of him who confronts the murderer of a loved one.

"You miserable whelp," the husband howled, "you've killed Phoebe. I'll break you into inch pieces. I'll—"

"She hain't dead. I'll bet she hain't dead," said the big man, nervously. "I don't b'lieve she's dead. She's just fainted. Throw water on her."

One of the female relatives obeyed, and soon a fluttering of the pale eyelids cheered the anxious group.

"Told you she wa'n't dead," declared the big man with new confidence. "Course she ain't dead. But I've cured them hiccups. There don't none of the rest of you know enough to handle a case of pip."

He went along and joggled the elbow of the reviving woman.

"All right now, ain't you, Sis?" he cried jubilantly.

"Oh, Joe you — ick — you—ock—you scared me dret—uck—dretfully!" she quavered, and then began to cry weakly, her sobs alternating with hiccoughs that seemed fairly to lift her off the bed. The big man looked at her aghast, passed his hairy hand across his sweaty and corrugated brow and ejaculating, "Well, I'll be—" he walked from the room, clumped down stairs and went out of the house.

He came back at supper time, and said with sheepish demeanor, "I still insist that scarin' 'em out is the right way to handle hiccups, friends, but I ain't fitted to doctor folks, I reckon. To make up for what I did today I'll be the watcher tonight. All the rest of you go to bed."

The suspicious husband protested, but in the end the dictatorial brother prevailed. He pushed all of them bluffly out of the room at eight o'clock, his hairy hands against their shoulders. He locked the door behind them. Then he went and sat by the open window, gazing impatiently out into night, his fat silver watch in his hand. The woman lay croaking hiccoughs and moaning softly. Her eyes were closed. At nine o'clock there was a "hist" in the darkness outside.

"Get that ladder 'side o' the barn," whispered the big man.

In a few moments a face came up into the glimmer of the sick-room light. It was a queer and rectangular sort of a face. A tufty beard was dotted around it. The eyes were flat and fishy and "toed out." Another man came on the ladder close behind and urged on the hesitating fellow in the lead.

"He's about due for one, is he?" inquired the big man of the individual farthest down the ladder.

"It's his regular day," replied the other, his tones muffled by an abnormal chew of tobacco. "The poor farm superintendent says he alwa's has one on Tuesday and one late Friday. He hain't had his Friday one yit. You can reckon on him all right."

The big man eased the rectangular-faced man into the room and gently pushed him into a chair near the bed.

"Set there," he hissed. The woman in bed, absorbed in her own troubles, did not open her eyes. The big man backed to the window and gruntingly clambered out onto the ladder.

"I don't want her to see me when it happens," he whispered. "If she gits her eye on me when it's goin' on she won't be so scared."

He remained with his head just above the sill. The other man calmly reversed his position on the ladder, put his back against the rungs and chewed luxuriously.

"Northin' to do but wait," he murmured.

The minutes passed slowly. The new attendant on the sick woman sat hunched in the chair in the position in which the big man left him. Once in a while he shut his mouth with a moist "soofle" and then relaxed the jaw muscles again.

The big man shifted from foot to foot and grunted softly.

"This is gettin' mighty tedious," he growled, discontentedly. "Ain't there somethin' that will jounce him along a bit?"

"Wal, no one on the poor farm has ever practiced on pokin' him up to have one. He has enough of 'em without bein' encouraged. Howsomever, a sudden little start might set him off, seein' he's well keyed up for one o' them."

"There's a carriage sponge down in the horse trough," said the big man. "Sop it full o' water an' bring it up to me."

When it was delivered to the brother he balanced it in his hairy hand and threw it, as Jove would launch a thunderbolt, full at the rectangular face.

Spush!

With a maniacal yell the fellow leaped up like a flopping fish and then fell back into the chair. The sick woman opened her eyes and stared. As she gazed on the unknown he straightened out, his body sinking into the depths of the big chair, his limbs rigid, his fingers hooked and stiff. There was a slow, grinding twist of his whole body. Froth appeared on his snarling lips and his sterterous breathing blew out little bubbles of it. Then all at once he began to leap and flop. He fell on the floor, bounced around, stood up on one foot, whirled like a teetotum and fell again. The woman, horrified, sat up, clutched the bed-clothes and screamed hideously. In the rooms below sounded a succession of thunks of bare feet as the household leaped out of bed.

The rectangular-faced man now ran round and round the room. He butted his head against the wall once or twice so violently that the plaster rattled down. He rolled across the floor, taking up-ended chairs with him. Hands and feet were pounding at the door and voices were clamoring for admittance. The woman in bed had the ghastly look of one death-struck. The creature tore from side to side of the room, fairly running up the walls, dropping on all fours and gathering himself for another scramble. All at once he leaped high, went along the wall in a sprawling half-circle, knocked over the lamp stand and its lamp and when the blaze spurted over the carpet he made a wild plunge for the open window. He swept both men down the ladder with him and they all were piled in a struggling heap at the bottom. The next moment the door of Mrs. Ward's room was burst in with a crash. The fire was already licking at the bed. The draught of the open window and door carried the flames roaring through the upper part of the little house, and it was with difficulty that the woman, wrapped in her bed-clothes, was borne out. In half an hour the roof fell in and the chimneys crashed down into the swirling flames.

The relatives sat under the orchard trees, listening once more to Mrs. Ward's recital of the dreadful scene in her chamber. She did not understand. The relatives did not understand, either. The big man was not there to explain. But in a little while he came bustling up. To the flood of questions and the complaints that he had abandoned his charge, he put up a protesting palm.

"I was there—I was there," he insisted. "I have just been to help carry him back to the poor farm. He got scorched a little."

"Carry who back?"

"Why, Fitz-William, called so on account of his fits."

"How did he happen to be in Phoebe's room?"

"I put him there myself."

"What for?" the husband roared.

"Well, I've maintained from the first that the only way to cure hiccups is to scare the patient. I heard of Fitz-William and I borrowed him."

"I'm goin' to kill you," Ward shrieked. "I call on you all to notice it's justifiable homicide."

"Hold on," said the big man, authoritatively, "have you had a hiccup since," Sis?" The woman and the relations looked at each other. For half an hour they had been talking excitedly without noticing that Phoebe had recovered. The woman was as astonished as the rest.

"Put a lunatic in my wife's room and burn the house down! That's your idea of curin' hiccups, hey?" demanded the infuriated Ward.

"The fire was an accident—wasn't in the original scheme," calmly replied the big man. "The plan of cure was all right and succeeded perfectly. My sister owes her life to me."

"But you've burned my house down," clamored Ward, quivering his hand toward the smouldering fire.

"A mere nothin' where my sister's life was concerned," the big man answered blandly. "You're a little stirred up now, Perley, but you'll come round and thank me when you've thought about it a while. What would ye ruther have, an old house that can be built again with a few boards and plaster, or a true and lovin' wife? Just remember you're talking about my sister!" He glowered menacingly.

The husband stared from the big man to his sister and from the woman to the other relatives. One word—the wrong word—would put him in the light of a cold-hearted cad, and Ward realized it. He kept still.

"Good night," said the big man, genially. "I'll be going home, I guess."

And he left them gazing into the still flickering fire, wondering what to say to each other.

A SOLAR-LUNAR COMEDY

By JANE ELLIS JOY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A curious Esquimaux story is this:
A lad at a party once ventured to kiss
A maiden whose beauty had captured his fancy,—
She might have been Prudence, she might have been Nancy:
No matter;—though hitherto gentle and meek,
This Esquimaux maid slapped the youth on the cheek.
The merry assembly broke out into laughter;
Away ran the maid, and the youth followed after.
They raced and they chased where auroral light throws
The rainbow hues over the glaciers and snows.
She ran and he ran, and so keen was the race
Both leaped off the rim off the earth into space.
Then the Esquimaux lad, so the old legends run,
Became the earth's moon, and the maid was the sun.
With the mark of her hand still dark on his face
He follows her yet, with a gain of a pace
And when time brings around a solar eclipse
'Tis thought he then kisses the maid on the lips.

THE DORMITORY IN STODDARD'S BUNGALOW

IN THE BUNGALOW WITH CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

A PROTEST AGAINST MODERNISM

By YONE NOGUCHI

TOKYO, JAPAN

SO, our love (love between Stoddard and me, by Buddha's name) was sealed one Spring day, '97. Sweet Haru—it's more melodious than "Spring"—usually bringing a basketful of some sort of surprise! I climbed up the hill—those days I spent with Joaquin Miller, loitering among the roses and carnations, — and threw my kisses toward Charley's "Bungalow" in Washington. Eternally dear "Charley" (as he was called in California)! The air was delicious. I gathered all the poppies and buttercups, and put them in a sprinkler. I offered it to my imaginary Charley. From day immemorial he had appeared a sort of saint,—a half-saint at least. If he ever accepted my offering!

It rains today, the drops tapping my window panes frequently. What could be more welcome than the renewal of memory? (Am I growing old? I am still this side of thirty.) For some while I have been looking over old letters. How wildly I used to laugh at my grandfather engaging in the same task in my boyhood's days! Here's Max Nordau's. There's a poem written by the genial

Professor Van Dyke. This long letter minutely written on the sky-blue sheets should be from my dear William Rossetti. What encouragement he bestowed on me! What pains he took in suggesting a certain change for my poem. Isn't this the acknowledgement of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, for my book? Look at the dear little crown in red upon the envelope! That is by a Millicent, — why, the Duchess of Sutherland! There is a huge bundle of the letters sent by Charley. What a correspondence! My letters were an avalanche of sorrow usually. Once upon a time I was quite proud in telling of the many tears in my life. He would begin his letters with "My sad poet." Shall I trace back our love, following the dates? He once addressed me:

> "Sometimes at sea, in the midst of the wave-crested wilderness, a weary and affrighted bird falls panting upon the ship's reeling deck.
>
> "It was born in the Garden of Spices; it bathed its wings in perfume; it sang with all the wild, free singers of the grove; at night the stars glinted on its dew-damp plumage, while it slept on its fragrant bough.
>
> "But a fierce wind came and whirled it afar through the empty spaces beyond the sea's grey rim,—whirled it afar until it fell panting and affrighted upon the ship's reeling deck:
>
> "Then those who were on board tenderly nursed it, and caressed it, and gave it generous cheer, but the bird ceased its song,—or if it sang it sang only of the Garden of Spices, for it was an exile forever more.
>
> "So thou seemest to me, Oh, Yone! like the weary bird, torn from its blessing bough, and whirled into the midst of the wave-crested wilderness.
>
> "They who have found thee, would comfort and caress thee—I most of all—but thy songs are tear-stained, and thou singest only the song of the exile—a lament for the Garden of Spices, and all the joys that were."

What a disappointment I must be proving myself to him nowadays! "You are a poet of common sense," he denounced me not long ago. Am I practical? I wonder. However, I feel like teasing him once in a while, saying lots of disagreeable things upon his living without setting his feet on the ground of Life,—I, playing the part of bee buzzing around a big idol. He will turn his large blue eyes—how pathetically appealing they are—and, of course with a sort of smile, say: "God made me!"

I have been getting rid of the sad muses lately. I whistle into the air. I smile up to the sun. Didn't he plan, some time ago, to fly from the world—he with me—and bury ourselves in some obscurity (somewhere where he could smell the roses abundantly, and keep a few intimate books and "a parrot to swear for fun")?

⁂

I found myself in the East first in '99. Ho, ho, Washington, Charley's Bungalow! Till that day we had embraced each other only in a letter.

I couldn't imagine his "Bungalow" without the ivy vines, some of which would venture in through a broken window, — the broken window adding a deal of charm. Yes, there they were. How I wished it were not so modernized with the door bell! A door knob if you must. There the moon would crawl from the eastern window into the library, as if a tired spirit (tired is Charley's) peeping into the pages of a book. What a tremendous number of books, — each book with the author's sentiments in autograph! Certainly a few tassels of cobwebs wouldn't be out of place.

"Oh, Yone, you would fit in there," Charley exclaimed. We both sat in one huge chair with a deep hollow where we could doze comfortably, its long arms appearing but a pair of oars carrying us into the isle of dream. It would have been more natural had I been barefooted and in a Japanese kimono. "You are far too Americanized," he condemned me terribly. He looked at me critically and said: "How handsomely you are dressed, Yone!" Did he expect me to be another Kana Ana—a little sea god of his South Sea, shaking the spray from his forehead like a porpoise? (What charmingly lazy "South Sea Idyls," by the way!) I am positive he prayed that I would come to him in some Japanese robe at the least.

We talked on many things far and near, — things without beginning and apparently without end. We agreed upon every point. We aroused ourselves to such a height of enthusiasm. He told me a thousand little secrets (aren't little secrets cozy)? Is there any more delicious thing than to listen to his talk about nothing? Sweet nothing! The nothing would turn to a silver-buskined anecdote at once when it was told in the Bungalow — especially by him. What a soothingly balmy atmosphere in the house, which might have been blowing from a forgotten book of poems! How full of little stories he is! "Dad," I exclaimed. It was only natural for me to say that.

We slept in the same bed, Charley and I. Awakening in the night I observed that a light in the holy water font, a large crimson heart — now isn't that like Charley's? — was burning in golden flames like a baby's tiny hands in prayer. What a solitude, yet what sweetness! It wouldn't be strange if we became a sort of spirits in spite of ourselves. By my side the dear Charley was sleeping like a tired faun. Should I cover his head with the ivy? Occasionally he snored as if by way of apology for his still keeping this life. (Thy life be eternal!) I saw a scapular around his neck, and a tattoo of the sacred cross on his arm, done in Jerusalem — how romantically Rome sounded to him. He is a Catholic. He cherished such a sort of thing with child's devotion. I wonder if I ever came across any more simple man than himself. He just reminded me of the Abbe Constantin in the novel of Halevy. (What a dear book is that!) I shouldn't be surprised to see him any day, counting a rosary, with downcast eyes, around a monastery, —San Francisco del Deserto, perhaps. I left the bed. I prayed for his happiness.

⁂

Poor old Stoddard ("old" as he professes)! His lovely writing — what a breeze, what a scent in it — didn't succeed in bringing him an ample livelihood. He has been always to the edge of that success which he has never reached. It is an eternal question whether pure literature will pay. "If I could only write trash!" he would exclaim.

He had been in the South Sea to shake off the world's trouble. He had returned to civilization again, perhaps after turning to a half-savage. How he wished to be a barbarian, and live forever in some cozy spot! There would be nothing jollier than to eat with one's fingers, using a leaf for a platter. He is always puzzling to find out where he belongs. Not in America, to be sure. "Yes, sea-chanting beach of Lahina, or under the banana leaves of Tahiti! By Jove, if I could return over there! I could build such a life as here we can only dream of," he would say, flashing a sort of dreaming eyes. He had been longing with abundant lamentation, like one after the wife he has divorced.

It would be that he couldn't grasp tight the real meaning of life, if he were a failure itself as he says. He is a born dreamer—however moss-grown the phrase be. He has been living in the world without any motive. (It may be just the opposite, although so it does appear.) He doesn't know any worldly routine. There is nothing more welcome to him than writing. He will often answer, however, with something about his "pen-fright," when some editor asks for an article on a certain subject. He would begin to look unhappy since morning, if it were his lecturing day. He was professor in the Catholic University, Washington, District of Columbia. It was not so much on account of the work. How he hates to be constrained! He wishes to be perfectly free. After all, he is nothing but a spoiled child. "I am even a baby," he will proclaim off-hand.

He will serenely fill a convenient corner and "look natural," and perhaps think about sweet nothing, and occasionally get very solemn—that is all he likes to do. Do you know how he fits such a pose?

I dedicated to him my book of poems (England: 1903). He wrote me:

> "O my Poet! Can you imagine my surprise when I turned the leaves of your latest book, and found it was dedicated to me? I was quite wild with excitement, I hardly knew what to do with myself. O, I am so happy! Your success is now assured in England. The moment you are recognized by the right person, or persons, you are recognized by all the London world. Now, you see, like my Lord Byron, you wake up to find yourself famous! O my beloved kid, I am so glad—so very, very glad!"

Dear emotional old man! Did I bring you such a sensation?

⁂

He was in New York last June. He appeared like an abandoned boat — perhaps a Hawaiian canoe—terribly tottering on the ocean waves, not knowing whither he was going.

(I often thought he was a genius who had sprung up in the least advantageous time and place. What a wonder if he should prove himself under the right shade!)

"'Tis my life—my whole history of failure! I feel shame in such a clear exposition of myself," he cried one day, holding his "For the Pleasure of His Company," which had just been published from San Francisco.

"I am sure you would like Miss Juno," he reflected a moment later, speaking of one of the characters in his book.

Doubtless he must have fallen in love with many a woman in his life. He might have married one of them if he had been sure of not getting tired of her after a while. He often said, how could he ever forget the scar of a wound which he might give her in saying or doing something he ought not to say or do — something that would make her hate him.

"I am a born coward," he would say, if you denounced his having no blood to risk.

⁂

Richard LeGallienne invited us one evening. After dinner we sat in his little roof garden.

Many a lantern was lighted.

For some while "Bob" Mackay of the "Success" had been telling one of his breezy experiences in the South Sea.

Mr. Stoddard's eyes eagerly followed the moon. What a sweet moon-night it was! His soul must have been cruising in his beloved coral sea,—severed from every tie, politely letting the world go by as if it were of no moment, trusting in God.

Mr. Mackay sadly assured us that the foreign missionary and the American tipping custom were speedily spoiling the whole islands.

"They are a nation of warriors and lovers falling like the leaf, but unlike it, with no followers in the new season," sighed Mr. Stoddard.

Stoddard has left New York for good, as he said. For where? It is our fate that we drift away from each other?

"Thou and I, O Charles, sit alone like two shy stars, West and East."

ALOHA, WELA, WELA!

WHICH, BEING INTERPRETED INTO IRISH, SIGNIFIETH, "THE TOP OF THE MORNIN' TO YOU, CHARLIE!"

By ETHEL ARMES
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

THE Bungalow! Stoddard's Bungalow!

It is in Washington, District of Columbia, on Third and M streets, northwest, — a plain, two-story house, six rooms and a bath,—nothing extraordinary on the surface. It is made of red brick, of course, since pretty nearly everything in Washington runs to red brick, but the basement is painted the color of stale caramels, and a few square feet of "wilderness" surrounds it, stubborn sod and weeds over which Jule labors patiently. Being on the corner and draped in masses and festoons of ivy, the house has an air about it, does not hurl itself hard against the asphalt, but steps daintily; a tiny green park—belonging to the government — between itself and the streets; and maple trees are planted here in a triangle, and from its heart there leaps a little fountain.

JULES, MAJOR DOMO OF THE BUNGALOW

"But it is a Protestant fountain," sighs Mr. Stoddard, "and it doesn't play on Sunday!"

It is, however, just enough holy water to make him thirst for more, for the sea, the blessed sea, forever and forever for the sea.

"Ah, I cannot be happy without the sea!" and dear old Stoddard sinks back into his long-armed Bombay chair, utterly given up to woe,—for five minutes—perhaps ten! if you cannot toss some cap of bells and distract his attention.

I will never forget my first meeting with Stoddard, "My First Interview with a Celebrated Man," it is headed in my journal of my sixteenth year. I had all the emotions peculiar to my age—to me—and my sex—I am tempted to add!

I arrived at the rusty little iron fence enclosing Jule's front garden, — such poor little bangs of grass—worse than

"BEING ON THE CORNER AND DRAPED IN MASSES AND FESTOONS OF IVY"

my own hair to manage. I stood for a moment at the gate looking all over the house, holding tightly in my hand a letter of introduction to Mr. Stoddard from his old friend Mr. Hastings, former consul from Hawaii, and my visiting card written in ink, the Washington Post in tremendous letters, and my name I used to be so proud of,—Ethel Marie Armes, with a flourish. The window blinds of the Bungalow were closed. Myriads of birds, chattering sparrows, rustled in the ivy. It seemed like a place deserted, for sale or for rent. I counted four little blue flags growing in the stubborn sod, six morning glories and two sprays of honeysuckle! I observed the formation of the bay window and the design of the iron steps, seeing, to my disappointment, there was no formation, no design. They were precisely like every other house in the row on that side of the block. The ivy alone, the closed blinds, the blue flags and the uncut grass made a difference. I slowly entered, looking around like a detective. I caught sight of three burnt matches in the vestibule, a cigarette end and two cobwebs. I stepped on a sort of oil-cloth carpet of hideous design in the vestibule. Then I rang the bell. Six times did I ring that bell and get no answer. Then

I went to the house next door, and a red-headed woman in a pink calico wrapper responded.

"Is the corner house occupied?" I asked. "Doesn't Charles Warren Stoddard live there?"

"Ain't he a little man with a bald head?" she rejoined pleasantly.

"I don't know, I never saw him, but I think he has a beard," I said.

"Don't he carry a basket and go to market three times a week and take a funny little white dog with him?" she went on regardless.

"Perhaps he does," I replied.

"Well, that's him," she said; "he's there all right. I saw him go in just before you came. But I ain't been here long; I don't know none of my neighbors yet."

Thus fortified, I returned to the Bungalow, rang the bell twice more and then sat down on the front steps to wait. I must have waited half an hour when at length the front door was opened about four inches and a fat little man with a bald head and a smooth, round face like that of the moon peeped out at me with blinking eyes and asked in broken English:

"You like to see Meestaire Stoddaire?"

"I do," said I with relief, and gave him my precious card and the letter from Mr. Hastings. The little man withdrew, closing the door quietly. In another moment he returned, and flinging the door wide open, bowed several times very low, and with welcome shining on his face like soap, cried:

"Coom in, Mademoiselle! Meestaire Stoddaire says coom in, coom in!"

I jumped up and entered a dark, shabby little hall leading into a still more darkened parlor. Parlor! Shades of Hades! Shadow of the Catacombs! Ghosts of the South Seas! Cauldron of Witches! Sleeping nook of Titania! "My God!" I could not help ejaculating to myself. Surely if ever anything was different from everything else it was this! Undoubtedly it must be a Home of Genius!

I sat on a pearl-inlaid chest from India, near some bones of the Saints under a Buddhist rosary next to a sheet of bark from the Fiji Islands. How long I sat there I do not know, but it was long enough to make a mental inventory of everything in that room and the next as they loomed up in the dim light. There were a dozen fans of dried palms, at least twenty feathers, possibly from the tails of tropic birds, cocoanuts carved like gargoyles, Hawaiian canoes, paddles, savage weapons, old swords from Japan, figurines from Grecian tombs, bas reliefs from Rome, skulls and bones, relics of the True Cross, crowns of thorns, the old slipper of Mr. William Dean Howells, crucifixes, rosaries by the score, glass cases full of the relics of Father Damien, a dozen statuettes and pictures of St. Anthony of Padua and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt of Paris,— there was, in short, everything that everybody, both saint and sinner, of every nation, ever dreamed or could dream in both sweet rest and nightmare, both drunk and sober,— in this world and the next.

While I was trying to get it all into my head I heard a movement, I heard the sweep of what sounded like a woman's skirt on the stairs and I wondered what was coming next,— then— slowly, majestically entered the Master of All This, clad in a Hawaiian dressing gown with angel sleeves, He, the Pagan, the Poet, the Traveler, the Catholic, the Man of Letters, the World Renowned, the Celebrated, Sublime and Only Charles Warren Stoddard (to recur to the far-famed phrasing of that historic interview done in all gravity in my Blessed Barnum & Bailey Days.)

I stood up trembling, "Is this—this— Mr. Stoddard?"

"I am!" he replied in a deep, almost tragic tone, and walking slowly across the room sank into his long-armed chair and sighed profoundly.

A ray of morning sunlight shot in through the ivy curtained window and lit up his face.

I sat looking at him in the silence, marking that his eyes were blue and melancholy, his hair, what there was of it, gray, his beard full and gray, and that for some reason or other he was in a most terrible fit of the blues. I became pigeon-toed with sympathy and embarassment. Pretty soon, however, he forgot all about my being there and became lost in dreams. Nothing was said at all for a long while, for I myself knew nothing to say, and I had expected he would begin. Finally, I thought there would be no interview for me if one or the other did not speak. So I picked up a stool and moved it over near to him and asked—for lack of anything else, where he went to school when he was young.

DIVAN IN CORNER OF THE CARD ROOM, THE BUNGALOW

This question might have been a strain from Orpheus, for it started him successsfully,—waving leaves of the Voice of Dodona at the bow! He did not draw in sail for four hours! He talked as I dreamed a Genius would. If he did drop into Hell one second, he arose into Paradise the next,—following the waves—answering my hundred questions—he entered full upon the voyage of his life—all sails to the wind—I, the wind.

If I ever could have written all he told me in those immortal hours—it would be worse than a three-decker. It was not only his own biography, but the biography of his friends, his old California and London and Latin Quarter and Egyptian days, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walt Whitman, Robert Browning, Kate Field, George Eliot, Mrs. Atherton,

CARD ROOM, LOOKING INTO RECEPTION ROOM, THE BUNGALOW

Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Burnett, Thomas Janvier, Kipling, the Japanese poet boy Yone Noguchi, Bliss Carman, Gelett Burgess, Dick Savage—everybody!

He has told some little of it himself since! In "Exits and Entrances," in "The Troubled Heart," in "For the Pleasure of His Company," and now just lately in "The Island of Tranquil Delights"—and he has many a tale left to unfold,—oh, the half is not yet told!

So I listened, in what supreme delight can be imagined. When he touched upon his visit to George Eliot, the tears came to my eyes. Not that his narrative was pathetic—it was just the other way, —oh that rare Comic Muse that is his own Guardian! But just at that time I had a keen personal intimacy with Dorothea Brooke, with Silas Marner and Maggie Tulliver, and the very mention of Dad's having crossed the threshold of their creator was enough!

"And you met her—and you shook hands with her—and you talked with her — with George Eliot!" I gasped, feeling like kneeling and kissing the hem of his robe for her dear sake.

"Alas," he murmured,—he was always murmuring alas,—"I,—I am a hero worshipper no more, — I have met all my heroes!" Which was a subtilety I could not comprehend,—in that day—and we passed on, by the cities, by the islands, by the men and women he had known for nearly half a century.

"But I,—I am a spirit of a South Sea Islander reincarnated," he said. "Nowhere, nowhere, only in the Islands of the Pacific, do I find rest, do I feel at home,—will I be happy. Yes, Washington and Boston are the most beautiful cities in the world, and I have seen them all, but I am not satisfied. Here it is

RECEPTION ROOM, LOOKING INTO CARD ROOM, THE BUNGALOW

too far inland. The Chesapeake is not within sight or sound, and even if it were, it would not be the vast illimitable sea that stretches to another world. There is something indescribably thrilling to see and behold the great deep, where each rushing wave makes an unbroken circuit of the world. And ah, in Honolulu—in my old bungalow in the old days, days never to come again—looking, there was always something to see, where when it rains the sun is shining and the sky is clear and the falling drops are like dazzling lines of gold!"

Oh, was it a wonder that I became from that day to this his daughter — his "Prodigal Daughter"—he always called me, I ever wandering and coming back. Whenever in the world, I wonder, does one not spring to that call of Aloha with flying arms and lightning feet?

Aloha Oe!

So Stoddard and I met, and it was good.

This was romance,— this was dream, —this, too, was reality. How I remember that night putting in my sacred journal: "On this day have I come face to face with a Great Soul,— and I failed him!"

(The reason for the last utterance,—by all the light of Present-day Logic that's in me,—I cannot find!)

I was introduced to Stoddard's household:

"There are Jule, the kid, and Mexique and myself,—we are three bachelors,—no, four—counting Mexique, for," Stoddard paused with a twinkle in his eye, "Mexique is a bachelor too! You must see Mexique, he's very fond of girls—he can—all but speak, — mademoiselle!"

That naughty Puck in the brain of Stoddard!

"Jule! Jule!" he called down stairs,

"Let Mexique come up, Jule." There was the swing of an opening door, a joyous bark, and up the stairs swift as a white mouse scampered fat little Mexique. Such a tiny mite of a dog! With soft tan ears and a snow-white coat and big, brilliant eyes and the jolliest bark on earth. He looked like the bits of stuffed things in the Christmas shops that babies love so. He came in a basket one afternoon to the Bungalow, a present from Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy Storer, and he found a home straightway in the lonely heart of the good old Jule.

"He is the idol of Jule's life," said Stoddard. "Jule breaks the First Commandment every hour on his account! You see Jule has but four loves in this world: port wine, myself, the Blessed Virgin and Mexique — and of us all, Mexique is first I verily believe. But Jule stuffs him to death—he is worse than a mother with an only child. Some day Mexique is going to die of indigestion—I know it! Jule never lets him exercise, but he carries him wherever he goes — Mexique is horribly lazy! So Jule carries him to market three times a week, to Mass on Sunday and to vespers and even into the confessional! Jule goes to confession twice a month, though what he has to tell,—God knows! His confessor told me confidentially that Jule had actually never committed a sin in his life. Now for me,—I never like to go to confession unless I have a very large number of sins to tell." Dad leaned back in the Bombay chair: "The poor father must be amused, you know, once in a while! Think of him,—how would you like it?— sitting there in that stuffy box listening to the venial sins that women tell,—they never breathe the big mortal ones, you know! He must have a change, you know, so I wait until I get a good round sum, and then I go, —and I make him roar! But Jule is a saint, he is a seraph! He has the soul of a woman,—but he was born that way, he cannot help it! Ah, Jule is indeed an angel! He is heaven and earth combined. He is my housekeeper, my cook, my butler— and so has been these ten years."

Just here Jule appeared in the doorway, uneasy for Mexique.

"Jule, Mexique is looking so well," said I, "you take very good care of him."

Jule beamed upon me, "Oh, mademoiselle, but Mexique seeck," he said. "Mexique est tres malade, mademoiselle!"

Jules' "mademoiselle!" It was inexpressible, — adorable. It was the nearest he ever got to woman— Stoddard said—so that was why.

"Mademoiselle, I gif him me'cine, but he seeck most ze time!"

"Jule, you feed him too much, I have told you that all the time," said Dad; "and Mexique is getting old and he is very fat and he needs exercise, Jule."

"Yes, dear Meestaire Stoddaire,—but I fear he may die!" Jule closed his eyes.

"Ssh!" whispered Stoddard, "he is saying a Hail Mary!"

After Jule left the room I asked Dad more about him.

For history,— for past — sancta simplicita! It was charming. Jule was born in the province, in the valley of the Loire. The first words he ever spoke were "Saint vierge." Drone of the litany, like humming of bees, all the sound of his youth and even before he was born, for his mother while he was still in her dedicated him to service in the church, service for the fathers, Saint Sulpice, and the glory of God. He washed dishes, he swept, cleaned, cooked, polished, all for the glory of God. He was a born miracle. The Sulpitian Fathers brought him over to this country and he had become a part of the Sulpitian Seminary in Baltimore twenty years before. Shut your eyes! Scorched brown brick, gray stone like mutton soup, a thousand empty, rattling windows revealing rooms and corridors like the bare-stripped branches of a November woods! Oh, I was there once and I saw it,—the desolation of it! And here Jule, little fat roly-poly Jule, smiling always like the moon,—he became the very light of that ghostly school.

Sometimes he worked outside of the walls. He cleared the strips of grass, binding the walls like green tape, of the fallen leaves and rubbish. Perhaps sometimes he might have peeped into the windows of the houses over the way, over that narrow street,—but, no,—he was no Fra Lippo Lippi — it was not his temperament! Yet somehow, — somewhere — he learned it — how to say "Mademoiselle!" Good God! That exquisite utterance! There will never be anything like it in the world again.

But, to continue. When the Catholic University was established somebody thought of Jule. He received a promotion. He became charge d'affaires of one of the dormitories, the very one in which Stoddard then had a den. Allons! This was progress. His English increased. Instead of Monsieur, he now said Meestaire. It was love at first sight between himself and Stoddard.

"I cannot live without Jule!" Mr. Stoddard at once declared.

"I cannot leeve without Meestaire Stoddaire!" said Jule.

Thereafter when the Bungalow was created Jule made the third move of his life, he and his two white shirts, his rosary, his little round cap, and the utterance of Mademoiselle — all came down into Washington City—into that little wonder of a house on M street, St. Anthony's Rest—the Bungalow.

There was one Mary, colored, mistress of the kitchen for a while, but she was laid up with miseries and obliged to abdicate. Ave Maria was her name when the biscuits were good. She kept the kitchen in excellent order, but "Oopstairs, — mon Dieu!" Jule, however, fixed that all right. "And we always keep the blinds closed so that the dust will not show," said Stoddard. Jule's duties were quite simple. He had a little card on which they were delicately arranged. "Feed Mexique" was the one occurring most frequently. If ever Jule were asked if he wished to go back to France he would shrug his shoulders.

KENNETH O'CONNOR STODDARD, THE AUTHOR'S ADOPTED SON, "THE KID" OF BUNGALOW DAYS — IN UNCLE SAM'S UNIFORM DURING THE SPANISH WAR

"Mademoiselle! Leave Meestaire Stoddaire? Ah, nevaire, nevaire! Who then take care for dear Meestaire Stoddaire?"

Yes, he used to be Dad's guardian too, for he had to remind him whenever it was his lecture day at the University; Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays they were, a few hours in the afternoon,—the black days of Mr. Stoddard's life—all the others in the week were gray, thinking of the black ones coming! Alas! Life! Like this!

"Jule, call me for breakfast. Ah, I cannot eat. Where has the kid gone, Jule? This is the day I teach,—God have mercy—is it not, Jule? I felt it!" Oh the rack, the torture, the restraint, the daily routine of teaching! I heard this story. A visiting prelate, a very holy man, was being escorted by almost the entire faculty through the halls of the great university. Stoddard's lecture room happened to be immensely crowded that day, the students, one and all absorbed, intent, craning necks forward. "Charles Warren Stoddard, the famous author,—ah, let us stop and listen!" The visiting prelate and the faculty filed in: bishops, priests, doctors, and philosophers. With all his native eloquence sublime, Charles Warren Stoddard was discoursing upon,—Miss Lillian Russell in tights!

That was just like Dad. How often he rises to such Heights!

Once he told me of the time when Jule was a hero,—"that terrible night when a woman broke into the house!"

But, listen to him:

"It was the time of the blizzard, that frightful Winter! Jule, the kid, Mexique and myself were sitting here around the fire trying to keep warm. The ice was slamming against the windows like battle-axes. The snow was piled mountain high in the streets. All at once the door bell rang violently. 'Who can be at the door this hour of the night?' thought I. 'Some one ees at ze door,' said Jule. Again the bell rang, more violently than before, and there was a terrific pounding upon the door. 'Jule, you really must go to the door,' I said, and finally after more ringing Jule went. He hurried back with a white face. 'A womans!' he gasped. 'A—a—woman!' cried I. 'Is she young?' asked the kid. Just then some strange man rushed upon us from the hall. 'A woman is freezing to death, man!' he cried. 'Come, help me bring her in!'

"'My dear man,' said I, 'we are three bachelors,—no, four, counting Mexique,—what can we do? There is a family next door—come—we will help you carry her there. 'Good God!' the man cried, 'have you no mercy? I tell you the woman is freezing to death!' 'Oh, if the woman is freezing to death,' said I, 'then by all means we will bring her in.' So we brought the woman in. Then the question came,—what to do next? We were four bachelors,—what could we do? What could we know? 'Whiskey!' yelled the strange man. 'Will you have some whiskey, madam?' I then addressed the freezing woman, whereat she kicked and shook her head. Then Jule, brave Jule, suggested tea,—tea and whiskey mixed. So we all four rushed madly down into the kitchen, mixed some whiskey and tea and brought it up to the freezing woman. Suddenly the door crashed open again. 'Not another female,' I hoped. But no use hoping. It was another one,—this time a small black one who wanted to get warm. Jule became frantic. I was in despair. Two females under our roof! What were we going to do? Jule got the small black one some mittens and an old coat of his and let it stay in the kitchen by the stove. Meanwhile the other one! It had smelt the whiskey and gone into hysterics. The kid sneaked out and telephoned for the police ambulance and we bribed the driver to take the freezing woman to her own home, which was the place for her. But ah! the horror of that night! I shall never forget it!"

The most interesting room in the Bungalow is perhaps the library. This adjoins Mr. Stoddard's bed room on the second floor, and here in rows of shelves are more than six thousand books, most of them autograph copies from all the writers of the world. It would take a volume to describe this one little room alone. But some of the inscriptions are charming, for instance, Mark Twain who sends his books, "To Charley from his oldest and handsomest friend," and Thomas Janvier, "His Thomas' first book from his Thomas, with his Thomas' love," and Joaquin Miller, with his

STUDY DESK IN THE BUNGALOW, SHOWING MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN AND DEATH MASK OF SAN BRUNO

broad, illegible sweep, "Don Carlos Warren Stoddard, my friend and fellow traveler, with bushels of love," and William Dean Howells' "To our dear Stoddard from all his affectionate Howellses." Rudyard Kipling has a little verse (quoted from Longfellow) dedicated to Stoddard with his first edition:

> "I ploughed the land with horses,
> But my heart was ill at ease,
> For the old sea-faring men
> Came to me now and then
> With their sagas of the seas!"

Bliss Carman—blessed poet that he is—writes this poem:

> "Give me your last Aloha,
> When I go out of sight,
> Over the dark rim of the sea
> Into the Polar night!
> And all the North land give you
> Skoal for the voyage begun,
> When your bright Summer sail goes down
> Into the zones of Sun!"

Whitcomb Riley writes, "He was my friend, I said."

Yone Noguchi, rising star of the victorious people, has written too, his dedication.

How everyone who knows him well loves him!

Sometimes, though, his friends become worried. The skulls, the bones, the crucifixes, the beads! Alas! he is slipping back into the Middle Ages. He will become an ascetic! What can be done? Then,—all at once, off goes the monkish garb and Charley Stoddard stands forth and declares unto the four winds of heaven that he "is tired of God!" Then his friends quit their worrying. Dick Savage would send him his last, written on the fly-leaf, "Friend and Associate of my soul,—you Darling" and Mrs. Burnett will hurry up with, "Try and be a better man, Charlie Stoddard, that you may meet me in Heaven."

And now! The Bungalow is no more! Three years ago it went to pieces. Today! Mexique is dead. Jule was obliged to return to his France, to the valley of the Loire. Stoddard is a wanderer. Yet the house stands there looking as it ever did from the outside, but the soul of it has gone. When last I passed it a sign, "For Rent," was indeed nailed upon its closed windows.

The blessed little house,—goodbye.

But we shall build another! Saint Anthony Guide! Is my climax spoiled? Oh Stoddard,

"Aloha, Wela, Wela!"

The Tarburner

A Story Of The Carolina Coast

BY HAROLD CHILD

WINDING along the North Carolina coast, from the Cape Fear to the South Carolina line, is a splendid forest of virgin pine. This section is sparsely populated. A few miles from Southport one may plunge into the forest and travel for a day, without finding habitation. The "dipping" of turpentine, the "burning" of tar, and the "riving" of cypress and juniper shingles, are the chief industries of this woodland section.

Several miles inland from the headwaters of Jump-and-Run creek the forest is very dense, and here night after night, through all seasons of the year, a rosy glow filters up through the foliage, spreading a beacon against the heavens —"Zeke's light," they call it. It is the glare from Zeke Benton's tar kilns. Miles to the east, the electrics of Wilmington send up their faint, pale gleam.

An artist, chancing upon the tarburner at work during the night, would be delighted with the wild grandeur of his surroundings. The solitude of the great forest; the uncanny voices of woodland creatures; the sighing of the night wind intermingled with the muffled thud of distant breakers; the solitary man working in the glow of the burning kiln, make a stirring medley of sight and sound.

Suddenly the tarburner, pausing in his work, bends his head in a listening attitude. From somewhere afar in the forest, faint and freighted with the pathos of the deep wood, the night winds waft the plaintive notes of a singer—her voice rising and falling with the variable mood of the forest. A light twinkles like a will-o'-the-wisp through the tree trunks, and a young girl bearing a resinous torch steps into the clearing.

"Howdy, Zeke."

"Howdy, Kate."

Quitting his work, the tarburner leads the way to a rudely constructed shelter of pine boughs, and, sitting, regards the girl expectantly.

"Dad's worse, Zeke. He was tuck with a faintin' spell this evenin'. Your ma says if we could send him to the city fer treatment, she believes he'd git well ag'in. Poor old dad! an' he's so cheerful with it all. Tries to make us believe he's not bad off—Oh, if Jimmie would only come home!"

"Heard from Jim this week?"

"Yes, got a letter today. Seems to be doin' fine. Dad's monstrous proud o' Jimmie's success in the city. Jimmie wrote that he was a-goin' to run fer mayor. You jest ought to seen how pleased dad was. He was so carried away, that he got out o' bed an' set by the hearth, an' talked an' talked about Jimmie, till he was tuck with a faintin' spell."

"Did Jim say when he was comin'?"

"Said he'd try an' come after the 'lection — he was that busy an' upsot now, he couldn't git off. Ma told dad, she'd ask Jimmie to take him to the city an' put him under treatment, but dad wouldn't hear to it, said 'he guessed he'd pull through all right; couldn't think o' botherin' Jimmie, when he's so busy.'"

It was some time before Zeke spoke again.

"How much would it cost to send dad to the city?" he finally asked.

"A hundred dollars, at least, maybe more'n that."

"Reckon Jim can afford it?"

"Don't know. It's no harm to ask. He 'pears to be doin' fust rate, an' if he can't do it, dad need never know, so no harm'll be done. But if you are goin' to ask Jimmie, you'd best do it at once; fer dad'll never pull through the March winds; he'll never see Jimmie ag'in in this world!"

"Can you take care o' the kiln, while I'm gone?"

"Leave me your gun, an' I'll manage all right."

"She'll more'n likely blow off, afore I git back, an' if she sets the woods on fire, blow the conch fer Parson Effsey."

"Well, you needn't git scared, if you hear me a-blowin', 'cause the Parson's oncommon good company."

The tarburner had scarce buried himself in the forest, ere the mournful wail of the conch echoed on the frosty air.

Following the dim trail more by instinct than by the faint light from the stars, he traveled on, covering mile after mile. About him was the never-ending forest of gigantic pines; the gentle wind whispering ever through their stately tops. The chink-chink-cherk-cherk of countless frogs came from low, marshy places, accompanied by the occasional squawk of a disturbed wood-fowl, and the mournful hoot-hoot-hoo-a-w-w of owls — weird sounds that would have tried the nerve of a city man; but to the tarburner they were the natural melody of the forest, and he loved it. Daybreak found him at the Landing.

Here at the headwaters of Jump-and-Run creek, on the north bank, lives the widow Medlin and her daughter Carolina. The widow keeps a small trading post, exchanging her wares for furs, hides, and an occasional sprinkling of silver.

⁂

The tarburner, arriving at the Landing before the widow had exchanged her nightcap for her gingham slat-bonnet, received no cheerful "howdy" or welcome smile when she appeared at her door. It was not altogether the early call, however, that caused the widow's lack of cordiality. She was instinctively aware of a tender feeling existing between Zeke and Miss Lina, and resented it, hence her coolness.

In a section so sparsely settled, Miss Carolina held the proud distinction of county belle. She was pretty, and her mother had formed higher ambitions for her future than the tarburner could offer.

After the usual courteous inquiry as to the health of Zeke's entire family, the widow reentered the cabin to wake her daughter. The tarburner, waiting outside till the ladies could make ready for his entertainment, caught part of an interesting dialogue:

"Who is it, ma?"

"Zeke Benton; that good-fer-nothin' from up Mill Creek way."

"What does he want?"

"Wants to see you, I guess."

"Wants to mail a letter to one o' them Carter girls up Lockwood's Folly way, more like."

"Well, it's a nice time to be a-routin' folks out o' bed!"

Soon Miss Lina's pretty face appeared in the doorway:

"Howdy, Zeke."

"Howdy, Lina."

"How's your folks, Zeke?"

"Dad's some worse, the rest is able to eat, I believe. You been well?"

"Yes, 'ceptin' a bad cold. Come in."

Zeke stepped in and the conversation continued while the widow busied herself about breakfast.

"Ma guessed as how you wanted to mail a letter to one o' them Carter girls."

Zeke came near to smiling.

"You know better, Lina."

"How do I know?"

"But you do."

"I heard you've been a-flyin' 'round Nance Carter right much lately."

"You know better, Lina."

"How do I know?"

"But you do."

"She visits your folks right often, Zeke.

"She do, but she comes to see Kate."

"She must be oncommon fond o' Kate."

Zeke did not reply, and she ventured another statement.

"Luther Brinson wants me to tie-up with him, Zeke."

"Huh! an' what did you say?"

"Well, I told him I'd promised you, nigh on to four year ago; but you'd forgotten, I guessed."

"You know better, Lina!"

"How do I know?"

"But you do."

"You ain't no better off now than you was then, Zeke. You ought to go over to the city an' make money like Luther an' your brother Jim."

"Guess they don't make sich a powerful lot."

"They makes more'n you."

"Maybe an' maybe not."

"Then what do you do with yours?"

"You know, Lina."

"Don't Jim help with the family?"

"Guess he does all he can."

"Jim don't help as much as he might, Zeke."

"It takes a lots o' money to deal in politics, an' git 'lected to mayor."

"Yes, an' little good it'll do you folks, when he does!"

"Well, I want to see him mayor, for dad's sake; he's dead sot on it, an' it'll break his heart, if Jim fails this time."

There was a long silence, which she finally broke.

"You've got enough troubles, without bein' bothered with me. You—you'd best let me go."

He looked at her quietly. If he was troubled it did not show in his impassive bearing.

"Had you rather tie-up with Luther?"

She evaded a direct reply.

"I'm twenty-five, come nex' May. Ma she's gittin' old, an' I'll soon be left without kith or kin. I don't know as I care to marry any man, but when ma goes, I can't live alone!"

Zeke arose and taking her hand, looked long at her petulant face.

"I'll have nigh on to two hundred dollars worth o' tar when my kiln's finished runnin', an' all depends on whether Jim can pay dad's expense over to the city. If he can, we'll tie-up this Spring; but whether we tie-up this

Spring, or no; you're mine! Do you think there's any man hereabouts as can take you away from me?"

"There be jest as good men as you, Zeke Benton, an' jest as strong. Suppose I tell Luther he can have me if he can take me away from you? He's your equal in strength, an' more'n your equal in money; an' I ain't so shore but he's more'n your equal all 'round!"

"Maybe, an' maybe not. Let him try!"

Releasing her hand, he turned to the door, the latch clicked, and he was gone.

⁂

Outside the sun had crept up over the pines, kissing the frost from their tops, coaxing sweet-voiced warblers to their early repast and songs. The tarburner, striding cityward, gave little heed to the beauty of his surroundings. Sunset found him amid the city's busy thoroughfares.

He seldom visited the city, and now as he stood regarding the ever restless throngs, he felt that he had rather be among the sweet-smelling, quiet pines—he would hasten through his errand and away.

A woman with young-old features, still bearing a trace of beauty, saw him, and noting the many little things in his make-up that bespoke him easy prey, placed a wan, trembling hand upon his arm, pleading for assistance: "She was destitute, alone, starving! Would he help her?" He drew forth the little change that he had and felt humbled that the amount was so small. He was placing it in her hand, when she was roughly grasped by an officer. With a cry of terror she turned pleading eyes on the tarburner.

Shocked beyond control at an interference he did not understand, Zeke struck swift and hard. The officer went down. The gathering crowd shielded the woman as she slipped away. Other officers seized Zeke.

The next morning he was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment before his unaccustomed mind had taken in the significance of the occasion. As he was being taken away from the court he caught a glimpse of a familiar face—Luther Brinson's.

The tarburner had been incarcerated an hour, perhaps, before he thought of communicating with his brother, and Jim called at the jail before he had made up his mind how to proceed.

Jim was blinking about in the semi-gloom of the cells trying to locate Zeke. when the tarburner discovered himself:

"Howdy, Jim."

"How are you, Zeke? Why didn't you let me know in time? I might have gotten you off."

"Didn't think of it. How'd you know I was here?"

"Luther Brinson told me. He was at the trial this morning.

"Have I got to spend a month here, Jim?"

"I'm afraid so; I don't see how I can do anything now."

"Well, if you can't—you can't—an' I'll have to grin an' bear it. There's somethin' you can do, an' that's what I come to see you about. Dad's worse. He's terrible bad, Jim! Ma she thinks if we can git him over here fer treatment, he'll pull through — fer awhile leastways."

"Oh, he'll pull through all right. Asthma never kills—besides Zeke, I've spent everything! I'm up to my neck in debt with this election. If I could send for the old man, I wouldn't have time to look after him; if I had the money, though, I'd send a good physician out to see him."

"Can't you raise a little more, Jim? I tell you, he'll never pull through unless he's tended to right away. An' Jim, if you could hear how he goes on about you—thinks there's not your equal in the state; wants to live to see you mayor, then he's willin' to go! But he won't pull through, Jim! He's that weak he can hardly talk.

"I wouldn't mind stayin' in this hole, if you could 'tend to him; but if I have to stay here a month knowin' he's dyin', inch by inch—I'll go mad!"

"Well, what can I do? I haven't got the money to spare, and don't believe I can get it. Haven't you got something over there that you could sell?"

"Nothin' 'cepting' my tar. My kiln'll run 'bout fifty bar'ls; but it'll have to be headed an' rafted down, an' that'll take more'n three weeks."

"Well, make that tar over to me, and I'll raise the money and get the best doctor in town to go out and see the old man."

"Well, if you can fix it that way, I'm willin'—though I did cal'late to tie-up with Lina this Spring."

"Oh, she'll wait. You'd best leave that off anyway. I don't see how you could get along on what you make out there. I'll see Luther and tell him to keep quiet about you; and I'll send some explanation that will satisfy the old folks. Keep a stiff upper lip, and I'll call when I can."

⁂

Jim did not keep his promise to call. He was too busy with election affairs, perhaps; and though Zeke looked for him eagerly each day, he never came. When the tarburner regained his liberty his only thought was to bury himself in the fragrant forest across the river, and forget his troubles in the loving ministrations of his mother and Kate.

The day Zeke left jail, Jim was declared mayor of the city. He was then ready to welcome the tarburner with open arms; but Zeke was gone. He was covering mile after mile of forest trail with long, eager strides, bearing the news of Jim's success to expectant ears.

The tarburner found the old man in his accustomed place by the wide clay hearth, and he was much improved—Jim had kept his promise here.

The doctor had given the family a satisfactory explanation of Zeke's absence, but there had been other reports. Luther Brinson had said that Zeke, being drunk, had assaulted an officer. While the two women did not question the propriety of his conduct for a moment, the father was made of sterner stuff, and after the women had exhausted themselves in an effort to make up to Zeke for all his past discomforts, the old man had his word.

"Luther said you was drunk, an' fightin' on the street, Zeke."

"I've never been drunk, dad."

"Then Luther lied."

"He did. I struck a man fer mistreatin' a poor woman, an' they put me in jail fer it."

The severe expression of the old man relaxed.

"Well, was Jim 'lected?"

Zeke glanced at his father before replying. The old man's features were now quivering with mixed emotion. The happiness of his old age depended on the reply.

"Jim's mayor," he said simply.

The old man's tense muscles relaxed. He turned his gaze upon the glowing coals of the pine logs. The suspicion of tears gleamed unshed in his eyes. He asked no further questions; quiet and composed, an onlooker would have failed to perceive that the greatest joy of his life had come upon him.

⁂

It was night again, with a soaring moon, and the tarburner was returned to his accustomed work. Again the lilt of a singer came to him with the night winds.

There was something unusual in the notes that held his attention—there was a message in the voice.

The tarburner had learned to read Kate's mood as unfailingly as he did that of the forest about him. Her songs, sung for his benefit, told him of joy or trouble. Tonight, it was a message of sadness. She came and regarded him a space with troubled eyes.

"Nance Carter was at the house, today; an' you know she can't keep a secret. She says, Zeke, that Lina's a-goin' to run off with Luther this night."

Zeke had paused in his work, but he now began again, Kate following him around, as he "raked" the kiln. He made the circuit, then without apparent concern led her to the pine bough shelter.

"What more did Nance tell?" he asked.

"She said Lina was to meet Luther at Hog Shelter Branch school house at nine tonight, an' they was to drive over to the city an' git married."

"What time'd you leave the house?"

"'Tween six an' seven."

He arose and took up his shotgun. "I shan't be gone long. You'd best put some taters in the coals, an you'll find a couple o' cleaned possums hangin' up behind the shelter—cook 'em nice—I'll feel sort o' hungry when I git back."

"Don't you shoot," she called, as he stepped out into the shadowy forest.

An hour later he was seated on the block steps of the little pine-log school house, diligently whittling a stick. The moon's silvery beams fell full in the clearing, and flashed in the gurgling waters of Hog Shelter, as it sped for a space through the open. The ripple of the streamlet—the near-by tinkle of a cow's bell, and the faraway "Hoo-ah-oo-ah-oo," of a woodsman, homeward bound, were the only sounds that disturbed the quiet for half an hour, perhaps; then a horseman rode into the clearing, drawing up suddenly on perceiving the solitary whittler.

"Howdy, Luther."

"Huntin' 'possums, Zeke?" interrogated Mr. Brinson, in reply to the tarburner's greeting.

"Not edzackly. On your way to the widow's, eh, Luther?"

"No, can't say as I am."

"Fox hunt?"

"No."

Several moments passed; then Zeke observed:

"Gal hunt, more like."

"Guess that's 'bout right."

Zeke said no more: both men sat apparently unconcerned.

Suddenly there was the thud of hoofs, and a white shimmer in the moonlit clearing—the woman was on the scene. She drew up beside Luther Brinson.

"Well!" she exclaimed, with withering disdain in her tones, "an' what you doin' here, Zeke Benton?"

"Jest restin' fer awhile. Where you goin', Lina?"

"Oh, Luther an' me's goin' fer a little ride."

"Yes," said Luther, "we are goin' over to the city an' git tied-up. We jest as well out with it, eh, Lina?"

"Yes, jest as well; an' we'd best be off." She turned her horse to the road.

"Say, Luther!" called Zeke, as they were getting under way.

Luther checked his horse and looked back.

Zeke had taken up his gun.

"I wouldn't," he said, playing with the hammer.

Luther glanced at the girl, and said in an undertone:

"He'll shoot!" Then louder:

"What you want?"

"Want my gal."

"She's not yourn."

"Well, I guess."

"Do you mean to shoot, Zeke?"

"Well, it sort o' runs in my mind."

"It would be murder."

"Not edzackly. You're stealin', you know."

"She's willin'."

"It do seem so, but I'm not."

"Well, what you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"I'm goin' to invite you to the kiln with me."

"What you want us at the kiln for?"

"Kate's cookin' 'taters an' a couple o' fat 'possums, an' I want you to help eat 'em."

Luther glanced sharply at the tarburner's impassive countenance, then asked in a whisper:

"Shall we make a dash fer it?"

"I wouldn't," she replied, "you know Zeke."

Without more ado, they turned toward the glow, and, followed by the tarburner, they went slowly through the forest. Arriving at the kiln, Zeke approached the shelter and taking up the conch wound a long, quavering call.

"Parson'll eat with us," he explained.

A quarter of an hour passed, perhaps, when a young man with a red beard, florid skin and blue eyes stepped into the clearing.

He was attired in a homespun suit of brown cloth and heavy rawhide boots. A long, muzzle-loading shotgun rested on his shoulder, and a violin under his arm. Following him were several very lean 'coon dogs.

"Howdy, howdy, folks," said he, shaking hands with great cordiality.

"Parson," volunteered Zeke, "we are a-goin' to eat some 'possum an' taters that Kate's baked fer us; an' I dug up a jug o' 'moonshine' I've had buried these three year. I thought I'd like to have you sample it, Parson."

"'Possum an' taters is good; but three-year-old moonshine is nigh on to bein' godly. We gits plenty o' moonshine in my state, but my, she's hot! I ain't had a drink that was more'n a week old, in many a day — I'm mighty glad you thought on me, Zeke!"

"I'd a thought on you, in any case, Parson, but the fact is, I wanted to talk with you 'bout a matter I cal'lates you is competent to jedge. Afore statin' the case, though, I'd like to ask if you be a reg'lar foreordained preacher o' the Gospel?"

"Well, fer nigh onto six year, I've been preachin' an' prayin', an' baptizin' an' tiein'-up; an' I cal'lates that I'm a full-fledged preacher o' the Word."

"Well, I guess? I want you to tell me an' Lina an' Luther if a man an' woman stan's up together in South Car'lina, an' promises afore God as how they belongs to each other — what it makes 'em, Parson?"

"Man an' wife, afore God, an' be there witnesses, afore man, also."

"Well, 'bout five year ago, Lina an' me stood up under that big pine, which as you knows stan's plum on the dividin' line o' my an' your state—an' on the South Car'lina side o' that pine, an' we promises jest as I tells you—"

"Any witnesses?"

"No."

"Well, afore God, ye be man an' wife these five year gone; but, out o' respect fer the law o' man, you'd best go over to that pine, an' repeat afore witnesses, Zeke."

"But, Parson," interposed Mr. Brinson, "I'd like to know, if in your jedgement you considers it legal an' proper fer one man to hold up another man' an' his gal, who is goin' peacefully along to the city to git tied-up accordin' to law an' order, an' force 'em at the end o' a shotgun to turn back, an' then wants to marry the gal whether she will or no. I asks, is that law, Parson?"

The Parson thought for several minutes, then replied:

"Well, Luther, I hold my jedgement in this case jest as good as that o' any jestice o' the peace in the Car'linas; an' as you has asked it, I'll give it.

"God's law is the best law, an' accordin' to it Zeke's got a clean title to the property. In my state, if you'd tried to run off with a man's steer or dog, when he could show as good title to the property as Zeke do to his, we'd a strung you up to a saplin'.

"Zeke's a good man, he's got a clear idee o' his rights. You know Zeke, an' you know he's treated you oncommon kind, in this matter; an' now if Lina's willin'—which I more'n suspects she is—we'll march over to my state an' fix up the knot as it should be. Be you willin', Lina?"

"I'm willin', Parson. I knew I belonged to Zeke, though he treated me like a sweetheart, while he boasted as I was his to keep, an' that no man dared take me from him. I 'ranged the runaway with Luther to see if Zeke meant what he said—I'd a married Luther, though, if Zeke hadn't made good his word. I fixed it with Nance Carter to tell Kate—Zeke was on the spot, an' as he proved himself a man o' his word, he can have me, an' I cal'lates he's able to hold me."

"Well, folks, I'm pinin' fer some o' that 'possum, an' a-thirstin' fer some o' that 'three-year-old.' If you'll all fall in line, I'll play the weddin' march. We'll step over to my state an' fix up this little matter—then back to the feast."

He took up his "fiddle," Kate thrust her hand in his pocket, and marched at his side. Lina and Zeke came next, while Luther and the dogs brought up the rear.

To the stirring strains of Dixie they stepped out from the glare of the kiln into the quiet forest shadows on their way to the South Carolina line.

OUR HEART'S DESIRE

By AMELIA M. CHAPMAN

WINDHAM, VERMONT

IN youth we climb the hill of life,
With eager feet and hearts on fire;
Undaunted by the din of strife,
We seek to gain—our heart's desire.

The road grows harder, as we age,
With hindrances, like thorn and briar;
But fiercest war with them we wage
As we press toward our heart's desire.

We pause to share another's load,
When, swift as eagles mounting higher,
The favored pass on up the road
And reach the goal — our heart's desire.

The hill is long and rough and steep,
We struggle on — how soon we tire!
We fall beside the way and sleep;
We have not gained our heart's desire.

But who shall say it is in vain,
The longings which our souls inspire;
And that when past the toil and pain
We may not have our hearts' desire?

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By HELEN ARTHUR

NEW YORK CITY

IX

CARLOTTA NILLSON

"WHY did you not come before?" Carlotta Nillson questioned.

"Before? Am I late?"

"Late? Yes, late by at least four years. Once, to be interviewed, to be photographed, to be talked about would have been real happiness to me. Then I longed for appreciation, but when success did come to me—nominal as it is—I found that I had been forced to barter my youth, my illusions and my enthusiasm to obtain it."

CARLOTTA NILLSON

Photographed for the National by the Misses Selby, New York

"Yes, I know," I said, "you've worked, suffered and sacrificed. You've waited for your chance."

"Waited for it? I have made it. But what of that? I can not explain in set terms the longing and ambition in my soul. No words can paint adequately the poignancy of suffering caused by the desire to give expression to one's true self and to find that desire thwarted by circumstances apparently uncontrollable. To be kept dumb when all my self cried out to be allowed to speak.

"I was born in Smöllen, Sweden; that is the same county the great Christine Nilsson came from, inheriting, too, the national longing for the better things—the things of the soul. You heard it in her voice. I have it.

"The first companies in which I played are not even names to me. I worked, worked, worked! I had no one to depend on and I had to live. No schooling did I get except from the teacher whose lessons are unforgettable.

"I could not induce managers to advance me — the best role I had was that of Eunice in 'Quo Vadis,' playing opposite to Mr. Lackaye's Petronious. I decided to try England. In London small parts again were my lot, but with the best companies — those of Charles Hawtrey, Martin Harvey and George Alexander.

"I saw that I must study the great artists in order to learn. When Mr. Alexander put on 'The Ambassador,' I was given an English character part, and my work began to be recognized.

"I saved money every way I could think of, and somehow I managed to get to Paris. You could have found me each evening in the gallery of the Theater Sara Bernhardt or the Vaudeville or the Comedie Francaise. Only a brief year my money lasted, and then back to America, to be called by the newspapers 'a new comer.' I was engaged for Mrs. Fiske's company and created the role of Mrs. Elvsted in 'Hedda Gabler.'"

"And awoke the next morning to find yourself famous?"

"Not 'awoke,' for I lay awake all the long night, sick with fear that all my work might count for nothing. Then I gave a special matinee of 'Love's Pilgrimage,' and disaster came upon me again.

"Since then I have been a fatalist—what is to be, must be, and I have ceased to care. Each night as I play 'Letty'— that hardest of Pinero's heroines—if I can show some few in the audience,—am I egotistical if I say the elect?—her tortured soul, I am repaid."

PAULA EDWARDES
Photograph by Sarony

⁂

X

PAULA EDWARDES

"YES, indeed," said Paula Edwardes, gaily, "I am a product of the chorus; that is always item number one when I am forced into being interviewed. No, of course, you aren't forcing me, for women writers are so much easier to talk to than men — at least for me. Now for one critic I can think of I should feel obliged to dress as though for church; suppose my side-comb should get awry, he might say: 'Miss Edwardes was most impressive in her denunciation of the ways of stage managers, and her side-comb fairly pulsated with indignation!' Such things may be funny reading, but I can not get over being sensitive.

MINNIE DUPREE

"Item number two: I was born in New York City. This is a distinction in itself, for very few of our leading players were born in this center of theatrical life: Henry Miller is the only one I can think of.

"I was fortunate enough to start in with Mr. George Lederer when he was at the height of his success.

"I did not carry a spear
For many a year—

"Instead, after three month's experience, I was given a small part — Nancy Clancy in 'The Belle of New York,' and I said to myself, 'Isn't this great and glorious luck?'

"'The Belle' was a great hit, and—what seemed good news — we were going to London with it! To London we went—my sister (she was in the company too) and I — and after a few weeks a lonesomer pair could not be found. We talked it over and decided to run away. There was not anyone to advise us, and contracts were new and ironclad things to us. We could not see how we could be missed to any great and lasting degree, so fancy our amazement and horror, when we arrived in New York, to find that we were 'boycotted'; that a big placard on the Casino door warned managers not to hire us!

"The outlook was gloomy in the extreme for me, but the red flag waving above me caught Mr. Augustin Daly's eye; he placed me under contract and sent me back to London to study, for a week, the work of the woman who was appearing as Carmencita in 'The Runaway Girl.'

"Perhaps joy carried me higher than anything else could have, but that role was my biggest success. That was the opera in which I sang 'High Society.'

"Afterward, I had a chance to play in melodrama — 'The Great Ruby,' in which Ada Rehan appeared as Lady Garnett. If you wish to keep the length of this sketch down, do not let me talk about Miss Rehan. She is to me the most wonderful comedienne; night after night—even knowing her lines as I did, I would laugh as genuinely as anyone in the audience.

"Since Mr. Daly's death, I have been in varying positions—soubrette in 'Ali Baba', leading woman with Jefferson De Angelis in 'The Royal Rogue.' It was while playing in 'The Defender' that I met my present managers, who were good enough to star me in 'Winsome Winnie.' The first years are the hardest for a star; she has ever to face the question, 'Why?' and it is a hard struggle to convince the public that there was a good reason back of the big type."

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XI

MINNIE DUPREE

I LOOKED about one of the most orderly of dressing rooms, the make-up boxes in their places, the boots in a shining row, the pictures straight and a long white curtain marked in red letters, "Minnie Duprée," covering the dainty gowns which she wears in "The Music Master," and something told me that Miss Duprée had the right idea of "heaven's first law."

Even in that atmosphere of grease paint, there was nothing to suggest the actress in either her appearance or manner. She seemed business-like even in the face of that worst of personal encounters—an interview.

"I do not know where I got my liking for the stage," she said; "not a single member of my family has been remotely connected with it. The best I can do with the question of tendencies is to lay the blame on my grandfather, who was a minister.

"I enjoy telling in which play I made my debut—no one is ever any wiser. I played a boy's part in 'Belphegor'; I went on absolutely free from fear, but never since that time, and now 'first nights' are not unalloyed pleasure to me.

"After that I was the usual maid dusting in the usual way, one eye on the furniture, the other on the flirtatious butler.

"In some small part, Mr. Frohman saw me and put me in 'Held by the Enemy.' Under his management I played one of my most successful roles in 'Two Little Vagrants.' I liked the part I had in 'The Climbers'—Clara Hunter—she was an interesting ingenué, with enough pertness to season half a dozen of the customary ones. I was fond of Midge in 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' and I loved Katie, dear little Katie, in "Alt Heidelburg.' Only my favorite characters I remember, but my maid, who has been with me ten years, knows them all and is forever unearthing old photographs, sometimes to my horror.

"The only pictures I care about having are those of my horse and dog.

"I starred once, and I would again if I could get a good play. I read two or three a week, but most are quite impossible, while 'horrible' would describe some of them.

"It is a great pleasure to play with Mr. Warfield, he is so quiet in his work and such an artist. There's the 'half-hour call,' and I must begin to dress."

Wholesome, unaffected Minnie Duprée, with a love for horses and dogs, and a disposition that a maid could stand for ten years, what a recommendation in itself!

A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

WHEN Elizabeth married and went to live on her husband's farm in another section, she left many devoted friends behind, and her visits to the old home were always marked by a round of entertainments in her honor.

Last year, the third of her marriage, she determined to show her appreciation of these attentions in some distinctive manner. After turning over many plans, only to reject them all, principally because the season of the year, it being Winter, rendered them impracticable, she at last adopted the suggestion of a neighbor rich in resources, to whom she had gone in her extremity, to the effect that she give an Xmas house party. Being the mistress of one of the roomy old Colonial mansions which so pleasantly dot the landscape of the Shenandoah Valley—the garden spot of Virginia—she was well situated to carry the idea into effect.

Accordingly, invitations were sent early in December—before other plans for celebrating the Yuletide festival had matured—to a congenial party of her friends of both sexes, fourteen in all, the number the house would accommodate comfortably. These invitations stated definitely the day and train on which the guests would be expected to arrive, also the day on which their visit would terminate and the hour of their departure, thereby simplifying matters greatly for all parties. A prompt answer was requested, and needless to add the answers were in the affirmative, in consequence of which preparations went industriously on, that nothing might be lacking that would tend to make the event a memorable one.

Such baking, cooking and fixing the house had not known for many a day. First of all the jar of mincemeat, odorous with spice and apple brandy, was prepared and set in a cool place to ripen preparatory to being incased, in due time, between flaky crusts. Then followed the compounding of the time-honored plum pudding, which would be reheated for the Christmas dinner and served with a delicious sauce; fruit cakes, pound cakes, the whole to be supplemented by great jars of gingersnaps. doughnuts and crisp, toothsome cookies, in the making of which your Virginia cook is seldom equalled, never excelled.

Meantime, the Christmas goose and chickens were fattening, little dreaming to what fate their gluttony was leading them.

Then came the task of putting the house in gala day order. Everything from cellar to attic was made spick and span; guest chambers were aired and put in order; fireplaces were heaped with logs of resinous pine and banked with lightwood, ready to be lighted at the proper moment and add their warmth and cheer to the welcome the guests were to receive.

Sighting stormy weather in the lowering clouds which enveloped the mountains, several days before Christmas Elizabeth collected a dozen picaninnies from the village and sent them to the neighboring mountains for Christmas greens, warning them never to show their faces again at "Elmwood" unless each had as much as he could "tote." The combined effect of this injunction and the anticipated reward produced such an embarrassment of riches — holly, mistletoe, trailing vines, branches of pine, laurel branches glorious in their deep crimson, sumach berries and the like— that the disposing of them became a question.

The guests arrived, according to prearrangement, on Christmas eve. As all will remember, Winter set in very early last year, and real Christmas weather, which so seldom obtains in these latter days, save in seasonable stories, greeted them. They had left threatening weather behind them "on the other side the ridge;" its fulfillment awaited them. The snow-capped mountains loomed upon their vision and the merry jingle of sleigh bells fell upon their ears and proclaimed the beginning of the good time in store for them.

All were soon stowed away in the big bobsled which had been amply supplied with fur robes and warm wraps, for the air from the mountains was sharp and biting, and the journey to "Elmwood" was soon accomplished.

The sound of the bells on the driveway was the signal for the throwing open of the big front door, and the guests descried the forms of their host and hostess on the threshold, and behind them the cheerful fire of pine logs threw its radiance out into the night.

Several young negro women, correctly costumed as maids, stood ready to show the ladies to their rooms, that they might freshen their toilets for supper, which was then in course of preparation. A similar number of negro boys, resplendent in brass buttons and smiles, undertook the responsibility of the gentlemen of the party.

Being strong of body and light of spirits, no fatigue had resulted from the journey, consequently no rest was required, and when the supper bell resounded through the house a gay party of youth and beauty promptly answered its summons.

And what shall be said of that supper! To those who have ever experienced the delights of the palate as concocted by a "rale V'ginny" cook, who possesses the knack of giving the most delicious flavor to the plainest fare, a detailed description of each dish is unnecessary. The mere mention of such delicacies as broiled oysters with a garnish of spiced bacon and lemon crescents, cold boiled ham steeped in Maderia, shirred eggs, potato puffs, hot rolls, corn muffins, Sally Lunn, rich unskimmed milk and coffee, will be sufficient to set the mouth watering in very remembrance.

From the supper table the host led the way to the big parlor from which the strains of a violin could be heard. The room had been cleared of furniture, and on a sort of dais embowered in evergreens sat an old-time negro fiddler. No invitation save that of the music was needed, and partners for the dance were chosen without delay.

Elizabeth, having foreseen that, after the dissipation of the night before, her guests would enjoy sleeping late on Christmas morning, had not arranged for a general breakfast at a definite hour, but had given orders that a buffet breakfast of fruit, eggs, toast, coffee and chocolate should be served to order as the guests individually put in an appearance, thereby not making it incumbent upon her guests to arise before they were refreshed, or herself to preside at a belated breakfast table.

This forehanded hostess, however, did not indulge in a morning nap herself, but was up and doing, seeing to it that the house, save the guests' rooms, was put in order and preparations for dinner, which, in honor to tradition and custom, was to be the chief event of the day, were well under way, before the attention was demanded elsewhere.

The dining room was festive in its holiday dress of green, in such cheerful and comfortable contrast with the bleakness without. The table was spread with a rich damask cloth of immaculate whiteness, against which the cut glass, silver and dainty china showed to such fine advantage. The center piece was notable for its simplicity and beauty. It consisted of a large Christmas star of grey moss over a fondation of white, outlined with a border of holly and mistletoe. At each point of the star was a silver candlestick containing a wax candle with a red shade.

Preserve and pickle closet had been levied upon for their choicest stores. These were served in small cut-glass dishes on mats of pressed ferns and added in no small degree to the attractiveness of the table. At each plate was a small fancy basket decorated with holly and filled with home-made bonbons.

The menu was in the main made up of the time-honored Christmas dishes but each bore the mark of superior cooking. The goose was done to a turn, yet firm enough to carve neatly; its accompaniment the dish of apple sauce was noteworthy for its richness of flavor; the roast of pork with its garnish of parsley and sweet potato croquettes was sweet and juicy; the crust of the game pie was only rivalled in quality by its filling; the long list of vegetables—potato snow, creamed onions, browned parsnips, stewed corn, baked tomatoes and buttered beets—were all the acme of savoriness; the nut—and—apple salad was crisp and delicious and served to whet the flagging appetite for the good things yet to come—the plum pudding, brave in its wreath of holly and blue flame, mince pie, frozen custard and varied assortment of cake.

Coffee was served after dinner in the library. Cards and other games were indulged in during the short Winter afternoon.

After such a dinner served at two in the afternoon, it would appear that the evening meal might well be dispensed with. But mankind is endowed with wonderful digestive capacity on such occasions. Elizabeth was cognizant of this fact, and did not embarass her guests by putting them to the test, but served a late supper in the preparation of which the chafing dish was prominent. Hot bouillon, wafers, grilled oysters, chicken salad, cheese, cake and fruit comprised the dainty menu.

Scarcely had this meal been concluded when "Uncle" Ned was heard tuning his fiddle, the signal for prompt adjournment to the parlor.

As the visitors were to leave for home on the ten-forty train next morning, a substantial breakfast of fruit, oatmeal, smothered chicken, corn fritters, broiled ham, eggs, waffles, Virginia biscuit, coffee and chocolate was served at eight o'clock. While still lingering around the cheerful fire in the dining room, sleigh bells warned them the time was at hand for the expression of hearty appreciation and the saying of good-byes: the former came readily enough from both hearts and lips, the latter were said with sincere regret.

Again Elizabeth and her husband stood alone in the doorway; this time not welcoming but speeding with many good wishes the parting guests who had brought into their home and quiet life so much cheer, and with the consciousness, too, that in giving others pleasure, one but enriches one's self.

CHRISTMAS

By FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE bleak winds hush their wintry cry
And murmur softly with the sigh
Of Mary in the lowly place
Where shines the Baby's holy face.
Yet everywhere men ask this morn:
"O, where is our Redeemer born?"

The winds of time are still this night;
One star is guiding calm and bright.
My soul, hush thou and follow on
Through day to night, through night to dawn!
Where childhood needs thy love, this morn.
Lo, there is thy Redeemer born!

So, Jesus, with their carrolled praise,
Thou comest in our day of days.
These bring Thee to our earth again;
We hear once more the angels' strain.
Blest be the children on this morn
Behold our dear Redeemer born!

"S'POSIN IT WAS YOU!"

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN

By ELIZABETH FRYE PAGE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

"PEARS ter me lak I hears a monst'ous squealing out dar in de side yard," said Aunt Lou to herself one morning, as she was washing the breakfast dishes; and she stepped to the window to see what was the occasion of it.

Up the walk came four-year-old Margaret, swinging Jet, her little black-and-tan puppy, by the tail. The dog was squealing and pawing the air in vigorous protest, but the little girl walked along as unconcerned as if she were swinging her bonnet by the strings.

The old colored woman was intensely amused, and running into the house as fast as her unusual accumulation of flesh would permit, she called Mrs. Fain, Margaret's mother, to come and look, expecting her to laugh at the child's fearlessness and the dog's discomfort. But Mrs. Fain was very tender-hearted and fond of animals, and could not bear to see anything that looked like cruelty to one of the dumb creatures, especially from her own little daughter.

"Margaret," she called, "don't carry Jet that way! Take him in your arms. Can't you see that you are hurting him?"

"No, I isn't hurtin' him, mamma," she replied, smiling gleefully. "He's jess mad 'cause he didn't want to be bwinged out o' the flower bed. He was lyin' down on your goodest little baby 'tunias an' things that's comin' up so thick in the middle-est bed."

"It was right, dear, to bring him away from the little young plants, but it is just as much wrong for you to hurt your pet as it is for him to hurt my little pet petunias."

"But, mamma," the child argued, still swinging the unhappy puppy, "I'm not hurtin' him. That's his handle."

"Come here, little girl," said Mrs. Fain, sitting down on the steps and motioning to a place by her side. "Now, let us talk about it," she said, after they were seated together, with Jet cuddled contentedly in the lap of his rescuer. "Suppose it was you, darling."

"But, mamma," protested Margaret, "dogs isn't like folks! I can't 'spose I was a dog."

"No, Margaret," answered Mrs. Fain, "they are not like folks, but they are alive and have feelings like folks, and they depend upon us for protection. Just think how much larger you are than poor little Jet! Now, suppose your papa should pick you up by the ear or the nose or one little arm and swing you along that way, how would you like it? Jet may think your ear would make a good handle, for all you know, but it would be very painful to you to be lifted and carried around by it."

The little girl looked surprised at being told to put herself in the place of a little black-and-tan dog that could only squeal or bark when it was treated badly, but when she thought of her great big papa swinging her around by the ear, intead of carrying her tenderly in his arms or on his broad shoulder, she began to realize how cruel she had been, and with a sob she threw herself into her mother's lap and cried bitterly.

Her mother soothed and comforted her until her first storm of grief was over, and then went back to her sewing, but Margaret still sat on the back steps, looking very woebegone. Good old Aunt Lou peeped out after she heard Mrs. Fain go in the house, and then tiptoed across the porch to where the child sat. She felt very guilty and her own tears were not far from the surface, because she felt responsible for the child's being scolded, as she had called her mother to look at what she, in her doting love for the little one, considered only an innocent prank.

"Dar, now, honey-chile," she said soothingly, "doan yer cry no mo'. Nobody ain't goin' ter tote yer 'roun' by de year whilst I lives an' has eyes ter see and han's ter retch out an' grab 'em wid an' shake 'em tell dey teef rattles! Heah's a ginger cake mammy done bake fer yer. Now run erlong an' play."

The child reached for the cake, but still looked solemn. Looking around the yard, she saw various reminders of little acts of cruelty that she had been guilty of from time to time.

"But, mammy," she confessed tearfully, "I'se beened such a cwuel child! I'se pushed the cat off the po'ch jess to see if he would 'light on his foots. An' I'se yunned the old gander jess to see him waddle his funny way an' hear him squawk. An' poor Jet! I'se been so orful to him! Once I shutted him up in a dark closet to keep him f'om follerin' me when I was goin' somewheres where he wasn't 'vited. Oh, s'pose it was me! S'pose it was me!" And the conscience-smitten child began crying again and cried until she choked on a crumb. Aunt Lou began to beat her in the back and said soothingly, "Dar den, baby chile, doan yer take on so b'out nuthin'. You ain't never been meanin' ter be mean. 'Sides, cuffin' is jess nachully part o' a dog's raisin', an' dey ain't no 'count widout it."

After that the sensitive little mind was haunted by those words, "S'posin' it was you!" and the idea they conveyed.

One day Mrs. Fain set the canary bird's cage down on a table to put in fresh food and water for his bath. She went to the front of the house for something and left Margaret on guard to see that the cat did not jump up and try to overturn the cage, from which the bottom had been loosened, and eat the beautiful little yellow pet.

Margaret peeped into the cage and said: "Dickey, what you got to eat? Bird seed an' a lettuce leaf! Well, well, that ain't much! No wonder you don't grow bigger. An' you got water to wash in, but you hasn't any soap an' tow'l an' sponge. I 'clare, mamma does 'glec' you orful, for a grown lady!" Then she thought, "S'posin' it was you!" and away she ran, without further delay. Presently she came back with a bit of cold chicken and a biscuit and a spoonful of mayonnaise, which she spread on the lettuce leaf; then she sprinkled the bird seed on that, as she had seen Aunt Lou put celery seed on the salad for the table. "Now," she said, with satisfaction, "youm got a square meal for once in your life; an' I'se goin' to fix you a good baff. Here's a nice little piece o' soap, and a new wash rag that's plenty big for a tow'l for you, an' I cutted a piece off o' my papa's big sponge what he baves wiv. Now, then, if I s'pose it was me, it won't hurt my feelin's so bad."

Her mother was detained in the house by a caller, and sent the housemaid to finish fixing the bird, and it was some time before she heard of Margaret's arrangements for the bird's comfort, and she forgot to say anything to her about it, so the child felt that she was learning to be good, and for once had done the right thing. This gave her confidence, and she began to look for further opportunities.

One day she was sitting in her favorite place on the top step of the back porch, when a man brought in a lot of chickens, as many as he could carry, all tied together, in both hands. There was a coop in the back yard made of laths. It had a top and sides, but no bottom; and the man turned it down over the chickens, and then put his hand in a small door on top of the coop and cut the strings, so that the chickens could move about freely, and then he left.

Aunt Lou was delighted at the acquisition of so large a number of fine fowls, "when chickenses is so scan'lous high," and went into the kitchen to get food and water for them.

Margaret sat looking at the coop, when a yellow hen stuck her long neck through a crack and looked straight at her, poking out her thirsty tongue and opening her round eyes wide. The child was startled by those eyes, and the hen seemed to say to her: "Sp'osin' it was you! S'posin' it was you!"

The little girl never hesitated a moment. Down the steps she ran, and by a great effort turned over the coop, so the chickens could get out. Not satisfied with giving them that much freedom, she opened the side gate and "shooed" them all off the place. Then she went back, and when Aunt Lou came out with the food and water for the fowls, she found Margaret sitting complacently in the overturned coop, smiling and happy.

But when her mamma heard of it, she whipped her.

And Aunt Lou, though grieved at the loss of the fine fowls, was even more so over the child's punishment. She shook her head and muttered, as she heard the little one's sobs.

"Dat's whut mek I say whut I does! Dar's no 'countin' fer white folkses ways! Dey larns dey chillun sumpin, an' time dey gits hit good larnt, 'long dey comes an' beats hit outen 'em."

And Margaret said: "'Sp'osin' it was you' is mighty hard! S'posin' that old yellow hen had been me, an' got that whippin'!"

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS — We receive so many hundreds of "little helps" that we are unable to send a personal acknowledgment of each one — much as we wish to do it. We cannot, for obvious reasons, return unused "little helps," unless a stamped and self-addressed return envelope is enclosed with the ms., for that purpose. We suggest that each reader who wishes to contribute should send but ONE "little help" — her very best one, say, each month, since we cannot print more than one from any contributor in one number of the magazine. For each "little help" published, one year's subscription will be awarded in payment. The writer may add this to her own subscription or send the National to a friend for the next twelve months.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

COLLECTING SPOONS

AURILLA ROUNDS
Rogers Park, Illinois

Start right now to give your little daughter a silver teaspoon each birthday, with her initials and the year engraved. When she is grown and the fairy prince comes to take her to the new home she will have a valuable collection, more highly prized than a set all of one pattern, and one of which there is no duplicate.

MIXING BREAD

By OLA L. GRAY
East Calais, Vermont

Those sisters who do not possess a bread-mixer will find a great saving in time and labor if, instead of so much kneading, they will make the rolling-pin do some of the work.

Take a portion of the sponge, after it is ready to go into the tins, sufficient for a loaf, and after working it with the hands into a smooth round ball, turn it over and roll out to about one-half or three-quarters of an inch in thickness, being sure to break all the air bubbles which form on the edge, fold the sides over so that the width is a little less than the length of the tin, roll up, place in tin, let rise and bake.

SOME USES OF SALT

By BESSIE McELROY NUCKOLLS
Eldora, Iowa

Salt in the water is the best thing to clean matting and willow ware.

Salt under baking tins in the oven will prevent burning.

Salt put on soot where it has fallen on the carpet will prevent stains.

Salt with vinegar will remove tea stains from china.

Salt thrown on a low fire will revive it.

Salt if used when sweeping carpets will prevent moths.

Salt in the bath is very invigorating.

Salt thrown on brick walks overgrown with grass will soon kill the growth.

Coarse salt thrown on icy places prevents many a fall.

Add a cup of salt to your foot bath, using hot water, and it will prove very restful to tired feet, also a relief in case of chillblains.

A bag of hot salt is a valuable remedy for neuralgia, toothache or earache; rest the affected part upon the salt.

Salt, together with lemon juice, will remove the most stubborn ink stains as well as iron rust, if applied freely.

NEW USE FOR PAPER BAGS

By PERCY FIELDING
Ithica, New York

When you wish to salt buttered popcorn, peanuts, almonds, home-made Saratoga chips, place one scant tablespoonful of salt into a paper bag, together with whatever is to be salted, and shake well. The salt will be equally distributed, as in no other way; also all superfluous butter will be absorbed by the bag. Flour may be sifted over raisins, citron, nuts, etc., that are to be stirred into cake, as also powdered sugar over cookies, crullers, etc., in the same fashion.

WHEN CHOKING

By GRACE M. STEPHENSON
Austin, Texas

If you are choked and cannot get relief, get down on all fours and cough until you remove the obstruction. Lovey Mary's plan of holding the child upside down and shaking him is the best plan known for relieving a choking baby.

STARCHING BATH TOWELS

By VIRGINIA R. YEAKLE
Little Rock, Arkansas

Starch Turkish bath towels in thin starch. These "scratchy," unironed towels are just the thing to use before retiring, giving better results than a flesh brush.

TO FRESHEN CUT FLOWERS

By ALICE T. BRYANT
Cambridge, Massachusetts

In the first place, cut flowers must have fresh water daily and must not be placed in an overheated room. When they begin to droop, place the stems an inch deep in hot water and let them remain two or three minutes; then cut off as much of the stem as was in the hot water; place in clear cold water again. Repeat this process each morning and you will more than doubly prolong the freshness of your flowers.

A SALT-CELLAR HINT

By B. L. DAVIS
Little Haddam, Connecticut

To keep salt dry in the cellars, when the meal is over place a tumbler over them.

TO CLEAN FELT HATS

By ELIZABETH M. ROBINSON
Iowa City, Iowa.

White corn meal rubbed on with the bare hand or a cloth will clean white, or any shade of felt hats so that they will look like new.

WHEN PLANTING CELERY

By Miss Miles
Upper Maugerville, New Brunswick.

Have any of the "National" housekeepers celery in their kitchen garden? If so, perhaps this hint told me by an old Englishman who is noted for the beautiful celery he raises in his tiny strip of ground, will be useful. When planting your celery make the ground literally white with salt. This will make your celery earlier and better than ever before.

A DAIRY HINT

By MRS. S. A. STRANGE
Kendall, Washington

To keep dust from milk in pans I make covers of cheese cloth cut an inch larger than my pan and hemmed, then whipped over wire hoops. These covers are light, keep my milk free from dust and do not exclude the air which keeps milk sweet.

FUEL ECONOMY

I

By E. F. B.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Push old fire ashes all into one end of stove, then build a new fire under one hole to top of fire-box. I do my cooking and ironing at the same time this way, always have hot flats and use about half as much coal.

II

By CORA A. MATSON-DOLSON

Floridaville, New York.

If the oven of your coal or wood range is slow about heating, get a sheet-iron oven such as is used on an oil or oil-gas stove. One holding four round tins will cost from $1.50 to $2.50. Set this over the two hottest griddles of your range. It will heat in a few minutes and bake well with only an ordinary fire.

TO STOP A COUGH

By MRS. G. W. LAWRENCE

Oil—not essence — of peppermint, if rubbed on the throat and chest will usually stop the most obstinate cough and if applied to the nose will help a cold in the head.

LACE CURTAINS ON BLUEGRASS

By MRS. A. F.

New Plymouth, Idaho

My neighbor washed her fine net curtains the other day; then she spread them on the bluegrass, pinned them done with hairpins and they look like new. The ruffies needed a very little pressing.

(I think we will have to subscribe for each member of our family, for the National has no rest until it looks as if it had made several trips across the continent.)

A FIRE KINDLER

By M. A. EDGERTON

Monarch, Montana

A tin can full of ashes moistened with kerosene makes the best and most economical of fire kindlers. A teaspoonful of the mixture is sufficient to start a fire where wood is used.

A COOLING OINTMENT

By S. T.

Columbus Junction, Iowa.

When I want a cooling, soothing, air-excluding, ointment for eczema, burns, or other sores, I mix powdered corn starch with vaseline. This gives it more body, forms a slight coating over the surface, and is not all absorbed by the cloths, as in the case where vaseline alone is used.

MORE ABOUT FRUIT STAINS

By M. W.

Woodford, New York

One of the Little Helps in your October number advised pouring boiling water directly on fruit stains to remove them. That is all right for berry stains, but it will "set" some, especially cider and apple stains. So I soak all apple, pear, peach and tomato stains in cold water for an hour or two; then dip in boiling water and they will instantly disappear.

WHEN BOILING MILK

By MRS. E. N. M.

Brookville, Pennsylvania.

When you boil milk, grease the pan with butter, before putting in the milk. This will prevent the granules that gather on the bottom of the pan that are so hard to wash off.

WHEN BOILING HAMS

By E. M. DARRINGTON

Yazoo City, Mississippi

To prevent dryness, a ham should be left in the water in which it is boiled until perfectly cold.

A PARASOL IDEA

By GENE C. HILDEBRAND

Waterloo, Iowa.

Any clever girl can make a parasol to match her gown at very little expense, by purchasing two yards of nineteen-inch silk to match or harmonize in color. Take an old parasol cover and rip out a section, being very careful to get an exact pattern of it. After cutting out the necessary number of sections, baste very carefully to keep from pulling out of shape. Stitch the sections together and hem the edges, slip on over the frame, securing firmly at the top and tacking to the frame in the same manner as the ready-made ones. Finish the top with a small frill and cord, and the handle with a large bow artistically tied. Be sure to notice just how a parasol is put together (the cover I mean) so yours will not have a home-made look. I made one last Summer to match my silk shirt-waist suit and it is a beauty.

A NEW PARLOR GAME

By MRS. F. A. JOY

Endeavor, Wisconsin

For as many people as were invited to a little evening party I cut out full pages of advertisements from the National Magazine, cutting each page into small pieces and numbering them so that the right side could be told, then mixed the small pieces together. Each person was given a large sheet of paper and then all were to test how quickly they could paste the proper pieces in place to form the correct ad. The contest roused much merriment.

HOUSE ROSES

By ADA M. BAKER

Portage, Wisconsin

When I take house roses out of the ground in the Fall I put the roots in a pot in which they will have plenty of room, being careful to cut out all old branches. I give them plenty of water and leave them out of doors days as long as the nice weather continues, and then put them in a south window of a room in which there is no stove, but with a temperature of about 68 degrees Fahr. As soon as one lot of roses is gone I cut back all the branches which have not borne. Under this treatment during the last eleven months I have picked sixty-eight roses from a Brabrant bush at no time more than thirty inches high, there being at one time sixteen blossoms on two new shoots which came up from the root. I took my bush up about six weeks ago (Sept. 15,) and cut it back and it has now started new branches all over, with the buds already showing. Never be afraid of the pruning knife with roses.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

THAT marvelous aggregation of horny-handed farmers, slim-fingered dudes, healthy washerwomen, anaemic fine ladies, gamblers, preachers, tramps, desk-men, jimhills, ditch-diggers, law-sharps, prostitutes, poets, fiddlers, prize-fighters, bankers, bunco-men, job hunters, jerry-builders, bargain-drivers, patriots and wooden-nutmeg peddlers drawn to this free soil from the four quarters of the earth as steel filings are drawn by the magnet — this interesting aggregation which, collectively, commands my highest love as MY COUNTRY, has just been advertising to the world the measure of its own soul in the choice of its public servants.

In the contest for the presidency the political group that bore the name of democracy was defeated: but the group that nominated the real democrat won.

The daily papers talk a lot about "the republican landslide." Let us be exact: there were two landslides.

Millions of democrats—the independent, thinking minority that has more regard for a fact than for a label—rejected Parker. Most of them voted for Theodore Roosevelt. A smaller but considerable number—the natural born pioneers of social progress—voted with the socialists for Eugene Debs.

And in eight northern states which gave big majorities to Roosevelt, democratic governors were chosen. In Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Missouri, Illinois, Nebraska, Colorado and Wisconsin, the independent, thinking minority of republicans rejected their party's nominee and voted for his democratic rival.

"Jim" Hill, the ablest railroad man of his generation, got his fingers hurt trying to shove an unpopular, tricky politician down the throats of Minnesotans. The people of the state decided to show Mr. Hill that however much they appreciated him as a highway maker, they do not want him for a political master.

Yes, I know that Lafollette of Wisconsin and Deneen of Illinois were on the republican tickets, and that there were so-called democratic tickets in the field against them: this doesn't alter the fact that these men were the true representatives of genuine democracy in the balloting of November 8, 1904. Deneen, by the way, led even Roosevelt in Illinois, his plurality for governor being a little trifle of 266,000 plus.

Lafollette, who was to be "wiped off the slate forever" by the men who bolted his party when for the first time in a generation they lost control of it, is still there, big as life. If there is any one thing that the average voter despises more than anything else, it is what is technically known as "the baby act." When this group of distinguished—now extinguished — republican bolters were making a door-mat of Lafollette years ago, he took his medicine like a little man, and came back for more. And they did not spare him, either. They would have more public sympathy now if they had followed his example.

In Massachusetts, Douglas' advocacy of tariff revision so as to make freer

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT OF ALL THE PEOPLE

Photograph copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

trade between Canada and New England, and Bates' enforcement of Puritanic Blue Laws in metropolitan Boston, coupled with his vetoes of bills in the interest of labor, were about equally responsible for Bates running 120,000 behind Roosevelt and the election of Douglas by 35,000 plus. If Senator Lodge, the chief Massachusetts "standpatter," was listening to "the voice of the people" on election day, he very likely heard something greatly to his advantage in an educational sense.

"Joe" Folk's victory in Missouri over the combined forces of corruption gives the measure of Missouri's robust sense of private honor and public decency.

Colorado when she elected Governor Peabody gave notice that she would not stand for the brutal tyranny of lawless labor unionists. Now, in retiring Peabody, a beaten aspirant for another term, Colorado gives yet more emphatic notice that she will not stand for executive usurpation of judicial functions, nor for public invasion of sacred private rights. There will be no more exiling of citizens from Colorado solely because they belong to labor unions; no more terrorizing of innocent women and children by a state militia turned irresponsibly over to do the lawless will of greedy mine-owners. Standard Oil will discover that it cannot permanently rule an American commonwealth from 26 Wall street.

If President Roosevelt and the other leaders of his party believe their tremendous majority is a mandate to hold tariffs up to the limit; to give a free hand to the plundering meat, coal, oil and other trusts that control and make constantly dearer the necessaries of life,—then they are due for an equally emphatic rebuke two years hence, or yours truly is no prophet. The people have simply put it up to the president, whom they love and trust, to get justice done; and between you and me and the lamp-post, I believe he'll do it, or make a strenuous try at it. Of course it won't be possible to cut tariffs much until other sources of government revenue are provided. The attempts that have been made to levy an income tax tended this way. One of these days we shall have a supreme court that will be able to find constitutional warrant for this most just and equitable form of taxation. Government ownership of railways and telegraphs would produce an enormous public revenue. From these and kindred sources must come the money to run the government if tariff taxes are to be lowered or removed. I personally believe that all this—free trade, government ownership and the income tax—is a consummation devoutly to be wished—and I think my small sons, if they live long enough, may see it come to pass.

Meantime, let's cheer up, drink to the president's very good health, and see about getting the Christmas turkey.

TREES AND MEN

By H. R. R. HERTZBERG

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

TREES of the big sorts, master trees,
Grow very slowly—at their ease.
They can be forced to shoot up fast
Indeed, but then they do not last,
They do not live their life out then;

And what is true of trees, of men
Is also true. Big men, the kind
Who wi' their flaming names have signed
Pages of History, had ne'er
Attained their growth in hot-house air.

The Yule-tide feast of love and happiness can have no greater enchantment than Nabisco Sugar Wafers, a Fairy Sandwich that sets merry hearts attune—a confection of subtle individuality and delightsome character, that is as much a part of Merry Christmas as a sunbeam is a part of Spring. You must have Nabisco Sugar Wafers to complete the glory of the Yule-tide feast.

And when the evening shadows fall, and the logs are burning, bright with cheer, you should pass around Festino Almonds, that old and young, and those who are not so old and young, may ever remember and cherish the joys of the day.

KANSAS OIL INDUSTRY

By E. N. BURR

ACCORDING to an official report just received from the United States Bureau of Statistics, the foreign demand for American petroleum has been increasing at a remarkable rate of late.

For the month of April, 1904, our total exports of mineral oil, including crude, refined and residuum, were valued at $7,563,027, as compared with $6,157,035 in April, 1903. And for the ten months ending April 30, 1902, 1903 and 1904, respectively, the values were as follows:

Exports of Mineral Oil

YEAR	VALUE
1902 (10 months ending April 30)	$60,384,048
1903 " " " " "	55,683,672
1904 " " " " "	66,196,792

If the above indicated rate of increase proves to have been maintained during May and June, the exports of petroleum for the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1904, will figure up about $82,000,000, thus surpassing by about $7,000,000 the high water mark of $75,611,750 reached in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900.

These figures are the more remarkable in view of the fact that the older oil fields are becoming exhausted. Yet as they do so, the home and foreign demand continually increases, and the price of oil steadily advances. It would advance in a most startling fashion were it not that new fields have been opened during the last two or three years, notably in Texas, California, Kentucky and Kansas.

The United States Geological Survey has not yet made its official report on the production of 1903, but for 1902 it reports that the total production in the United States of crude petroleum was 80,894,590 barrels, as against 69,389,194 in 1901, an increase of 11,505,396 barrels, or sixteen and five-tenths per cent. over that of 1901 and of twenty-seven per cent. over that of 1900. The greatest portion of the increase in 1902 came from Texas and California, the gain being 5,830,994 barrels, or one hundred and thirty-two and seven-tenths per cent. for Texas and 5,187,518 barrels, or fifty-nine per cent., for California, as compared with their respective productions in 1901. Louisiana produced for the first time in 1902, the production being 548,617 barrels. The increase in the production of Kansas was 152,598 barrels, or about eighty-five per cent. over 1901.

By reason of the fact that the production of petroleum has until recently been controlled by more or less close corporations, with the Standard Oil Company at the head, the majority of investors have not been so familiar with the figures pertaining to this industry as they have been with those pertaining to gold or silver or copper mining. Yet the fact that the Standard Oil Company has been able to pay dividends of as high as forty-eight per cent. per annum, or $48,000,000 in a single year on a capital of $100,000,000, ought to open people's eyes to the wonderful money making capabilities of the oil deposits of America. The Standard Oil Company is now disbursing more money to stockholders than any other corporation in the world. Since January 1, 1897, it has paid nearly $300,000,000 in dividends, and of that amount John D. Rockefeller has received nearly $100,000,000. Since 1891 Standard Oil has paid nearly $400,000,000, or four times the amount of the capital stock. As a recent writer has said, a fair idea of the magnitude of the dividends of the Standard can be had from the fact that in fifty-seven years the Pennsylvania Railroad has only paid about $215,000,000 to stockholders, or $85,000,000 less than Standard Oil has paid in a little over six years.

The most remarkable feature of the oil situation of today is the fashion in which

Kansas is coming to the front. Although active operations do not date back very far, Kansas produced 1,000,000 barrels in 1903, with excellent prospects of doubling that total in 1904. The Standard Oil Company is constructing the largest oil refinery in the world at Kansas City. It has purchased 120 acres of land ten miles east of that city and is investing an enormous amount of money. It will take all the oil, at good prices, that Kansas can produce, conveying it to the refinery in its hundreds of miles of pipe lines. The fine quality of the Kansas oil is an important point.

Being of asphaltum base, the Texas and California oil can only be used for fuel purposes, and is sold on a strongly competitive and necessarily limited market, brings a price of from ten cents to seventeen cents per barrel, with great difficulty to market it at that price. Yet many large fortunes, and innumerable competencies for life were made in this oil. On the other hand, the Kansas oil is of a paraffin base, and upon being refined produces an endless variety of marketable products. The first product that comes off as the process of distillation proceeds is naptha. This is followed by gasoline. Then comes what is popularly supposed to be about the only product of petroleum oil, coal oil. Then there is a "signal" oil, a heavier oil, which is used in signal lamps. There are numerous lubricating oils, the most delicate of which is dynamo oil, a thin, fine oil suitable for delicate machinery. Then there are twenty or more greases, including a mixture of yellow and black grease, which is sold for axle grease. There is a heavier grease which is used to grease rails at railroad curves, so as not to wear the flanges of wheels and to protect the rails. A delicate product is paraffin, which has an infinite variety of uses. The final product of the crude oil is the coat. This is a form of coke, which is the last thrown off of the original crude products. It is burned in a grate like coal, or is manufactured into the insulation that is used to protect wire of various kinds. Owing to the many products of paraffin oil, there is an unlimited demand for it, and in consequence good prices are being paid for it.

GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

THE SCENE OF GREAT GOLD DISCOVERIES

By E. J. PRICE

SINCE the very beginning of history, man and his desire for gold have been inseparable. It has proved the very foundation of our commercial life, and, in fact, of our civilization. The highest aim of man has been to successfully acquire the miner's gold. This endeavor has proved the incentive to mental energy that has resulted in the progress of civilization.

The prospector's quest for gold is a silent one, but when his efforts have been rewarded his discoveries immediately become a center of attraction, a magnetism that draws mankind with an irresistible force. Within our own memories it was the quest of gold and diamonds that resulted in the settlement of South Africa, and the great gold discoveries in California that wrested men from comfortable homes to brave the wild and barren deserts of western America. The development of the West has always followed the trail of the gold seeker.

Following the tail-end of the California gold excitement came the discovery of the wonderful Comstock mines ot

Nevada, that are estimated to have produced something like $600,000,000 in gold and silver and furnished the capital for the financing of most of the great enterprises of the West and produced many of the world's greatest financiers. It was perhaps largely responsible for the great decline in the price of silver, but it strengthened the quest for gold, and in 1890 came the great gold discoveries of Cripple Creek, which has proved the greatest gold mining camp in the world. This district, less than three miles square, has added to the world's supply of gold about $150,000,000 during the past ten years, thus Colorado became the chief field of mining operations and for a number of years has led all other states of the Union in the production of gold and silver. In the meantime, however, there were a few prospectors who pinned their faith to Nevada, which has already produced more gold and silver than any other state in the Union, although it has the smallest population. The deserts of Nevada have never been very inviting to the man who loves a comfortable home, but the quest for gold will always lead men to the greatest extremes. About a year ago a phenomenal find was made in the district that is now known as Goldfield. The first reports were regarded as too much like fairy tales but the persistent circulation of reports of new discoveries have caused almost a stampede to Goldfield from all the leading mining districts of the West. Already Goldfield numbers six or seven thousand people, nearly all of whom have come into the district during the past five months, and it is safe to predict that next Spring Goldfield will have a population of twenty thousand or more people.

SACKING RICH GOLD ORE FROM SURFACE AT GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

The country rock of the district is known as alaskite, being eruptive rock from a great volcano. Through this alaskite protrudes great quartz dykes, varying from a few feet to 100 feet in width. It is in secondary fissuring of these quartz dykes that are to be found the very rich gold ore shoots that have already made this camp famous. The camp already numbers about twenty-five producers, the most prominent of which are the Combination, January, Jumbo, Florence, Velvet, Saint Ives, Vernal and Quartzite. Most of these have from a half million to several million dollars worth of ore in sight. The camp has for the first year of its existence produced more gold than any other camp in the world for its age, and should it continue its record it will prove one of the great wonders of the world.

THE TRIUMPH OF MADAME CAROLINE

PERHAPS it was a cynic who recorded that the most gratifying compliment which could be paid to a woman was to declare she was tastefully and artistically attired. However this may be, we do know that the American man glories in the well dressed American woman and that in the triumphs of fashion are often revealed the greatest of industrial and commercial conquests.

MADAME CAROLINE

For centuries past the regal court of the dressmakers' art has been in Paris—but surely and certainly westward has been the course, and it remained for an American dressmaker to win the laurels in the great international competition this year.

Madame Caroline of Michigan avenue, Chicago, has achieved this triumph. Her name is on the lips of the thousands of women who visited the World's Fair at St. Louis. Her reputation as one of the very few creative artists was fully sustained by the gowns exhibited, for there was that harmony in color, that witchery of exquisite lace, that wonderful detail, which marks Madame Caroline's individuality in every gown.

It is a well known fact that American women are the hardest in the world to please in the matter of dress. Abroad, especially on the continent, a conspicuous gown as to color and form is held to be the most pleasing. To the American lady a fine sense for color and harmony is demanded and she directs that her gowns be made along these lines in coming closer to the ideal in dress.

Madame Caroline has found her greatest success in Americanizing the French tendencies.

Over in the Thuringian forest, near where the young Queen of Holland made the acquaintance of the young man whom she insisted upon marrying, merely because she had fallen in love with him, is a little gem of architecture set in the midst of a tiny estate. This is the haven to which Madame Caroline hurries every June after the trying and arduous work of the fall and winter seasons.

After a summer's rest amid these delightful surroundings, the Madame returns full of enthusiasm for the duties of her chosen work. Twice each year she goes to Paris to see the tendencies of fashion for the ensuing season.

"Except to follow an established custom, this is scarcely necessary," she declares. "Of course Paris gives one the greatest inspirations, but I always find that my own ideas are in the trend of the general taste displayed by the dictators. This is easily understood, for the fashions from year to year unfold, one might say, almost out of each other. My original ideas I always find acceptable to my patrons."

MADAME CAROLINE'S CHALET IN THURINGIA

The Madame might have added, "and to the St. Louis board of awards also."

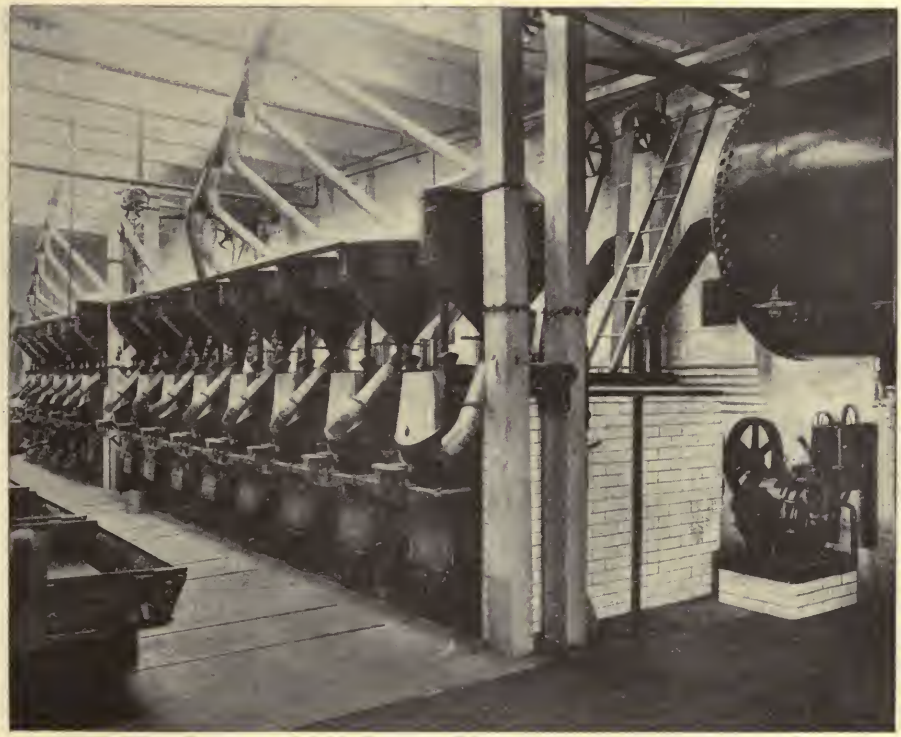
THE NEW HOME OF WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

THE NEW HOME OF WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

By JOE M. CHAPPLE

THE readers of the National Magazine should be interested in White House Coffee, since they give so much of their attention each month to the scenes and events which cluster about the home of the chief executive. The Dwinell-Wright Company, has made the name of the White House coffee national and international, and is one of the oldest firms in Boston, having been established in 1845. They are now nearly three score years in business, and four presidents have come and gone since White House coffee was first placed upon the market. The company has just moved into its handsome new building, where the spacious seven floors afford accommodation for their large and growing business. The building includes office, factory and warehouse, and is located on 311-319 Summer and 323-329 A streets.

On entering the building one suddenly encounters an appetizing reminder of breakfast time, and I am sure that our lady readers especially will be interested in knowing more about the place that the coffee comes from, which occupies so prominent a place in their morning meal. Everyone knows that the indigestibility of pie is conceded to be often due to the manner of mixing the ingredients, and I have no doubt that it is equally true that the injurious effects sometimes attributed to coffee may be traced to the fact that poor coffee has been used, or that good coffee has been poorly blended. If the right "blend" is procured, it is seldom that any evil effect will be felt from drinking coffee. This looks like a sensible proposition, and with such a concern as the Dwinell-Wright Company to supply our wants, there is little reason why we should deprive ourselves of the solace of our morning cup, despite the determination of the "cranks" to create a prejudice against the beverage which is associated with our earliest ideas of a good breakfast. There are imitations, but good coffee is unmistakable when once tasted.



THE BATTERIES OF COFFEE ROASTERS

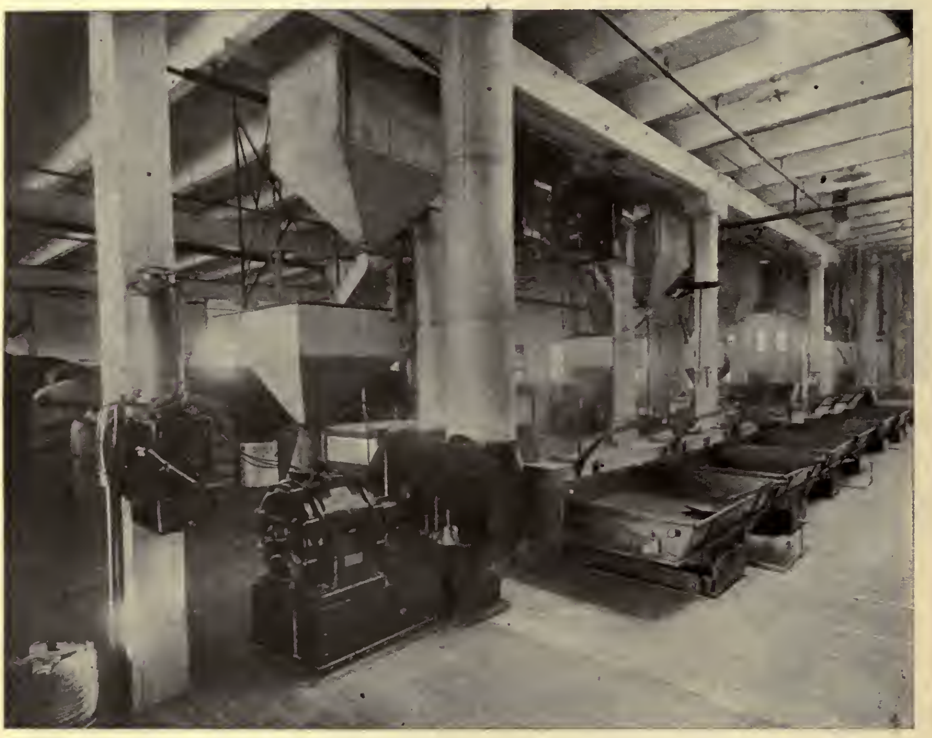
The building on Summer and A streets is as large as building laws will permit, being 100x90. It is constructed of cream colored brick, and the materials used are in every instance the best that could be procured. Abundance of light and ventilation has been provided for by 219 windows, as many as could safely be put in and retain the firmness of the structure. The office lacks nothing to be desired, the windows being of plate glass and the furniture being of the handsome, useful and comfortable kind made especially for the company. To the right of the office is the laboratory or testing room. Here, on circular tables are seen small coffee cups, each representing a sample for testing purposes, and here sample pans of roasted coffee await the inspection of the experts.

This firm buys coffee from Brazil,

Venezuela, Java, the East Indies and all other famous coffee markets. I was much interested in seeing samples from the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, and thought how small the world seems, for it was only a few months ago that the National Magazine party passed through Chestervale in Jamaica, the very place from which this coffee came. The berries grown there are famous in most coffee markets of the world.

The history of coffee packing includes several distinct and interesting stages: it is cleaned, screened and separated before it is roasted, the latter process being a very delicate one, as every housewife knows; a single instant too long or too short in its exposure to the heat may injure the flavor. The berries are imported in gunny sacks in which they are received in the basement of the building. Here the sacks are opened and the berries are turned into a hopper in the floor, thence carried by elevators to the coffee separating machinery above, then the several separations are carried by another line of elevators to the top or roasting floor. While going through the separator it is passed over screens and subject to an air blast.

Here for the first time I saw the difference between the so-called male and female coffee berry; the former being small with but one kernel in a shell or hull. The female berry has a divided kernel and is larger than the male. It is said that there is no actual difference in the flavor, though the male berry is prized on account of its scarcity. Some of the berries arrive with the hull on, although they pass through a hulling process before being shipped to this country. On the bags that contained the berries

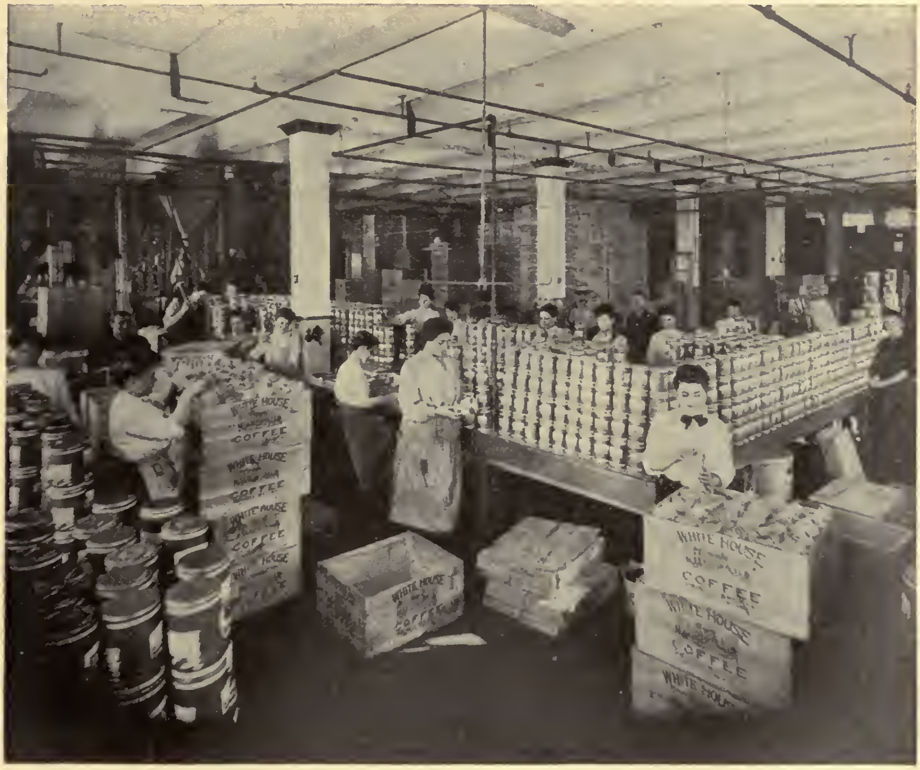


THE COFFEE COOLING AND SEPARATING MACHINERY were many suggestions of the far off plantations from which they had come.

The blending of the coffee is done while the berry is raw, and is as delicate an operation as the making up of a druggist's prescription, the weighing and mixing being done by adroit hands. The coffee is then placed in the ovens, where the most critical skill is given to watching the roasting process. When the berries are taken from the ovens they are placed in cooling bins with screen bottoms, which permit a blast of dry, cool air to pass through and temper the coffee.

From these cooling bins the coffee is then tilted out and down through the floor through several wonderful machines, for cleaning and separating, and then lifted bodily by a powerful air blast back to the floor above, where it is spouted off into bins or drawn off into bags or cars for distribution to the automatic weighing machines on the floor below.

There is a glass panel in the air shaft which permits one to watch this process, and it is indeed interesting to see the mounting, whirling berries, like a swarm of bees in motion; as the berries ascend the refuse drops back, the coffee being much lighter than any nails or stones that may be mixed with it.



PACKING ROOM — WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

I was especially impressed with the care given to all sanitary arrangements throughout the entire establishment from top to bottom. Too much attention can not be given to the purity of our food products that go into the mouths of the people, for these are the source of the health and prosperity of the nation. It is certain that a sickly nation cannot be a prosperous one. In the work rooms of the Dwinell-Wright Company every bin shone like the pans on a pantry shelf of a careful housewife, while from the grinding mills came the fragrance of coffee that it is not the common lot of mortal to dislike.

Two 4000 pound platform elevators as well as an automatic link belt elevator in the center of the building move the goods and are in motion from morning to night transferring up empty cans and boxes and down cases filled with White House coffee, as well as other cases of the famous "Royal" spices, which this firm grind, pack and ship to all parts of the country. As I breathed the mingled fragrance I recalled Goldsmith's lines, memorized in boyhood, and hereafter they will always be associated in my mind with the wonderful manufactory of Dwinell-Wright.

SHIPPING ROOM — WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

"As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around."

The lines ran through my mind as I surveyed the "Royal" array of pepper, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, cloves, French and English mustard, saleratus, cream of tartar and a host of other tasty relishes and powders that would have caused a housewife's heart to rejoice. All these are constantly being turned out in marketable shape. Each machine in the factory is driven by separate motors, which are in turn propelled by the three-phase alternating electric current generated by a Westinghouse dynamo propelled by a powerful engine. This power also controls the ringing of the bells, which chime out simultaneously in every department when the appointed hour arrives for lunch, and at night and morning. In looking over this model establishment nothing is more noticeable than the scrupulous care taken in preparing the various lines of spices, and it is clear that this firm understands the importance of having their goods done up in attractive shape. No line of coffee and spices on the market is more attractively and neatly put up than the packages and cans turned out by the Dwinell-Wright-Company. The White House coffee and all other package coffees and many of the spices are weighed with infallible correctness by automatic machinery and handled and labelled with all the neatness and dexterity possible by the nimble fingers of women. Like the spices, it is packed in cans of various sizes. It was interesting to note the pyramid of all sizes of cans on every side, each suggesting its own story of domestic science and utility as it stood ready to start on its mission of good cheer to the larder or pantry of some American housekeeper. The packing boxes required are made on the premises from shooks, the nails being driven in automatically by a machine remarkably like a linotype.

In talking with Mr. Wright, the president of the corporation, I was interested to learn of the care taken to insure the absolute purity of the spices prepared by the firm. They are ground under strict personal supervision, so that it is impossible that any adulteration can creep in and the company is responsible for the purity of its products all of which are manufactured and sold in conformity with the pure food laws of the several states. No customer can visit this establishment without being impressed with this point, and he will go away with new confidence in the purity of the goods he sells. It is the purpose of this company to produce nothing that is not absolutely the best to be procured at the price. Nobody need hesitate to purchase goods bearing the "Royal" or "White House" brand, and their qualities will stand a cook's most crucial test.

Referring again to the subject of coffee, it is no unusual report that when once a consumer has tried some of Dwinell-Wright's blends, nothing else can be enjoyed with equal satisfaction.

The art of blending has especial attractions for me. It is a separate trade in itself and requires long experience and skilled training. It seemed to me that the "blending" of coffee was as delicate an operation as the blending of colors on a canvas, or the merchant's skilfull blending of his purchases with the tastes and needs of his customers; or an editor's blending of humor and pathos in his pages of printed matter. In every walk of life it is the "blending" that counts. Which train of thought brought me round to the fascinating "blenders" in our homes, who mix up all sorts of mysterious and delightful edibles, putting in a pinch of this and a spoonful of that in a fashion that is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary male, although it will probably not seem at all mysterious to our lady readers. I am disposed, on the whole, to agree with that American statesman who said:

"The prowess of the American man today lies as much in the fact that his mother was a good cook as in the fact that he had a good moral training, for moral training will not take root when the constitution is improperly nourished." The "sound mind in the sound body" means a great deal, which brings us back to the somewhat belittling — but I fear true statement — that, "The road to a man's heart is through his stomach."

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHILE you are all busy with Christmas preparations, in the same spirit with which you arrange your loving tributes I send you greeting. While you are, perhaps, beginning to stitch on that dolly or crotchet the quaint pattern of doyley or collar, or finish up the bit of artistic embroidery, or are racking your brain for some present for mother, sister, aunt, or good old grandma, I am in the same mood trying to find a word, a sentence, a phrase that will say Merry Christmas in some way that will convey my meaning better than the stereotyped phrase can do. Our gifts may not always be just exactly what our friends most need, but if we give in the true Christmas spirit the recipient will not look for the cost-mark, and this is the spirit in which I know you will receive my season's greetings—you will accept my good wishes, heartily and sincerely offered, without looking up the literary cost-mark of the effort.

For days past I have been trying to find out what you would like best—what would please the readers of the National most—I want to offer a dainty gift, rich with the green of the holly leaves and ruddy with the glow of its berries.

The other day I saw a number of boys at play, and they taught me a lesson of the times which I think I shall never forget. Probably ten or twelve bright, energetic youngsters were gathered about a group of open pits in a vacant lot. In these pits were placed tin cans representing smoke-stacks, beneath which miniature fires had been built, and from which volumes of smoke were issuing. I stopped and said:

"What are these?"

"These are Douglas factories," came the prompt answer.

"Douglas factories?" I queried in surprise.

"Don't you know Douglas factories? The same as you see on the bill-boards? Don't you know that Douglas is governor now?" And they seemed rather scornful of my ignorance.

It struck me that there is something very suggestive in the fact that these American boys seized upon the success of a great manufacturer as material for making a new game. I tell you it is a hopeful sign for the future. There are still great captains of industry to come, much as we coddle ourselves with the idea that our own times have seen the apex of the industrial pyramid. When the American boys, playing on the vacant lots, have their ambition fired by the smoke-stacks of the governor's factories, and study this lesson taught by his life of thrift and industry, the smoke of these miniature factories will prove to be the flag that will lead on the American hosts of the future to victory.

I don't think that the Honorable W. L. Douglas could wish for a greater compliment than was paid him by those energetic youngsters on the Milton hillside.

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IF I could hang a miniature factory on the Christmas tree for every boy reader of the National, I wonder if he would be satisfied? It is always fascinating to watch the trend of thought among our young people, because it forecasts the future as clearly as the sun takes the picture on the plate of the camera. When I meet a lot of boys gathered in their wickey-up or make-believe Indian tepee, I could sit for hours before their glowing fire and hear them tell thrilling stories of wild adventure that would have made the hair of their Pilgrim forefathers stand on end. This is the time to study human nature. I sat for some time before one of these fires a few days ago, sniffing the smoke of the withered leaves, that brought back the keen enjoyment of the camp fires of my own boyhood, and in these moments of reflection it seemed as though a reserve force of power poured into one's being, before which every obstacle must succumb.

Inasmuch as it is impossible to own a fairy wand, it is not given me to place upon every Christmas tree some remembrance; but I wish that through these pages I could give every boy as a Christmas greeting a thirst for the noblest and best things of life, and also instill in him the ambition to succeed. If I could impress this upon the hearts and souls of the boys and girls of America, we should see them all not only doing, but doing their very best for the betterment of all humanity, and what better Christmas gift could I give them than this? I would not give them a factory or a fortune, but if I enthuse them with these ideas, I know that the factories and fortunes are bound to come in good time, as well as that which is more important than either—the upbuilding of their own character.

To the readers of the National the best offering I can make is simply myself, wholly and entirely devoted to their interests through our magazine.

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ANOTHER idea came to me recently which might not be out of place as a Christmas suggestion. It has always been a rule of my life to start the day with an exercise in good nature and cheerfulness, which I consider to be just as necessary as any physical culture for the biceps. I was given a good rule of this kind by a friend the other day. He told me that when he awoke and before getting out of bed in the morning, he always thought of something to make him smile, and if he could not recall anything sufficiently humorous to produce the right result at the moment, he tickled himself until the necessary smile came—and then rolled out.

I agree with the wise man who said —was it not good old Dr. Johnson—that a cheerful disposition is worth at least $5,000 a year. So if you will cultivate that you will have that sum to meet your Christmas wants, or whatever other figure you put your Christmas needs at.

Speaking of gifts, I want to say that I have seldom had anything given to me that has touched me so much as the way in which our friends have sent in scores of missing numbers to replace file copies of the National Magazine that were burned last Spring.

And despite the fact that we lost so many numbers from our reserve at that time, we have now almost completed our files again, but are still in need of some issues of October, 1898; August, 1899, and January, 1901. What paper can boast of subscribers who possess a more generous and kindly spirit than this? Our friends and subscribers have absolutely refused to allow us to send the double price offered for these missing numbers, but send them in with the request that no payment shall be forwarded for them.

In talking with other magazine and

newspaper editors at the meetings of the various associations I always give them the impression that I am over-enthusiastic when I assert that there never were such subscribers as those we have on the National list. Now I am able to prove to them that this is no idle statement, because I can point to our pile of back numbers, replaced through the generosity of our subscribers. I sometimes feel that we do not deserve all the kindly consideration which our friends show us, but it certainly makes "sunny days more enduring and dark days more endurable."

I believe that it will be a pleasure to our readers to know that our loss is so nearly covered in this respect, and that we only need a few more numbers to make our files complete.

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IF every subscriber could see the avalanche of "Heart-Throbs" pouring in upon us, each would hasten to add his or her contribution. Now, when you read this, just pick out any clipping, verse or story, that appeals to you and forward it to us, being careful, however, to keep within the rules outlined elsewhere in these pages. Send your clipping right on now. These clippings will be a feature of every issue of the National next year — selections by our own readers of the things which they consider worth preserving.

You would be amazed to note what a variety of people have joined this contest: judges, senators, congressmen, workingmen of all kinds, machinists, farmers, clerks, stenographers, boys and girls of varying ages; and you might also be surprised to note what lofty, noble sentiments are represented in these selections, coming in from the great plain people of America.

These clippings express, as nothing else could do, the ambitions, desires and purposes of the nation. They are a revelation and inspiration, because it proves that we have a great reservoir of real heart sentiment among our people.

It is not yet too late to send in a subscription for your friends as a Christmas gift, something that will remind them of you every month during the coming year. Send in your subscription and send in a "Heart-Throb" with it. Then we can enter your name in our contest and send the magazine to your friend with a nicely engraved receipt stating that the National comes to him as a Christmas gift, and giving the name of the donor if desired. This is one way of making a jolly Christmas for someone.

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FOR my own part, I know what I would like—and if I could choose there is nothing that would give me more pleasure—than to arise bright and early on Christmas morning and find about 5,000 letters—more or less—each containing a subscription and a "Heart-Throb." I would not stop to read and answer all the letters on that day, but I would read and answer them all just as soon as I could. I should not even wait to ascertain that each one contained a subscription, for the spirit of the senders would ensure me a happy Christmas. In fact you need not wait until Christmas in order to present me with this gift, because our subscription clerks have decided to save up enough subscriptions in answer to this suggestion to make sure of a generous Christmas budget—though of course the subscriptions will be entered and the magazine duly forwarded directly the letters arrive. They are saving up a Christmas treat for the publisher.

If I had those 5,000 letters I would hang them upon a Christmas tree glistening with tinsel and gaily colored, flickering candles, and then I would sit beneath my tree about the happiest mortal alive. It is not necessary to limit the number to 5,000—10,000 would do even better; but I shall be abundantly content — like the good parson — with whatever comes.

CONCERNING THE STANDARD PAPER CO.

By JOE M. CHAPPLE

HOW swiftly the years have passed since I bought my first bill of paper from the Standard Paper Company of Milwaukee! What a kindly greeting it was that the treasurer, Mr. C. L. Blanchard, extended to the young and somewhat timid newspaper man when he made his first venture as publisher and editor into the paths of journalism! There was something in that moment that spoke to me of a generous confidence between man and man, and brought a glow of pleasure that no intervening years have erased. When the treasurer of that corporation took me by the hand and said that my promises were as "good as gold," he did much more for me, probably, than he was aware.

Well, we got along famously in the years that are past. What looked like a mountain of debt at the start soon melted down, and we fell into the comfortable habit of discounting bills at three per cent., a habit which I have carefully cultivated and that has been a source of revenue and satisfaction ever since. It is, however, difficult to pay adequate tribute to those kind friends to whom so much is due, and who have done so much to help on many other ventures in American commercial life, but I desire in this, the closing number of our series printed at the World's Fair, to express something of the gratitude and appreciation that I feel for the Standard Paper Company. Their goods were truly "standard." There never was anything that was not exactly right, and I had as much confidence in purchasing a bill of goods from the company as though I were investing in government bonds. Prompt to the moment in regard to delivery, and always as considerate of my small order as they could possibly be of the largest buyers on their books.

The Standard Paper Company was organized in 1883, having been previously conducted as an agency. After about five years it became identified with the J. W. Butler Company of Chicago one of the best known, largest and oldest paper firms in the country, and upon its reorganization Mr. J. W. Butler was made president. He is a pioneer in the paper business, which has been his life work for more than fifty years. He is also president of the J. W. Butler Paper Company. Mr. F. O. Butler became vice president, Mr. C. L. Blanchard treasurer and manager, and Mr. John Moss secretary. Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Moss being the resident members of the company, have had active and continuous charge of the business ever since. Mr. Blanchard was the secretary of the old company and is the only member of the present organization who was an officer in the original corporation.

The Standard Paper Company have the art of so directing their efforts that they bring the best possible results, and each succeeding year has seen an improvement and enlargement in the business of the company, whose trade is spread over the states of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan and the Dakotas. The wide territory covered by this company shows that publishers realize that to trade with the Standard Paper Company means not only satisfactory printing materials, but also has in it the elements of success, for the company watches as carefully over the interests of its customers as over its own. All publishers know just how much this means to them. The stock is the best to be had at the price paid, and is as varied and large as that of any paper house in the West, outside of Chicago.

A CORNER SECTION OF ONE OF THE FLOORS OF THE STANDARD PAPER COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Mr. Moss, the secretary, is a genial and agreeable gentleman who has been identified with the paper business since his early boyhood. Whenever I visit Milwaukee it is a pleasure to call at the Standard Paper Company's office and have a friendly chat. I feel that I cannot say enough for the influence they have had upon my own career and I wish them continued success.

A HIGHLY MERITED AWARD MADE

THE visitor to the World's Fair is amazed at the stupendousness of the Exposition, the millions of lights and the thousands of exhibits, hundreds of buildings, all there for the pleasure and inspection of mankind. One cannot help but draw comparisons when viewing this great Exposition, comparing one building with another and one exhibit with another. The mind also involuntarily draws comparisons for instance, as to which exhibit of them all is the most beautiful, which the most expensive, which gives the most pleasure to humanity and which will do humanity the most good. When the latter phase of the matter is considered, it is not difficult to determine which exhibit of them all is entitled to praise. The exhibit that is doing and going to continue to do the most good to all classes of people, of all countries represented in this great Exposition, is the invention of the late Benjamin F. Stephens of Brooklyn, New York, known as the Ideal Sight Restorer, the booth being in the Palace of Liberal Arts, and has received the highest award at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

What is more precious to the human race than sight? It is our most precious heritage next to life itself, and anything that will improve, restore, or prevent failing vision is something to be treasured by everyone. The booth of the Ideal Sight Restorer in the Palace of Liberal Arts is in charge of Mrs. Stephens, widow of the inventor, and she is leaving no stone unturned to enlighten the public as to just how good an invention it is.

Humanity will in time thank Mrs. Stephens for her efforts along this line, as the use of the Ideal will preserve, strengthen and restore sight; it will cure near sight, far sight and failure of sight from any cause, provided the eye is not subject to reflex organic disease. Persons who use glasses to correct any defect of vision may be relieved of the necessity of wearing them, and can look again upon nature with the healthy eye of youth. The Ideal Sight Restorer is an ingenious mechanical contrivance, amply protected by patents, by the use of which massage of the eye is accomplished in a more perfect manner than by any other means. The Restorer fits the eyes over the closed eyelids and is held in position by mere atmospheric pressure, the effect is soothing and delightful, absolutely without pain, and each renewal of the application is a pleasure. It is applied night and morning for from one to two minutes, or as the strength of the eyes will bear, and the eyes are thus gently massaged and molded into the proper or normal shape and the nerve center strengthened,—conditions that are absolutely necessary for good eye sight. Mrs. Stephens came to St. Louis personally in order to be sure that her husband's invention was properly placed before the public, and she is glad to give a demonstration of the work of this priceless little instrument at the booth.

Mrs. Stephens has hundreds of testimonials showing what the Ideal Sight Restorer has done for people, and has affidavits, the originals, in her possession in St. Louis showing marvelous cures. These she is glad to show to all. In fact it is her idea to gain the confidence of the people by fair methods. The Ideal is for their benefit, and she wants them to know it. Occulists and opticians from all over the world are invited to disprove, if possible, the Ideal theory of massage to the eye.

HOW I SOLVED THE MYSTERY

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FOR years the mystery that perplexed my masculine mind was, "Where, when and how do the styles of ladies' garments originate?" I perceived that they were as varied as the winds of Spring or the snows of Winter, but whence came the "leg-of-mutton" effect at the shoulder, the twin balloons below the elbow, or the vast variety of lace effects around the neck and wrists, was something beyond my ken.

Now I know.

I have discovered that these styles really originate in the mind and heart of the American woman herself, but the destiny of shirt waists and skirts that rule each successive season is planned in certain handsomely furnished rooms, far above the din and noise of the metropolis. Here a board of designers meet in solemn conclave and work out the ideas which they seem, in some mysterious way to know are brewing in the minds of our womenkind. Then suggestions are thrown out by means of paper patterns, and the coming styles are determined by the way in which these "take." If a little shirring and tucking proves popular a little more is added, each season, until, lo! the lady of fashion is a happy combination of shirring and tucking that reaches from the shoulder to the foot, and causes the "mere man" to lose himself in wonder and admiration. I decided to go and see for myself this wizard's den.

On an historic site in the very center of New York stands a monument of one of the greatest achievements of the publishing world. This is nothing less than the headquarters of the Butterick Company, which is regarded as one of the show places of New York. I entered the magnificent rotunda of the imposing structure, and I will confess that I was bewildered by the gigantitude of the institution, yet when I became acclimated, I could see what excellent order and method were observed throughout this immense concern. It was my good fortune to meet, at the beginning of my wanderings Mr. G. W. Wilder, president of the company, a young man who has certainly won laurels in the publishing world that are second to none.

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY'S BOOTH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS

A modest young man, with keen blue eyes, is Mr. Wilder. His energy and enthusiasm are infectious, and I could not help but notice that as he went through the large building there never was lacking a kindly word of greeting or a smile to the employees in the various departments he passed through. Mr. Wilder is certainly a striking character in the publishing world, and quiet though he seems, he has done effective and forcible work. Associated with him is Mr. C. D. Wilder, his brother and treasurer of the company. The director of the art department is Mr. Ralph Tilton, who had charge of the famous "Sunny Jim" advertising, and whose judgment in all matters pertaining to his department is absolutely correct, even to the shade of the necktie he wears. Mr. Charles Dwyer is a man of keen insight and acts as editor. Last, but not least, comes Mr. Thomas Balmer, the dean of advertising managers. This gentleman lives advertising as earnestly as any artist lives his art. He talks it with those who understand the subject, and his ideas are as big and broad as the great firm he represents. Mr. Balmer's unparalleled record with this company has won for him wide and preeminent distinction in the advertising world. It was indeed a pleasure to talk with Mr. G. W. Wilder in his private office — furnished in crotch veneer mahogany with inlaid borders. I was much interested in looking over the account books which his father had kept in the early days when the business was inaugurated. There were recorded the sales in '63 in striking contrast to those of late years. The Butterick business started in June 16, 1863, and at that time consisted of men's and boys' suits only, but as Mr. Wilder—with all the glow and enthusiasm of a true filial affection for the father who had made such a signal success—passed from page to page of the account book, I could not fail to notice the wonderful business which this strong and sturdy American parent had built up.

The first appearance of patterns of ladies' garments was in the Spring of '67 and it at once became clear that the energetic trio of workers in the enterprise would make a brilliant success of this undertaking. From a very modest beginning an output of 45,000,000, patterns a year has been reached, and over 100,000,000 fashion sheets are printed each year. Eight magazines are published in four languages, English, French, German and Spanish, to convey the message of Dame Fashion to her votaries in all parts of the world, for it may be truly said that the whole world is now the field of the Butterick Publishing Company. The circulation of The Delineator, the company's chief publication, is now 1,000,000 per month, and this magazine has the largest paid subscription list of any publication in the world. When it is stated that the income derived from advertising alone is in excess of $1,000,000 annually, the proportion of The Delineator's clients in the business world may be estimated.

G. W. WILDER, PRESIDENT, BUTTERICK COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

Branch establishments of the Butterick Company may be found in almost every country of the world, notably in London, Paris, Berlin, Boston, Toronto, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis and Atlanta. At these emporiums the Butterick patterns may be obtained and a large trade has been built up in these cities. In the New York establishment alone 2,000 employees are regularly required. It is computed that Butterick agencies may be found in fifteen thousand cities of the world. It is said that the equipment for printing at the central office cost nearly $750,000, and this New York establishment is the largest building in the world occupied exclusively by one publishing house and its interests. It comprises sixteen floors, basements and two cellars, which give over seven acres of floor space. Eighty-six printing presses are in use, which consume forty-five tons of paper daily. The blank paper consumption of the concern amounts to over $1,000,000 dollars yearly.

BUTTERICK STORE, LONDON, ENGLAND

BUTTERICK STORE, PARIS, FRANCE

A perfect network of buzzing telephones flash messages back and forth during the working hours in this busy hive of industry. The fact that 29,000 letters are received every week gives some idea of the magnitude of the establishment.

It is evident that the straightforward, enthusiastic and kindly spirit of the president of the company permeates the entire concern, and tokens of his thoughtful care for the health, safety and comfort of the hundreds of employees may be seen all through the establishment I observed that the building, was supplied with a refrigerator plant which keeps drinking water at an agreeable temperature the year round and every floor is fully equipped with the latest known mechanical attachments for the prevention of fire. Outside of the United States government printing office, The Butterick Company has the largest and best equipped printing plant in the world.

BUTTERICK STORE, MILAN, ITALY

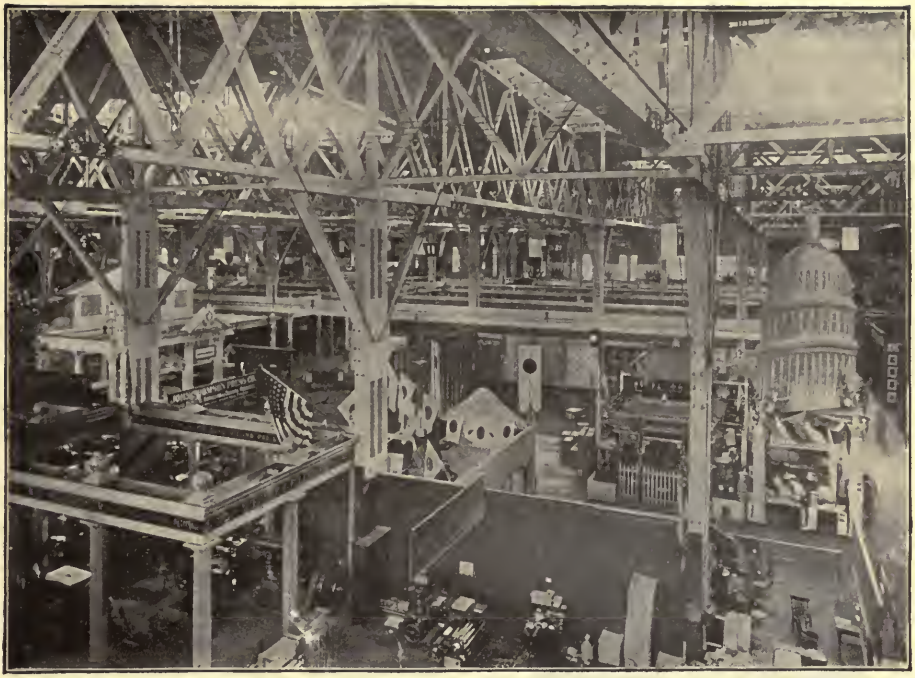
It is hardly necessary to say that a firm so enterprising as is The Butterick Company is sure to be represented at the World's Fair, and it is not necessary to advise every woman visitor to the great Exposition not to miss seeing the exhibit in the Manufactures Building. It is something more than a mere display of fashions; it is a lesson in history of the deepest interest. The various styles in woman's attire in different decades is shown. These furnish the most striking contrasts, such as the limp empire style of 1834 and the great hoop skirts of 1864. Then the prim and shriveled fashions of 1874. From that year to 1884, it seemed to me that women's dress lost all claim to beauty—this is only the opinion of a man—but I was charmed with the dainty belles of '64, with their curls drooping gracefully about their shoulders, in contrast to the very acme of ugliness, the false hair and "bang" period of '74. However, this is an exhibit that must be seen in order to be thoroughly appreciated. It is evident that neither thought nor expense have been spared to make it the complete success that it is. Some photographic views of the Butterick booth are reproduced here.

THE NEW HOME OF THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, NEW YORK

But of course the most interesting part of all to me was the place where next season's styles are evolved, and I was indeed awe stricken when I saw the group of men sitting at work who have robbed Paris of its long standing prestige in "setting the fashion." It is said that Parisians are today among the largest buyers of Butterick patterns and certainly the French edition of The Delineator exceeds in circulation any other fashion periodical published in the French capital—so much for the American invasion of fashion in the very citadel of style itself. Adjacent to this room are the designers who work out the ideas of their chief. As I passed through room after room—all well lighted and artistically arranged—and watched the artists busy at their easels, I found it hard to convince myself that I had not strayed into a group of beautiful studios rather than a publishing concern. From the pictures produced in these rooms the half-tones are made which appear in fashion papers, and from these the patterns are also constructed, correct in every detail of tuck, frill and furbelow, but, to the untrained eye, wofully unattractive, for these patterns are made up solely of coarse, unbleached muslin, adorned with tissue paper lace, and paper buttons attached with ordinary everyday pins. These muslin garments are fitted on living models of perfect figure, and for the information of the uninitiated I will say that the dimensions of the Butterick models are five feet, six and one-half inches high, twenty-three inch waist, thirty-four inch bust. After these patterns have been carefully fitted, they are taken to pieces and a duplicate of each separate portion is marked on heavy manila paper. From this gauge the patterns are enlarged and diminished according to a regular scale, so that when the set is complete it includes measurements that will fit both stout and lean figure, the tall and the short.

With these stiff manila patterns as a guide, the cutters carve out thousands of patterns at a time. The single thin pattern purchased in a store is but one of the numerous sheets that have been piled together, solidly clamped and cut.

All the component pieces are afterward gathered together by the nimble fingers of the girls who understand the work. On the outside of each envelope that encloses the several pieces which go to make up a complete pattern are printed full instructions in various languages for the guidance of the dressmaker or home body who uses the pattern to cut her dress goods. The lines of mysterious holes and sundry snips here and there on the edges of the patterns indicate some specific thing to the dressmaker, but it seemed to me that it must be a massive intellect that could get the longitude and latitude of these various marks without becoming bewildered although I was assured, with some scorn, by the young woman in charge that "even a little girl understands them all." Having solved the mystery of the evolution of "the season's styles," I felt that I had accomplished as much as one mortal could hope for in a single day, and departed, my respect for "fashions" having increased to positive veneration.



INTERIOR OF LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, SHOWING DOME OF NATIONAL MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION BOOTH

IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE FAIR

PATHETIC indeed to those who have been associated with the Exposition since the balmy days of May, will be the lowering of its flags on December first. Many friendships have been formed that will linger as life memories. The Fair has been a success in a larger and broader sense than can be represented by mere gate receipts or revenue. To hundreds of thousands of visitors the Exposition has been an education more complete than could be compressed into years of study. For myself, I must confess that a spirit of sadness steals over me during these last days as I watch the beautiful flowers losing their warm Autumn tints and dropping into yellow decay in the sunken gardens, or look at the lovely view toward the cascade where the biting blasts of Winter already are commencing to do their work.

The chief interest for the closing months is centered in the winning of the grand "prix" to be awarded to the faithful and presevering exhibitors. My association with the exhibitors in the Liberal Arts Club gives me an especial and keen interest in this matter reviving the tender and sweet recollections of the club itself. I recall the day of its organization, July 1, in the Chinese exhibit. Later we met in fair Japan, Egypt, Phillipines, New York State building, the Travelers' Protective Association, the Boer War Restaurant and other places. In fact, we ran the entire gamut of exhibits from all parts of the world in these club gatherings and touched every point of the compass in our festal feasts. What a splendid success our exhibitors achieved on Liberal Arts day, when the attendance far exceeded that of any other building day during the whole season. The preparations for the day brought together on one committee members from twenty different nations, and it was instructive to note how the same social and gregarious instincts prevail in all parts of the world. We had representatives from Brazil, Argentine, Spain, Italy, Austria, England, China, all meeting together to make this day a success. And what a day it was. The weather was perfect; crowds surged through the palace, seeking free coupons for the Pike. There was the great floral parade in which automobiles figured so conspicuously, and many other attractions, but the crowning event was at five o'clock in the evening, when the balloons soared away toward the capitol at Washington at the shot of a gun.

MR. T. T. MAXEY, CHIEF CLERK, DEPARTMENT OF LIBERAL ARTS

It would be necessary to mention each and every individual member of the club and every exhibitor in the building in order to give credit where credit is due, but Chief Ockerson and Mr. Maxey his chief clerk and Mr. C. M. Talbot, the custodian of the building were ever genial and popular. Where is the exhibitor who does not remember these three gentlemen in the kindliest and most affectionate way.

Now as to the National in particular, our booth was prominently placed in the Liberal Arts Palace and we shall always remember it as the place where we had the pleasure of enrolling something like twenty thousand new subscribers. The register at the side contains thousands and thousands of names of old subscribers, who would stop during and after a weary day's march to not only register their names, but to put down in the column set aside for comment some kind word of cheer: "superlative," "excellent," "good," "one of the best," "my favorite magazine;" these are the remarks that meet my eye when I open this book which I shall always preserve as my treasure trove from the Exposition. The cash book may seem more interesting to our business department, but by me personally nothing is more valued than this well thumbed and ink blotted register, which contains the written record of the approval of thousands of subscribers from all parts of the country. I have stood hour after hour shaking hands and looking in the faces of these friends, most of whom I may never hope to meet again in the flesh, and felt all the time as though they had always been personally known to me and that I was merely reviving an old friendship in this meeting at the Fair.

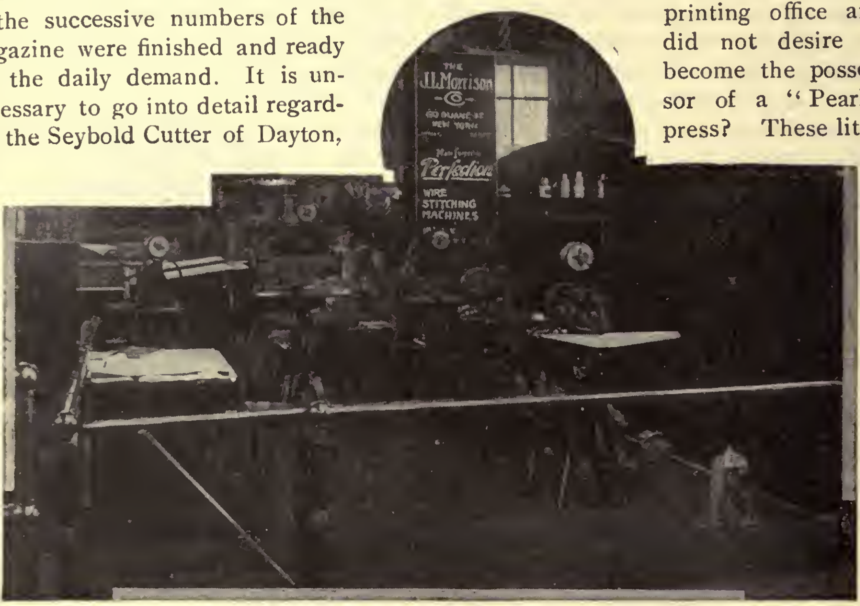
From the ringing cash register have been issued thousands of receipts, and as we stood on the dais of the booth and pointed out to each one the actual process of the making of the National, we all felt that in this way our subscribers, both new and old, were brought into closer touch with the National than would otherwise have been possible. And it is fitting that in this closing number of the special edition printed on the grounds we should pay tribute to those who have helped to make the success of our exhibit. First comes Mr. Carl Henderson, in charge of the exhibit of the Miehle Printing Press and Manufacturing Company, who stood so well to his post during all the heat of Summer when the rollers melted in the stifling atmosphere, and later, when the sudden cold came and froze the paper into solid chunks. But Mr. Henderson was always patient and energetic, and never relaxed his kind efforts to see that the throngs who passed were afforded a glimpse at the production of the National as revealed by the "art preservative." Here the magazine was produced complete from June to November, inclusive, on the same kind of presses as those used constantly with such good effect in the home office in Boston. It has been no easy matter to print magazines under the curious eyes of a passing throng, and many bystanders remarked that the magazine "might as well be printed in a balloon." Many a young printer stopped to study the process going on behind the glass partition, looking in wonder at the marvelous work done by the Miehles, and it is no surprise to them or any of us to know that these presses carried off the grand prize.

In a room adjoining this exhibit is that of the Dexter Folder Company, the same folding machines with which the National plant is equipped in Boston. In this interesting and busy exhibit Mr. Dexter, Mr. Swartz and Mr. McCain saw to it that signature after signature was folded and gathered for the National, ready for the stitchers. It was an untiring source of interest to watch the self feeder with its little rubber fingers, pick up and adjust each sheet, with a precision not to be gained by the hand of flesh and blood. The self feeder increases the capacity of a single folding machine thirty per cent., simply because it never skips a sheet, but "lifts" perfectly and can be always kept running at full speed. There is no doubt but that in time this folder and feeder will be utilized in every printing plant of the country; it is hardly necessary to say that it gained the grand prize at the Exposition.

Who ever met F. C. Crofts of the Morrison Stitcher Co. who did not love him? Always kindly and accommodating, it would be difficult for me to say exactly how much we owe him for the ceaseless work done for the National behind the brass rail of the Morrison exhibit, where thousands and thousands of copies of the magazine were stitched and bound. There never was any lack of wire, so no "wireless" stitcher was required. This machine has secured a gold medal, as has been the case in every exposition where the merits of the Morrison Stitcher have been presented by Mr. Crofts. There is no doubt but that the acquaintances formed at the Fair will appear on many business ledgers all over the country for years to come, and no one who has met Mr. Crofts can fail to desire to do business with him. In his modest, quiet way he has made friends for his own concern and champions for the stitcher in almost every country in the world. It is interesting to know that the same equipment utilized on our magazine has been sent to so many foreign countries—the Philippines, India, Egypt, China, Mexico and almost every part of the world.

Directly opposite the National booth, with its towering dome that is a replica of the capitol at Washington, are the Simplex typesetters, the cynosure of every passing printer and publisher. These machines are used by nearly all the principal printing plants all over the country, including the Ladies' Home Journal, Saturday Evening Post, the National Magazine and many other leading publications. Those who understand the work are especially interested in the Simplex because it uses the old-fashioned nicked type, the same that was handled by Benjamin Franklin and our forefathers. Many curious eyes watched the setting of the type in this exhibit as the sheets were prepared for the National.

The trimming of the pages of the magazine was done by the Seybold cutter, under the able management of Mr. Gus Luders and Mr. McDonald. In this booth was stationed a young lady who brought in thousands of new subscriptions to the National. Throngs of people watched the trimming of the magazine, and amused themselves by noting how the pile of "shavings" grew until it was like a mound of hay, as the successive numbers of the magazine were finished and ready for the daily demand. It is unnecessary to go into detail regarding the Seybold Cutter of Dayton, Ohio; the grand prize speaks for itself.



THE J. L. MORRISON COMPANY'S EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

The embossing equipment of H. B. Carver Company of Philadelphia also attracted much attention, and here the handsome, embossed letter heads of the National were printed. Mr. Hewston, who is in charge, was always ready to accommodate in any way possible, and a sight of the letter heads will always recall to my mind those who were so kind and courteous during the Exposition. Most of our readers are already familiar with these letter heads, with their blue, embossed crest, for they have been sent broadcast over the entire country. Many a subscriber stood to look at the National letter heads in the drying racks of the Carver Company. This exhibit also won its laurels and received an award.

I feel that I must make mention of the Golding Company exhibit at one side of the National, where the "Pearl" presses were always kept in motion and attracted the admiration of all printers. Whoever owned a printing office and did not desire to become the possessor of a "Pearl" press? These little presses are adapted to light work and are indispensable in an office where job printing is done. Mr. Golding and Mr. Desmond brought these presses much into notice and the printing was done under the gaze of the people. To those not familiar with the printing business, I may say that the "Pearl" has become almost a standard for measurement in the equipment of a printing office, as "agate" is in the advertising scale.

Often during the day when a hurry-up job was required, and electrotyping was not convenient, we had recourse to the splendid work of the Mergenthaler people in providing for the typesetting on the spot. The exhibit of their new machine was certainly one of the wonders of the Fair, and was visited not only by every printer and publisher, but attracted general attention at the Fair from thousands who had never seen a printing office. It is quite probable that many of the younger people will be led, through their interest in these exhibits, to connect themselves with the printing business in later years. There is no gainsaying the fact that the Mergenthaler is one of the marvels of the age and has revolutionized the production of the daily newspaper.

THE SIMPLEX TYPESETTER

But I could go on indefinitely and mention every exhibitor in the Liberal Arts Palace with the same interest with which I have spoken of those directly concerned with the production of the National Magazine. Day after day I have passed them by on my way to our booth. I recall the cool, refreshing air of the Palace on the hot mornings, the busy industry of the silent Chinese, who seemed to me to be always dusting, and in connection with this exhibit I shall always remember with pleasure Mr. Percibois and Mr. Karl, the courteous and kindly gentlemen in charge of it. I recall Mr. Wagner of the German exhibit, who has probably done more to give the American people an intelligent understanding of German industrial genius than any other one man could have done. He presented to the visitors a view of what the new Germany of today stands for in securing and developing the resources of the world.

A little way from the Chinese exhibit is the Austrian, giving an excellent idea of the triumphs achieved in glassware and other kindred arts. But perhaps the most pains-taking exhibit of all is the British, which has revealed to most of us that a great many shortcomings actually exist in American trade and manufacture, and has once more impressed upon us the fact that no one nation of itself can be complete: we are all more or less dependent on each other.

Mr. Fournigault, in charge of the French furniture section, has made an exhibit which is, perhaps, one of the most admired in the Palace. Here the visitor gets a glimpse of the luxury of Napoleon and the empire, of the days of Marie Antoinette and the later times of Eugenie. The gorgeous display of color and carving rejoices the hearts of the American ladies who stop to admire and comment. In the same building is a splendid exhibit of the Mexican gov-

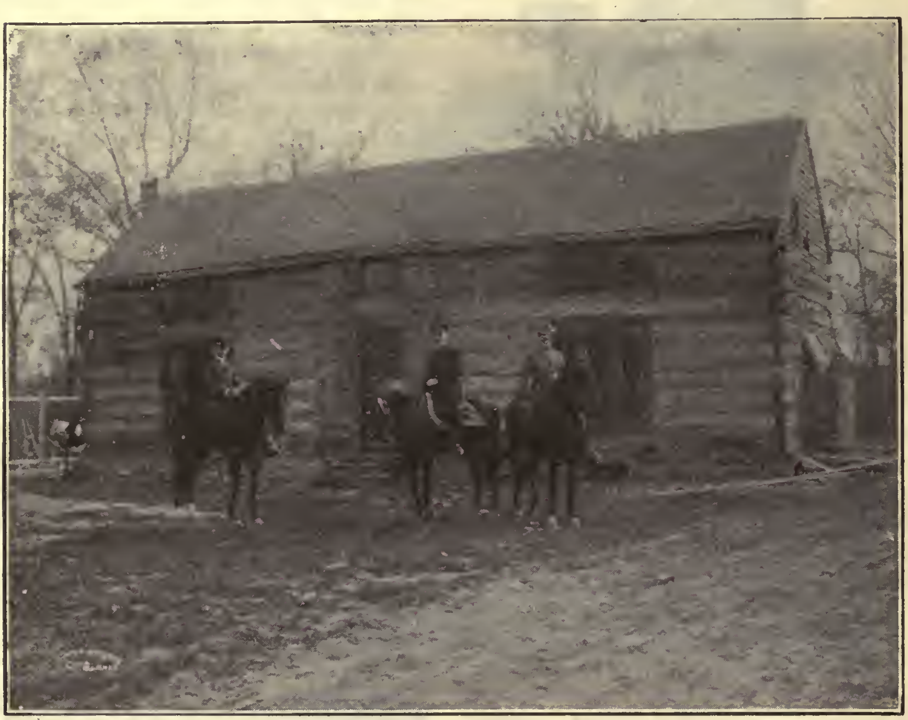
H. B. CARVER COMPANY EMBOSSING PLANT

erment and the Argentine Republic.

Mr. Bosco, in charge of the Italian exhibit, has made many new friends for himself and "fair Italia," who will not soon forget the charms of the exhibit or the kindly courtesy of the gentleman who managed it.

Closeby the Festival Hall is the log cabin called "Hard Scrabble" which General Grant built with his own hands on his farm near St. Louis in 1854. This cabin has been one of the most interesting, in fact one of the few historic, exhibits of the Exposition. It has been visited by throngs during the Summer, and here might be seen alike the merely curious visitor and the earnest admirer of the silent commander wearing the bronze badge. This cabin speaks more eloquently of the will power and determination of Ulysses S. Grant than even the war records, for here that grim and silent man was making his fight for life and existence for his family.

As I wandered about the cabin it seemed to me as sacred as the towering monument of Brookside Park, New York, for each log was hewn by him and he retained the cabin even after he was a resident of the White House. The last of his property to go in the financial crisis was this old cabin, which now occupies a commanding site on Art Hill, and I fancy that thousands who passed by the palaces of the Exposition will remember more vividly and enthusistically this humble little edifice than they will those triumphs of artistic construction.



CABIN BUILT BY GENERAL U. S. GRANT IN 1854, NOW ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS. THE MEN ON HORSEBACK ARE GENERAL FRED GRANT, LIEUTENANT MOREY, HIS AID, AND MR. C. F. BLANKE, THE OWNER OF THE CABIN

On a recent visit to the Exposition,

C. F. BLANKE, OWNER OF THE LOG CABIN BUILT BY GENERAL U. S. GRANT IN 1854

General Fred Grant, Lieutenant Morrey and Mr. C. F. Blanke, owner of the cabin, paid a visit to this home of General Fred's childhood.

The second story room to the left was the bedroom of General and Mrs. Grant, and on the upper right hand side is the room where Fred and his brother bunked together and looked upon the bare rafters. There is something about the fireplace that brings to mind the happy family gatherings that took place there, even under the storm and stress of hard times. What a picture this home presents, typifying the possibilities of our America. Who would have thought that less than a decade after this sturdy soldier — almost overwhelmed and defeated in the contest of life—would have won the deathless laurels that will make his name famous in all ages?

St. Louis is surely to be congratulated upon having so enterprising and generous a citizen as Mr. C. F. Blanke, who has preserved for the people a memento that means much in national history. The old, mud banked logs, the well worn stairway and banister, the creaking floors, the red cedar rafters, the crumbling plaster, all tell a story of their own of that little cabin home from which went forth one of the greatest men that America has ever produced. To future generations the log cabin will be a curiosity—a rare curiosity –as well as a reminder of what the struggle for life must have been among our pioneer ancestors.

C. H. HUTTIG, WHO HELPED TO MAKE THE EXPOSITION A SUCCESS

Among the scores of silent workers connected with the Exposition few have done more effective work than Mr. C. H. Huttig, president of the Third National Bank of St. Louis. He has not merely occupied a prominent place as director and member of important committees of the Exposition, but he has filled these positions well. His work in the committee of domestic exploitation speaks for itself. Eight million dollars were raised in the various states against three millions for Chicago, which is a record of splendid success.

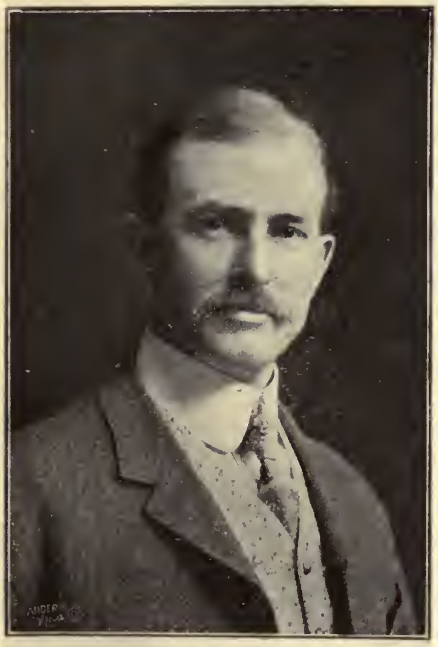
Mr. Huttig is a self made man. He was born in Ohio but has become one of the most valued citizens of St. Louis. The success which he has met with in building up one of the largest banking institutions of that city tells its own story of his ability. Still comparatively a young man, Mr. Huttig has certainly made his mark in his chosen career. To know him is to know a man of genial temper and high minded parts. It is just such men as Mr. Huttig who have made the Exposition a possibility, and have thereby earned the gratitude of the millions who have visited the Fair grounds.

THE PRESS THAT FRANKLIN USED

While to some extent the commercial idea has predominated, and to a large extent the social features have been put forward in the conduct of the Exposition, yet there has been beyond all this a comingling of nations that cannot but bear good fruit for the future. As has been said before in these pages, it is the interlacing of interests that will do more to bring about amicable relations, and usher in the dawn of permanent peace, than can be done by the deliberations of any peace congress or kindred organization, because where vital and individual interests are united there is not apt to be any conflict among the nations. The individual rules in the long run. I feel that the dear, old Liberal Arts Palace, with its horizon of red behind the stately pillars, and its magnificent statues and minarets of dull gold, has done its part in the march of world progress

DR. CAMINADE, WHOSE ORATORICAL EFFORTS AS A "SPIELER" FOR A WORLD'S FAIR RESTAURANT INTERESTED THOUSANDS

MANY a sigh was heard during the latter days of the Fair as we passed up and down the grounds and avenues and looked upon the fading foliage. The chilly weather brought amusement with it in the precautions taken against cold. The piano players in some of the buildings might be seen evoking sweet strains with the assistance of gloves, and everybody was huddled in overcoats and wraps; electric and gas stoves were all kept going, and even the gas jets and electric lights were lit in the hope of producing a little warmth. It was in these days that we learned to know the custodians of the buildings really well, and the exhibitors in the Liberal Arts Palace greatly appreciated the kindly courtesy of Mr. C. M. Talbert, who is assistant engineer in the department of civil engineering at the World's Fair, as well as custodian of the Liberal Arts Palace. He had charge of the laying out and construction of the far-famed Cascades and the Terrace of States, the central feature of the Fair. This work included the moving of the earth and rock, pile driving, timber work laying of drain pipes, supply pipes, location of the machinery for furnishing water for operation of the Cascades—in fact everything connected with this undertaking of creating from a forest one of the triumphs of the Exposition.



C. M. TALBERT, CUSTODIAN LIBERAL ARTS PALACE, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

* * *

Mr. Talbert was born in Indiana and came to Missouri in '76. He was graduated at the state university in 1892 and in '93 entered the service of the Mississippi River Commission, and remained there up to the time of accepting a position at the World's Fair. Here he has made many friends by his genial, considerate and intelligent service. He will return to his profession with the completion of the Fair.

The chilly atmosphere in the latter days of the Fair reminded me very much of the Dedication day in 1903 of the Exposition when visitors from all over the world thronged the Liberal Arts Palace to hear an address given by President Theodore Roosevelt. It was one of the best efforts of his life, though the audience attended cloaked, coated, mitted and veiled to listen to the warm and enthusiastic words of the chief executive.

* * *

But these last days were like the breaking up of a family; there was something sad about it when all the exhibitors came to pack up and make ready for the final move. Faces that had grown familiar during the Summer months seemed to be almost like members of our own household, though there were among them representatives from the whole five continents. It was felt that when the farewells came to be spoken it would be forever, and the lips of even the brusque business men might be seen to tremble when it came to the last words, and the final good-byes were spoken.

Among the many pleasant memories of the Fair is that of Mrs. Ockerson, wife of Colonel J. A. Ockerson. Those of us who were at the reception given on Liberal Arts day will not soon forget the gracious presence that dignified that gathering, and helped to make the reception the great success it proved to be.

When we came to pack up the material in the National Magazine booth, after the palace was deserted by the throngs of visitors, there was an air of desolation that no words can describe. On that platform I had shaken hands with nearly thirty thousand of the subscribers of the National! I looked over the two large registers on the desk and saw the array of autographs that brought back to mind the kindly faces of our friends — old and new—and in the "remark column" were those superlative words of cheer and commendation of the National that make these registers the chief treasure of the Summer campaign.

The Morris chair — a duplicate of which so many of our readers possess — was packed up to take back to our home office as a souvenir. In it had rested many a weary pilgrim during the Exposition days. The National register, that had rung out the harmonious chimes of friendship and business during the busy days of Summer was packed up also, and will hereafter find a home in the National office in Boston, for no written words or vocal praise can too strongly declare the merits of the National Cash Register. During the Fair many thousands of people were given a course of instruction not only upon the utility of this valuable little helper, but upon the splendid "welfare work" which has been so successfully carried on by this company in Dayton. This was one of the most interesting exhibits at the Exposition and one that will leave a lasting impression upon the minds of the sightseers.

Of course some of the visitors were continually getting us confused with the National Cash Register Company, and thinking that we owned that also, or else they supposed that the National Cash Register operated the National Magazine, but this never made any difference, because we both had a magic name and both enjoyed all the success that attended every exhibitor in the Liberal Arts Palace. I only wish it were possible for me to take space to describe each and every exhibit in the building.

MRS. J. A. OCKERSON, WIFE OF CHIEF OF LIBERAL ARTS PALACE, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

It was at the closing banquet that the spirit of good fellowship was most apparent, when the exhibitors touched an editor's heart by presenting him with an embossed parchment, bearing on it the autographs of all the charter members of the Liberal Arts Club—a souvenir greeting to their president. In each one of the signatures I shall always see the kindly faces that greeted me at the memorable meetings of this club, where each member touched elbows with residents of five continents, and each one of our dinners partook of the distinctive features of the various countries represented.

* * *

One attractive feature of the days at the Fair will be always with us, and that is the special affection formed for Old Hampshire Bond writing paper. All our correspondence was sent out upon this, and the cheerful red seal — with its "Look for the Watermark," and "Made a little better than seems necessary" — greets us from the bottom of the page like the face of a friend. What appeals to us more than a nice bit of paper that comes to us with the important communication between man and man, between woman and woman, or between man and woman?

We have almost learned to gauge the character of our correspondents by the paper which they use, and this is especially true of a business firm. Almost unconsciously we hold up a sheet of paper to the light to see the water mark, and if this happens to be Old Hampshire Bond, we feel that the writer of that letter, be it sent by a firm or individual, knows a good thing when it is seen.

Old Hampshire Bond has become so associated with our handsome home office, our splendid success at the Exposition and the new and old friends that we met there, that we shall never use a sheet of this well known paper upon our typewriters without recalling thousands of pleasant memories that will serve to brighten any dark days that may be in store for us. Old Hampshire Bond, true to its name, will be a bond of relationship as enduring as its own sterling value, which is hardly exceeded by the "bonds" of Uncle Sam.

* * *

In the early days of getting the office equipment in order, when we first went to the Fair, nothing helped us more in systematizing the work than our Globe-Wernicke vertical files and index cards, which were kindly offered the National for use during this momentus campaign. It is not necessary to explain what these files are to any up-to-date business man; he understands the necessity for vertical files and knows how much time and inconvenience is saved by the use of the Globe-Wernicke. In these the letters are not only filed in available order, but are so segregated that the correspondence and answers are kept together, giving a perfect index of all letters received. The files which did such valiant service at the Fair will be taken to our home office and continue to be prized by us for their usefulness.

In fact, every chair and article of furniture, including our Columbia graphophone—which was always ready to tell a story, sing a song, or save the voice of our helpers by telling the people about the National—will be taken to Boston. We want all the souvenirs of the Fair gathered about us in the home office for Christmas-tide.

Down comes the dome! The wires are cut; the tall white columns, surmonted by eagles, are laid low and all is replaced in the box car. They have done good service, and we are attached to every article of equipment crowded into this 200 feet of space, just as a young couple always cling to the household goods with which they made their first start in housekeeping. And that Grand Prize awarded the National! It is safe to say our readers will agree with the jurors in the decree that marks a memorable year in the history of the National.

END VIEW OF DIAMOND-CUTTING EXHIBIT OF LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

HOW A GOLD MEDAL WAS WON

WHEN I looked upon the Peeress's Gallery in Westminster Abbey during the first coronation of King Edward, for the first time in my life I realized the irresistible fascination of diamonds. There may be other dazzling jewels, but in the somber light of the ancient abbey, the wealth of Ophir flashed forth the story of diamonds. The crown of England's king on that historic occasion bore the priceless Kohinoor diamond, whose history for centuries back is a tangle of romance, intrigue and bloodshed.

When Queen Victoria was crowned Empress of India, the most significant act was not the signing and sealing of documents which closed the event of conquest by arms, but the fact that the precious Kohinoor diamond passed into her possession, and signified her coronation as the Empress of India.

A child picking up a pebble for a plaything in the gravel of a river was the first dawn of the glories of the South African diamond fields, but even this incident had been preceded by a chain of events in exploratory expeditions which originated not alone in the spirit of adventure, expansion of commerce and accumulation of riches, but in the bewitching beckoning of diamond glory.

Volumes have been written about diamonds and the power they have exercised over the human mind. The Adamas (as it was originally called) or diamond is the one substance of the earth before which all else must crumble, preserving the brilliant beauty of a dainty dewdrop on the petal of a rose and still remaining a substance as eternal as the ages. Today diamonds are not exclusively for the crowns of potentates but are displayed, worn and purchased by our own American people in a way that has never been known in history, a flashing insignia of the prosperity of the people.

The wearing of diamonds is not of itself significant of wealth, but an absolute proof of possession. In other words diamonds have been popularized and have served utilitarian purposes beyond mere ornamentation. No better evidence of this could be cited than the great success achieved by Loftis Bros. & Company of Chicago, in adapting diamonds to the purpose of savings banks, only one of the very successful departments of their business.

Many years ago, the Loftis family in Philadelphia became identified with the diamond trade. One of the sons (S. T. A. Loftis) later went to Chicago, where he established a business in diamonds that has since reached international fame. This young man abandoned the conservatism of older merchants and proceeding upon an original theory which was nothing less than the proposition that distant persons could be trusted to pay for even so precious an article as a diamond, providing they were accorded fair treatment, and that the conditions of payment were not made burdensome. On this new line of merchandising, the genius of its originator worked out a simple system which has been so successful as to place his house in the forefront of the diamond trade, and which has extended a once purely local business to every country in the civilized world.

Mr. Loftis realized even better than the purchasers themselves, the innate love of diamonds and the possibilities of the purchaser developing saving and frugal habits in order to secure one, if the proper opportunity and encouragement to do so was supplied. When he announced to the advertising world that he intended to sell diamonds on credit, there was many a wiseacre who shook his head and predicted with a sneer of skepticism the future of such a problem. He had, however, sold diamonds over the counter face to face with too many customers to be shaken in his belief. He believed in the honesty of the great common people who satisfied their longings for the rare beauties of earth, without endangering or interfering with their regular pursuits.

S. T. A. LOFTIS, ORIGINATOR OF THE LOFTIS SYSTEM

Is there a young man in America who does not dream of the time when he may place the sparkling solitaire upon the finger of the young woman to whom he has given his heart? Where is the husband grown so callous and indifferent that he does not delight to see upon the hand of his helpmate the gem which indicates as well as reflects enduring affection? Upon this hypothesis Mr. Loftis built better than he knew, for the tremendous growth of the business of diamonds on credit, in all parts of the country, has attended this enterprise.

But the crowning achievement of it all was when Mr. Loftis brought to the Varied Industries building at the World's Fair, a complete diamond cutting plant, showing every process through which the precious gems passed, in cutting and polishing from the rough stones just as taken from the South Africa mines to the transcendant brilliancy of the final setting. It is very interesting to watch the process of diamond cutting as demonstrated by this firm at the Fair. The first process is that of cleaving. The expert workman takes the rough diamond of irregular shape and dexterously cleaves it into the semblance of a cube. Now it goes to the cutter who fixes two of these rough cubes into a lathe-like machine running at tremendous speed and by wearing one diamond against the other, transforms it into a spherical shape with eight somewhat irregular sides. The diamond dust resulting from this process is carefully saved for use in the next one—that of laying on the fifty-eight mathematical facets which every true diamond must have. The polisher, so called, fixes the diamond in a leaden holder called a "dop," which holds the diamond against the surface of a wheel revolving horizontally at the rate of 2,800 revolutions per minute. The surface of this wheel is covered with diamond dust and olive oil, and when one facet is finished the "dop" is given a new angle to polish on the next one. It requires nearly five hours, or nearly one million revolutions of the wheel, to finish a facet, or about four days of constant grinding to cut the facets on an ordinary one-carat stone.

It was very interesting to go through the various parts of their exhibit and in addition to seeing the work of diamond cutting so fully demonstrated, to look over the photographs showing the various features of diamond mining in South Africa. One could there secure in a very short time more information about diamonds than in many hours of reading and research, for there every process was so vividly portrayed as to leave a lasting impression. In spacious cases to the right and left of the cutting department were shown such a bewildering display of diamonds, pearls and precious stones as to baffle description from anyone not an expert in gems. A conception of the display may be gained, when we say that in dollars it represented over two millions. More than twenty people selected from among the trusted employees of the firm's large organization were in attendance during the day, while at night four heavily armed and fully trusted men guarded the priceless treasures contained within the huge time-locked vault.

It is gratifying to note here, that the splendors of this exhibit were duly appreciated by the experts appointed to serve as judges of awards, and that the superior jury fully confirmed the highest award—that of the gold medal—made to Loftis Bros. & Company. The fact that a Chicago house could overshadow the exhibits of New York, London, Paris and Amsterdam in such a commodity as diamonds, seems a wonderful accomplishment. It is only another evidence of the genius, energy and enthusiasm of its proprietor.

The manner in which these diamonds are sold to the people is to me more than a business transaction, for it emphasizes the honesty of the people. The business has demonstrated that there are very few people who will not pay for a diamond which they have purchased, just the same as they would pay for a house, lot or anything else that reaps accumulated value. Diamonds in addition supply a pleasure and degree of prestige to the wearer that can be obtained in no other way.

I think for the first time in my life I really thought I would like to purchase a diamond, as I stood before this splendid exhibit. It was not difficult for me to understand the unparalleled success which Loftis Bros. & Company have had in their project. The thousands of people who have thronged about this exhibit during the entire season have indicated not only the fascination of diamonds, but also their intention to sometime possess one—if not for themselves then for some loved one. This impulse speaks well for the judgment as well as the generosity of the American people.

EL PASO, TEXAS

By J. H. CAMPBELL

Secretary Chamber of Commerce.

OCCUPYING the largest natural gateway to Mexico and on the continental divide, El Paso, Texas has become the terminus of eight great raliways and is the distributing point for a vast region abounding in fabulously rich mines and cattle ranges.

Where in early days the caravan driver, bound for Mexico, California or Sante Fe stopped over night to corral his pack teams, or the emigrant halted to rest the oxen of his prairie schooner, now a dozen splendidly equipped passenger trains from the Golden Gate, Old Mexico, the far north, south or east, pause each day to permit thousands of tourists, traders and investors to alight, and twice the number of frieght trains loaded with bullion, ore, tropical fruits, cattle and sheep or merchandise are made up and switched in the local yards, or are hurried through toward the distant marts of commerce.

As a smelting, mining, trading, cattle and railroad center, El Paso is unexcelled in the West, and with the perfection of irrigation methods she is already becoming of importance as the chief city of a surrounding agricultural community.

As a health resort her fame is worldwide—the pure, dry air, the altitude and the even temperature having proven beneficial and curative in cases of asthma, lung and throat trouble and bronchitis. New Mexico, which is particularly favored as a health resort, is not far away, and it is at Fort Stanton, north of El Paso, that the United States government has erected a large sanitarium for the treatment of consumptive sailors and soldiers.

Four or five magnificent hotels adorn the business section of the city and dozens of smaller hostelries are scattered throughout the corporate limits. Restaurants, private boarding houses and lunch counters supply food for an army of transients, and during the Winter months the capacities of all these are often taxed to their utmost.

Cattlemen, miners, prospectors, railroad builders and hundreds of other classes make their headquarters at El Paso, where they buy their supplies and equip themselves for expeditions into the surrounding mountains and plains, and trade is brisk the year around.

The growth of the town having been rapid, her real estate values have frequently doubled within a single year. A splendid waterworks, sewer system and seventeen miles of electric car lines have had much to do with the material advancement and growth of the city, and the health of the inhabitants is unsurpassed —the death rate, aside from invalids, being excessively low.

Here children grow fat and ruddy, delicate persons recover their health and the deliciously cool nights, even in Mid-Summer, bring refreshing repose, undisturbed by fever breeding mosquitos, which cannot exist in this altitude.

By many El Paso has been classed as a second Denver. "Somewhere on the border of Mexico and the United States," said Baron Von Humboldt, the historian, "a mighty city will spring into existence, to become the metropolis of all that region." According to Jay Gould and Senator McPherson, El Paso is the city referred to.

Foremost in extent, value and general importance among El Paso's resources is the prodigious mineral wealth of the tributary country from 500 to 1,000 miles radius.

The most striking indication is found in the plant of the El Paso Smelting works. This great plant ranks among the largest smelting plants in the world. It employs 1,500 men and has a payroll of $60,000 per month. More important, however, than this local payroll to El Paso is the fact that this company pays the shippers of mineral from the surrounding country $800,000 to $1,000,000 per month.

The territory upon which the El Paso Smelting Works draws for its ores includes New Mexico, Arizona, West Texas and the Mexican states of Chihuahua, Sonora, Sinaloa, Durango, Coahuilla and Lower California.

The Federal Copper company has built smelting works two miles east of the city, with a capacity of 200 tons per day, for treating copper ores only.

The two El Paso foundries and machine shops are employed almost entirely in the production of machinery and material for use in mining operations. The many large wholesale and jobbing houses in El Paso find their most numerous and best customers in the mining towns and camps reached from El Paso by the railroads centering here.

The railroads find their heaviest and most profitable traffic in the carrying of ores, coal, mining machinery and other supplies directly and indirectly connected with the mineral industry.

The mining towns and camps will always afford a home market for the agricultural products of the surrounding country, and for the products of canneries, evaporators and factories for the manufacture of everything that can be produced here or brought here as raw material for local manufacture. Mountains of iron ore and vast beds of coal are the pledge that extensive iron and steel works are to be established here at no distant day. Gold, silver, lead and copper are at present the chief mineral products.

And yet the development of the mineral resources in the country tributary to El Paso is still in its infancy. More smelting plants, more manufacturing concerns of various kinds, more warehouses, more extensive stocks of goods and more railroads will be needed here as mining developments go on. This it is which, above all else insures the growth of El Paso and the future greatness of the city.

In 1898 the assessed valuation of the city was $5,238,925; in 1903 it was $11,531,639, or more than double the amount it was in 1898. The reader can safely rely on the fact that fifty per cent. is about the average valuation of the property returned, and the rate of taxation, including state, county and city, for all purposes, is $2.69.

The total county bonded indebtedness is $102,000, and the total city bonded indebtedness is $361,000. The property owned by the city and county very largely exceeds the amount of the indebtedness, and the cash on hand could very materially reduce it at any time, and with the large revenues that the city and county receive, they could call in their bonds within one-third of the time they have to run.

In 1903 the capital and surplus of the banks was $735,000 and the deposits $4,000,000, which has more than trebled in five years.

In 1904 the number of teachers in the public schools numbered eighty, the pupils of school age 3,728, and the valuation of school property is $336,000. El Paso is one of the richest places in school property in the Southwest, and pays higher salaries to teachers than any town in the state.

The population of El Paso has more than doubled in the last five years. By a deficient census it was allowed 16,000 in 1900, but if the census was taken today it would run over 35,000.

All property, especially improved property in the city of El Paso, has only increased in valuation in proportion to the increase of population and business, and really not as much so.

Since 1898 the population has more than doubled; the banking business and the accumulation of money, the very best indication, has more than trebled; the building permits have doubled; the post office receipts have doubled.

The location of El Paso is most remarkable for geographical advantages for a great city—at the corner and intersection of the great state of Texas, of Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico; it is 600 miles away from any other city of its size and importance, in the center of the richest mining, agricultural and timber country in the Southwest.

Before El Paso was anything, even a small village, all the engineers of the trunk railroads that were then pioneers, had to come to "The Pass," as it was then called, not because they were offered any indemnity by any government, city or individual, but because it was the natural, geographical, chosen spot where the coming great flow of traffic was to meet on its way from sea to sea, from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, until now it is becoming the mecca where all railroad transportation has to meet and go through.

Through El Paso we are connected with Vera Cruz, Tampico and Guaymas, and before long one or two more links will be made to connect us with Topolobampo Bay, making El Paso the crossing center of the greatest railway transportation enterprises in the world.

No railway company that ever figures on transportation business of the great Southwest leaves this city out of its consideration, and while it now possesses eight railroad lines, it is but natural to expect that in ten years from now it will have double that number, and perhaps more.

Eastern capitalists have invested two million dollars for the establishment of the El Paso Electric company, a plant as efficient and up-to-date in every respect as any that can be found in any city of its size in the Union.

Capitalists of the states of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts have invested several millions in El Paso in railroad and other enterprises, and not one of these investors can be found who is not satisfied and much pleased with his investment.

Pure water, and in inexhaustible quantities, is found at the very gates of the city. The International Water company, backed and owned by gentlemen of the highest integrity and responsibility now has its plant in course of construction, and we believe they will find it as profitable and satisfactory an investment as the electric company found theirs, if not more so.

Irrigation for the development of agriculture through systems of reservoirs and pumping plants is multiplying rapidly, and before five years have elapsed the valleys of the Rio Grande will be to this section of the country what the valley of the Nile is to Egypt.

Manufacturing enterprises have been established and are growing from day to day, thus assuring this city to become as great in manufacturing as it is in other branches of business.

A great number of details could be given, that would interest anyone seeking for homes, business or investments, but in line with our purpose of consendation, we leave the details to be investigaed by the thousands who are constantly figuring on making El Paso their home, and thus verify the strength of our assertions herein made.

The Era Magazine

FOR 1905 we will present features of vast interest and of vital importance to thoughtful men and women throughout the country. A representative series of articles along these lines will be found in the ERA'S "*Life Insurance Exposures*," revealing, *from inside sources*, the mysterious details of

The Billion Dollar Combine of the Great Life Insurance Companies and Wall Street

Thousands will realize for the first time just how certain big companies divert their vast surplus from policy-holders to forward speculative schemes in Wall Street.

There will be about six of these insurance articles in all, and other questions of equal interest and of wide importance to the general public will be taken up in turn, making THE ERA almost a necessity to the progressive American.

WE HAVE ALSO ARRANGED FOR THE

Best Fiction and Special Articles

These will be from the pens of the foremost writers at home and abroad. The magazine will thus make a strong appeal to every member of the family.

As in the past, the policy of THE ERA is to champion the cause of the people at every point, and each month will find us fighting for better conditions, which we are optimistic enough to believe will sooner or later be brought about.

In contrast to these more thoughtful and serious articles will be found stories that appeal to the strongest feelings, that touch the heart and enchain the fancy, while the lighter side of life, as exemplified in the choicest bits of wit and humor, will receive due attention.

This general policy has been closely followed during 1904, and the circulation of THE ERA has already more than doubled; and this can be said regarding no other periodical of which we know. Subscribers have found THE ERA *forceful*, *dignified*, *helpful* and *exceptionally entertaining*, making it an ideal periodical for the home.

10 CENTS A COPY

THE ERA MAGAZINE
120-122 Liberty Street
NEW YORK

1.00 A YEAR

NEW YEAR GREETING--AN ACROSTIC

Compiled from the Writings of Bulwer-Lytton for this Number of the National Magazine

By AGNES DEAN CAMERON

Principal of South Park School
VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

ALONG the landscape lay the hazy rime of Winter's dawning day.
— *The New Timon.*

❧

HE who has genius without patience and energy might as well have no genius at all.
— *Caxtoniana.*

❧

A FRESH mind keeps the body fresh; take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday.
— *Kenelm Chillingly*

❧

PRIVATE interest must not be the guide; when interests clash, majorities decide.
— *King Arthur.*

❧

PERHAPS, as the Creator looks down on this world, He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple, loving child.
—*My Novel.*

❧

YOU seem abroad to see, to feel, to hear the new life flushing through the virgin year.
— *The New Timon.*

❧

NOBODY now-a-days can maintain the right divine of a single royal family to impose itself upon a nation.
— *The Parisians.*

❧

EVERY man of sound brain whom you meet, knows something worth knowing better than yourself.
— *Caxtoniana.*

❧

WORTH makes the man.
— *Money.*

❧

YET there is more mystery in the growth of a blade of grass than in a wizard's mirror or the feats of a spirit medium.
— *Kenelm Chillingly.*

❧

EARTH, too, with all its fenced gardens and embattled walls, all its landmarks of churlish ownership, is ours, too, by right of eye.
— *What Will He Do With It?*

❧

AIM at the highest, and at least you soar.
— *Caxtoniana.*

❧

REGARDLESS of what Laws and Kings and States may be, wise men in earnest can be always free.
— *King Arthur.*

FOR in life as in whist: Hope nothing from the way cards may be dealt you. Play the cards, whatever they be, to the best of your skill.
— *Caxtoniana.*

⁂

REALLY, I doubt if any man can be called "old" as long as he is an early riser, and an early walker.
— *The Caxtons.*

⁂

O, THE world is a battle-field in which the worst wounded are the deserters.
— *Kenelm Chillingly.*

⁂

MEASURLESS sky and the unnumbered stars are equally granted to king and beggar.
— *What Will He Do With It?*

⁂

THEN rouse thyself. Life is the verb "To Do!"
— *St. Stephen's.*

⁂

HOW I still remember the Winter evenings you used to pass at our fireside—the mistletoe-bough at Christmas – the pleasant game at Blind-Man's Bluff and Hunt the Slipper!
— *Not So Bad As We Seem.*

⁂

EQUALITY? Equality would be fatal. If there were no penury and no pain what would become of fortitude?
— *My Novel.*

⁂

NOTHING is so contagious as enthusiasm.
— *Last Days of Pompeii.*

⁂

AND surely and without doubt there will be efforts and duties for us above as there have been below.
— *Ernest Maltravers.*

⁂

THEN realize a victory greater than those of the Ceasars—a victory over yourself!
— *Rienzi.*

⁂

I BELIEVE that a good man does good unconsciously merely by the act of living.
— *Kenelm Chillingly.*

⁂

OH, if thou art strong and he is weak, descend from thy strength and enter into his weakness.
— *My Novel.*

⁂

NOW, benevolence is your only cure for a morbid nature.
— *Godolphin.*

⁂

A MAN'S business has a deal to do with his manner of thinking.
— *What Will He Do With It?*

⁂

LET us all realize that there is nothing so exalted, or so divine, as a great and brave spirit working out its end through every earthly obstacle and evil; watching through the utter darkness, and steadily defying the phantoms.
— *The Disowned.*

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

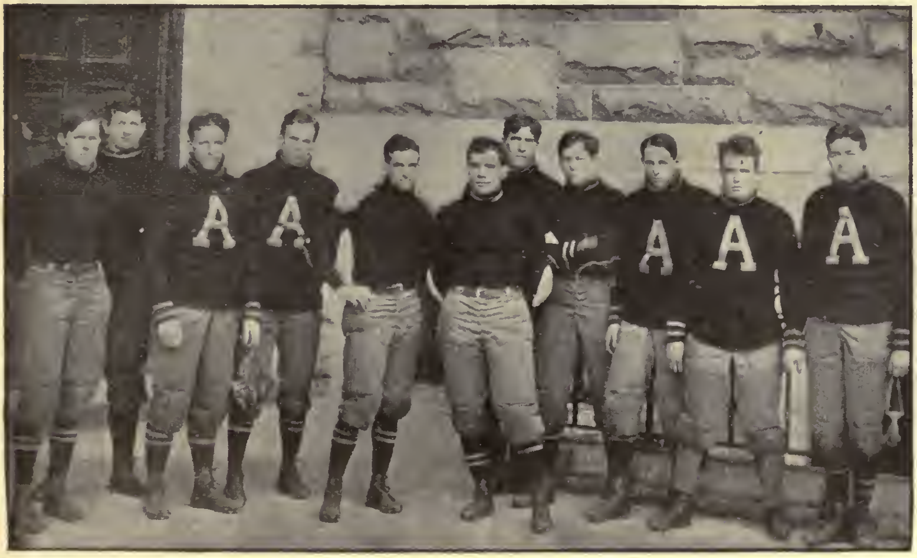
VOL. XXI. JANUARY, 1905 No. 4.

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT received more votes than McKinley; Judge Parker, less than Bryan. The Roosevelt plurality of more than two millions could not have been overcome even if Judge Parker had polled the full strength of his party. The enormous stay-at-home democratic vote, quite as much as the active republican vote, was a vote of confidence in Theodore Roosevelt.

With this emphatic endorsement of himself and the ideals which he is understood to stand for, the president practically begins with the last session of the fifty-eighth congress his untrammeled service in the presidency. Up to now he has been the executor of the McKinley policies; he is free hereafter to be president on his own account. His message to congress, published on Tuesday, December 6, was his first formal public statement of his administrative policies since he received the people's direct commission to the presidency.



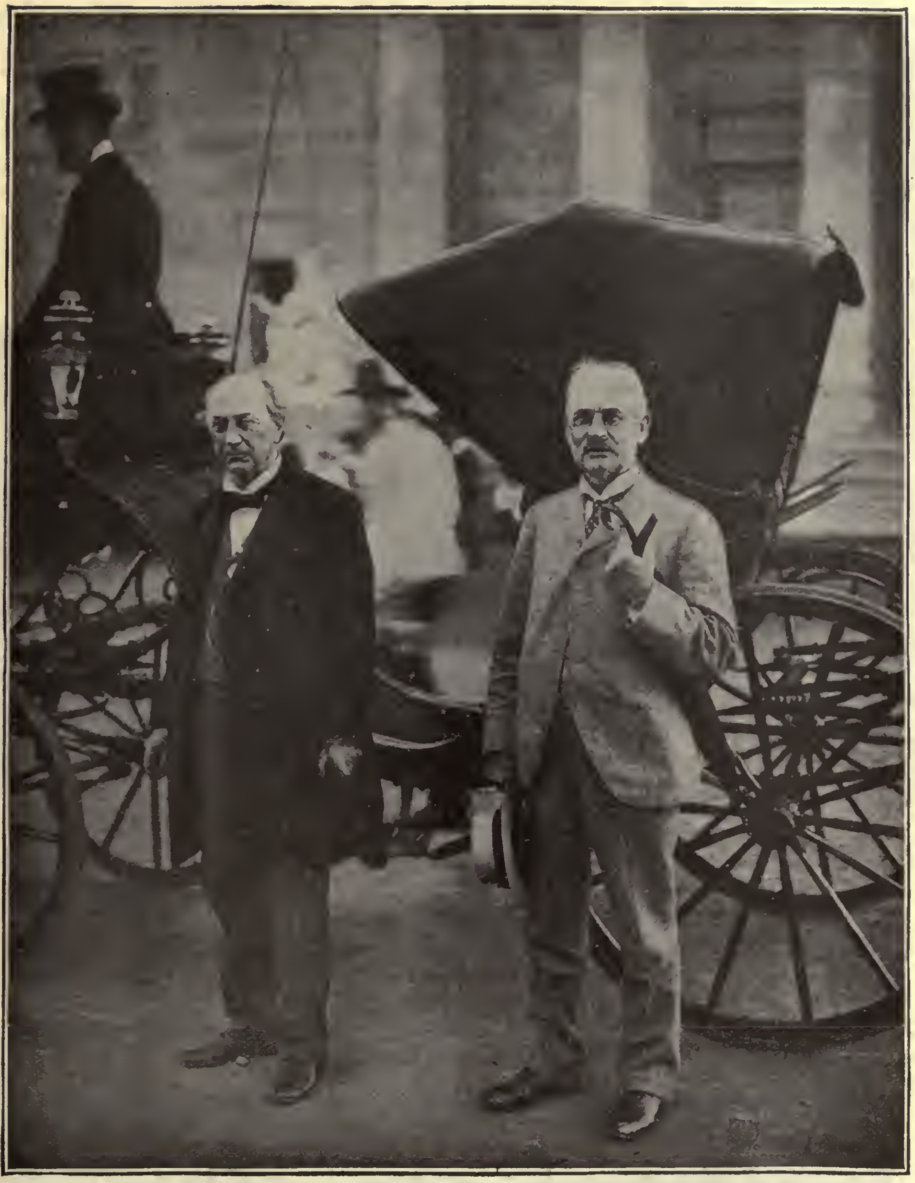
THE MEMBERS OF THE WEST POINT FOOTBALL TEAM, VICTORS OVER THE ANNAPOLIS ELEVEN IN THE ARMY AND NAVY GAME PLAYED NOVEMBER 26, AT PHILADELPHIA—THE PLAYERS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE: TORNEY, ERWIN, HAMMOND, GILLESPIE, GAREY, HILL, SEAGRAVE, DOE, PRINCE, TIPTON, METTLER

Photograph by the National Press Association

PRINCE FUSHIMI, ADOPTED BROTHER OF THE JAPANESE EMPEROR, WHO LATELY VISITED WASHINGTON'S TOMB AT MT. VERNON AND PLANTED A JAPANESE MAPLE THERE.—OUR PICTURE SHOWS THE PRINCE LEAVING HIS STEAMER AT SAN FRANCISCO. — HE HAS SEEN THE WORLD'S FAIR AND SEVERAL OF OUR PRINCIPAL CITIES

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by the National Press Association

This message is solid and conservative. If it strikes any one note with especial force, it is a note of warning to the directors of great corporations, that they must manage these institutions, which have their existence by public



JUSTICE BREWER OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT (IN BLACK COAT) AND JUDGE THAYER OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT,—A SNAPSHOT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS

favor, "with due regard to the interests of the public as a whole." Especially does he declare his purpose to enforce to the utmost the laws forbidding all rebates. And in this connection he significantly adds: "The government must in increasing degree supervise and regulate the workings of the railways engaged in interstate commerce; and such increased supervision is the only alternative to an increase of the present evils on the one hand, or a still more radical policy"—presumably Mr. Bryan's state ownership scheme or some other socialistic undertaking—"on the other."

Significant, also, in view of recently published statements by Thomas W. Lawson and others, that the funds of some of the great eastern insurance companies are controlled, for speculative purposes, by the masters of "frenzied finance," is this paragraph tacked onto the president's chapter dealing with the bureau of corporations:

> "The business of insurance vitally affects the great mass of the people of the United States and is national and not local in its application. It involves a multitude of transactions among the people of the different states and between American companies and foreign govern-

THE PRESIDENT TAKING PART IN THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW PAROCHIAL BUILDINGS OF ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, WASHINGTON, ON NOVEMBER 20.—CARDINAL GIBBONS, ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND OTHER CHURCH AND CIVIC CELEBRITIES WERE PRESENT

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA, THE GIFT OF THE KAISER, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WAR COLLEGE AT WASHINGTON, ON WHICH OCCASION PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DELIVERED AN ADDRESS PAYING HIGH HONOR TO THE MILITARY GENIUS OF FREDERICK

> ment. I urge that the congress carefully consider whether the power of the bureau of corporations can not constitutionally be extended to cover interstate transactions in insurance.''

The point of this suggestion is in its implication that the president believes our great insurance companies have reached a point where they require the guaranty of national inspection and o. k. upon their inner workings, in order that they may retain the public confidence and not fail to deserve it.

—

When Senator Knox was attorney general, he stated, in an interview, that it was not the purpose of the administration to ''run amuck'' in efforts to enforce the anti-trust laws. The foes of the administration tried to make it appear that this statement was a notice to the great trusts that they need fear no interference from President Roosevelt or his attorney general. The president's message makes clear the exact meaning of Mr. Knox's "run amuck" interview. Defining the purpose of the bureau of corporations, the president says:

> ''The bureau of corporations has made careful preliminary investigation of many important corporations. It will make a special report

MISS GRACE PETERS, DAUGHTER OF COMMANDER PETERS AND ONE OF THIS YEAR'S DEBUTANTES IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.—SHE IS VERY FOND OF FENCING AND TAKES LESSONS OF THE PRESIDENT'S FENCING INSTRUCTOR

Photograph by Clinedinst

on the beef industry. The policy of the bureau is to accomplish the purposes of its creation by cooperation, not antagonism; by making constructive legislation, not destructive prosecution, the immediate object of its inquiries; by conservative investigation of law and fact, and by refusal to issue incomplete and hence necessarily inaccurate reports.

"Its policy being thus one of open inquiry into, and not attack upon, business, the bureau has been able to gain not only the confidence of, but, better still, the cooperation of men engaged in legitimate business.

"The bureau offers to the congress the means of getting at the cost of

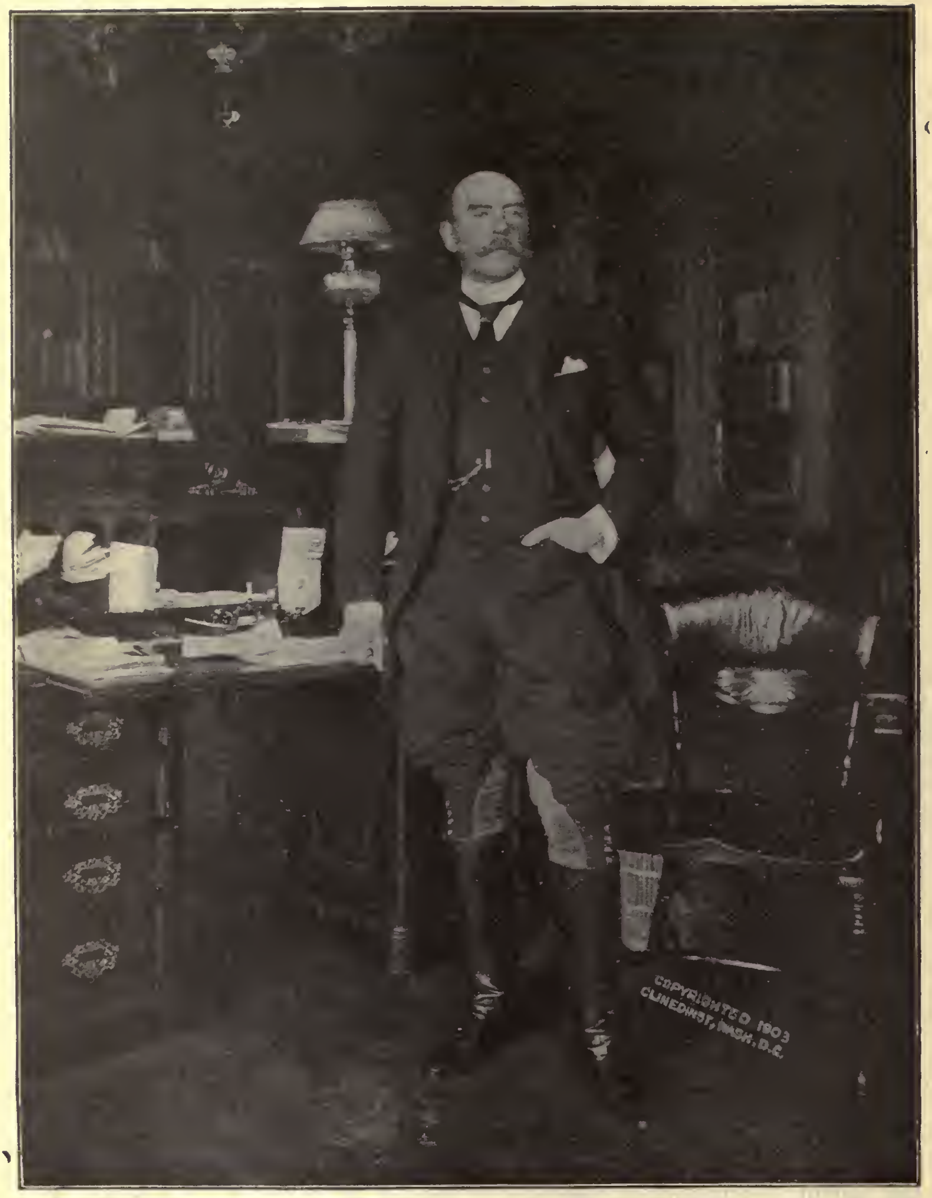
MISS META POTTER OF WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

production of our various great staples of commerce. Of necessity the careful investigation of special corporations will afford the commissioner knowledge of certain business facts, the publication of which might be an improper infringement of private rights. The method of making public the results of these investigations affords, under the law, a means for the protection of private rights. The congress will have all facts except such as would give to another corporation information which would injure the legitimate business of a competitor and destroy the incentive for individual superiority and thrift."

⁂

IT is in the senate telephone booth at the capitol that one can catch a glimpse of the real human nature that abides under the cloth of the Prince Albert coat of senatorial dignity. The doors of the



SIR MORTIMER DURAND, BRITISH AMBASSADOR, IN RIDING HABIT, TAKEN AT THE EMBASSY

Photograph by Clinedinst

booth are transparent and I sat upon the bench outside and watched the facial expression of a distinguished senator during a ten-minutes talk over the telephone. Now a senator is, after all, only mortal, whether he orates on the floor of the senate or through a telephone tube, and this truth came home with new force as I watched the pantomime—first that eager desire for "central" to "hurry

COMMANDER ROBERT PEARY, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO IS BUILDING A SHIP FOR ANOTHER JOURNEY TO THE FAR NORTH.—HE BELIEVES THAT THIS TIME HE WILL REACH THE NORTH POLE

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst, Washington

up" then the voice at the other end and the senator's quick response; then the swift changes of countenance as they talked, talker and talkee getting, apparently, as excited as though arguing face to face. Then the senator listened, and by and by a smile began to punctuate the disjointed answers he dropped into

THE CHILDREN OF COMMANDER ALEXANDRE BOUTAKOFF, NAVAL ATTACHE OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY, IN FANCY DRESS

Photograph by Clinedinst

the tube, then came the "ha, ha," and vigorous gestures of amusement, and the arm shot out into the booth as though almost expecting to clasp the hand of the friend at the other end of the wire. I saw every phase of feeling, from wrath to the quiet subsidence into suavity; from the puzzled "What is it? What is it?" to the quick response of instant understanding, given in marked italic tones, the sentence often reiterated to carry the full force of meaning along the wire.

From the expression of the face it is by no means difficult to imagine the drift of the conversation. Morever, one can almost determine the sex of the party at the other end of the line. The gentler tones, of course, are reserved for the gentle sex; but when a masculine voice is at the other end of the wire—it may be some jolly messenger boy, whose one dense ear is at the trumpet and the other alive to catch all that is going on around him—there will sometimes be difficulty in getting the information wanted, and some lively talking will pass over the wires.

I am often surprised at the celerity with which the operators handle the tube. If it is not the universal language —the volapuk of the dreamer—it is something that is very near it. The calls come in with startling rapidity, and the operator seems to know almost by magic just which number is wanted.

Another thing that interests me in the senate telephone booth is the many markings all about it, as far as the hands of the users of the 'phone can reach.

MISS DURAND, DAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, AND MISS ELKINS, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA (IN SAILOR HAT) A SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT THE CHEVY CHASE HORSE SHOW

Photograph by Clinedinst

There are all sorts of numbers and notations to refresh the memory, and often some remark written unconsciously while waiting for an answer, or listening to the speaker at the other end. And what varied specimens of handwritings are found about a telephone booth that has been some time in use. How all this reveals the wonderful working of the human mind, which, though engaged in a conversation, yet goes on its way, apparently almost independent of the individual will.

As I sat watching the senate booth, I reflected as I saw one senator come forth with his classic brow wrinkled, what would good old John Adams or George Washington have thought if they could have known that in the space of time required for the roll-call of the senate, a senator could confer with his constituents three thousand miles away, and get back to his seat in time to change his vote. I left the seat near the booth with a new respect for modern inventions.

⁂

AT a recent reception in Washington, I heard one of the most interesting romances of modern industry that has ever been brought to notice. It was related by a stalwart gentleman with bushy gray hair, flowing beard and sparkling brown eyes, and the telling took no more than fifteen minutes, though it is the history of a complete revolution in modern business, accomplished by the narrator, Dr. Alexander

MRS. CLARK, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE OF THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE SENATOR FROM MONTANA, IN FANCY DRESS

Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. SHAW, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

The doctor is a Scotchman and like many of his countrymen is ambitious. He told me he had dreamed of being a great composer and I gathered that in his youth he had aspired to surpass even the great Beethoven himself; but his canny Scotch father seems to have considered musician as another term for "ne'er-do-weel," and especially disliked the idea of his son's being a "wee bit fiddler." The young man's attention then turned toward the education of the deaf and dumb and in this work he was absorbed when he commenced the line of studies which led to the invention of the telephone. It was about this same time that he was paying court to a young lady who afterward became his wife. Her father was in charge of the Massachusetts exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and in this way Dr. Bell had an opportunity of placing before the people the wonderful scientific toys which had a place in the Massachusetts building.

But it was the irrepressible son of the house, Willie Hubbard, who seemed to take special interest in the work that whiled away the leisure hours of his brother-in-law to be, and it was he who

SPEAKER "JOE" CANNON AND CHAIRMAN SERENO PAYNE OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE, WHO WILL SOON HAVE TARIFF TROUBLES OF THEIR OWN — THAT IS, INSOFAR AS "UNCLE JOE" PERMITS ANYTHING TO TROUBLE HIM

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

enthusiastically mastered the working details of the wonderful little instrument which has since almost revolutionized the means of intercourse between business men, and given to spoken language an undreamt-of value. But the story is

JOHN R. MCLEAN, OWNER OF THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER AND OF IMMENSE REAL ESTATE HOLDINGS IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.—HIS FADS ARE POLITICS AND AUTOMOBILES

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

best told in Dr. Bell's own animated way:

"I was not much interested in having my invention represented at Philadelphia but Mr. Hubbard was determined, and equally determined was his daughter.

MISS HILDEGARDE MCKENNA, DAUGHTER OF JUSTICE MCKENNA OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

Photograph by Clinedinst

So the time came for the committee to give the final decision as to whether or not the telephone should be permitted to appear as an exhibit. I received a telegram to the effect that I must come to Philadelphia not later than the following Sunday. As I was in the midst of examinations at my school, I felt that I could not go. That same afternoon there came a message informing me that the young lady was going, and I was to see her off. I appeared at the station in Boston in good time, and just as the train was about to start she suddenly burst into tears. This was too much for me; I sprang on the train, and before I knew it was hastening away to Philadelphia. Then my situation came home to me, and I recalled that I had no baggage and was entirely unprepared for any

MISS DIANA MORGAN HILL OF WASHINGTON
Photograph by Clinedinst

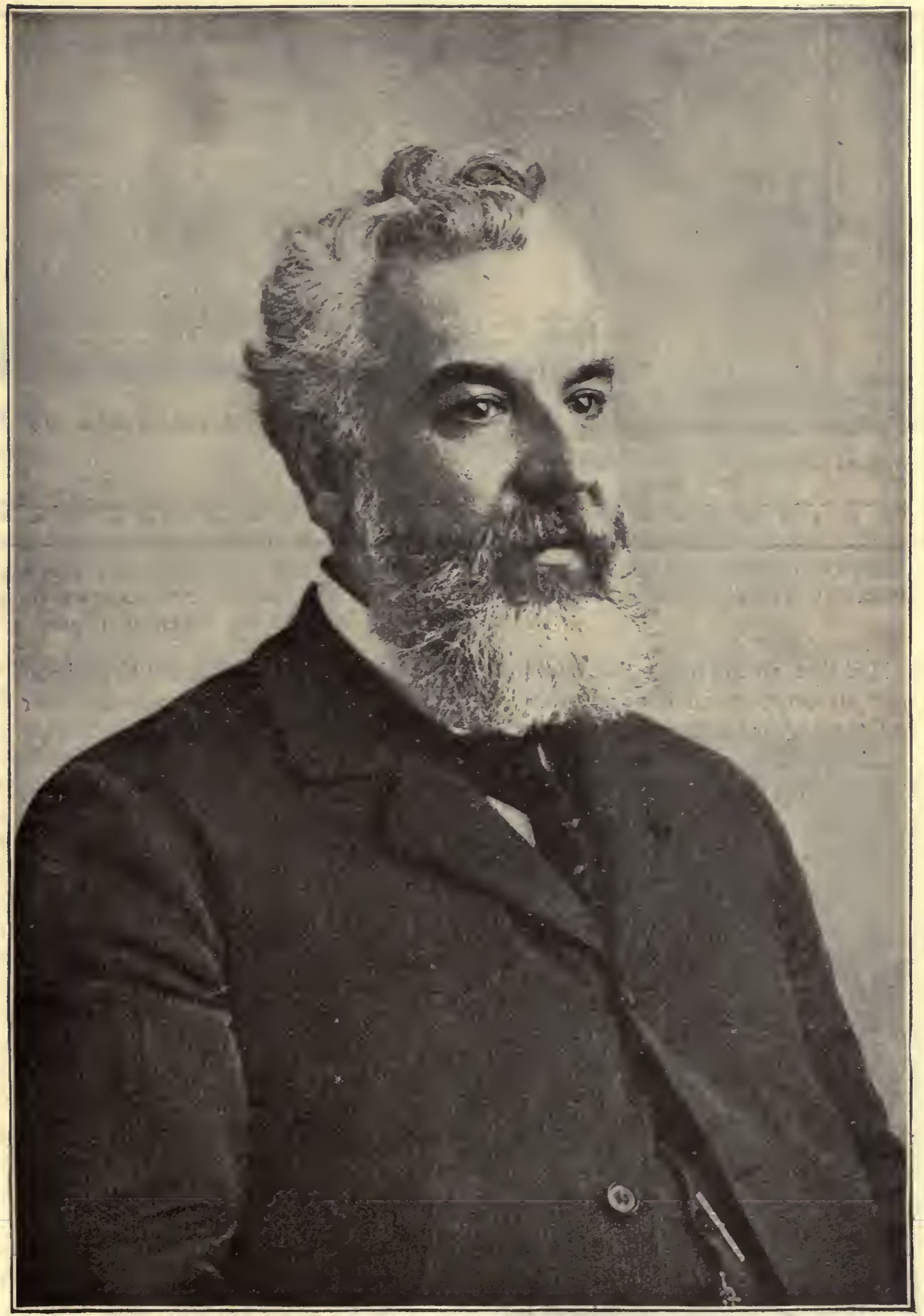
lengthy stay; but my companion quietly assured me that "Willie would attend to all that," (and that irrepressible brother of hers sent me all I needed by the next train) so I went on to meet the committee who were to decide the destiny of my telephone.

"It had been a long and arduous day for the committee; they were almost worn out when they got 'round to the telephone, and they were on the point of deciding that it was scarcely worthy of a place in the Exposition. I was feeling pretty well discouraged, and was thinking of leaving, when in came Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. I had met him in Boston, where he visited my school and was very much interested in the project I had on hand; but little did I dream that he would recognize me again, having only met me in a casual way. However, he took me by the arm

SENATOR JOSEPH BAILEY OF TEXAS, WHO SATIRICALLY ASKS SENATOR PLATT OF NEW YORK IF THE CONSTITUTION PROVIDES FOR REDUCING A STATE'S REPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS WHEN ITS GOVERNOR, INSTEAD OF ITS LEGISLATURE, SELECTS ITS UNITED STATES SENATORS

Photograph Copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

and spoke most enthusiastically about my telephone work, which rather opened the eyes of the judges, tired though they were with the day's strain. When he took one end of the line and I took the other and began to repeat Shakespeare to him in the best dramatic style at my command, and "To be or not to be," whizzed into the ear of the venerable emperor, my victory was complete. He



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE

made a careful examination of the receiver, while I walked off as far as possible with the other end of the line and continued to recite to him the memorable words of the bard of Avon. Well, the end was that the committee

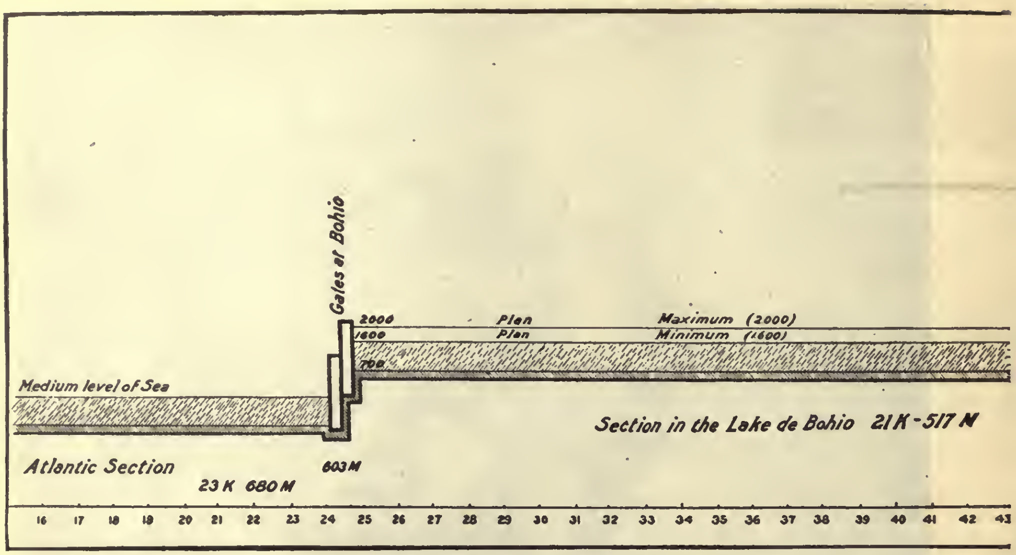


DIAGRAM SHOWING PROPOSED LOCK SYSTEM OF PANAMA CANAL IN PROFILE; THE ELEVATION WATERWAY FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC.—THIS MAP ALSO SHOWS THE AMOUNT OF EXCAVA- BY THE FRENCH COMPANIES, MARKED 1 AND 2, AND IS

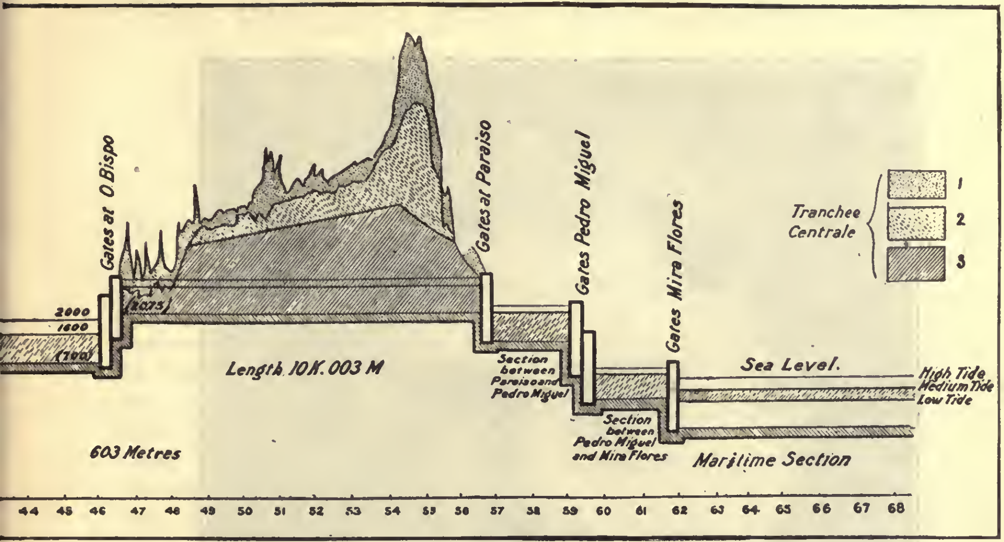
decided that an appliance that could interest an emperor, an honored guest of the United States, must surely be worthy of a place in the Centennial Exposition; but even then I did not realize the overwhelming importance of the invention. My friends in Boston, and among them that revered man soon to become my father-in-law, had often chaffed me about my scientific toy, and although I never doubted that it would some time come into general use, I had no idea of its ever reaching the proportions of general use that it enjoys today in city and rural life.

GENERAL WOOD'S SON IN FANCY DRESS

"So you see our destiny is arranged for us sometimes by accidents over which we have no control," continued the inventor, stroking his beard. "I have always been satisfied that if it had not been for the tears of that beloved woman, now my wife, the telephone would not have been exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, and, therefore, might not have been brought into common use for many years to come."

⁂

SECRETARY TAFT'S personal visit to the Isthmus has resulted in smoothing out the points of disagree-



ABOVE SEA LEVEL; THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LAKE BOHIO, AND THE CONTOUR OF THE GREAT
TION TO BE MADE BY THE UNITED STATES, MARKED 3, AND THE AMOUNT ALREADY MADE
DRAWN FROM THE COMMISSION'S RELIEF MAP IN WASHINGTON

ment between the United States and the Republic of Panama, but there remains to be settled the vastly important question, whether we shall build an inter-oceanic canal with locks, or at tide-level. Before the appointment of Mr. Wallace as chief engineer, it was generally agreed that the lock system must be employed. Mr. Wallace has visited the canal country, and has returned to the United States with the news that it may be possible, as it certainly is advisable if possible, to build a sea-level canal. Senator Morgan of Alabama, the father of canal legislation in congress —the honor is not the less his due because of the fact that his favorite route was not chosen—denounces the sea-level proposition as a new scheme of the trans-continental railways to defeat or defer the whole canal project. He declares that a sea-level canal will cost so much, and be so long building, that the plan is practically an impossible one. Our drawings herewith presented show the propose lock system.

It will be noted that the French engineers did hardly more than begin the great task of digging the huge ditch.

GOVERNOR GEORGE C. PARDEE OF CALIFORNIA, THE NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL IRRIGATION CONGRESS

DR. JAMES BALL NAYLOR OF MALTA, OHIO, WHOSE MODERN FAIRY TALE, "THE WITCH-CROW AND BARNEY BYLOW," BEGINS PUBLICATION IN THIS NUMBER OF THE NATIONAL. DR. NAYLOR HAS TWO OR THREE PROFITABLE NOVELS TO HIS CREDIT AND IS GENUINELY SUCCESSFUL AS AN ENTERTAINER, TELLING STORIES AND READING FROM HIS OWN VERSES.—WITH ALL HIS LITERARY ACTIVITY, HE HAS NOT GIVEN UP HIS GENERAL PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

THE WITCH-CROW AND BARNEY BYLOW

A Modern Fairy Tale for Our Boys and Girls

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR
MALTA, OHIO

BARNEY BYLOW was a farmer's son—an only child—twelve years old, red-headed and freckled; a quick-witted, self-reliant and sturdy youngster. His parents were not wealthy, but they owned the little farm on which they lived—and they owed no one. The big frame farmhouse, weather-beaten and gray, was cheery and comfortable—warm in Winter and cool in Summer; and the deep well in the corner of the yard, around which the hollyhocks and sunflowers smiled and nodded and dozed in the Summer sunshine, was an unfailing source of the clearest and coolest water in all the neighborhood. Past the door ran the winding, never-ending highway—dust-white in Summer and snow-white in Winter; and just across it were the big red barn, the stacks and sheds—and beyond, the fields and woods rolling away toward the creek valley a mile distant.

Everything about the Bylow farm and home was trim and well kept. Orchards, groves and fences, farmyard, garden and fields were clean and tidy. Horses were well fed and glossy; cattle were fat and sleek; sheep and porkers were placid and content; and chickens, turkeys, and ducks were bustling and cheerful.

Mr. and Mrs. Bylow were a hard-working and happy couple. Round-faced and rosy, they slaved and saved that Barney—their darling and their pride—might have a prosperous future. The warmest desire of these loving hearts was that their son might grow up a man of means and influence. To this end they taught him to work and sent him to school; and constantly impressed upon his mind that he must form habits of industry and frugality.

But all this was just what Barney did not appreciate nor enjoy. He felt that he was ill-used, that his lot was a hard one. Work was tiresome; school was distasteful. Play was all right; but labor was all wrong. True, it was good enough sport to hunt the eggs cunningly hidden deep in the fragrant hay of the great barn mow, and to ride the work horses to and from the fields; but then, there were the long rows of corn to be hoed—where the heat waves shimmered and danced at noon—and the garden to be weeded. It was no great hardship, to be sure, to fetch the cows from pasture or to feed the fowls; but think of digging potatoes and picking up apples in the orchard! It was great fun, of course, to go fishing and swimming in the creek—as he was permitted to do almost every Saturday afternoon of the long Summer; but consider for a moment the drudgery of carrying water and sheaves in the hot harvest field. And he could go skating and coasting in Winter; but at the close of every day he must get the firewood and do other odd chores. What a botheration! Was ever a boy more misused and put upon than he? The industry and thrift of his parents did not appeal to Barney. Work! Play was much more pleasant and profitable—so he decided. Economy! Money was made to be spent. Of what use was it otherwise? And there were so many things he needed and desired that his parents could not afford to buy—so they claimed. They asked him to work, and to go to school—to be cheerful and obedient; and all the while he wanted to roam the woods, to do as he liked—to be his own master.

He had plenty of wholesome food;

but what boy cares for wholesome food when his palate longs for ice-cream and chocolate candy? What boy cares whether his stomach is full of wholesome food—especially when it IS full—whose head is full of ponies, pony carts and harness? He had good rough-and-ready clothes for work and school—and a better suit for Sundays; but what right minded youth appreciates mere homely raiment when his soul is famished for a gold watch and chain? The linen of the great four-poster bed in which he slept was spotless; but how could Barney give this fact due weight and credit, when his dreams were all of air guns and bicycles?

Barney was not lazy, really; he simply liked to do the things he liked to do—and disliked to do the things he disliked to do. So he looked upon his parents as pushing and penurious; and made up his mind that he was a much abused youngster. Also, he resolved that he detested home and school, that he desired, above all things, to have an abundance of money to spend—without the inconvenience of earning it, and that at no distant day he meant to run away from home, conquer the world for himself and enjoy it to the utmost. Alas, poor self-deceived urchin!

Still, with all his vain longings and imaginary troubles, Barney was measurably happy; but he didn't realize it. He had a saving sense of humor that kept him from becoming a morose and sullen pest; and, in spite of an occasional cloud upon his sunny face, he was the light of the household.

When alone at work or play, he was in the habit of thus talking to himself:

"Never mind! I'm going to be rich some day—and have just everything I want, and do just as I please. I'm going to live in a city, too—all the rich people live in the cities. And they don't have to work and do the things they don't like to do; they know just how to get lots of money without working for it. I don't want to be rich with houses and stores and things; it would be too much bother to look after them. I just want money—lots of money—as much as ten thousand dollars."—Ten thousand dollars to Barney meant an inexhaustible amount.—"Or I'd just rather have money in my pocket all the time—no matter how much I'd spend, still have money in my pocket. My, wouldn't that be nice! Oh, I wish I could be fixed that way!"

One June day, at dinner time, his father said to him:

"Barney, did you weed out the onion beds in the garden this forenoon?"

"No," Barney admitted rather reluctantly.

"Why didn't you?" Mr. Bylow asked sharply.

"Why—why," Barney stammered, "I—I was helping mother with the washing and churning."

In fact he had forgotten all about the task his father set him before going to the hay field that morning.

"You haven't been busy all the time, helping your mother," Mr. Bylow said sternly; "you've been idling away your time. Now, I'm going to set you another task for this afternoon. I've mowed the small meadow lot over next to the big woods, this forenoon; and you can go over there and rake up the hay. If you work as you ought, you can have it all raked up by three o'clock. At that time I'll come with the team and wagon; and we'll haul it into the barn. If you don't get it done, I'll have to punish you; you've worn out my patience."

It was a sad and subdued Barney that left the barnyard a few minutes later and trudged off to the hay lot, a rake upon his shoulder, and his red lips puckered into a pout of discontent. However, it was not in the cheerful nature of the lad to be downcast for long; and soon the ugly scowl upon his face had melted away in drops of sweat, and his pursed lips were emitting a merry whistle.

On reaching the hay lot, he went to work sturdily and resolutely; and was agreeably surprised to find that it was rather good fun to rake the dry and fragrant hay and toss it into billowy windrows. For an hour he worked steadily; and realized that what his father had told him was true: that he could be done by mid-afternoon. Thereupon he resolved that no punishment should be his—that his father should have cause for praise rather than blame; and he worked harder than ever. But the fates were against him and his good resolves, apparently. The sun beamed down from a cloudless sky; not a breath of air stirred. The sweat trickled down Barney's face and smarted his eyes, and his temples throbbed, but he worked away stoically. His tongue became dry and his throat parched; but he kept on. Finally, however, he yielded to heat and thirst, and threw down his rake and sought the little brook that gurgled and sparkled in the cool depths of the woodland near at hand.

Then, indeed, his troubles began. While he was slaking his thirst and laving his burning face and hands, a crow came and perched upon the dead limb of a tree near him, and flapped its wings and cawed stridently and impudently, cocking its head and peering down at him. Barney could not stand that. What self-respecting boy could? He caught up a club and hurled it at the saucy bird; but the black offender nimbly dodged the well-aimed missile, and bobbed and cawed and flapped delightedly. That was too much; Barney grew angry at such rank impertinence. He gathered a handful of stones and began a mad fusillade upon his tormentor—for such he deemed the bird. The crow dodged and danced about upon the limb, raising a great hubbub with its cawings and gutteral chucklings. It appeared to take a human delight in defying the lad; and—as Barney imagined—wore a look of human intelligence upon its expressive countenance. At last it tired of the sport, seemingly, and took slow-winged flight through the woods; and Barney noted that it had a narrow strip of white feathers down the middle of its back, reaching to the end of its tail.

"That's an odd looking crow," he muttered, fanning his flushed face with his torn straw hat; "and a funny acting one. I'll know it, if I ever see it again."

On his return to the hay lot, he vigorously resumed work; but had gathered but a few rakefuls when he came upon a bumblebees' nest. Of course he could have worked around the home of the bold and busy honey-makers, leaving ungathered the wisp of hay sheltering them; but that would have been contrary to the nature of a daring, fun-loving youngster like Barney. He promptly stirred them up—and was as promptly chased across the lot and into the woods, receiving more than one sharp prod to spur his flight.

Then he was hot figuratively and literally; and must make another pilgrimage to the brook. There he again encountered the pestiferous "white-feather crow," as already he called it, and a second time put it to flight—after a deal of wasted energy on his part, and a deal of hoarse croaking and cawing on the part of the crow.

Then, weary from the heat and his recent exertions — and feeling a faint drowsiness stealing over him, he dropped down upon the mossy sod at the root of the tree, sleepily pillowed his head upon his arm, numbly placed his hat to shield his face from the attacks of buzzing insects—and immediately lost consciousness.

II

Barney sat up with a sudden jerk; and rubbed his blinking eyes and gazed about him in a half stupid, half startled manner.

"Why—why, I thought I heard some-boy laughing, and calling my name," he muttered. "Oh, I wonder how long I've slept! Maybe father's come!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed a cracked, hoarse voice over his head. The boy sprang to his feet, ran from under the spreading branches of the tree, and directed his gaze upward. There upon the dead limb sat the white-feather crow—actually nodding and bowing to him.

"Oh, it's you, is it!" Barney muttered in a tone of disgust. "Well, I haven't time to bother with you now, old White Feather; I must get back to work. I wonder, though, what you hang around me for?"

"Haw, haw, haw!" the crow laughed again, cocking its head and winking—as Barney would have sworn. "Haw, haw, haw! Barney Bylaw!"

"Why—why, it's saying my name!" the lad exclaimed, taking a step backward in amazement and mild affright.

"Well, if that don't beat all!"

The crow fluttered its feathers, cawed and bobbed—then turned upon the limb and took flight into the further depths of the wood.

Barney returned to the hay lot, puzzled—and wondering deeply. The hay was not more than half raked; and the sun—as he noted with a sickening sense of dread—was far down the western arc of the heavens.

"Pshaw!" he grumbled, a scowl wrinkling his freckled face. "I slept too long; it must be time, almost, for father to come. I can't get it all raked now. I wonder what made me go to sleep—what made me so sleepy? There's no use to work any more; I can't get it all done—and father'll punish me, sure."

Then, after a moment's moody silence:

"That old White Feather's to blame. And I never saw such a funny crow. I know I heard it laugh; and I think it called my name."

Then, suddenly he hollowed his hand and put it to his ear. A faint rumbling, rattling sound came from far across the fields. The boy listened intently. The sound drew nearer—grew louder and more distinct, every moment.

"That's father coming with the team and wagon!" Barney whispered, his heart beaing a tattoo against his ribs.

"Now I'll catch it! For father never breaks his word. And—and I suppose I ought to be scolded, at least; I could have had the job done."

Then, with quick resolve—and tightening of the lips:

"But I won't stay and be punished—I won't! I've meant to run away for a long while; I'll go now—this very minute."

Immediately he put his resolve into action. Over the rail fence he scrambled, and skurried away in the direction of the distant highway—as fast as his bare brown legs could carry him. Occasionally he slackened his speed and cast a quick glance over his shoulder, to note if his father was in sight; and each time he drew a deep breath of relief—that his flight was not observed—and ran on, panting.

On reaching the highroad, he dropped down in a shady fence corner and lay there gasping and listening. The hay lot was hid from sight by an intervening elevation of ground. But there were no signs or sounds of pursuit. No one was following him—no one was calling him; and he began to breathe easier—the tumultuous throbbing of his heart began to quiet down.

At last he arose and took a long look around at the familiar fields, fences and woods. To the west, just over the green knoll of the pasture field, was the hay lot he had left so hurriedly. His father must be there—wondering what had become of his recreant son. To the south lay home—the roofs of house and barn barely visible above the intervening orchard trees. There was his mother. Barney knew that she would worry over his absence, that many sleepless nights would be hers. He realized fully that what he contemplated would grieve his parents; but he choked down the lump in his throat, set his teeth, and determined to carry out his rash resolve.

Up the dusty country road he plodded. Far away to the north, lying like a dark cloud bank against the distant sky-line, he could discern the smoke overhanging the city toward which he was bound—which he had visited but a few times in his life. On and on he went. The sun sank lower and lower, until it was but an hour above the horizon. Barney was weary and hungry. He stopped and took a drink at a wayside spring, and dropped down upon a mossy stone to rest.

"Haw, haw, haw!"

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Barney, springing to his feet. "If there isn't old White Feather!"

Sure enough, there was the white-feather crow perched upon a near-by fence stake.

"It appears I'm going to have company upon my journey," Barney laughed.

Really he was quite pleased that the peculiar crow had seen fit to follow him. The lad was just a trifle homesick already, though he had got but a few miles from home. The declining sun had set him to thinking fondly of all he had left behind.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed White Feather. "Bawrney Bylaw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Barney, moving toward the stake on which the bird was perched.

But the saucy crow did not await his near approach. While he was yet some yards distant, it arose and flapped leisurely to another post farther up the road, cawing and haw-hawing as it went. Barney followed; and again the wary fowl took wing at his approach and moved on to another perch—reaching which it bobbed and chuckled and winked impertinently.

Barney was disgusted, and cried out peevishly: "You're a coward, old White Feather! If you want to say anything to me, why don't you stop and meet me face to face—and say it!"

The crow drew itself erect, fluttered its feathers, and—Barney would have sworn to the startling fact—smiled and nodded at its challenger. Then it flapped to the ground at the boy's feet; and instantly it had disappeared, and a little old woman dressed all in black was there in the bird's stead.

Barney started back, rubbed his wondering eyes, muttered—"Why—what—what—"; and could say no more.

The little old woman stood bobbing and curtesying and preening herself—just like an overgrown crow. Her face was thin, wrinkled and dark; and her eyes were small, black and snappy. Upon her head she wore a curious hood or bonnet of ebony hue, quite pointed in front; and draped and drawn closely around her shoulders and neck, wholly concealing her arms and hands, she wore a cloak of the same sable color as her hood. It reached the ground in a point behind, and had a narrow white stripe down the middle. Her dark skirt was short and scant; and her slim ankles and small feet were encased in shiny black shoes.

"Who—who, what—what are you?" Barney managed to say.

The little old woman laughed a harsh, cackling laugh, and walked up and down in front of the lad, bobbing and teetering as a crow does.

Finally she made answer to his question:

"You want to know who I am?"

Her voice was hoarse and grating.

"Y-e-s," Barney stammered.

He had not yet fully recovered from the tremor of surprise and fear into which her sudden appearance had thrown him.

"And you want to know what I am?" she went on, comically cocking her head and grinning.

"Yes," he answered.

He was rapidly regaining his composure.

"And you desire me to tell you who you are?" she continued.

"You can't tell me who I am—you don't know me," he replied positively.

"Don't I?" she laughed, opening wide her toothless mouth and revealing her shrunken gums. "Listen!—

"Now, I know you
And you know me—
And that's as plain
As plain can be—
For I'm the jolly Witch-Crow;
And you know me
And I know you,
And so I say:
How do you do—
How are you, Barney Bylow?"

Then she laughed again heartily; and Barney stood and stared at her.

"How do you like my poetry?" she asked.

"It isn't poetry," the boy replied sturdily but ungallantly; "it's what my teacher calls doggerel."

"No, it isn't!" she disputed, bringing her lips shut with a snap. "Dogs compose doggerel; crows compose crowerel."

And once more she laughed that hoarse, rasping laugh.

"Oh, do stop!" cried Barney, his palms to his ears. "You set my teeth on edge."

"You don't set mine on edge," she chuckled, opening wide her toothless jaws.

Barney's fear had vanished.

"Are you a crow?" he demanded.

"I'm the Witch-Crow, or the Crow-Witch," she made answer.

"Which?" he asked.

"Yes, witch," she returned.

And amused at her play upon the words, she laughed and bobbed and shrugged her shoulders until she choked, lost her breath and balance—and almost tumbled over in the dust of the road.

"Now, what are you—crow or witch?" Barney insisted when she had recovered from her fit of merriment.

"Either, neither, and both," she replied.

"How can that be?"

"Well, when I'm a crow, I'm a crow, eh?"

"Yes."

"And when I'm a witch, I'm a witch?"

"Of course."

"Then, you see, I'm either."

"I see."

"And when I'm the Witch-Crow, I'm not a witch—not a crow; I'm neither."

"To be sure."

"And, yet, being the Witch-Crow, I'm both. Understand?"

"No, I don't," Barney said flatly.

"Well, you're not versed in witch-lore, and I'll excuse you. Now let's talk about yourself. So you're running away from home, eh?"

Barney nodded.

"And you haven't a dollar—a cent, even,—in your pocket."

"How do you know?" the boy asked quickly.

"Well, I know!"—Her face close to his, and her black eyes sparkling.

"You haven't any money,—now, have you?"

"No," he confessed.

"Why don't you say: 'No, ma'am"? she croaked irritably.

"Why — why, I — I —" Barney explained lamely and haltingly, "I don't know whether a witch, or a witch-crow, or whatever you call yourself, is a ma'am."

"Oh, you don't!" laughed the Witch-Crow. "Well, I am a ma'am. But let it go. I'll tell you what you may call me: you may call me White Feather — not Old White Feather, mind you, as you called me when you thought me just a crow. That's disrespectful. And now let's get back to your business—for I must be off about my own. You'd like to be rich, wouldn't you?"

"I—I'd like to have money," Barney admitted.

"Lots of it?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But you don't want to work for it."

"N-o-no, ma'am," he replied, half ashamed.

"How much money would you like to have?"

"Oh, as much as — as a whole heap — as much as ten thousand dollars; or—or—"

"Well?" White Feather croaked impatiently.

"Or I'd rather just have money in my pocket all the time—never be without it, no matter how much I might spend," Barney hastened to explain.

"That arrangement would suit you better than to have ten thousand dollars in a lump?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Nothing else would satisfy you so well?" the Witch-Crow persisted.

Barney shook his head.

"Very well," she said; "so it shall be. But you mustn't grow tired of your bargain."

"I'm not likely to grow tired of having money to spend—and spending it."

And Barney laughed at the bare idea.

White Feather thrust forth a skinny, claw-like hand, from the folds of her black cloak. In her palm was a single penny.

"Listen!" she said huskily.

"'Tis money you crave!
This penny I bless;
You'll never have more—
And you'll never have less!"

With the words she dropped the coin into the boy's gaping pocket. He started back, dismay upon his face.

"You—you don't mean to say that I'll never have more than a penny, do you?" he cried falteringly.

"That's just what I mean to say—and do say," the Witch-Crow laughed, hugging herself and weaving to and fro. "You'll never have more than a penny; but, then, you'll never have less — you must remember."

"But that doesn't suit me at all," Barney pouted.

"It's what you asked for."

Barney dejectedly shook his head.

"Yes, it's what you asked for," White Feather insisted. "You said you wished to have money in your pocket all the time, no matter how much you might spend. Well, you can't spend more than you have. I've given you what you said you desired above all things. But I must leave you to work out the puzzle for yourself. Good-bye."

Instantly she was gone. Barney stood alone in the dusty highroad; and the white-feather crow was winging its way toward a distant wood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BETROTHED ☙ By Margaret Ashmun

CAN you not hear it calling, love of mine—
Can you not hear the calling of my heart?
So loud it sings your name, with fear I start
Lest all the world should hear and know the sign;
Lest all the world should hear, and, looking close,
Should see upon my lips that kiss of grace,
Long-pressed last night of all, when your dear face
Bent low to mine where white the bride rose blows.
The bright, slow-rolling day kept us apart,
Though yearning sore; now robins in the tree
Announce the dusk that brings you back to me—
Can you not hear the calling of my heart?

ARTISTS

By J. A. EDGERTON

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

THE world contains many an artist,
Who knows not the technique of art;
Who knows not the tricks of the rhymer,
And yet is a poet at heart;
Who knows not the use of the chisel,
Nor the deftness of eye or of hand,
But whose spirit is filled with a longing
He never can quite understand.

There are painters who never touch canvas,
Musicians who ever are still,
Who have not the gift of expression,
Lack adequate training and skill.
There are men with the dreams of the masters
Who never are known unto fame,
Whose spirits are filled with a music
And beauty they never can name.

There are orators doomed to be silent,
And singers who never are heard;
There are actors untried and unnoted,
Who with the grand passions are stirred;
There are millions who struggle, unconscious
Of wonderful gifts they possess,
Whose spirits are ravished by glimpses
Of thoughts they can never express.

There are poems unsung and unspoken,
Transcending the limits of art;
There are visions unpainted that linger
In the innermost realms of the heart;
There are writers who never have written
And sculptors who delve not in stone;
There are spirits that thrill with a message,
Yet strive on in silence, alone.

Mayhap there's fruition and answer
Somewhere in the regions of bliss,
In worlds that are yet undiscovered,
For unfulfilled longings in this.
At last they may find their lost visions,
At last they may reach to the goal,
The ones who fall short of expression
And yet who are artists in soul.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF THE SKYSCRAPERS

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD
Author of "South Sea Idyls", "The Island of Tranquil Delights", etc.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT is merely an incident in the life of Paul Clitheroe; nothing more. Fourteen seasons in the tepid and tranquilizing provincialism of the Washington Winter had unfitted him to cope with the strenuous life that now is: as well might he have followed the straight and narrow path that leads to the Nirvana of Boston respectability; or been led in the green pastures and beside the still waters of Philadelphia life and languor. What he needed, or foolishly thought he needed, was something to quicken him; something to blow his feeble spark of life into a flame, a living, leaping flame: he found it when he set foot in that celebrated seaboard city, New York—sometimes known as Greater, or Bloated New York.

Paul Clitheroe's last move on the checker-board of life was a momentous one. He had shaken the dust of the nation's capital from his feet and laid it with his tears. He had jumped the City of Brotherly Love and crowned himself in the king-row on the Board Walk at Altantic City. Then with a determined air which was little short of bravado, he set forth to conquer or to die; he came as near to death as it is possible to come and escape with what little is left of life.

Entering New York on stilts, by the L road, he alighted at an aerial way station not far from Madison Square. This was, as it were, a crisis in his life: for a moment he paused at the top of the street-stairs and then, with his heart in his throat and his grip in his hand — he descended into hell.

Can any good come out of Nazareth? Yes indeed: good can come out of Nazareth and it is very apt to do it as soon as it can make its escape; there is, however, nearly always something of it left on tap for the gladdening of the hearts of those that falter later on.

Clitheroe fell into the hands of the best of friends, and that evening sat in a rathskeller in the dim, religious light of stained glass cathedral windows: he was surrounded by a legion of steins of colossal proportions, elaborately ornamented in high relief; he began to dream of the old days, or nights, in Munich and Leipsic and to forget the rumble and roar that had at first frightened him as he approached the city, for it was insidious and incessant and the sound of it was as the howl of stormy seas.

There was a woman like a dew-drop, who had through life, a brief one to be sure, preserved her rustic joy in living. To her every day was a new delight. She radiated youth and health and hope and upon her eyelash trembled the tear of sensibility. She had written to Clitheroe in one of her vitalizing letters:—"Come straight to us; our arms are open to receive you. It is so still here where we are living, you will not believe you are in New York."

How still it was! On the elevated road, half a block distant, every few minutes trains soared through space like comets, leaving an audible wake behind them that palled upon the ear. The front windows of the flat quaked with the tumult of the street; the house was a five-story tunnel, gas-lit in the center through the year of sunless days; the rear windows commanded a chasm bridged with multitudinous clothes-lines that ever and anon flaunted in the face of heaven—twenty yards of it—a wilderness of damp linen; this many-peopled ravine, the hunting ground of cats and cats, was weekly the encampment of washerwomen, an army with banners, and the battle of life went on.

Almost in the center of that hollow square, where humanity was nearly always disheveled and didn't seem to care who took note of it, was decreed a more or less stately pleasure-dome; there nightly the light fantastic toe tripped it boisterously to the braying of brass instruments until the day broke under the strain of their discordant voices; it must be confessed that those dancers were not always dancing in tune. This was the nightly roüt of our cousins German and it murdered sleep; yet the oft-pleading of a long-suffering community never once reached the ears of the Manhattan police authorities, or softened their hearts in the least.

O! how still it was there—by comparison.

It was speedily decided that Clitheroe must have an apartment of his own to revel in; that it must be unique if possible, and attractive and inexpensive in any case. The word went forth among the friends of his friends, and amateur explorers searched diligently high and low, hither and yon, in the hope of discovering some unoccupied corner of Cockayne where Clitheroe might entertain the muses.

Many olive branches were borne over the face of the troubled waters on the wings of returning doves. There was one place in particular that seemed to have been made to order but shelved as a misfit. It was for rent and the landlord knew not at what moment it might be snapped up by prince or pauper, beggar or bohemian, for it was so capable an apartment it might easily adapt itself to the requirements of all sorts and conditions of men—men distinctly preferred. Now, though it had every appearance of being a misfit, that was rather an object than an objection; for one of average mold there is perhaps nothing that sets so well and feels so comfortable as a misfit. Clitheroe had learned this from long experience, and so when he was seized upon and led in triumph to a kind of owl's nest, with friends of his friends and their friends to the second or third generation, a Te Deum was chanted in a cock-loft that might have gladdened the heart of a Crusoe in an Island of the Blest. It was as if he had at last come into his own kingdom and was heir to ecstacy.

Owl's Nest! Its foundations were laid in an English basement that had modestly retired a little from the pavement and stood knee-deep in eddies of waste paper and resignation.

In the beginning an aspiring staircase like a flying buttress led aloft to the parlor floor: in those days the house was strictly private; it hovered upon the peaceful confines of old New York.

On that floor the tall and slender windows that opened from floor to ceiling betrayed a not uninviting interior, for they were guiltless of draperies, and the graceful capitals of ornamental columns supporting a sweeping arch within lent an air of elegance to the noble suite that the story above, and the half story above that, did not promise to duplicate. Gone was the airy stairway, and the portal where the front door once swung wide in welcome was now glazed from threshold to lintel; was, in fact, transformed into a smart show window for the display of dainty bric-a-brac: briefly, the once private residence of an old New York family in easy circumstances had been left in the lurch, as it were, and was become one of the many shops for the display and barter of antiques and horribles that elbow one another in that part of the city.

It were folly to call such a place Owl's Nest, for owls affect ivy-mantled ruins and silent midnights broken only by their own mournful hoot. Yet a name was needed; a rose by any other name would not smell as sweet, nor an onion, either; indeed it is nearly always the name itself and sometimes the name alone that appeals to the imagination, while the imagination supplies the appropriate odor on the instant. Clitheroe was not always unhappy in his choice of a local habitation, and he soon realized that there was a name just suited to this new home of his, and so it came very naturally to be called Little Misery.

When one's mortal coil begins to uncoil itself and fit into all the nooks and corners available and take entire possession of a habitation, it is well for that habitation to be stocked with furnishings that are at least suitable to the taste of the habitant. Clitheroe had books and bric-a-brac and the necessaries of domestic life sufficient to fill a little house to overflowing, for he had long been a rolling stone and had gathered many varieties of moss. These were all packed and stored and far beyond his reach. They were buried alive—his household gods—in a fireproof mausoleum where he was obliged to pay for the privilege of not being able to visit their precious dust and brood there, and heap the flowers of fancy at head and foot, and shed the tear of mourning and regret for the loss he had sustained.

Little Misery was an unfurnished story-and-a-half set a-top o' the parlour floor and the basement that undermined it. No one in the flesh could ascend to the privacy of the upper story-and-a-half without threading halls unknown to dazzling light, and these were open to the curious public during business hours. A small swinging sign, resembling an heraldic emblazonment elegantly engrossed, announced to the searching eye that here was the entrance, free of charge, to a very treasure house of antiquities, and for a knowledge of these dear delights one might enquire within.

It would indeed have been embarassing when revealing to his friends the hidden mysteries of Little Misery if Clitheroe could have pointed to nothing but bare walls and unrugged floors. That might have been the case had not Providence divinely intervened in the person of one who was booked for a Summer in Europe and would fain store her goods and chattels in the house of a friend. No sooner said than done.

The front room with the two small windows squinting on the street; the hall trundle-bed-room, its walls stained as with crimson gore and its one outward puncturation cocked jauntily toward the neighboring crossing; the rear room that was like a cavern for darkness and whose port-holes were wall-eyed and bleared; the bath room with its boiler that could be touched off with a quick match in a moment and looked pert and explosive: all these conveniences were upon one floor and so neighborly that in bowing oneself out of one room one instantly found oneself in the middle of the next, and it was quite easy to make the whole round in a moment with a hop, skip and jump.

Then there was the wide-spreading attic, approached by a companion-way that looked all the more nautical for the steepness thereof, and the rope that hung by it, in the absence of which one could hardly ascend to the upper deck without shinning up; but once there, lo! a humped roof, with peep-holes in it and an inward prospect bristling with infinite cozy possibilities.

Am I, peradventure, getting mixed in my metaphors?

Clitheroe when first viewing the recesses of Little Misery, asked himself what these vacant chambers would avail if left naked to his friends or enemies. Enter Providence and a furniture van. Through the happy circumstance of the unfaltering friendship above referred to, the compartment was magically decked with semi-barbaric splendor.

And, pray, what is this semi-barbaric

splendor? It is a wall, yea, four of them, veiled with beauteous breadths of tapa, the painted bark-cloth of the South Seas: It is precious portraits of one who is immortal, autographed when life was musical with love and laughter, by a hand that has returned to dust. It is a series of unmounted canvases, artist's studies, splashes of color that recall the fathomless green vistas of the tropical wild-wood framed in the splendor of sea and sky. It is the heaven-kissed flag that fluttered at the peak of the Casco in low latitudes and all through the lazy longitudes of half the ocean world; faded and frayed it is, with dimmed stripes and stars that have grown pale under skies where stars burn brightest—they spurt streams of silver down yonder and throb as if they would burst: it means the old wooden tobacco-box where the vanished hand often groped in search of the sweet fuel for the burnt offering; its lid and its sides decorated with the mellifluous names of far-off isles of the sea, cut deep in its weather-stained woodworks with a tar-handled mariner's jackknife; and toy canoes with matted sails beached on the upper shelves; and ropes of perfumed nuts and necklaces of whales teeth and girdles of delicate shells delightful to the eye and to the touch; and weapons mounted with sharks teeth and plumes of the paradise bird. And it means books, books, books — not the mere "words, words, words" that were the scorn of young Hamlet, but books to feed on, to devour, to press hotly to one's heart and to hide under one's pillow and dream about. All these things his eyes have visited with fondest glances in the past and his pale fingers fondled and caressed; for all these things, even these, were once at home in the bosom of the Bungalow at Vailima and now, alas! are lost, strayed or stolen in the mazes of Mannahatta.

O, Tusitala! Divine Teller of Tales! sleeping thy long sleep in thy hallowed sepulchre on the misty mountain-top under the eternal stars; hail and farewell, for yet a little time; for lo! a little time and we shall meet again! That is how Clitheroe felt when he found himself finally settled in Little Misery; it was in the slack of the afternoon when he sat in silence and ruminated. Now this was his thought, his plan for the future: To sit so many hours a day by the window reading or writing and trying to catch up with New York: to try also to forget his surroundings and make the best of it and of himself. His surroundings—what were they? He was at the bottom of the Valley of the Shadow of the Skyscrapers.

He had shuddered when his eyes first saw the silhouette of the metropolis, the grim, fanged profile of the City of Destruction minus an upper jaw. Fate had planted him in the hideous heart of it. The perpendicular walls of the Valley of the Shadow soared into space on three sides of him. From the rear windows his eyes could not scale the summit of it. There were tiers of pigeon-holes staring blankly at him from the walls of it and these were the myriad windows; very small they grew or seemed to grow as they towered one above another on their way to the light; very dreadful they looked to him, and almost overwhelming as he lifted his eyes unto the hills of brick and mortar whence came nothing to him save heart-sickness bordering on despair — and the dust of the busy builders.

Now he realized for the first time that the monstrous skyscraper had spread out its wings like a foul bat to shut off the blessed sunlight from him forever; that it was brooding over him like a vampire sucking the life out of him and patiently waiting to crush him and his Little Misery out of existence and crawl into their places and puff itself up in pride; for then the whole square bounded by four noisome streets could rear its hideous bulk into the face of heaven like a mesa springing from a desert waste.

Over the roofs of the world it lifted its haughty battlements—a petrified shriek of arrogant exultation.

Different forms of life flourished in the different strata; all the nations of the earth were gathered together in a kind of incongruous harmony not unlike that of the alien inhabitants of a prairie-dog kennel; these various representatives of modern civilization throve individually at various altitudes—the men of Mars perchance at the top, next the sky. They looked away up yonder like creeping and crawling things trying to escape from their holes as their heads appeared at the windows, glanced shudderingly into the abyss, and then were drawn suddenly back as if fearful of an involuntary plunge into eternity.

Far off the sun was faintly gilding the dim cornices, and cloud-shadows swept athwart the face of the monster as they drape a mountain side. The dwellers in the depths groped in darkness or were like human vermin in a colossal ant-hill, crawling and swarming through the labyrinthine passages and cells with which it was utterly catacombed.

A chill seized Clitheroe as he turned away to hide from his eyes the last horror of human invention, and he said: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice!" Could He, even He, hear that voice above the deafening din? The fear that He might not was appalling.

At that moment something happened that startled Clitheroe nearly out of his wits. Was it an answer to prayer? Far from it. It was a twenty-pound boulder loosened by a passing gale and hurled from the giddy cornice of the skyscraper through his devoted roof. It now became necessary to trephine the skull of Little Misery, and Clitheroe, his soul scarred as with a scar for the fear and trembling that fell upon him out of heaven with that surprising and unwelcome visitor, stood not a moment upon the order of his going but in most admired disorder fled forth and away and hied him to his lady's chamber: that excellent wench, who had beguiled his ears with her song of the silence even at the bourne of the Bowery, now stayed him with flagons, flesh plucked from the corner grocery, and comforted him with apples that were not as dead-sea fruit.

Clitheroe had gaily planned to have a housewarming at Little Misery; thither should be bidden all that was fair and brave in music, art and letters. He would also prepare his own breakfast at home for the mere delight of it; this frugal repast was to consist of three baked potatoes so mealy that they burst like cottonballs at the bottom of a yellow sea of creamed picked codfish breaking upon the shores of two poached eggs. The manufacture and consumption of the brown-beauty griddle-cake was to be a continuous performance in that bachelor hall. The pleasures of anticipation are inspiring and inexpensive; let them be wakened and called early; but let me break the news gently: there never was a housewarming over at Little Misery in the Valley of the Shadow of the Skyscrapers; there was never any warming of any kind in that particular house so long as Clitheroe was in duty bound to pay the rent of it, and that was long after he had ceased to visit it or even think of it save on those distractive rent days.

Little Misery grew greater and greater day by day, and at last became a burden he was no longer able to bear. He began to stagger under it and showed symptoms of heart failure whenever it occurred to him that he was not improving a rather expensive opportunity.

He made occasional pilgrimages to what should have been a shrine of singularly single blessedness. At uncertain intervals he wandered back to the basement doorway guarded by a lion rampant that was warranted not to bite, being, as it were, cut in dull, cold marble; he tracked his way through a wilderness of curios to the stairs that led to his seclusion. Olympus and all the gods in bronze and alabaster reigned below; antique episcopal choirs and bishops' thrones looking highly pontifical and proportionately uncomfortable, invited him to meditation or to prayer, but he tarried not by the way. Indeed it may be said with truth he had grown a little weary, not to say afraid, of the bizarre collection, especially timid and afraid if the gentlemanly connoisseur who presided there, with the air of one engaged in pleasurable archaelogical pursuits rather than in business of any sort, chanced to have locked up for the day and left Clitheroe in sole possession.

O! what a conglomeration was there of things tragical, comical, historical, pastoral, pastoral-comical, etc., etc., likewise seven-branched candlesticks, dangling censors, and crucifixes galore. Duriing these visitations he did not remain very long; he was always nervously awaiting the advent of the airy areolite and tremblingly watching lest the heavens fall upon him and slay him in that cave of gloom. The fact is, he was losing his nerve and his patience in darkest New York.

All was not lost to him even in his direst extremity: he met many delightful personages and suppered with them in fashionable cafes where people of distinction are on public exhibition at the midnight hour. He recalled with exquisite pleasure one night, the night of nights: "a night of stars," the poet called it, when, having dined on all the delicacies of the season, he was led by his famous host to a private roof garden far above the cloud-line; it was at the tip-top of a house so tall and slender that it resembled nothing so much as a chimney packed with chattering swallows: but once there in the rose-garden and the jungle of potted palms, under a canopy as fair as the tent of Omar, poet-host and poet-guests stranded on an island-oasis in a desert-sea of air—in the choice company of these, Clitheroe for the nonce outlived that breathless New York feeling that makes its local life not worth the living.

It was in the good old Summer time, and as the faint-hearted prodigal, struggling between a new joy in life and a suggestion of nausea occasioned by his unaccustomed altitude, peered over the parapet, he saw the L trains still darting like fiery serpents through the condensed breath of the sweltering and seething masses of humanity in the depths below, while on the heights they lifted up their hearts and soared as on the wings of young eagles: no wonder; was not the host the very king of hosts? Surely you know his beautiful and brilliant "Quest of the Golden Girl"?

The day came when even the riches of Little Misery could no longer charm. The souvenirs of Vailima made him homesick for the southern sea. Even the graven images, those fair idols in their niches on the floor below, failed to charm him. There were groups of them there, beautiful creations worthy of man's worship; none of your expurgated statuary such as is the malicious joy of those who love mutilation because they are not pure in heart. He was stung by the rude contact of the frenzied populace; and pained by the indecent exposure of undisguised back yards. O, gentle reader! The world is not so wide but people may look over other people's fences and into their houses and hearts; therefore it behooves us to be tidy and tolerable at all times and in all places—as, indeed we should ever be even if we are alone in the open.

Clitheroe took to his bed in the house of his friend, and there mourned and refused to be comforted. Manifestly his days were numbered and their end not far away. He had never once slept under the roof-tree at Little Misery; he could not muster the courage to attempt it. His very soul was deafened with the din of the hateful metropolis. It now seemed to him that the L trains were whizzing through a tunnel in his brain: in at one ear and out at the other; he seemed to be tottering upon the verge of madness. Something had to be done and 'twere well it were done quickly. It was done quickly, and mighty well done, too; for the very friend of very friends sought him out and rescued him in his extremity. Clitheroe had proved beyond a peradventure that there are those who do not lust for anything that lies between the Battery and the Bronx. Love's labour is lost in those merciless meadows; so he died the death and this is his epitaph. His palpitating remains were borne reverently, in decent haste, out of the hurly-burly and tenderly deposited in the pastoral calm of Cambridge.

"Come daisies and buttercups," sang his reviving heart, let us go hence; for the places that have once known us, though they have known us but slightly, shall know us no more forever. Amen.

And it was even so.

A word in your ear, dear readers: I had thought of calling this episode—

"TO LET!
A Story and a Half."

But I discovered before you did that it is not a story at all, at all—nor even the half of one.

THE BUZZARD OF THE BEAR SWAMP

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

TO most eyes, no doubt, the prospect would have seemed desolate, even forbidding. A single track of railroad lay under my feet, while down and away in front of me stretched the Bear Swamp, the largest, least-trod area of primeval swamp in southern New Jersey.

To me it was neither desolate nor forbidding, because I knew it well — its gloomy depths, its silent streams, its hollow trees, its trails and haunting mysteries. Yet I had never crossed its borders. I was born within its shadows—close enough to smell the magnolias of the margin—and had lived my first ten years only a little farther off, but not till now, after twice ten years of absence, had I stood here ready to enter and tread the paths where so long I had slipped to and fro as a shadow!

But what a pity ever to cross such a country! ever to map these unexplored child-lands to a scale of after years! I tramped the Bear Swamp over from edge to edge, letting the light of day into the deepest of its recesses, and found — a turkey buzzard's nest.

The silent streams, the trees, the trails, I found too, and there, it seems, they must be found a century hence; but the haunting mysteries of the great swamp fled away before me, and are gone forever. So much did I pay for my buzzard's nest.

The cost in time and trouble was what came near to undoing my good uncle with whom I was staying, near the swamp. "What in thunderation!" he exclaimed, when I made known my desires, "From Boston to Haleyville to see a buzzard's nest!" There are some things that even one's wife cannot quite understand. I didn't try to reason the matter of buzzards' nests with my uncle. If it had been a hawk's nest or a cardinal's, he would have thought nothing strange. But a buzzard's!

Perhaps my years of absence from the skies of the buzzard account for it. Yet he was never mere bird, mere buzzard, to me; so much more than buzzard, indeed, that I often wish he would sail into these empty New England skies. How eagerly I watch for him when homeward bound toward Jersey! The moment I cross the Delaware I begin to search the skies, and I know, for sure, when he swims into view, that I am near the blessed fields once more. No matter how wide and free, how full of clouds and color, my sky to the end will always need a soaring buzzard.

This is a burst of sentiment, truly, and doesn't explain at all why I should want to see the creature of these divine wings in the grewsome light of an earth-view—on his nesting stump or in his hollow log.

> "Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
> It must or we shall rue it:
> We have a vision of our own;
> Ah! why should we undo it?"

I understand. Nevertheless, I wanted to find a buzzard's nest—the nest of the Bear Swamp buzzard; and here at last I stood; and yonder on the clouds, a mere mote in the distance, floated one of the birds. It was coming toward me over the wide reach of the swamp.

Its coming seemed perfectly natural, as the sight of the swamp seemed entirely familiar, though I had never looked upon it from this point before. Silent, inscrutable and alien it lay, untouched by human hands except for this narrow braid of railroad binding its outer edges. Over it lay a quiet and reserve as real as twilight. Like a mask it was worn, and was slipped on, I know, at my approach. I could feel the silent spirit of the place drawing back away from me, though not to leave me quite alone. I should have at least a guide to lead me through the shadow-land, for out of the lower living green towered a line of limbless stubs, their bleached bones gleaming white, or showing dark and gaunt against the horizon far out across the swamp. Besides, here came the buzzard winding slowly down the clouds. Soon his spiral changed to a long pendulum swing, till just above the skeleton trees he wheeled, and bracing himself with his flapping wings, dropped heavily upon one of their headless trunks.

He had come leisurely, yet with a definiteness that was unmistakable and that was also meaningful. He had discovered me in the distance, and while still invisible to my eyes, had started down to perch upon that giant stub in order to watch me. His eye had told him that I was not a workman upon the track, nor a traveler between stations. If there was a purpose to his movements that suggested just one thing to me, there was a lack of purpose in mine that meant many things to him. He was suspicious, and had come because, somewhere beneath his perch lay a hollow log, the creature's den, holding its twin eggs or young. A buzzard has some soul.

Marking the direction of the stub, and its probable distance, I waded into the deep underbrush, the buzzard for my guide, and for my quest the stump or hollow log that held the creature's nest.

The rank ferns and ropey vines swallowed me up, and shut out at times even the sight of the sky. Nothing could be seen of the buzzard. Half an hour's struggle left me climbing a pine-crested swell in the low bottom, and here I sighted the bird again. He had not moved.

I was now in the real swamp, the old uncut forest. It was a land of giants—huge green poplar and swamp white oak, so old that they had become solitary, their comrades having fallen one by one, or else, unable to loose the grip that had widened and tightened through centuries, they had died standing. It was upon one of these that the buzzard sat humped.

Directly in my path stood an ancient swamp white oak, the greatest tree, I think, that I have ever seen. It was not the highest, nor the largest 'round, perhaps, but individually, spiritually, the greatest. Hoary, hollow and broken-limbed, his huge bole seemed encircled with the centuries and in this green and grizzled top all the winds of heaven had sometime come.

One could worship in the presence of such a tree as easily as in the shadow of a vast cathedral. Indeed, what is there built with hands that has the dignity, the majesty, the divinity of life? And what life was here! Life whose beginnings lay so far back that I could no more reckon the years than I could count the atoms it had builded into this majestic form.

Looking down upon him from twice his height loomed a tulip poplar, clean-bolled for thirty feet and in the top all green and gold with blossoms. It was a resplendent thing beside the oak, yet how unmistakably the gnarled old monarch wore the crown. His girth more than balanced the poplar's greater height, and as for blossoms—nature knows the beauty of strength and inward majesty and has pinned no boutonniere upon the oak.

My buzzard now was hardly more than half a mile away and plainly seen through the rifts in the lofty timbered roof above me. As I was nearing the top of a large fallen pine that lay in my course, I was startled by the burrh! burrh! burrh! of three partridges exploding just beyond, near the foot of the tree. Their exploding seemed all the more real when three little clouds of dust-smoke rose out of the low, wet bottom and drifted up against the green.

Then I saw an interesting sight. In falling, the pine with its wide-reaching, multitudinous roots had snatched at the shallow, sandy bottom and torn out a giant fistful, leaving a hole about two feet deep and more than a dozen wide. The sand thus lifted into the air had gradually washed down to a mound on each side of the butt, where it lay high and dry above the level of the swamp. This the swamp birds had turned into a great dust bath. It was in constant use, evidently. Not a spear of grass had sprouted in it, and all over it were pits and craters of various sizes, showing that not only the partridges but also the quails and such small things as the warblers washed here—though I can't recall ever having seen a warbler bathe in the dust. A dry bath in the swamp seemed something of a luxury. I wonder if the buzzards used it?

I went forward cautiously now and expectantly, for I was close enough to see the white beak and red wattled neck of my buzzard. He saw me, too and began to twist his head as I shifted and to twitch his wing tips nervously. Suddenly his long, black wings opened, and with a heavy lurch that left the stub rocking, he dropped and was soon soaring high up in the blue.

This was the locality of the nest; now where should I find it? Evidently I was to have no further help from the old bird. The underbrush was so thick that I could hardly see farther than my nose. A half-rotten tree trunk lay near, the top end lying across the backs of several saplings that it had borne down in its fall. I crept up on this for a look around, and almost tumbled off at finding myself staring directly into the dark, cavernous hollow of an immense log lying on a slight rise of ground a few feet ahead of me.

It was a yawning hole, which at a glance I knew belonged to the buzzard. The log, a mere shell of a mighty white oak, had been girdled and felled with an axe, by hunters, probably, and still lay with one side resting upon the rim of the stump. As I stood looking, something white stirred vaguely in the hole and disappeared.

Leaping from my perch, I scrambled forward to the mouth of the hollow and was greeted with hisses from far back in the dark. Then came a thumping of bare feet, more hisses and a sound of snapping beaks. I had found my buzzard's nest.

Hardly that either, for there was
a feather, stick or chip as eviden
a nest. The eggs had been laid

the sloping cavern floor, and in the course of their incubation must have rolled clear down to the opposite end, where the opening was so narrow that the buzzard could not have brooded them until she had rolled them back. The wonder is that they ever hatched.

But they did, and what they hatched was another wonder. It was a right instinct which led the mother to seek the middle of the Bear Swamp and there hide her young in a hollow log. My sense of the fitness of things should have equalled hers, certainly, and I should have allowed her the privacy of the swamp. It was unfair of me and rude. Nature never intended a young buzzard for any eye but his mother's—and she hates the sight of him. Elsewhere I have told of a buzzard that devoured her eggs at the approach of an enemy, so delicately balanced are her unnameable appetites and her maternal affections!

The two freaks in the log must have been three weeks old, I should say, the larger weighing about four pounds. They were covered as young owls are, with deep, snow-white down, out of which their black legs protruded in scaly, snaky contrast. They stood braced on these long, black legs, their receding heads drawn back, shoulders thrust forward, their bodies humped between the featherless wings like a challenging tomcat.

In order to examine them, I crawled into the den—not a difficult act, for the opening measured four feet and a half across at the mouth. The air was musty inside, yet surprisingly free from odor. The floor was absolutely clean, but on the top and sides of the cavity was a thick coating of live mosquitoes, most of them gorged, hanging like a red-beaded tapestry over the walls.

I had taken pains that the flying buzzard should not see me enter, for I hoped she would descend to look after her young. But she would take no chances with herself. I sat near the mouth of the hollow, where I could catch the fresh breeze that pulled across the end, and where I had a view of a a far-away bit of sky. Suddenly across this field of blue, as you have seen an infusorian scud across the field of your microscope, there swept a meteor of black — the buzzard! and evidently in that instant of passage, at a distance certainly of half a mile, she spied me in the log.

I waited more than an hour longer, and when I tumbled out with a dozen kinds of cramps, the maternal creature was soaring serenely far up in the clear, cool sky.

UNCONSCIOUS GOOD

EUGENE C. DOLSON

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

IT saddens her to think that night is near,
And that her long day's toil no meed may gain;
Dear Heart, she knows not that her words of cheer
To other lives were words not all in vain!

OUR CABLE STATION IN MID-PACIFIC

By DR. MARTIN CROOK

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHERE THE BIRDS FEED

ON April 9 and 10 of last year the cable ships Anglia and Colonia sailed from London to Manila via Suez canal for the purpose of laying the Commercial Pacific cable. Most people are aware that this cable now stretches from San Francisco to Manila, having three intermediate stations, Honolulu, Midway and Guam. Without entering into the details of the laying of the cable, one of the greatest enterprises of the kind that the world has ever known, it is the purpose of the writer to give an account of the life of the cable colony at Midway Island before and after the arrival of the above mentioned ships, and, in addition to this, a brief description of the island itself, which possesses an unique interest for the people of the United States.

It was on the morning of April 29 of last year that fifteen operators and employes of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company stood on the decks of the chartered steamer Hanalei, viewing a faint white line along the northern horizon. It is no wonder that these men were out of their bunks at daylight straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of that almost imperceptible stretch of sand; no wonder that they had rushed from their cabins half clad and with uncombed hair. The captain of the ship had just reported that Midway Island was in sight and as these men were to be stationed there for at least one year it was not surprising to see so much interest manifested.

The Hanalei anchored two and one-half miles to the westward of the island and the superintendent of the station went ashore at once and selected a suitable site for the temporary buildings. Lumber was then loaded and work was begun on these buildings in order to have everything ready for the arrival of the

AS MIDWAY ISLAND APPEARS FROM A SHIP ONLY THREE-FOURTHS OF A MILE AWAY

Engraved by Charles Ricker

READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE SOLDIERS ON THE UNITED STATES TRANSPORT THOMAS, JULY FOURTH LAST

Anglia and Colonia, these ships being expected about June 15.

But before we proceed any farther let us get an idea of the location of the islands forming the Midway group. For those whose maps have not been magnified to the extent of showing every visible speck of land in the northern Pacific, it may be well to say that this group of islands is found twelve hundred miles northwest of Honolulu and in about the same latitude as Galveston, Texas. The name "Midway" was given to them because at the time of their discovery by Captain Brooks in 1859 they were supposed to be half-way around the earth from Greenwich, but it is now known that they lie about two and one-half degrees from the one hundred and eightieth meridian.

There are two islands in the group; one called Sand or Western Island, the other Eastern Island. Between the two is a mere islet known as Middlebrook. There are no natives on any of them. They are owned by the United States and fall under the jurisdiction of the navy.

As Sand Island is the home of the staff of operators through whose hands messages to and from all parts of the world pass daily, it naturally attracts most of our attention. It is here that four operators transmit most of the messages to our newspapers concerning the Russo-Japanese War; it is on this heap of sand, a mile and a half in length and three-quar-

CAMP OF U. S. MARINES AT MIDWAY

SOLDIERS ABOARD THE UNITED STATES TRANSPORT THOMAS CELEBRATING THE FOURTH OF JULY BY SINGING PATRIOTIC SONGS

ters of a mile in width, that the Commercial Pacific Cable Company has established a transmitting station through which the United States government messages pass to Manila and other points in the Far East.

Sand Island is an almost verdureless waste of coral sand. An occasional sand dune covered with a few short, sickly-looking shrubs may be seen and at two places coarse grass and shrubs are found, but these are very limited in extent. With these exceptions the island is as barren as the Desert of Sahara: it is absolutely without vegetation.

MARINES DIGGING A WELL AT MIDWAY

Since Midway is in mid-ocean, it is interesting to note that while one sand heap is forty-three feet in height, the place where the temporary buildings stand is only about eight feet above the sea. But Nature has erected a coral reef around the islands, and this reef, fifteen miles in circumference, five feet high, and from twenty to twenty-five feet in width, forms a perfect protection against the waves of the mighty Pacific. Were it not for this reef Sand Island could never have been utilized as a cable station.

The glare of the sun upon the sand is fearful in its intensity, necessitating the constant use of goggles as a protection to the eyes — the glare is more intense than that of snow. Some of the men failed to use the goggles and I believe that their eyes are permanently injured.

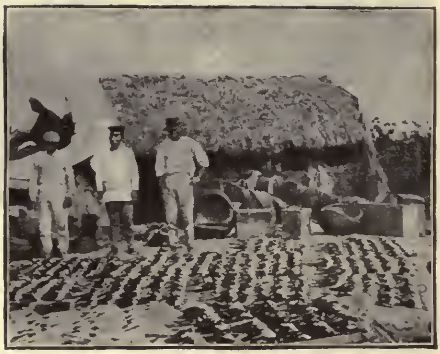
JAPANESE AT MIDWAY WHEN THE CABLE MEN ARRIVED

As soon as the tent was pitched a well was sunk four and one-half feet in depth and it was astonishing to find fresh water which at first was milky-white in color, but which upon standing became as clear and as palatable as any water in the world. It is astonishing that it was not brackish, but that fresh water could be obtained anywhere on the island was an exceedingly pleasant surprise to the little body of men.

There are at least twenty-five varieties of sea-birds at Midway. Most of them are so gentle that they may be picked up and held in the hand without the least difficulty. An albatross laid her egg on one of the golf tees, and she seemed so contented there that it was thought best to move the tee to another place; but even then the birds were so gentle and so numerous that they would be struck with the balls. This occurred more than once and one bird was killed in that way.

THE JAPANESE SCHOONER YIEJU MARU, AT MIDWAY ISLAND

The terns, or sea-swallows, are most numerous and their eggs, being edible, are eaten in large quantities. It is a peculiarity of the sea-birds to lay only one egg in a season. Only two varieties of those at Midway have nests; the others lay their eggs on the bare sand.



JAPANESE AT MIDWAY SHOWING A LOT OF SLAUGHTERED BIRDS THEY HAVE STUFFED

DEFYING THE GLARE OF SUN ON SAND WITH DARKENED EYE-GLASSES

There are several birds of rare plumage, and when the Hanalei arrived there were thirty-nine Japanese on Sand Island. These Japanese were slaughtering the pretty, innocent birds in large numbers. The feathers of the birds were shipped to Yokahoma on a schooner then anchored about half a mile from shore.

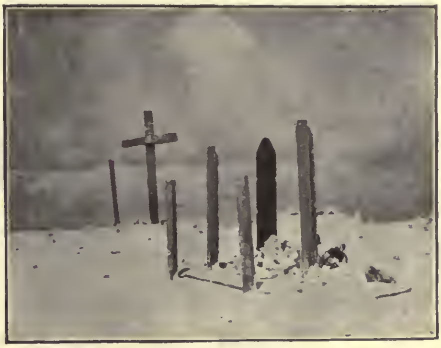
Fish of many varieties are found near the reef and are so easily caught that there is no sport in fishing. Turtles are occasionally caught but are rather small. Sharks are numerous, but fortunately do not come near the beach; consequently they do not interfere with swimming, a favorite pastime of the people at Midway.

On June 3 Lieutenant Commander Rodman, U. S. N., who had been appointed governor of Midway, arrived on the U. S. S. Iroquois. It was at this time that the first mail bag was received, the islanders having been without mail for a month and a half.

A YOUNG ALBATROSS AND CAPTAIN RODMAN'S DOG DON, VERY GOOD FRIENDS

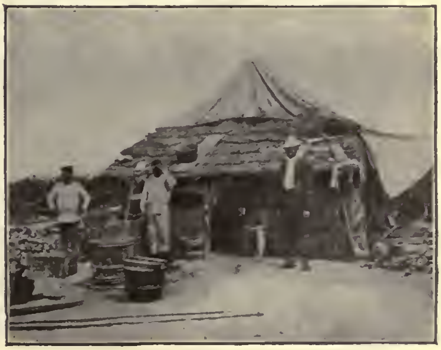
A STUMP AT MIDWAY, WHICH DOUBTLESS DRIFTED FROM THE AMERICAN COAST

When Captain Rodman came ashore the superintendent of the station reported that the Japanese were slaughtering the birds in large numbers and the bodies of these birds, left upon the sand to decay, were producing an almost intolerable stench; were causing the house flies to multiply rapidly; and lastly, but most important, the decaying bodies would sooner or later contaminate the water supply. Captain Rodman firmly but politely informed the Japanese that they must leave the island, which they did shortly afterward.



THE CEMETERY AT MIDWAY, WHERE SAILORS OF THE ILL-FATED BARK WANDERING MINELSTR WERE BURIED. — MOST OF THE MEN DIED OF SCURVY; THE SURVIVORS LIVED THERE FOURTEEN MONTHS BEFORE THEY WERE RESCUED. — THEIR DIET WAS FISH, BIRDS AND BIRDS' EGGS

On June 16 the Anglia was sighted, and on the eighteenth the Colonia. The former laid the cable from Manila to Guam, the latter the Guam-Midway section, and now the Anglia was ready to lay the section between Midway and Honolulu. The part of the cable between Honolulu and San Francisco was completed in December, 1902. The Anglia reached Honolulu on July 3 of last year, thus completing the long



TYPICAL JAPANESE HUT AT MIDWAY

TOWING THE CABLE PONTOONS ASHORE AT MIDWAY

stretch across the Pacific, which required more than 8,000 miles of cable. On July 4 President Roosevelt formally opened the cable by sending the first message, which was to Governor Taft at Manila.

After this the operators settled down to business and the news of the world was known at Midway before it was printed in the newspapers. This fact alone was a great help to these men when, at a later date, the Winter storms set in and they suffered both in mind and body, because it was impossible to land mail and provisions. Everything was done by the officials at New York to make it as pleasant and as comfortable as possible for those at Midway, but the

THE CABLE PONTOONS LANDED

DRAWING THE CABLE UP THE BEACH

UNITED STATES MARINES LEND A HAND TO DRAW IN THE CABLE

A BIT OF MIDWAY ISLAND LAND-AND-SKY-SCAPE
Engraved by Charles Ricker

OPERATORS AT MIDWAY RECEIVING THE FIRST WORD FROM GUAM

little colony seemed to have a series of misfortunes during their first year's stay.

During October last it became necessary to order a new supply of provisions,

THE FIRST OFFICE OF THE PACIFIC COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY AT MIDWAY

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE STATION BUILDINGS, INCLUDING ALL THE HOUSES ON MIDWAY ISLAND

Engraved by Charles Ricker

and the schooner Julia E. Whalen was sent from Honolulu with six months supply and the mail which had been in the postoffice at Honolulu for a month. The Whalen on the night of her arrival (October 22) struck the north reef and was wrecked. Her cargo was all lost, including two large bags of mail. No lives

THE ENTIRE CABLE COLONY ON MIDWAY.—THE LADY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GROUP IS THE WIFE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

MESSRS. MORRISON AND REED IN EVENING DRESS — MIDWAY STYLE

were lost, but how it was possible for the crew to lower a boat and get safely out of those immense breakers (a three-days gale had been blowing) is a mystery which I hardly think the captain can unravel.

As soon as possible the Iroquois came to bring provisions for the islanders and to take the Whalen's crew to Honolulu. When she arrived the supply was quite low. She remained only twenty-four hours.

When the Winter gales set in the sand began to drift. At times it would be blown through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was so disagreeable to have the sand blown in their eyes, ears and nose and often cutting their faces, that most of the men preferred remaining in their rooms day and night. And even in these rooms with all windows and doors shut they were not rid of the sand, for it would drift through every crack and crevice.

EDUCATING THE ALBATROSS

During the Winter months the atmosphere is usually quite humid, and when the rooms became damp they remained so. And if anyone wants to see a gloomy, lonely, desolate picture, let him stand in one of those damp rooms with the temperature at fifty-two degrees (that was the minimum for last year and look out over this desert island during a gale, while the sand is being driven in perfect clouds across the view and in the distance the waves with an awful roar are breaking in masses of spray up on the reef.

The men sent to Midway were selected because of their social and equable dispositions, because they would make the best of their environment. Through all this they were happy and contented; they had expected these things from the start. But at a later date the conditions became more serious. It was on the third day of last January, after a quiet and uneventful Christmas and New Year's day on the island, that the cruisers New Orleans (flagship), Cincinnati, Raleigh and Albany, commanded by Admiral Cooper, called to bring mail and a few provisions. Very few provisions were landed, because at that time the cable ship Scotia, owned by the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, was on

CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE HANALEI REPLENISHING THE SHIP'S WATER CASKS FROM THE WELL AT MIDWAY her way from London to Manila, Guam, Midway and Honolulu with six months' supplies for Midway. Knowing that the U. S. Army transport Sheridan, sailing from San Francisco February 1, would call at Honolulu and Guam, the superintendent at Midway (who is also postmaster) cabled the postmaster at Honolulu to ship the mail to Guam and there the Scotia would get it and take it to Midway. This was done as requested, but just as the Scotia was entering the harbor at Guam (and before the mail had been put aboard) she struck Spanish Rock, and, with the exception of six hundred miles of cable in her tanks, was a total loss. This occurred March 10. The provisions at Midway were very scarce and the men were disappointed and discontented. Only a few cans of beef and some rice were left, and often the sea was too rough for fishing. There were no vegetables. Everybody had grown tired of canned beef, and two-thirds of the colony ate only dry rice and that three times a day. Fortunately, there was an abundant supply of lime juice, which possibly prevented an epidemic of scurvy.

Arrangements were at once made to send the transport Buford. She was sighted at Midway March 28. The sea was very rough and the waves were breaking on the bar across the harbor entrance. The Buford anchored just outside this bar and about four miles from shore. With breathless anxiety the islanders watched to see if the captain was going to send a boat ashore, and there was a cry of joy from the little group when it was noticed that two boats were being lowered. The strong and courageous sailors were willing to try to get provisions and mail ashore. In a short time the boats were loaded and the long row through a rough sea and against a head wind was begun, and the anxious little crowd on the island watched those sailors "buffet with lusty sinews" the waves that threatened to engulf them. At one time a boat would be seen on the summit of a wave and at another time it would disappear, apparently swallowed up by the mighty deep. Those ashore wanted to signal the sailors to turn back, but knew that they would not see the signals. Finally the boats began to drift toward the leeward reef and after a determined but ineffectual attempt of four hours to pull to the windward the sailors were ordered to return to the ship. It was a bitter disappointment to see this failure, and yet the islanders were glad that the boats were headed for the ship, because it was dangerous to attempt to cross the bar.

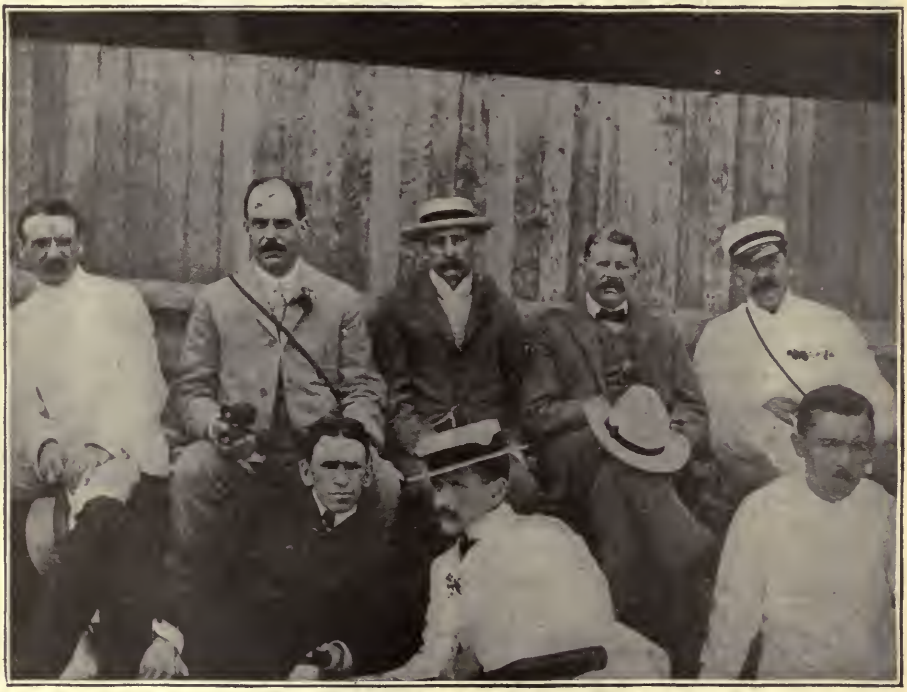
A YOUNG ALBATROSS POSES FOR A PROFILE VIEW

When the boats returned to the ship the captain signalled: "How much supplies have you?" to which Midway answered: "One week's." The captain then signalled, "I will put to sea—good-bye," and the Buford sailed to Manila with the supplies and six weeks' mail. The captain was asked to wait a day or two till the sea calmed down and then the supplies could be landed, but he refused. It seems that there was some kind of an understanding that the

Iroquois would make an attempt if the Buford failed, so she came down on April 9 and successfully landed provisions and mail, the first to be received at Midway in more than three months! It is needless to say that there was a feast on the island that day.

Much more could be told about the little colony, but this will suffice. I may add that the officials of the Cable Company are taking great pains to better the conditions at Midway, and I am sure that they will succeed. This Christmas found the men living in permanent buildings, both expensive and comfortable. In addition to this many other improvements are being made. Let us hope that all will go well with the cable men this Winter and may they have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. They certainly deserve the best.

PULLING THE CABLE UP TO THE COMPANY'S OFFICE THROUGH A TRENCH IN THE SAND.



A GROUP OF CABLE MEN ON THE PACIFIC STATIONS

From a photograph taken in Honolulu April 19, 1903

P. J. Harwood, senior operator at Honolulu; D. Coath, superintendent at Guam; B. W. Colley, superintendent at Midway; J. D. Gaines, superintendent at Honolulu; O. C. Reed, operator at Midway; Martin Crook, doctor at Midway; D. Morrison, supervisor at Midway; C. Mills, operator at Guam.

CHRISTMAS IN LUCAS COUNTY

By J. F. CONRAD

DES MOINES, IOWA

CHRISTMAS is coming; and it is coming like a scorcher. It was only the other day the boy hung up his stocking, and had me up at 4:30 a. m., trying to find names for all the animals in his Noah's Ark; and when I stuck on one, and would give it some outlandish name or other, he would look at me in a sort of an incredulous manner, and say: "Papa, has they got any of them down in Lucas County?" I remember there was one uncouth-looking animal, a kind of a cross, it looked like, between an old-fashioned "dog-iron" and a saw-horse. I told him it was the great "gigasticutis." He wanted to know if there was any of them down where Pa lived. And when I told him there was one down there right after the close of the war, he wanted to know if I had ever seen it, and how it acted, and if it ever bit anyone. When I told him that I had never seen it, but that his grandfather had seen it once, he wanted to know how the old man got away from it. Just what I told him I do not know; but, later on, when one of the neighbors' children came over, and the boy was showing him his Noah's Ark, and was naming over the animals, and bringing out their strong points, he came to this "gigasticutis." "There's the thing that came mighty near gettin' my gram'pa onst."

The other boy looked at it and said his papa could lick it.

You ought to have seen the look of disgust that spread over my boy's face.

"Lick it!" he said. "W'y, that thing is the terriblest animal there is."

"He couldn't lick a lion?" asked the other boy, with a tinge of derision in his tone.

"Of course he could. He'd bite a lion in two twice before he knowed it; and he'd take that old lion and throw him up in the top of the biggest tree in the timber, and he'd stick a limb in him and make him stay there till he'd rot— No, sir, if a old lion would go fooling around a gigasticutis he would hit him one lick and he would break his back."

"Well, how did your gram'pa git away?"

"W'y, he got after my gram'pa onst and runned him more than two miles; then gram'pa he jumped across a great big ditch as wide as a street, purty near, and so deep down that you couldn't see the bottom, only you could hear the water running; and here came that big gigasticutis and he tried to jump, but he couldn't jump very good, but he can climb a tree good; and when he came to this big ditch he tried to jump it, and he stuck his horn in the bank on the other side and he stuck fast; yes, they'se got horns—and gram'pa he rolled a great big rock as big as a 'frigerator right down on this old gigasticutis, and broke his horn off, and his back. Then gram'pa got down where he was and took a club and he broke all his legs and he killed him. This is all there was of them."

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And, here it is Christmas again. Old Time has improved on his mode of travel, as well as the rest of us. He has nothing like the slow, lumbering gait that he used to have when I first knew him.

I remember when I was a youngster how time halted and stumbled and literally balked occasionally. What an interminable eternity three months' school in the Summer was, when twenty-five or thirty of us bare-legged youngsters used to sit in the little old frame school house and take our turns at backing up against the school teacher's knee, and guessing at the letters that she stabbed at with her lead pencil! Sometimes we would guess it; but oftener we didn't. Then she would tell us, for the twentieth time, that it was "C" or "Y" or "K". After she would reach the bottom of the line of letters, as McGuffey, in his wisdom, saw fit to arrange the alphabet in that famous speller, she would retreat up the line, and successively stab each letter again; and when "A" was reached, the exercises were over. Then we would go back to our seats, and swing our feet and wait patiently for four o'clock.

There was a stunted cottonwood that grew very near the side of the house, close to the window; and I remember there was a meadow lark that used to light in it and hold a concert all by himself on afternoons. At about the second or third note we children would begin to titter; then it would begin to grow into a regular storm of applause, until the teacher would send one of the boys out to throw a brick at him. We used to take turns at shooing that bird into the next section; and it was looked forward to with as much pleasure as going after water. And there never was anything fuller of satisfaction than to go with another boy about a quarter of a mile after a bucket of water; the next thing to it was—passing it.

Then, on Friday afternoons, there would be literary exercises; and the big girls would speak selections taken mostly from the Third and Fourth Readers; and thus the dead level stretch of monotony would be broken. There was one girl much larger than the rest; Threpsey Forkeson; and the way she spoke "A Soldier of the Legion Lay Dying in Algiers," etc., seemed to me then to be but little short of an inspiration. I remember of noticing that when she would get through speaking she left the moist imprint of her bare feet on the soft pine floor; and after they would fade away, I imagined that I could still see the impression in the wood; and at recess I would look to satisfy myself; but, somehow, I never could pick out the exact place she stood.

There was a boy about my age who came to school. His name was Daniel McKinney. He could outrun or outjump, and throw farther than any boy in the school within three or four years of his age. He was a marvel to the other boys. I know that he said he ould just as soon see the moon over his left shoulder as over his right; and if a black cat undertook to cross the road ahead of him he would plug it with a rock. He had eleven warts on one foot. There were seed warts and flat warts, and warts of every order. How he did strut around and show off those warts! He had them named and I remember two of them were "David" and "Goliath." When we wanted to know how to get warts of our own, he said they "kind of run in the family;" that pap had them; but that if we fooled with frogs and toads much that we would get them, anyhow. But it wouldn't work; for everybody in the school tried it. He wore the same kind of clothes Winter and Summer; and he said that he could whip any boy that wore underclothes in the Winter. He owns a farm now of over 300 acres; but he isn't any prouder of it than he was over those warts. His folks lived down in the timber, and his father trapped for mink and hunted 'coons in the Winter time, and in the Summer he fished and picked up a living most anyway. They used to say that he was seen one night stealing meat out of Abe Danner's smoke house. Anyhow, Danner said it looked like him, but when old Joe McKinney heard about it, he came up to Danner's and said he would like to have an explanation.

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Joe was a tall, raw-boned man, and looked a good deal like a shellbark hickory; he had no religion, and swore with a gusto that commanded admiration. It was a matter of proof that on more than one occasion he was known to use some of his most choice expletives right in the midst of a thunder storm, and it shook the faith of more than one little devout believer when he escaped lightning. Old Joe would lie in the same flowery, fluent manner in which he swore. And one time when his dog treed something over in the graveyard, he went right over and took a rest on a tombstone and shot a squirrel out of a tree. To a youthful mind, there was scarcely anything more awful. When it came nutting time we boys gave old Joe's locality a wide berth. I remember once, in a burst of confidence, I called his boy, Dan, off to one side and asked him if his father ever killed a man; and was a good deal relieved when Dan said that if he had he didn't know anything about it.

One time there was a powerful revival in progress at the United Brethren church; and the souls that were saved and the matches that were made that Winter is still a record-breaker in that township. Everybody went. They had union services; and there is no telling where it would have stopped if the Methodists hadn't tried to hog the thing. Finally old Joe came to meeting, and there was a combined effort on the part of everyone to get the old man to stand up for the prayers of the church; but night after night it was a failure. In the afternoon meetings there was a powerful appeal sent up that old Joe might be brought to realize his sins that night. Things went on this way for about ten days, and people were just about to conclude that Joe was too far gone for redeeming grace, when the unexpected thing happened. It was just after Aunt Sally Fuller had sat down, after giving in her experience, and the preacher was calling for another volunteer for the army of the Lord, when all at once he stopped, threw up his hands like a boy does when he dives off a log, and said: "Look there, brethren and sisters!" Everybody looked; and, sure enough, old Joe was going up, a section at a time, until finally he towered like a sycamore in a hay field. "Oh, brethren and sisters!" went on the preacher, "Old Uncle Joe McKinney has risen up for your prayers; bless the Lord!" and "Amen" was heard from every corner of the house. "He is going to drop his old life; he is going to quit his drinking, and his swearing, and his lying, and his—" Here old Joe broke in with a drawl and nasal twang, "Hold on, Mr. Preacher; that's all right, but there ain't a bit of use of your making a blankety-blank fool of yourself about it." Meeting let out and the revival somehow quit.

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Well, when he came over to see Danner about stealing that meat there was a good chance for trouble; and those who were looking for it were not disappointed, either.

Old Joe commenced by asking Danner what he meant. Danner replied that he meant what he said. That is usually a forerunner of trouble. Old Joe straightened up, and said:

"Mr. Danner, you live in a white house, and you have shutters to the windows, and you are a taxpayer; you go to church, and the preacher takes dinner with you and stays all night. Now there was never a preacher in my house that I know of, and there ain't no invitations out. I live in a log house, and the only winder in it has a rag stuffed in where the glass used to be. I will admit that I would rather fish than cut corn; I swear a good deal, and my children use some bad words, but it seems to me as they always done it in fun, and it never sounded very bad to me; but I never stole anything yet, and I ain't going to commence with your pork. Now, Mr. Danner, I heard that you said I went in to your smoke house and stole some meat. Am I right?"

"You are," replied Danner.

"Then all I have got to say is, you must either take that back, or old Joner himself couldn't save you from getting a licking. Now, you can either take it with your coat on, or off."

Danner was from Indiana, and it wasn't the first time that he was ever invited to take his coat off to accommodate a neighbor. He squared himself, took off his coat and laid it down by the side of the road.

Where this happened was right at the crossroads, and the room was ample. It is a matter of history that it was the best fight that ever took place in Otter Creek township. Here is how the blacksmith described it:

"There wasn't any rounds about it. It was just one glorious entertainment from start to finish, and they fought like gentlemen. Everything was fair, and you couldn't tell which one was going to whip any more than you could tell how a hoss race was coming out when they was all bunched. Old Joe was the tallest, and had the longest reach, but then he was the oldest. Abe was the heaviest and youngest, but he hadn't the wind. Joe lammed away first, and when that old arm of his'n shot out it was enough to make a man on the outside holler 'nuff. If he'd hit Abe square the fight would have been over with, but Abe was on the lookout, and dodged to one side, so that Joe's knuckle just grazed his temple and peeled off a little strip of skin and three or four drops of blood trickled down the side of his face. But this was just simply tuning up. The next I knew, old Joe shot backward about ten feet and landed square agin' me, and I went like a freight car kicked onto a siding. That lick would have laid out any other man in Otter Creek township. I never saw where it struck him, and you couldn't tell after the fight was over with, for both of them looked like they had tried to stop a stampede of steers and had failed. I heard Joe's teeth come together, and it sounded a good deal like a gopher trap shutting up. Then the fighting was awful. No pulling hair, nor scratching and kicking, but just good, manly blows that made you feel sorry that there wasn't a bigger audience. I have read about prize-fights, where one feller kept jabbing the other in the face, and it disgusts me. There was no jabbing here, it was the whole-arm movement from beginning to end; and whenever one of them licks landed, it made you bat your eyes. No mortal being could stand that pace long. Finally Abe's wind began to play out, and you could hear him breathe across a forty. Joe, with what little sight he had left, saw that Abe was about finished, so he made a rush and got him by the throat with his left hand, then he drew back and said: 'Abe Danner, are you going to holler 'nuff?' I heard a 'No' kind of rattle in Abe's throat, but he was helpless. Old Joe looked at him about a minute, it seemed to me like, then he gave Abe a kind of push and started down the road, and he never looked back as far as I could see him. Abe just dropped and laid there panting like a lizard, for the better part of an hour. They were two of the grittiest men that I ever saw."

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It was some time after this when the diphtheria got in Danner's family, and old Joe came up to help "nuss" the children. When he came up to the house the blinds were down and everything was still. He knocked at the door; there was no one there except Abe and his wife and the sick little ones, and there were three of them. Abe came to the door, looking pale and worn out, and when he saw it was Joe he didn't say a word, but just looked at him as if he was in some doubt about how to proceed. Joe was the first to speak.

He said:

"Mr. Danner, you and I have had some trouble. You gave me the gamest fight I ever had; and since I come to think it over, maybe you wasn't so far wrong about the piece of pork that you missed; but I have heard that your children are sick, and that the neighbors are scared about coming here. I have always been able to nuss my children through all the sickness they ever had, and I believe I can nuss yours, if you will let me try."

Well sir, Abe just broke down, and he kind of sobbed out: "Joe, I knowed there was lots of good in you when you didn't hit me that last time. I belong to church, but I don't know if I would come to help take care of your children if they had been sick like mine."

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After this the people thought a good deal more of old Joe; and when they had a Christmas tree that Winter they had the hardest time in the world to get old Joe and his family to come out, and finally, Danner had to go to him and make him promise that he would come and bring his wife and family. It was a great Christmas tree. About the first in that neighborhood. The boys had gone down in the woods and cut a young haw tree, (there were no evergreens in the neighborhood), and when it was all trimmed up it was the most beautiful sight that I ever saw. I have seen costlier trees and richer presents since then, but, for a lasting impression, there is nothing to compare with that first Christmas tree. How the old church was crowded! Everybody was there, it seemed, and the sleds hitched up and down the fence reached from the church down almost to the school house.

John Pedigo was Santa Claus. I have seen a good many since; but never one in his class. He kept the audience laughing all the time; and when all the presents were distributed the people stayed until after twelve o'clock, and talked and laughed and carried on, until it really looked like a genuine case of "peace on earth and good will to men." I remember one of our neighbors put a butcher knife on the tree for his wife, and when Santa Claus took it down and presented it everybody yelled.

Old Joe was there with his family, but they seemed to feel out of place. They fidgeted around a good deal and acted like they would rather have stayed at home. But it wasn't long before the name of "Joe McKinney" was called out. Immediately it was still, for nearly everyone was "on" except Joe and his family. It was a big bundle of something. Joe arose and it was amusing to see him. Afterward he said he was never so scared in his life. He was pale and his knees shook until you could feel the floor of the church vibrate. There must have been half of the audience that called out: "Open it! Undo it!" Old Joe hesitated a moment, and then commenced to untie the package. When he had finished he held up a suit of clothes, suspenders and all; then he sat down, and everybody clapped their hands. After awhile Dan McKinney's name was called—he got a cap and a pair of skates. The children were all well taken care of, but when it came to Mrs. McKinney—and she got a nice, warm cloak—the poor woman just broke down and cried. Then Dan threw his head back and howled, the other children followed suit, and for five minutes it looked like there would have to be a recess taken. Then came candy and nuts for everyone's children, and everything quieted down.

Well, that Christmas was the turning point in Joe's life. A company opened up a coal mine in that township, and Danner hired Joe to cut five thousand props. And it was a common talk that no one worked harder or better than Joe did on that job. After that he always had employment, and the children ceased to be afraid, and we gathered wild grapes and nuts, even, in old Joe's dooryard.

⁂

And here it is Christmas again, and the children living on the expectation of what Santa Claus is going to bring them, and some older people, too, who ought to know better, are anticipating something from the same source.

Those realists, as they please to call themselves, who are ever anxious to disabuse the childish mind of the pious fraud, are not down on my visiting list. Of all the times of mine that Old Time has stowed away, the best, I believe, have been those when I was a child, anticipating Christmas and the presents it brought.

THE QUITTING PLACE

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

WOULD you like to put up something?" Dick asked as he and Peggie came up to the track.

Peggie laughed. "Do you remember the seventy apiece we made once?"

"Do I?" said Dick smiling at her. "That was one of the events of my life. You were the prettiest girl there. I wish you'd have another gown made just like the one you wore that day."

"Oh, how excited I was," Peggie went on.

"You almost fell into my arms," Dick added.

"And we drove away back to the city in a victoria."

"And then trotted poor dear grandma out for dinner."

"Yes, and the theater and dinner again. We spent your seventy before midnight."

Dick laughed.

"And the next day I went down and spent mine."

"What did you get?" Dick asked.

"Why, I bought you a locket for one thing."

"I've not forgotten that," Dick said thinkingly.

"What's become of it?" questioned Peggie.

"It's value depreciated after you turned me down, and I lost it."

Peggie was quiet; then after a moment she said:

"This is a queer world, isn't it?"

"Yes, very queer," Dick said back again — "but it all turned out right."

"Yes," said Peggie, "I suppose so—" She was thinking of a gravestone marked "John Carroll"; then she thought of their boy — and then she said gaily:

"It wouldn't seem natural not to put up something." They went together toward the bookies.

Peggie's old luck stood by her and she and Dick were going smilingly away when they came face to face with Louise Spaulding Hudson's younger brother.

"Why, Stuart Spaulding! you here?"

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. 'Dick'. I'm tickled to death to see you."

They were joined by others directly, and Peggie fell behind with Stuart.

"What are you doing in Hot Springs?" Peggie asked.

"We're here on our honeymoon."

Peggie looked astounded.

"Sure 'nuff, Mrs. 'Dick,' I'm married —and she's the nicest and dearest little girl you've ever seen."

"Why Stuart," said Peggie, "tell me

all about it. Do your people know?"

"By this time—though I've not heard from them. I cabled them the next day."

"Oh, my!" said Peggie; "what will your mother say?"

"She can't say more than Puss's mother did. You see, Mrs. 'Dick,' 'Puss' and I met at Stanley Hampden's wedding in Memphis. 'Puss' is a Chattanooga girl — and it was love at first sight."

"Your family is given to that," and Peggie laughed.

"That's right, Mrs. 'Dick,' and—well, the wedding and all—everything together with that sentimental flavor, you know, I just proposed to 'Puss' we marry too. So we left on the same train with the bride and groom and they helped us marry in the morning. We got off at some little burg and tied the knot there."

" 'Puss' said she knew I must be all right because I was Stanley's best man, and he's such a fine fellow — but 'Puss' said she knew I was all right anyway."

"I never heard of such an escapade," Peggie said, looking down.

"But I was saying, 'Puss's' people got hold of some nasty stories about me — and, well, they are pretty much broken up. I told 'Puss' to tell them they were invented lies, which she did. You see, 'Puss' is a very attractive girl and there are a heap of fellows in love with her. You can see how such stories might carry."

"Oh, yes," said Peggie, "but they'll get over that."

"That's what I told 'Puss' and she thinks so, too. 'Puss's awfully game — only cried once. You see 'Puss' is a mighty fine girl and awfully fond of her people—'specially her mother. There's only one thing troubling me—"

Peggie looked sympathetic and Stuart went on.

" It's this way. Of course we wanted to stay along with Stanley and Geraldine, so I wrote a check for all my bank account. Had an even thousand. Since I've been with Mr. Gordon I've been saving money. Well, a thousand dollars doesn't last long on a honeymoon, you know."

" Oh, no," said Peggie, wondering what was coming.

"So that's nearly gone, but the mean part of it all is, old Gordon heard some story and, you see, I was to be gone one week and I stayed three, and—well, his son's just out of college and he's taken my place."

"Oh, Stuart," said Peggie, and she was truly sorry. "That is too bad. But what are you doing here?" she added quickly.

"This was a convenient stopping place, and—well, I used to follow the races some, you know; I thought I might have a run of luck to help out till I got on my feet again. 'Puss' doesn't know how matters stand. 'Puss' is a southern girl and they don't undertsand much about finances. She is taking a usual afternoon nap, and I came over here to try my luck."

"Did you make anything?" asked Peggie.

"Not much — tomorrow's my lucky day."

⁂

"I am awfully sorry for them," Peggie said at breakfast one morning, while she and Dick were finishing their coffee. "They are hardly more than children, and I suppose poor Stuart is desperate."

"It's too bad," Dick agreed. "I saw him coming away from the races yesterday and I asked him what luck he had. 'Tomorrow's my lucky day,' he said."

"He always says that. He's been playing roulette the last day or two. Has he asked you for any money?" questioned Peggie.

"No, but I offered him some. I told him he'd better go back, if he could. 'Can't do it, Dick, old man,' he said. 'I've got to make good first. Father is furious and says mother is. I could win her over, though, if she could only see 'Puss.' She is a sweet little thing," Dick added.

"Louise would help them out," Peggie said.

"I suggested that, but Stuart said she had gone away with 'King' and he could not explain by letter."

"Let's take them home with us," Peggie said.

"I proposed that to him, too; but he wouldn't listen to it. Said 'Puss' would never get over the mortification, and so on."

II

On Thursday, when Peggie was packing to leave, she heard a knock at the door.

"Come," she called. "Oh, come in, Mrs. Spaulding," Peggie said cordially, as the door opened timidly. "You don't mind my going on with this, do you? We are leaving tonight, you know."

Mrs. Spaulding's big, childlike eyes were red. She had been weeping.

"Wouldn't you like to lie down there?" said Peggie carelessly, pointing to a couch, as Mrs. "Stuart" still kept silence.

"Oh, Mrs. Kendall," she said. "You're so good to me," and her eyes were brimming over.

"There," said Peggie, coming out of a pile of ribbons and stocks and shoes. "Don't feel badly," she said, smoothing a pillow. "You just lie here and rest a little. It's awfully hard to be a bride. Everything is so different. You have a nice husband, so don't you care. I've known Stuart ever since he was a wee little toad, tagging after his sister. His sister, Mrs. Kingsley Hudson, is a dear friend of mine, and you will like one another. The family are all just lovely. Stuart's been unfortunate, but he will come out all right."

Mrs. "Stuart" had been smiling, but at Peggie's last sentence she sat up and said, looking straight at Peggie:

"It's really true, then?'

"What's really true?"

"Why, this morning I was going through Stuart's suit-case and there was a letter from a Mr. Gordon, all about losing a position, and gambling, and being a reprobate, and not appreciating opportunities, and I don't know what all. It is Stuart, then?" she asked with her big eyes on Peggie.

Peggie felt like a criminal.

"Oh, it's not that bad," she said, trying to be most unconcerned. "Stuart's been unfortunate, that's true. Mr. Gordon is a horrid old bear, whom no one can ever get on with. Stuart could if anyone could, you may be sure."

"Bless his sugar-plum heart — I know it!" said "Puss," smiling again.

"And he will get into something else right away," Peggie said reassuringly. "Every man has played some — more or less. Stuart's been very lucky, you know."

"No, he never told me that," "Puss" said regretfully.

"Now, you'd better come and visit us a month or two, till you get real well acquainted and Stuart gets on his feet, and your family and his family both see what nice people you both are, and Stuart gets located and all."

"Puss" threw both her plump arms about Peggie's neck. The little pink dimpled elbows stood out on each side.

"You are the dearest, sweetest, grandest person in the whole wide world!" and "Puss" kissed Peggie on either cheek.

"Not quite," said Peggie, laughing.

"Well almost," returned Mrs. Spaulding.

"Now, don't you weep any more," said Peggie.

"Puss" was silent a moment; then she said, looking at her hands in her lap:

"Can you sew, Mrs. Kendall?"

"Why do you ask that?" said Peggie.

"Puss" kept on looking at her pretty hands. "I mean just little things—like doll's clothes, you know," she said, looking up. Her big brown eyes were so appealing.

"Bless your heart," said Peggie, "don't you worry over that. With two grandmothers and an aunt or two the little stranger won't know what to do with all the clothes it will have. There now," said Peggie, stroking the brown, wavy hair, "take a little nap. It will be good for you."

⁂

"Think of it!" said Peggie to Dick afterward, "and they are only children themselves."

⁂

Stuart would not hear to Peggie's kind offer. It was the occasion of his first quarrel with "Puss."

"A man couldn't humiliate himself like that," he went on. "Why, think of it, with my own parents living in town! On the face of it everyone would think me in disgrace, and then what chance would I have to break into anything?"

"We could say I was an old friend of Mrs. Kendall's," "Puss" ventured.

"But you're not — everyone knows that — from the mere fact that you call her Mrs. Kendall."

"What should I call her?"

"Mrs. 'Dick', of course."

Then "Puss" began to weep and Stuart Spaulding felt like a brute, and after a little he told her so — but she kept on weeping until he got angry again and said women were all alike, and so unreasonable, and a great many more things, more or less true. Then pretty soon "Puss" decided it was all her own fault and that she should never have burdened him with herself when she knew he was only "getting a start" and that she should have waited a year or two, and many more things.

Stuart assured her again he was a brute, and then after some kisses left her.

"I will make it today," he resolved to himself as he went down the steps—and he did.

It was the awfullest night in Puss's whole life. Stuart did not come back for dinner, and she had worn that baby-blue dress, too, that he liked so well. She had it on the night he proposed to her. She went over every little bit of their conversation of that night. How, at the bridal supper, he had reached over and taken her hand. She felt the hot blood in her cheeks now; and how he had said she was prettier than the bride. They had known one another only three days then. And it was while old Dr. Trueheart was saying grace that he whispered and asked her if she would marry hm. How excited she had been and she did not eat a thing. How they had hurried and how frightened she was and—and—and—how sorry she was they had quarreled. Never again would it happen—never, never. And he was always so kind and considerate. She glanced at the clock. It was already seven. Where could he be? He never had stayed away so long—and at dinner time, too. What could it mean? Could he have run away and left her? What did that letter of Mr. Gordon's say? "Reprobate." Just what was a "reprobate"—and a "gambler?" Oh, suppose he had run away? Suppose, after all, he did not care for her? She went to the mirror, and when she saw her own eyes she began to weep. As it grew later remorse stung her for having such thoughts. Mrs. Kendall — no, Mrs. "Dick"—knew him, and she had said he was "a fine man." How could she have such thoughts of him? Maybe he was dead; maybe he had gone to the track and in some way a horse had killed him—or—oh, God! maybe some ruffian had shot him, and she fell on her knees beside the bed and prayed: "Oh, dear God, bring him back to me! Bring him back to me!" She said it over and over till at last she was overcome by mental fatigue and the big brown eyes stayed closed, and the wavy hair hung over her ears, and the child-head rested on the pink elbow, and she was asleep. Unconsciously she rose and threw herself on the bed, and it was not till the rose-gold and blue in the far East showed itself that "Puss" was awakened. He stood beside her bed in the faint gray of the morning.

"Forgive me, 'Puss,'" he said, "I had to do it; it's my last game and I stand winner.

"There, little girl," he continued comfortingly, leaning over and kissing the pretty lips while he put a firm roll of bills in her hand, "go to sleep; it's all right now."

III

It was at Mrs. Morton Perry's, one afternoon some time after, that Peggie met Mrs. Spaulding, Sr.

"How is Stuart?" Peggie asked.

"Very well; I am expecting them here next month."

"Oh," said Peggie, "how nice! I did not know that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Spaulding, and her face was wreathed in smiles. "Stuart's done very well since his marriage. It was a good thing for him. I always told his father the boy would settle down when he married — though," and Mrs. Spaulding sighed slightly, "he was a great trial sometimes. We have never found out where the boy did get his start. I have an idea 'Puss's' father helped them, though he denies it strenuously. We went down to see them on our return from England. I am so anxious to see 'Puss' and the baby."

"Then you have never met her?" Peggie asked.

"No, they had left the country before we returned."

"Where are they?"

"In South America. Stuart has a large horse ranch in Uruguay. Raises horses for their hair—for mattresses, you know."

"Really, how interesting," said Peggie. "And he is doing well?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Spaulding, smiling. "I think Stuart will be the millionaire of the family."

⁂

"I think it was your loan gave them their start," said Peggie to Dick that night at dinner. "How much did Stuart borrow?"

"I let him have three hundred fifty, and he sent it back two days afterward. I thought he had changed his mind."

"No, that was it," said Peggie. "I'm so glad — and he was young enough to learn a lesson."

"Yes," said Dick, "he is what one would call a lucky dog. There are many different kinds of luck," he continued, striking a match.

Dick turned down all the lights except the yellow lamp.

"Play something, will you, Peggie?" he asked, as he threw himself contentedly among the pillows in a corner of the music room.

INKLINGS ⁂ By William M. Blatt

WHEN you have made up your mind to find fault with somebody, nothing is more irritating than to find his conduct thereafter unobjectionable.

When a man remarks that honesty is the best policy he is not usually talking about himself. His theory about himself is that rigid adherence to the virtues is responsible for his misfortunes.

Seven heavens are really too many, but there should be at least three—the highest for those who were right, yet failed; the second for those who were right and succeeded; the third for the wrong who were unsuccessful.

The social millennium will not have arrived until every man is richer than his neighbors.

LEAVES FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE BOOK

II.

A TWENTY-MINUTE STUDY OF GERTRUDE ATHERTON

By ETHEL ARMES

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

IT was in a K street boarding house—one that withdrew haughtily from the pavement—stepping back on a faded green terrace. Somehow, all of the houses around there, a stone's throw from Franklin Park, have that same exclusive, shabby-genteel look, having been built long ago by the old families but since left, perforce of circumstances, to shift quite for themselves.

"But I really fancy the house," Gertrude Atherton said, "one meets just the people one needs—for a book on Washington life.". She was then out in the hue and cry—the chase for her personnel of "Senator North." Already I saw the brush swinging at her saddle horn.

The energy of her! The flash, the force, the grit of her! It was great.

In spite of her yellow bangs, which persisted in obtruding themselves when I wanted her brow and her eyes. Her features, under that yellow mass, are small, irregular, her chin stout, her complexion full colored, almost red, like a healthy English woman's; her eyes Teutonic blue, swift, arrow glances, wide awake, brilliant as her wit.

She talks—so many words to one breath—it is hard to keep pace, and her accent is thoroughly British.

"So are—my—sentiments," she exclaimed when I wondered where her American had all gone. "Yet I fully intended never to become English at all, don't you know; but I actually do find myself looking at everything and everybody American from the true Britisher's standpoint. It has really been an unconscious change, but it happens to be the very thing I want most for my new book, so I won't have to work for it, you know. Genuine attitudes, if one can get them, are so much better than make believe or acquired ones—don't you think so?"

We were sitting cozily in her bedroom—every touch the typical boarding-house third-story back—except for some two or three favorite books of Mrs. Atherton's concerning those men of achievement, Cecil Rhodes and Alexander Hamilton, for even then she was looking forward to a new vista, beyond her Winter's hunt for "Senator North," to the Spring—fresh and vigorous—of another book, "The Conqueror."

"Whatever you write of me, at least please don't speak of me as 'a little woman,'" Mrs. Atherton suddenly remarked. "I hate the phrase!"

I had been looking at her some moments, reflecting that she was indeed little but she was tough. I had no doubt but that she had ridden bareback as a girl, had lassoed wild steers, perhaps, so I asked her if she had not once been an incorrigible tomboy.

"I should rather fancy I was!" she cried, a gleam of fun twinkling in her eyes. "I tore around my grandfather's ranch in California like a wild colt. Nobody could break me in. I got a spanking every day of my life—I was as bad as I could be—always running away, always kicking up mischief, don't you know. Even Sir Roger de Coverly didn't tame me down, and I was set early to browse in his pasture and

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, AMERICAN NOVELIST AND STORY TELLER
Author of "Rulers of Kings," "Senator North," "The Conqueror," etc.

Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

through the forests and over the heather hills of Sir Walter. You see my grandfather had an old-fashioned library, nothing but Platos, Humes, Maculays, Gibbons, Scotts, Thackerays—he hadn't a later English book to his name, and not one American in the collection, not even Irving, and I never heard of Hawthorne or read 'The Scarlet Letter' until after my marriage. So I was fed on the old stuff as I chose to eat,—good bran mesh it was too, but I longed for the oats, wild savage tales! Oh, I was always longing with such a beating heart for adventures—and I had no adventures! The only exciting things that ever happened to me I dreamed. The first things I ever wanted to write were stories of adventure for boys—full of brave deeds and narrow escapes. But I had the tamest, most uneventful, lonely life you ever heard of—as a girl. Yes, I was an only child—one reason perhaps why I was so utterly spoiled. My mother was a southern woman, and she was very beautiful. I used to admire everything of hers, her dresses, her laces, her jewels, even her powder puff. I watched her numerous visitors,—she always had whole strings of admirers. Then when they began to come I would fly away to the pasture and look at the long line of buggies and buckboards—from a distance—then plunge into the woods. My mother never failed to send the admirers who bored her to hunt for me, and it was a wild goose chase! When I chose to be found I would be. So I grew up in that fashion, out on the ranch with the horses, in the woods and in my grandfather's library. Yes, I did go to school, a boarding school in Kentucky, just a dash of it, then back again to San Francisco, where I was married at seventeen—and I went to live—in—Menlo Park!" Mrs. Atherton drew a long breath. "Menlo Park! Did you ever see it? Did you ever hear of it? Oh, you do not want to. It is a beastly place—one of those miserable, exclusive suburbs just outside of 'Frisco, done into conventional sets and patches like a crazy quilt. It has a fence—so high—all 'round it. It is laced to death. Aristocracy, dating from 1849, draws its skirts about its heels and would not so much as dust its feet in so mean a thing as a San Francisco street. Imagine—Me—and It! No, I did not write any books then. To be literary—that was a mortal sin, a crime, in Menlo Park. And I,—I was crazy to write. I do not remember the time when I wasn't, but my husband was bitterly opposed to it. It was really not until a comparatively short time ago that I published my first books,—"Patience Sparhawk," "The Californians," "American Wives and English Husbands." No! I lived, stifled, asthmatic—in Menlo Park, among the windbags of California. It is full of windbags, don't you know. I think it has the greatest percentage of dead failures of any state in the Union.

"How I love to abuse California! San Francisco,—has burned me in the market place! Perhaps it thought it was burning Savonarola, not knowing, though"—Gertrude Atherton looked mischievous—"I--I might be all the jewels and all the art it could ever have!" She laughed, such a jolly, ringing little laugh. "Every time there is a particularly vicious attack against me or my books, in any American paper or magazine, it can usually be traced back to some disappointed Californian. But I really do think that all Americans, in spite of the boast otherwise, have down at heart the most violent objection to innovations of any kind. If you attempt to make any you are stormed down, or—they try it anyhow. There is very little true courtesy among the American men as a whole—how is it in the South? If it is anywhere in America, I suppose one would see it there; or are they, too, windbags?

"London is the only place fit to live in, anyhow. We get along famously—

London and I! One thing about London: nearly all the English women one meets know things. They comprehend the fascinations — and somewhat the machinery, too—of politics. What study is there more interesting, more absorbing? Yes, my field now. And London is my own home. After a trip to America looking twice, and thrice, I turn into a veritable Lot's wife and I must summon a genii to carry me back to London and dose me with sugar and pour honey over me—and make me myself again!"

There was a slight rustle of the humor up her sleeve.

I thought of Stoddard's words the day before, as he had given me the little letter to her: "You will find Gertrude Atherton a good fellow straight through! And she is an immensely clever woman —more than that, she is a genius. 'Patience Sparhawk and Her Times' is one of the truest books of California ever written. It is wonderful — and she is wonderful."

Yes, she is one who rides always where other women walk, at some glorious gallop over the stubble fields, never shirking a stone wall or a water jump, plunging fearless into the forest, sticking to the trail in the sound of bugle calls and baying of the hounds—the first in at the death.

But she has her quiet pauses under the shade of trees!

"When I am writing my books," she said, "I usually go to a far away, out of the way little place, perhaps some picturesque little village on the Continent, where tourists never come, where nobody speaks English except myself, and there I shut my eyes and my ears and live with my book people. When I get tired of writing I walk—there is always something to see, you know — and there is always beautiful music."

CANNY JEANIE DEANS

A HORSE STORY OF THE SCHUNEMUNK MOUNTAINS

By CHARLES H. BARRELL
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

SOME years ago I took a backwoods cruise, afoot, through the Schunemunk mountains. It was Indian Summer, the ideal season for a walking tour, and during the whole two weeks of my vacation I tasted those joys which only the pedestrian can know—the joys of the open road. The noisy boarder had decamped, the first frosts had split open the chestnut burrs and set the nuts dropping, the roads were hard and smooth almost as asphalt, and with every breath of the clean, spicy October air of the mountains I seemed to inhale vigor and health undreamed of. It is a great privilege merely to be alive in such weather; and there must surely be something wrong with the man who is afoot at this time of the year, sniffing the delightful woodsy perfumes, listening to the gossip of the chipmunks, the quail's alluring whistle, seeing the purple haze on the hills and the rich russet and gold of the woods and wayside thickets, who does not feel the old primeval passions stirring in his blood, and experience a deep, overmastering joy in reeling off the miles. Late one afternoon, just as the sun was setting, I swung into one of the quaint little mountain hamlets in quest of supper and a lodging for the night. There was only one tavern in the place—a low, wide-porched, antique building, with a picturesque old alestake still standing before it, and a ramshackle wagon shed on one side.

I found the proprietor in the taproom, leaning on both elbows over the bar and fingering a dog-eared ledger. He looked me over with a speculative stare, and took his own time in answering my inquiry as to whether I could procure supper and a bed. He was not a handsome person by any means, was Abimelech Hopper, being lantern-jawed and rather stooped of shoulders, but he had the honest eyes of the mountain people, and a drawl that would have made his fortune on the stage. As it turned out he was also an excellent host.

Half an hour later I sat in the dim-lit eating-room regaling myself with a steaming bowl of pea soup, some buttered greens, and a sandwich of brown bread and cheese, while mine host, in cheerful defiance of convention, rested near at hand in a chair turned back foremost, and aided digestion with questions and comments both novel and amusing. When I had appeased my hunger, we passed out into the bar-room again, where a lank youth, who closely resembled the landlord, now presided.

Three or four loafers were distributed about the room, smoking—and evidently discussing the late arrival, judging from the abrupt cessation of their talk upon my entrance. Hopper gave me an informal introduction to the assemblage. I shook hands in turn with Dib Parsons, Hank Springer, Hiram Hipple (or "Hipe" as his friends knew him,) Rawl Willis, and the guardian of the drinkables, who was also Zimri Hopper, the first-born of mine host.

Then I found a chair next Dib Parsons, and in order to satisfy the common curiosity of my companions volunteered a brief account of my trip through the region. This gave me a chance to study the faces of the company and learn something of the chronic village loafer, of whom I had so often read.

To my mind Dib Parsons appeared to be the raciest of the soil. Just what his age was it would be impossible to state, though it doubtless lay somewhere between forty-five and sixty. His large, gray optics were set rather wide apart, which lent a curious, wall-eyed effect to his countenance, and when he talked he sunk his head a trifle forward and at each pause in his conversation he would close one corner of his mouth tight and fix his listener with a droll, hypnotic stare. His lips were blue from long years of shaving, and he had the long, drooping nose of the natural-born humorist. He wore a superannuated, cutaway coat, which had originally been black but was now faded by sun and weather to a strange sea-green.

I had just about brought my remarks to a close, when there sounded a clatter of hoofs through the open doorway of the inn and the noise of a wagon turning in by the shed. Hank Springer ambled leisurely to the threshold to learn the identity of the new comer. I arose and joined him.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Oh, only old Gus McGregor and Jeanie Deans," he replied, without enthusiasm.

Dib Parsons had followed us.

"Yes, that's them, right enough," he affirmed, "an I sp'ose you boys'll be in fer a game o' rounce now. Ever play rounce?" he added, addressing me. I had not.

"Well," he went on slowly, "it's a ruther interesting game—as games go, but I don't take no stock in none of 'em these days."

The old eccentric puffed a mouthful or two of smoke from his blackened stub of a pipe with the air of one who has seen life and met adventures and would not object to relating a few of his experiences to a sympathetic auditor. I daresay I succeeded in expressing my interest, for during the next two or three minutes the rustic wag entertained me with a vivid and highly humorous account of how he and his boyish partner had been cured of gambling by the hard right fist of the town constable.

"That was over thirty years ago," he declared in conclusion, "but the thrashing I got that day certainly killed my int'rest in games forever." He rubbed his hip with a melancholy shake of the head. "D'you know, young feller, I hain't never had the nerve to tetch a card n'r a domino sence."

While Dib Parsons had been talking he and I had passed down the tavern steps and sauntered around to the wagon-shed, where Angus McGregor was tying up his horse. I was laughing over my companion's story as we came up by the old Scotchman, so I could merely bow an idiotic acknowledgement of his cherry "good evening." There was still light enough in the heavens to reveal the aspect of the man and his beast.

Angus McGregor was a small, lean man, with a face much seamed and freckled from long contact with the elements. He was probably on the further side of sixty, though his thin, sandy mustache was rather more red than white in color. He had the grave, patient eyes and the self-reliant gentleness of one who has dwelt much in the Silent Places. Dib Parsons told me later that as a young man McGregor had worked under Stevenson, the great light-house builder. It had been his custom for the past ten years, Dib said, to drive to town once a week to get his newspaper, and play a game of dominoes with the oracles of the tavern.

But it was the old Scotchman's little mare, Jeanie Deans, that claimed the greater share of my attention. She was one of the most captivating specimens of equine beauty I have ever beheld. That evening, as I stood beside her in the half-light of the shed, her master told me she was twenty-two years old, but like Kipling's "Venus Annodomini," it seemed youth had been a habit of hers for so long that she could not part with it. She was a pure golden sorrel, deep-chested, clean-limbed, and built low and long for speed. Her head was delicately formed, with big, soulful, brown eyes, like those of an Irish setter, while the hair of her mane and forelock was fine, almost, as a woman's. She followed McGregor about continually with her eyes, and when he patted her nose and called her endearing names in the broad Scotch dialect, it seemed as though she were actually going to speak to him. I fell in love with her on the spot.

Parsons and McGregor chatted a moment or two about local matters, while I employed the time in making friends with Jeanie. Then the Scotchman passed on around to the taproom and his game of dominoes, leaving Dib and me alone with the mare.

"Ain't she a beauty, though?" remarked my companion, as he noted my glances of admiration.

I owned enthusiastically that she certainly was.

"Well," the old fellow went on, "Jeanie's gettin' pretty old, now, and the lameness has taken a good bit o' the edge off her speed, but for over ten years she was the fastest thing in this county, and as a road traveler I don't believe there was two horses in the hull state could show her their heels. I've heerd old Gus say time and ag'in that he's had more men cuss him behind his back when he was drivin' Jeanie than he'd have in three lifetimes if he'd walked. And she's got grit, too—always trots up hill unless Gus pulls her in. Why, Gus could be livin' like a prince now if he'd 'a' put her on the track when she was in her prime. She'd never 'a' let them nags over 't Goshen pass her—not on your life — she'd 'a' pulled her heart in two, first. And yet, with it all, she is gentle's a kitten. You kin see that yourself. They say Old Hambletonian was ugly's a bull buffalo, but I reckon disposition ain't always inherited, f'r Jeanie's his own granddaughter."

The worthy Mr. Parsons halted for a space to puff complacently and let the full significance of his encomium soak into my comprehension. And, making all due allowance for the prejudice which very naturally colored his sentiments, it was nevertheless plain that the little mare's lines were unquestionably the lines of the thoroughbred. However, it was not her distinguished pedigree, alluded to by Parsons, that impressed me. I had heard the old gossip say lameness had taken the edge off her speed, and it seemed to me a pitiable circumstance that so fine a creature as the little sorrel mare should be obliged to limp like a veritable huckster's nag. How had it happened? To whose carelessness was it due? Surely not her present master's.

"Well, that is a shame," I broke out abruptly. "Whose fault was it, do you know? "

"Whose fault?" the old fellow repeated in a puzzled tone. "Whose fault? Why say, you're the first I ever heerd of that thought 't was a fault to breed from Hambletonian. I just wish I'd owned two or three of his colts—you kin lay I wouldn't be loafin' 'round these diggin's now."

I smiled when I realized the ridiculous construction that Dib had put upon my words. When I had explained myself he said:

"No, she's not spavined. McGregor wasn't to blame—although if he'd been drivin' that day I don't think 't would 'a' ever happened. Tell you about it? All right; but let's go up there and set on the side porch. I can always talk best settin' down. Pipe draws best, too."

So I gave Jeanie a good-night pat on the flank and we betook ourselves to the side porch, which faced the wagon-shed, and ensconced ourselves comfortably in wide-armed hickory chairs.

"Now, then," said I to Dib, "here's a match for your pipe, colonel; light up and fire away."

Through the open bar-room windows on our right came the rattle of dominoes on the bare deal table within, and now and then indistinct words from the players. But these sounds were not loud enough to interrupt the flow of my companion's discourse.

"Let's see, now," he began, crisply. "'Twas about seven years ago — before Amos Reeves had started his creamery over at Washingtonville—that some of the boys got together and arranged f'r a picnic over at Kimball's Lake. You must know where that is, f'r you said you come by there this afternoon. It's over back of the mountain, here, and if you remember the road, you'll know that in some places it's only a narrow ledge on the side of a cliff. Even now there's a stretch there of fifty yards or so that it takes a pretty steady driver to guide a team over; but it's a king's highway now to what 'twas then. There uster be a big boulder that hung out over the road in one of the narrowest places, and if a feller wasn't careful about the way he swung out, his wheel was liable to hit the rock and topple him over in the treetops fifty feet below. More than one o' the boys had come near goin' over there, and the roadmaster was always a-goin' to have the blamed stone blasted out, but somehow the work never got done—not tell after we'd run off that picnic. Then we seen to it that the road was put in decent shape.

"Well, we got up the picnic f'r the Fourth o' July and envited about everybody in the township to come—there was four big wagon-loads of 'em—men, women, children and a hull passel o' city boarders. Sam Wardner drove one team, Dave Carmody another, Hank Springer had his big buckskin and

Jeanie Deans, and old Gus McGregor drove the pair of grays that he uster own then. It was one o' the jolliest picnickin' crowds, I reckon, that was ever got together. We had grub enough to feed a respectable army, and the youngsters had firecrackers, and two or three of the city boarders had brought along banjos and them other things made o' striped wood that you kin pick tunes out of with little hunks o' bone. Gosh! but wasn't that a lark! We was singin' and yellin' and carryin' on all the way over to the lake. It was almost as much fun's a straw ride in Winter. I s'pose I do look ruther oldish, now, and a bit run down at the heel, but when I'm trussed up in a clean collar, with my black broadcloth on, to go out with the boys, I tell you what, young feller, I kin sashay along with the spryest. I rode in Hank Springer's wagon that day. Now Hank's one of the rankest—yes, the rankest driver on the mountain. He holds his reins too tight. And that's one of the things I never could understand—why a lazy, shiftless cuss like Hank Springer should suddenly whop over when it comes to drivin' a horse, and waste more energy in draggin' on the bit than he'd use up in six months spadin' garden or mowin' his dooryard. It ain't reasonable. Well, as I was a-sayin', Hank drove his buckskin and McGregor's Jeanie hitched together. The buckskin was a big, raw-boned, headstrong devil, with about as much gumption as a horse that Hank owned would be apt to have. He was always makin' believe that he was a skittish young colt, and if a newspaper blew across the road in front o' him, or he heerd a clap o' thunder, why, he was right up in the air in a second. I s'pose Hank kept his nerves on edge most of the time, too, by haulin' on his mouth. McGregor had let Hank have Jeanie so's to sorter steady the buckskin down. 'Twas a blessed thing he did, I kin tell you. I owe it t' that little sorrel mare that I'm settin' here tonight in a whole hide, and so does the others that was in Springer's wagon that day.

"Well, we fished and swum and played games, and stuffed ourselves, and sot off fire-crackers over there at the lake—just like a gang of overgrown youngsters—tell about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then we noticed a bank of thunderheads in the West, and we knew it wouldn't do to be caught out in a storm with all them women and children, so we rustled around and got the teams hitched up, and in about half an hour they was all loaded into the wagons and we'd started to pull f'r home. Hank led off, with McGregor close behind, and Wardner and Carmody. follerin' in order. But by this time the storm cloud in the West had spread 'way up the sky like a big, black velvet fan, and we could see the lightnin' zigzaggin' around through it, and now and then hear the thunder grumblin'.

"You know after leavin' the lake you have to begin to climb the mountain almost right off. It's a good forty minutes' pull with a team before you reach the top, and then you've got to come down this side f'r a piece almost as slow's you went up the other, f'r that's where the road's so narrow. The storm kept gittin' closer 'n' closer all the while we was goin' up, an' the buckskin 'gun to git nervous as the thunder sounded sharper. So Hank kept draggin' on the bit and worryin' him, tell he was fairly in a lather.. I felt sorter uneasy myself, f'r I knew what an ungodly specimen Hank was with the ribbons, and I tried to make him let me or one the others drive, but he wouldn't hear to it. He said he was the only one that could manage the buckskin. So I give it up, and 'gun to tell the women stories to take their minds off the thunder storm, which they was all scared to death of.

"We had just made the top of the mountain, and started to come down this side when the storm struck us. Of course the women let loose a few screams when the raindrops commenced to patter on their bonnets — and at that the buckskin 'gun to dance around in the road and carry on like the fool he was. I jumped up to help Hank hold him in, but just then there come a blindin' flare o' lightnin' that split the sky right open before us, and with it a hair-raisin' roar o' thunder. I s'pose you city chaps ain't got no idea of the brand o' thunder we manufacture up in these mountains—well, then, you've got somethin' to learn before you die. Take a dozen loaded anvil and put two or three kegs o' dynimike under 'em, and when you tech 'em off you'll get some notion of the kind o' thunder that grows up here in the Schunemunk. But, as I was a-sayin', the crash came just as I was gittin' up to help Hank with the buckskin—and the next thing I knew I was knocked sprawlin' backwards amongst the women an' children. First I thought I'd been struck by the lightnin', then I heerd the women and younguns screaming in my ears, and felt the wagon begin to bounce and rock under me. I knew what had happened then, and I raised up and howled as loud's any of the women:

"'Good God!' I yelled, 'they're runnin' away! Stop 'em! Whoa!-Whoa!' Them's the very words I used. I kin remember it all just as plain's though it was happenin' now.

"The thunder had scared the buckskin plum crazy, and he'd stampeded Jeanie. Lord! Will I ever forget that ride! I tell you it's a wonder to me that every man, woman and child in that wagon didn't have their hair turn white with fright. When I got up on my knees and looked over the side o' that lumber-box, there was a cold, sickish sort o' horror went through me, as though somebody had jabbed a big splinter into my marrer. Gosh! it makes my mouth feel white inside to think of it, even yit! I know now how it feels to be hung — only that was a hundred times worse, f'r I knew there'd be a dozen or more beside me killed when we struck that boulder. Hank was hangin' on to the seat like a man in a nightmare—blue to the lips—and haulin' on the reins and cussin' horrible. But he might as well 'a' tried to stop the storm itself as them two horses. The buckskin had his neck thrown out wild, with his ears back flat, and the foam was drippin' from his mouth like soapsuds as he pounded down that hill with the bit hard and fast between his teeth. He looked more like a ragin' fiend then any horse I ever see. Jeanie was frightened clean out of her wits, too, and she flew along beside him like a little fury. There we was, bangin' along on that narrow shelf of road like a train o' cars, and it looked as though nothin' under heaven could keep us from goin' over when we hit the boulder. I knew my time had come. The rain swept in sheets across the woods, wrastlin' about down there in the valley below us. I could feel myself shootin' off through space, whirlin' around and around and then landin' down there in the woods with my head on the soft side of a rock. Most of the women were screechin' f'r somebody to stop us, though some had fainted away. The wagon jounced and slatted around behind them horses like the tail of a kite in a wind. All this I'm tellin' you happened in less than a half-minute, but lookin' back now, it seems as though that ride lasted fully a week. I 'gun to count off in my mind how much nearer we was gittin' to that big rock each time the wheels went round. Then, because the rain beat so hard in my eyes, I turned to look back up the road. And there was old Gus McGregor, not forty yards behind, lashin' his grays with all his might to ketch up with us. His face was set, and he leaned 'way for'ards in his seat like a jockey. Just as I looked at him, he leaned out still further and shouted so's you could hear his voice above the roar o' the storm and the wagons—maybe you know how a Scotchman can yell when he wants to make himself heard—'Jeanie!' he shouted, 'whoa, lassie!—whoa!—whoa!' Just like that."

It had become quite dark now, so that I could see merely the bare outline of the raconteur's face, but it did not require the hypnotic influence of his "glittering eye" to hold my attention. I felt the thrill of his narrative grip me as he tapped my knee with his pipe by way of punctuation.

"Young feller, that was the finest sight I ever see; f'r r'al hoss sense it beat any thing I ever read about in the newspapers. And 'twas wuth reskin' your life just to 've been in Springer's wagon that day and seen the thing—I mean the action of that little sorrel mare. It was noble; yes sir, actually noble. It makes me feel proud o' her to think of that, even yit.

"When old Gus shouted 'Jeanie!' she 'gun to slow up a bit, and by the time he'd got the third 'whoa' out she'd come to a stop—or as near a stop as she could git with the buckskin still goin' at full speed. She knew just what was wanted of her, so she stiffened her legs out straight and threw her hull weight back in the traces. The dirt and stones spurted up from her feet like they do from a road scraper, and she ploughed up two furrows as clean's though they'd been done with a hoe. The buckskin dragged her f'r fifteen yards 'r so—almost up to the big rock—but by that time three or four of us in the back o' the wagon had jumped out and got around to his bridle. 'Cept f'r the scare we'd got, we was safe enough then, but the poor little mare's feet was ruined. That big, rattled-brained skaté had nearly dragged the hoofs off her. And she's limped ever sence.

"When McGregor come up, she looked at him as much as to say: 'Well, old man, I heerd you yell, and you see I done my best.' And after Gus had got down and examined her hoofs I could see him wipe somethin' that wasn't rain out of his eyes, but whether that was because he felt sorry over her hurt feet, or glad because she'd acted so brave and fine in savin' our lives, I could never make out. I know one thing though: Jeanie got all the sugar that we'd had left over from dinner, and if I'd had my way the buckskin would 'a' been shot then and there."

Dib rapped the ashes from his pipe, which had long been cold, and began to put it away in his pocket.

"Now, young feller," said he, "you know how it was that the pluckiest little horse in the county went lame, and I reckon there ain't much doubt in your mind as to whose fault it was. And jes' lemme tell you this: you kin slander anybody in this here town 'cept that little sorrel mare. But if you do have any remarks to make agin her character, why, you kin bank on fightin' me afterward—that's all."

We sat there on the side porch until the clatter of dominoes ceased within the bar-room and the big rubicund moon topped the rim of the mountain above us. Shortly after, Angus McGregor came around the side of the house and passed on down to the shed. Neither spoke, and he did not see us, as we sat within the shadow.

It was a still night—so still that I could hear distinctly the affectionate slap the old Scotchman bestowed upon Jeanie by way of greeting. And then I knew he must be looking at her injured feet, for he lighted some matches and bade her "h'ist 'em up," saying over and over, with tears in his voice: "Puir lassie! Puir lassie!"—ending finally with, "Damn that unchancy buckskin deevil!"

WITH THE POET OF LIGHT AND JOY

JOAQUIN MILLER IN HIS HOME ON THE OAKLAND HEIGHTS

By YONE NOGUCHI

TOKIO, JAPAN

"WELCOME,—welcome!" Joaquin Miller (one of the Californian, nay, American, "wonders") stretched out his hand from the bed when he saw me bowing at the entrance of his hut. It is his habit to pass, or invite his own soul, the whole forenoon in bed, wearing a skull cap which adds to him such a romantic touch of some older age. I had not yet forgotten how to bow, then, being hardly twenty months in America—why, Lord, it is already nine years ago.

The scene of my first meeting with him, however, floats clearly and sweetly before my eyes as if it were yesterday,—the scene which makes me imagine my first ascent of the olive-set Olympus where one has only to learn to love, and religiously love the sublime and the beautiful. Let me say "simple living and high thinking," although it is dreadfully shopworn.

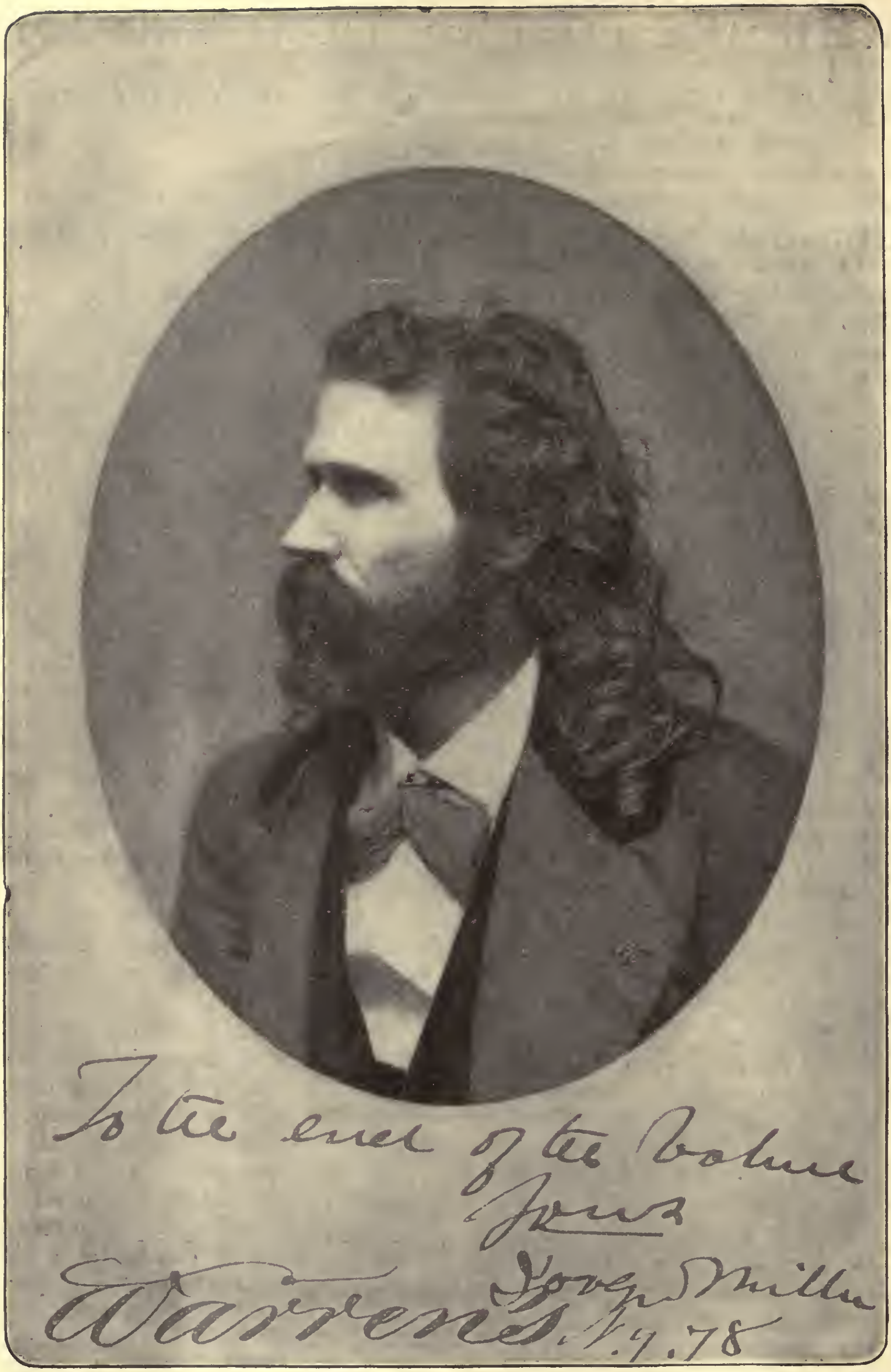
How romantically great he looked! I cannot think of any more striking appearing personage than himself, and I have seen a number of the good and great both in England and in this country. That night I slept indeed far nearer to the stars—yes, completely surrounded by the stars. The stars everywhere, the stars in the heavens and the stars in the earth! Who can tell where the light leaves off and the stars begin? Really a thousand lights of some ten towns which I saw from the "Heights"—the place verily near to God, and yet also near to man and woman—turned to stars in magical air. I promised myself I will build here my sacred temple—the house of God. I wished to make my life grow in secret, silence, mystery and solemnity. I hoped my eyes would open to everything which was good and great.

Oh, what a dawn and sunrise! Remember, one lives partly in clouds, being at the Heights. The clouds, rolling above the towns, will lift, rift a little, and by and by, many a church spire will be pointing up. And you look down over the bay, nay, the mobile floor of silver!

I was nineteen years old then. I thank God it was the month of May, when poppies and buttercups closely covered the hill and spilled their treasures far up and down everywhere, singing and laughing. You might see many a squirrel popping out into the purple air. What a gorgeous shadow of the acacia tree! What music of the birds! How delighted I was with the simple song of a meadow lark! Any simple thing would turn more beautiful on the Heights. You might see butterflies passing by the hut in tremendous haste, some dropping in to rest on my writing table for a while. There would be nothing more natural than to dream of nature's beauty. Dream is real at Miller's Heights.

"Truth is, Truth was, Truth will be," Miller says. "No poet can create or destroy one particle of truth, any more than he can create or destroy a particle of gold.

"He can only give it a new form, garment it with splendor, and set it in a new light. Were I to try to define poetry, I should say that poetry is the divinely beautiful woman Truth, gorgeously, yet modestly and most perfectly gowned. And I assure you that the only true poetry is plain common sense. Truth, Truth and again Truth . . . . the Right . . . . Heart!"



JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE WEST

From Charles Warren Stoddard's autographed copy of the photograph made in New York in 1878, showing Miller in the prime of his physical and intellectual powers. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, have published his poems in one large volume, which should have a place in the library of every American home, with Longfellow, Whitman, Emerson — his great Eastern contemporaries.

The sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground as he says. There is no art without heart. First of all, he taught me how really to know nature by myself. It would be better to know, doubtless, of your own knowledge, the color, the perfume, the nature, the twining, of a single little creeping vine in the cañon, than to know all the Rocky mountains through a book.

"Book is nothing!" Miller will shout. He puts the love of man far above the love of nature. He is the poet of humanity. He is a firm believer in the immortality of man and of the soul.

He will talk much on economy: "Nature wastes nothing—nothing, least of all does nature waste time," he will begin. "Yet nature is never in haste. Remember to go slowly and diligently toward the goal and the stars. No debating of any sort I allow you. See, what a saving of time!"

Then he will say, if you ask him about the methods or detail of teaching the divine art of poetry, that he has none, absolutely nothing. What use to talk about it! It would be perfectly unnecessary even to mention poetry when you live at the Heights. You will rise with a bird and wind, and breathe the breath of God and beauty. You will sit down under a tree and think something higher once in a while.

And you will comfortably wait for the moon and fancy's coming. Then you are living in poetry. To live in it would be nobler than to write. You are already a poet and perhaps a great poet if you be without a line! To understand is far more divine than to speak. Miller at the least taught me how to see the Light and Beauty of the world with God's eye,—God who saw everything that he had made, and acknowledged that it was good. I thank God, it was the biggest lesson. Miller is the poet of Light and Joy.

We were talking one day on Japan and things Japanese. Our talk came to the subject of the cherry tree. And he said:

"Don't you know that the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden wherein he caused to grow everything that is pleasant to the sight and good for food? Observe that the trees pleasant to the sight came first! The trees good for food were considered last. It is great to know that of all the thousands of famous Japanese cherry trees there is not one that bears a cherry that even a bird would eat. The Japanese cherry trees are only 'pleasant to the sight'."

Yes, Miller is endeavoring to make everything in the world pleasant to the sight. He is God's gardener, as he often says. And simplicity is the keynote of his way of living and of his poem. Certainly simplicity is sublimity and beauty.

Shall I take you in his cottage, just one-roomed cottage—his sanctum?

Must I apologize if I quote from Miss Morning Glory's "American Diary of a Japanese Girl? (Considering that "Morning Glory" and I are one person):

"I volunteered to clean his holy grotto.

"The little cottage brought me a thought of one Jap sage who lived by choice in a ten-foot-square mountain hut. The venerable Mr. Chomei Kamo wrote his immortal 'Ten-foot-square Record.' A bureau, a bed, and one easy chair — everything in the poet's abode inspires repose — occupy every bit of space in Mr. Heine's (Joaquin Miller's) cottage. The wooden roof is sound enough against a storm. A fountain is close by his door. Whenever you desire you may turn its screw and hear the soft melody of rain.

"That's plenty. What else do you covet?

"The closetlessness of his cottage is a symbol of his secretlessness. How enviable is an open-hearted gentleman! Women can never tarry a day in a house without a closet. He never closes his door through the years.

"A piece of wire is added to his entrance at night. He would say that would keep out the tread of a dog and a newspaper reporter.

"Not even one book!

"He would read the history written on the brow of a star, he will say, if I ask him why.

"Every side was patched by pictures and a medley of paper clippings. Is there anything sweeter to muse upon than personal knicknacks?

"Oh, such a dust!

"I swept it.

"But I thought philosophically afterward, why should people be so fussy with the dust, when things are but another form of dust. What a faraway smell the dust had! What an ancient color!"

Miller comes down from the Heights to San Francisco or to Oakland only once a week to get provisions. How he hates to see himself in town! It is because the crowds and noise disturbs his peace and thought. Even at his home he frequently shuts the door, hearing some picnic party coming up, although his cottage is some one hundred steps from the public road. "Silence," he will murmur. When he would come home with some meat and bread he used often to send me up to his old mother with the first share of the provisions. I have rarely seen so kind a man to Mother.

We used to cook by a rivulet and eat under the white rose bushes. "Remember, this is a sacred service. Silence helps your digestion," he would say. "Eat slowly, think something higher, and be content." So our dinner usually lasted more than two hours. What a delightful experience!

Four years — though I did not stay through all those years—passed like one night, when I left there for the East and London and newly found out how quick time goes.

How often Miller and I went to hunt a quail for Mrs. Miller's breakfast. The most dear old lady she is! And we would return carrying only one or two sparrows! And Miller would rest on his hoe, rub down his long beard for a moment or two, and tell of Rossetti and Holman Hunt.

How often I went with him into the canon to build a new road! I carrying Thoreau's book—I was quite wild about him once — he with his ax. He was my very first friend God ever gave me in my American life. And ever since he looked upon me as his own son. It was from Miller that I received the first greeting when I returned from England where I published my "From the Eastern Sea" with much success:

"Come back, my son! Your room is still waiting for you. Come, come," he wrote.

Yes, Mr. Miller, —I am coming—

JOAQUIN MILLER TODAY

TROOP HORSES

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

OH, you hear a lot these days
Of the automatic ways
That the experts have devised for spillin' gore;
'Cycle squadrons, motor'vans,
All fixed up on modern plans
For a rapid-transit, quick-installment war.

Now, that sort of thing may go
When you have a thoughtful foe
Who will stick to graded roads with all his forces;
But when we were boys in blue,
Playing cross-tag with the Sioux,
We were satisfied to get around on horses.

Oh, the horses, sleek and stout
When the squadrons started out,
How they pranced along the column as the bugles blew "the trot!"
They might weaken and go lame
But they'd never quit the game
And they'd bring us back in safety if they weren't left to rot.

When there came a sudden tack
In the travois' dusty track
And we knew the reds were headin' for the timber and the rocks,
With the infantry and trains
Thirty miles back on the plains,
Then the horses were the boys that got the knocks!

Oh, the horses, roan and bay,
Without either corn or hay
But a little mess o' dirty oats that wouldn't feed a colt;
Who could blame 'em if they'd bite
Through the picket ropes at night?
When a man or horse is hungry, ain't he bound to try and bolt?

When the trail got light and thin
And the ridges walled it in
And the flankers had to scramble with their toes and finger nails,
While the wind across the peaks
Whipped the snow against our cheeks,
Then the horses had to suffer for the badness of the trails.

Oh, the horses, lean and lank,
With the "U. S." on their flank
And a hundred weight of trumpery a-dangle all around,
How they sweated side by side
When the stones began to slide
And they couldn't find a footing on an inch of solid ground!

But they'd stand the racket right
Till the red-skins turned to fight
And up among the fallen pines we heard their rifles crack;
Hi! The three-year vet'rans stormed
While the skirmish lines were formed
At the snub-nosed little carbines that they couldn't fire back!

And the horses, standing there
With their noses in the air,
How they kicked and raised the devil down among the tangled trees!
They didn't mind the shooting
But they'd try to go a-scooting
When they got a whiff of red-skin on the chilly mountain breeze.

Still I've not a word of blame
For those horses, just the same,
A yelping Injun, daubed with clay, he isn't nice to see;
And I ain't forgot the day
When my long-legg'd Texas bay
Wasn't scared enough of Injuns not to save my life for me.

I was lyin' snug and low
In a hollow full of snow
When the hostiles flanked the squadron from a wooded ridge near by
And, o' course, the boys, at that,
Sought a cooler place to chat
But they didn't know they'd left ME with a bullet in my thigh!

But the red-skins understood;
Bet your life they always would!
And they came a-lopin' downward for this short-cropped scalp o' mine,
While I wondered how I'd be
"Soldier a la fricasee,"
For I didn't know my Texan hadn't bolted with the line,

Till I heard a crunchin' sound
And when I looked around,
With the reins against his ankles, there that blaze-faced rascal stood!
He was shiverin' with fright
But he hadn't moved a mite,
For he'd never learned to travel till I told him that he should.

And he stayed, that Texan did,
Till I'd crawled and rolled and slid
Down beside him in the hollow and the stirrup strap could find;
And I somehow reached the saddle
And hung on, I couldn't straddle,
While he galloped for the squadron with the Sioux strung out behind.

Oh, the horses from the range
They've got hearts; it isn't strange
If they raise a little Hades when the drill gets hot and fast.
But I'd like to see a chart
Of the automobile cart
That will save a man on purpose when the shots are singin' past!

Now, the boys in blue, you bet,
Earn whatever praise they get
But they're not the only ones who never lag,
For the good old Yankee horses
They are always with the forces
When the battle-smoke is curling 'round the flag!

And I don't believe the men
Who make drawings with a pen
Can ever build a thing of cranks and wheels
That will starve and work and fight,
Summer, Winter, day or night,
Like that same old, game old horse that thinks and feels.

APPERSON'S COON HUNT

By HAROLD CHILD

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

AFTER a strenuous experience with cat-claw briars and bog, Apperson found himself on the higher sand ridges, and cast himself down in the shade of a great pine to rest.

To the west stretched a seemingly limitless pine barren, and from its depths the faint sound of a woodman's axe came to him with the breeze.

Realizing that he must seek shelter or spend the night in the forest, he arose stiffly and set off in the direction of the wood-cutter.

She was whirling the axe above her head when he came upon her; bringing it down with a force that almost buried the helve, she left it in the log, and placing hands on hips regarded him with an unblinking stare.

"Howdy," said she, in response to his polite greeting.

"I've lost my way, and wish to get back to Whitefield MacCumbee's place," he told her.

"Six miles through the swamp; an' more'n double that, 'round by Freeman's Crossin'. You can't make it tonight."

"It looks as though I'll have to camp in the woods," he said, disconsolately.

"You might stay with me," she said briefly; then seizing her axe, she swung it in rhythmic strokes, paying no further attention to him.

He sat on a stump watching the white chips fly from her biting blade. When the log was severed she spoke again.

"We'll go now. I guess you be gittin' sort o' hungry?"

He admitted that he was.

With axe on shoulder, she led off through the forest, he following in the narrow trail.

He found himself wondering why she was doing a man's work. She could not be very old, he thought—not more than twenty-five—for her hair was black as a crow's wing, while her features, though brown as pine-bark, gave little evidence of age or toil. She was of splendid build. Her hips and shoulders were seemingly abnormal in breadth; but then, a well proportioned forest woman, was something of a novelty to Apperson.

She had caught up her skirt with a cord, till it hung above her shoe-tops;

her ankles, bare of hose, were white and shapely.

They soon came to a log cabin surrounded by several acres of cleared ground. She motioned him to a rude bench in the yard, and entering the cabin struck a light, but soon came out bearing a torch with which she ignited a pile of pine knots. Soon a great watch-fire was blazing in the open.

"We set out here till bed time," she explained. "It's much cooler, an' the blaze draws the 'skeeters out'n the house."

It was there in the open that she prepared and served the meal.

Yam potatoes were roasted in the coals, corn cakes were baked, and home-cured ham broiled on the cinders. This —with honey in the comb, served on a spotless pine-board table bare of a cloth—was the menu.

"Set up an' help yourself," said she. "Dad's gone to the Landin' with a load o' wood, an' won't git back till late."

The meal over, she brought him some home-cured tobacco, and cob pipes. His expression of infinite content as he sat curling the fragrant smoke above his head broke her reserve, bringing a friendly gleam to her eyes and a flow of conversation to her lips. Apperson thought her a very fine picture, harmonizing perfectly with the forest setting.

Soon she came and sat beside him.

"From the city, I s'pose?"

"Yes, old man Mac persuaded me to come out for a boar hunt. We became separated in the swamp."

"My man used to be powerful fond o' huntin', an' it was a boar as got him in trouble.

"Tell me about it," he urged.

"There be lots o' wild hogs in the Big Green that is marked. They stray in when they is small shoats, an' when a hunter ketches one which is marked, he turns it over to the owner an' gits half the meat.

"One day my Bill and Steve Robbins ketches two fine boars; one was marked whilst t'other was jest nat'rally wild.

"The marked one had a crapp in the lef' year — which is our mark—but it 'pears there was a bullet hole in t'other year, which was most growed up, an' which Bill didn't see. Now the crapp in one year, an' bullet hole in t'other, makes it ol' man Peterson's meat.

"Steve seed the hole an' tells ol' man Peterson, an' the first thing Bill knows the sheriff comes down on him.

"Things would have gone all right, the sheriff bein' a friend o' Bill's, but Steve he was fool 'nough to rile Bill durin' the trial, an' Bill ketches him a lick which wouldn't have killed a likely man, but it done for Steve. Some say Steve had a bad heart — Bill got ten year."

Several minutes passed in silence, when she suddenly asked:

"Ever been coon huntin'?"

He confessed that he never had.

"Good night fer it," she said. "'Minds me o' Bill, to see you a-settin' there smokin'—how'd you like a coon hunt tonight?"

"Fine!" he admitted, enthusiastically.

"Well, let's."

"You?" he said in surprise.

"Yes, many's the times Bill an' me's hunted coons."

"I understand that you have to climb trees?"

"No, shoot 'em out, or failin' that, cut the tree down."

"Good!" he said. "I'm with you. I didn't get much sport in the boar hunt today."

She entered the cabin, bringing out a long muzzle-loading shotgun.

"You carry the axe," she commanded. It's more'n likely we'll have to cut a tree."

She called up a couple of lean dogs, and they plunged into the forest.

The moon had not yet risen but guided by the flare of a resinous torch they made their way to the margin of a broad creek. She put the dogs out, and they seated themselves on a "horse'n-log" to wait.

Some little time passed, and the dogs had not been heard from. Apperson was growing impatient.

"There's nothin' doing," he remarked.

"Good sign. They've struck a trail, an' are workin' it up." Her surmise was correct. A long, whining yelp came from the swamp.

Apperson sprang off the log.

"Keep still awhile," she commanded. "The scent's cold, but they'll git him up."

In a short time the dogs were in full chorus.

"Light some more pine knots; they'll soon have him up a tree," she said.

Apperson made haste to obey.

By the time the torch was in good flare, the dogs had quieted, save an occasional long, whining yelp, which she answered with a high, shrill note. They had treed up a large gum.

"He's on one o' them big limbs," she said; "lessen he's crawled into his hole."

She began waving the torch above her head.

"See his eyes?"

"No. Where?"

"Stan' just behind my back, an' put your face 'long side o' mine. See anything?"

"Two stars."

"No; coon's eyes."

"Shall I shoot?" he asked, all excitement.

"Yes; best use my gun, it's loaded with 'buck.'"

He aimed carefully, and pulled the trigger. The next moment he was on his back in the mud.

"What the—! what'd you have in it?" he inquired, looking up at her with angry bewilderment.

"Only five fingers," she smiled. "You was aimin' too straight up."

"Well!" said he, "I guess that did for mister coon."

"You didn't tetch him."

"What? Impossible! I must have blown the top off the tree."

"Nairy a hair, an' I'll have to cut it down."

"Chop it down?" he cried in amazement; "why, it's four feet in diameter!"

She struck the tree a resounding blow with the butt of her axe.

"How's that?"

"It's hollow?"

"Uh huh."

"I'll chop it down," he volunteered, gallantly.

"You'd chop your legs off, more like," she replied disdainfully, rolling up her sleeves and driving the axe into the soft gum sap.

"By George! you're a sportswoman," he exclaimed in admiration of her fine strokes.

"A what?"

"A sportswoman."

"No,—jest Bill Jones' widow."

"So Bill's dead?"

"Yes, got pardoned; got bit same year by a rattler."

Soon the tree crashed down. The dogs sprang into its top and began whining and sniffing cautiously about a large knot-hole.

"He's gone in there," said she, indicating a hole, the edges of which had worn smooth.

"Here Tige," she called, "git in there!"

Tige went in cautiously.

Apperson threw his rifle in position.

"You be keerful with that gun. Tige'll take care on him," she told him.

There were several sniffs followed by short, whining yelps, as though Tige was in great pain. Suddenly he shot out, covered by a great boar coon. Two streaks of dark fur went by Apperson, followed by the young dog screaming on their trail. Tige, however, held on to his catch, and there followed a battle royal in the swamp growth.

A big coon is pretty nearly a match for

an ordinary coon dog, and several times during the struggle for supremacy, Apperson thought the coon would make a meal of Tige, but the old dog had him by the neck, and held on grimly, finally breaking the spine, which ended the struggle. It was near midnight, and they decided not to go after the other coons.

Apperson lifted the dead coon to his shoulder and they started homeward.

In taking a shorter cut, they came upon the creek's channel at a point much wider than the former crossing.

"If we kin git across hereabouts, it'll save us a long walk," she said, "an' I guess I'll make a crossin'."

With a few strokes of her axe she felled a sapling across the stream. On this she went over with a grace of a rope-walker. "Come on," she commanded, smiling back at him exasperatingly.

He could not walk the sapling, and her challenging smile made him feel like saying things, as he stood hesitating like a small boy.

"Come on, it's gittin' late, an' Dad'll think I'm either lost, strayed or stolen."

He made a desperate attempt, and barely escaped plunging in by a flying leap back; rolling over several times in the briars and cane growth.

She sat down, screaming in merriment. "You looked so funny," she explained, — "a-holdin' an' a-rollin' with that coon."

Failing to respond to her mood, he selected a comfortable "tussic" and sat down. "You might swim it," she suggested. This suggestion did not strike him as happy, and he remained moodily silent. She tripped across and stood smiling down at him.

"Well," said she, "there's nothin' fer it, but to tote you over on my back."

"What!"

"Git on my back, an' I'll tote you over," she said seriously.

For several moments he was outwardly speechless, but inwardly he was formulating some very pretty adjectives.

She seemed to divine what was passing in his mind, for after a moment she said: "If you won't, you won't. I'll fix it fer you." She felled another sapling, paralleling the first.

When they were midway the stream, a happy thought occurred to him.

He suddenly disengaged his left arm, which she had taken, and clasped her about the waist, coming to a halt.

She gasped in astonishment.

"Do you know," said he, very coolly, "I should like to plunge in here for a swim. It's a beautiful swimming-hole, and the night is warm enough to make it comfortable. Can you swim?"

"No," she told him tremblingly. "An' mind! you'll have me in!" she exclaimed, as they swayed on the slight bridge.

"Well, said he quietly, "it doesn't matter; I'm a great swimmer, and can take care of you. Isn't the moonlight pretty on the water? I'm going to take you over."

"Oh, no! Please be keerful!" she begged. "There's snakes an' toads in that water. Ugh!"

"Why did you laugh at me?"

"You looked so funny."

"Did I?"

"Oh, do be keerful!"

"I handled that gun as well as you could have, didn't I?"

"Yes!"

"I could have chopped that tree down without chopping my legs off, couldn't I?"

"Yes, do be keerful!"

"I could have walked the sapling just as well as you did, if I hadn't had the coon?"

"Yes! Oh, do be keerful!"

"I may kiss you just as many times as I wish, and you can't help yourself, can you?"

"Y-e-s-s—N-o-o-o—O-h-h—D-o-o!—"

"Walking logs is easy," said he, as they went on through the night.

"Yes," she assented, meekly.

A COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

NEW YORK CITY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. GOLDBECK

BOOK I

"WHY do you call her Diana?" said the Bishop. "Her name is Alice, is it not?"

His hostess and kinswoman, Mrs. Craig, her answer dawning in her face, leaned forward in her garden-chair and plucked an adjacent rose. The bishop knew that her deliberate manner was a preface to her discussion of a congenial subject. Though a woman who had put friendship to its quaintest uses, she always kept her friends at that distance from her which made critical estimates at once possible and loyal. The bishop had long ago suspected her of arranging her house parties for the purpose of character study, her interest in the people she gathered about her being allied to her interest in her hot-house orchids, or to the strangely cut evergreens of her Italian garden, with this difference, that in the orchid there was no soul to trouble her, or to put her on her guard.

She drew the rose she had picked through her fingers.

"I call her Diana because she is a huntress of souls."

The bishop regarded the caressing beauty of the scene before him through half-closed eyes.

"It is better to hunt souls than to be indifferent to them," he said, smiling.

"I am afraid Diana's hunting is for the excitement of the chase," his hostess responded. "I have known her since she was a child, and I don't believe she can tell where her heart is. She only aids others to discover theirs."

"In that case," said the bishop, I should call her a bulwark of civilization, since we are civilized through the heart."

"Possibly: but they pay the price, not she. A man said of her once that she was a strengthener of the memory."

A shadow passed over the bishop's face.

"Perhaps love is persistent recollection. I have always thought," he added, "that witchcraft, so-called, was but this strong personal magnetism that certain souls possess."

Mrs. Craig smiled.

"Call it what you will; Wagner's ninth note, perhaps, that never satisfies."

"A dangerous note to strike in a house party."

"I always have her when I can get her for that very reason," Mrs. Craig said, rising from her garden chair as she saw her other guests entering a distant gateway, which from its position at the crest of a hill seemed to open upon illimitable purple vistas: "People are entertained when they are falling in love, and she gives them the excuse. Then they give me the gratitude of the awakened. A hostess makes a mistake who only entertains the bodies of her guests. You can feed them with bread and water, if their souls are in the play."

The bishop looked toward the rich facade of the house where wealth had imitated cleverly the dignity of another age.

"You give them much beside."

"Beauty? Yes, I do provide good scenery for my comedies."

"— or tragedies."

"We do not live in a tragic age, dear cousin, and, unfortunately, you must be ridiculous before you can be tragic. Who dares to go through that stage to reach the sublime! I see Diana is walking with Justin and Margaret. He's not legitimate prey—if she should interfere there I should have no mercy on her!"

"A witch is irresponsible, is she not?"

The members of the house party had been on a walking trip to a deserted village less interesting in itself than for the view obtainable from the end of its one silent street. They were now ascending the terraces in twos and threes with the lazy step of people comfortably tired and fully appreciating the invitation of the scene before them.

The leaders of the straggling procession were Alice Mainwaring, known to her intimate friends as "Diana"; Justin Morris, a young man of thirty, beginning to be recognized as an architect of promise, and having that look of quiet intensity which comes from years of close mental application; and his betrothed, Margaret Bentley, a trim, slender girl of the blonde type, the lines of whose face showed much decided femininity, little humor, weak perceptions and a strong will.

Diana was talking in a low voice and looking straight before her. The heat of the day which had heightened the color in the cheeks of the other women had given a clearer quality to the whiteness of her skin. The steady gaze of her dark eyes, which in some lights when the pupil was contracted had the pale yellow of topaz, told either of inner intensity or of a most sublime indifference. Tall and graceful, her bearing had a free, out-of-door quality in striking contrast to the essentially feminine look of Margaret Bentley.

The group behind them was more animated. A debutante, a pretty flag of youth, her fair hair and blue ribbons at the mercy of the breeze, was talking gaily to the two men with her, Philip Hartley, a plump, middle-aged banker who listened and smiled with an expression as if he felt himself inadequate to deal with so much youth and beauty, and a younger man, the extreme correctness of whose clothes and a certain aggressive bearing betokened him as being either in college, or just out of it. Back of this group walked the well known portrait painter, Henry Gaylord, and his wife, in comfortable married silence.

Their hostess came forward to meet them, an embodied welcome, the very spirit it would seem of the wide, lovely gardens, and the stately, hospitable house.

In her instant of greeting she saw, with a vision clarified by certain events of the past few days, three people whose community of self-consciousness seemed to place them apart from the others: Diana, in a colorless armor of the noncommittal; Margaret, haughtily silent; Justin, stiff-backed as if facing an invisible jury of emotions. She saw him glance at Margaret with the look of a man locked out, yet feeling himself responsible for the turning of the key.

Mrs. Craig, going back to the tea table, smothered certain reflections lest in

"STANDING BY DIANA'S CHAIR IN THAT KIND OF ABSORBED SILENCE WHICH IS TOO GREAT A TRIBUTE TO A WOMAN A MAN IS NOT TO MARRY" spirit she should be missing from the group. She put a general question.

"What did you find in my village? Have I revealed a Goldsmith to himself? I hope I am justified of my praises."

Gaylord handed her a sketch.

"This is my inadequate answer."

"I found an old mood," said Diana, "left there from the time before."

"How many ghosts you must meet in a day, Diana!" Mrs. Gaylord said.

"Some of them have to be introduced."

Philip Hartley, balancing a cup of tea in his fat hands, gave a smothered laugh which shook his sleek, well groomed person like a mold of jelly.

"Upon my soul, Miss Mainwaring, that must be convenient. I always did think a bad memory the first requisite of success. I never forget anything, unfortunately."

Diana had seated herself in a low garden chair, and pushed back her soft, heavy hair, black in its shadows, chestnut brown in its high lights. At her feet sat the debutante and the college man who was enamored at once of a blossom-like face and of Diana's dark eyes, which turned upon him gave him the novel sensation of having mislaid his degree. The young girl, in juxtaposition to the woman, seemed to lose individuality, as if the pink of her cheeks were due to inexperience. Diana was not beautiful, but she possessed in a high degree the qualities of grace and strangeness, as a compensation for an obvious complexion and ticketed charms.

The bishop was passing cups of tea. In this Watteau environment he looked young. His years were fifty, but his age was known only to the Sphinx. His kind, clear-cut face held the sweet and deep placidity of a man who has lived Christianity much and defined it little.

"Bishop, by what arts did Mrs. Craig draw you from the city you father?" Mrs. Gaylord said.

"Are arts necessary to draw the eager?" he answered, smiling.

"Why, where is Margaret?" Mrs. Craig asked. She looked at Justin, who was standing by Diana's chair in that kind of absorbed silence which is too great a tribute to a woman a man is not to marry. A double preoccupation seemed implied in the somber gaze of his deep blue eyes. He did not hear his hostess' words.

She spoke again.

"Justin, did Margaret go to the house?"

He gave a perceptible start, looked up, frowned, looked about him then down at Diana.

"She was here a moment ago," he said, "but she spoke of having a headache. I'll see if she went to the house."

"Meanwhile, Ursula," Diana said, turning to Mrs. Craig, "may I ask you not to put sugar in Margaret's tea? When she has a headache she takes it without."

She met the eyes of her hostess indifferently, but to Mrs. Craig, suddenly fearful of an emotional complication too deep for the surface gallantry of a house party, there was an element of audacity under the simple words. Diana's coquetry had never extended to engaged men, for she was strictly obedient to certain principles of honor. This new departure, therefore, puzzled and alarmed her hostess, to whom Margaret appeared a sweet, simple girl needing the protection of the experienced. She looked down, lest Diana should win her with a smile.

II

Justin walked quickly until the little group was hidden by the shrubbery, then his steps dragged in obedience to his unwilling mood. The torment of the past six months, born of the strife between stern principle and the growth of an emotion so strange and illuminating that it made his engagement with Margaret seem fantastic and inexplicable, had become at last a thing to be killed with the sword of some sharp and final decision.

In these moments, before he found her — the search should be leisurely — he reviewed the two years which had elapsed since their first meeting at the house of a friend, a society woman who was aiding Margaret, he became aware later, to detach herself from a parent-stem of somewhat coarse grain, and to find the setting appropriate to the delicacy of the flower.

And flower-like from the first she had seemed to him, suffused in her blondness as in pale sunshine, and shrinking, so he thought, from the world in which she was trying to earn a living by her pen. She appealed to him as a child whose hands, though small, cling tenaciously. His long struggle for success, the worst strain of which now seemed about over, so far from hardening him had made him, the son of an aristocratic, impoverished family, peculiarly sensitive to the trials of others in the strife. As for women he believed that nature had never intended them to take part in such a brutal contest.

Margaret's soft blondness melted into tears one night as she told him of the stones in her road. A month later they were engaged, the stages in the progress toward this event being, as Justin found in retrospect, peculiarly elusive. He sometimes wondered if she had done the wooing.

For six months he was content in his protection of her. If he found her educated to the point of rigidity, he told himself that she would relax after marriage in his own easy, nonchalant atmosphere of favorite books and golden ignorance. If her emotion was sometimes sharp, her perception dull, he consoled himself by thinking that what he had once heard was true — the period of betrothal did the least justice to character. He was only half conscious of his distrust of her power to make him happy.

Margaret meanwhile bloomed. Her engagement to a man of unquestioned social standing who was also a success in his profession, coupled with the interest of two or three influential women attracted by the girl's sweet dependence, had launched her precisely in the direction she wished to go. Her ambitions were well defined.

Justin found himself wondering at the tact and skill with which she steered her course, though he had already found that her surface docility and sweetness hid an iron will. Her ambitions fitted in but awkwardly with his. Social engineering had no place among the traditions of his house. You cannot climb when you are at the summit.

Then he met Diana.

⁂

"You are here, Margaret! What made you leave us?"

He had traced her to a little arbor, commanding a fine view of the distant western hills. As she was always strangely indifferent to nature, his preconceived idea of the reason of this flight was more than confirmed.

She rose as he entered the place, a white and gold picture in her white Summer gown, her lips faintly pink, and faint pink stains about her eyes, which looked large and reproachful.

"What do you think made me leave you?" she said, quietly. "Or didn't you think anything about it?"

"You see I am here," he answered.

"Did Mrs. Craig ask you to find me?"

He flushed and bit his lip.

"You probably did not notice my departure; you have been preoccupied of late, Justin," she said coldly.

"Have I?"

"You have been preoccupied for six months."

"Your dates seem astonishingly clear in your mind, Margaret," he said with some impatience.

"You met Miss Mainwaring on the twenty-third of January. It is now the twenty-third of July."

"What has Miss Mainwaring—" he began.

"To do with us?" she sighed as she added, "Everything."

At this first sign of a softer mood in her, all the man in him rose to her defence; self-accusation, downing the haunting misery, drew him toward her. He did not suspect that she was acting.

"Margaret, nothing could—" but the lie died on his lips. He stood facing himself and her.

She smiled, but her face was hard and unrelenting.

"She is a wonderful rival," she began slowly. "I have intellect enough to see that—but I would like to tell you something about her, and incidentally about yourself, Justin."

"It is not necessary to speak of Miss Mainwaring," he said harshly. "What cause have I given you, Margaret, to drag her name into this discussion? What have I done?"

"You've done nothing. You have been most circumspect. It's what you feel—oh, I know! I've watched your face, your eyes. You may be engaged to me, but it is she you are interested in. You can't deny it," she added with an air of triumph.

He looked at her squarely.

"No, I don't deny that Miss Mainwaring is interesting to me, but why should you make this an issue—"

"Because I want to begin right," she said slowly.

"Begin right?"

"If you are going to do that kind of thing after marriage, I think our chance for happiness is poor."

He curbed his impatience, conscious that by his spiritual alienation from her—where there had never been union—he had put all the weapons in her hands.

"But you have just acknowledged that I have done nothing."

"Well, if you are going to find every other woman you meet — interesting, there will be little left for me of your time and attention."

She was looking up at him fretfully, yet with a nervous intensity in her eyes which gave him the feeling of facing an animal that might spring. Through his confused emotions he was wondering if it were indeed true that jealousy could exist without love. For the first time since their engagement he doubted Margaret's love for him.

"I think," he said slowly, "that we need not prolong a useless and undignified discussion. Let us join the others."

"Not until I have said what I want to say about Diana Mainwaring. Perhaps you know—perhaps you don't—that she is, by reputation, and by fact, an absolutely heartless woman. She would care no more for you, once she had you in her collection, than for a last year's hat—and," she added with a certain significant intonation, "last year's hats are nothing to her. She has money."

"Now that you have said what was in your mind, Margaret, shall we return?"

For answer she burst into tears; her defiant calm suddenly giving away before his passive quietness. She sank on a bench sobbing.

"Oh, you don't care! You don't care! You don't love me any more, Justin."

He sat down and put an arm about her gently, accepting at that moment, though with bitterness and sinking of heart, the burden that he would have to bear through the years: of a soul that he could love, if he loved at all, only out of a protecting pity. Even as he soothed her with patient words, he was realizing that the sharp wound she had dealt him was her summary of Diana Mainwaring's nature. Diana's reputation for coquetry was not unknown to him; but during the latter part of his six-months' acquaintance with her, he had called it mystery, reserve, the play of an imaginative nature too complex for obvious consistency. He thought that he read in her dark eyes contradictions of her words and moods, the clear prophetic light of a noble destiny. He had no right to care whether the soul in Diana was true, but he knew that he did care. Hearing the sound of approaching footsteps he drew away from her, and took her hand authoritatively.

"Margaret, someone is coming. We mustn't look as if we had had a scene. There—dry your eyes and stand in the door of the arbor. No, don't turn your back on the view. Remember, we have been spellbound by the landscape for the last fifteen minutes."

A sad humor curved his lips for an instant. In this glare of realization, he understood what is meant by the laughter of the gods. The reason the Olympians were never bored was that just the lovers in a tired and resentful world were sufficiently amusing. To watch their antics would keep even Jove awake.

Margaret's crying was of the April variety, which leaves little trace. She emerged plaintive, but only a shade pinker, and complacently conscious of having scored a point.

"Miss Mainwaring and Mr. Hartley," Justin whispered. "If you are a woman of the world, Margaret, or want to be one, act now. Be just as gracious as you can."

He had struck the right note in his appeal. The girl straightened up and put her muscles in order for the conventional smile. Justin, haughtily ignoring the tumult always in his heart at the approach of Diana, greeted the new comers gravely.

Hartley, round and comfortable, backed by forty-eight years of residence in a world where all men were bankers, or ought to be, was looking at his companion with the expression he had worn for five hours on the first and last occasion of his hearing "Tristan and Isolde." Diana was as inexplicable to him as Wagner. He did not like black and white effects in women, nor a play of wit which like lightning might strike anywhere, nor an independence which seemed to go beyond the fraction mark allotted to the sex in its relations to the fine animal, man. He liked them blonde and soft appearing, delighted to wear big bunches of violets, and to eat well chosen dinners. He was by no means antagonistic to Diana, her graciousness of manner forbidding that, but he had small grudges against her which, summed up, meant that she was fitted into no classification known to him.

"Well, you are runaways," he called out heartily. "Just like all engaged people."

"The view here holds even those who are not engaged," Margaret said, smiling. She was conscious that the banker admired her.

Hartley looked for an instant toward the purple hills, remote and solemn in the afternoon light.

"Why, there is a real pretty view, isn't there! It's the first time I ever noticed it."

"You don't know this place well, then?" said Diana, though she knew perfectly well he did.

"Bless me! I was here before you were born, when I was only a clerk in the house, and Weatherby was Mr. Craig's banker."

"Mr. Craig has been dead a long time, has he not?" Margaret asked, looking attentively at Hartley.

"Fifteen years: No, I didn't know this view, but I've a favorite spot in the Italian garden that I think can't be matched outside of Italy. Suppose we all stroll over there. The dressing bell hasn't rung yet."

He took his place at Margaret's side, where, for some occult reason, he always felt comfortable; from the hour of his first acquaintance with her he had called Justin Morris a lucky man. Margaret was a little too demure, perhaps, but her fair blondness, her usual undisturbed manner, and her way of saying nothing nicely, gave him the sensation now of stepping out of a large, lonely, starlit country into the lamplight of a cozy parlor.

Justin and Diana followed. Her gaiety was unimpaired, but he was silent in self defence. Margaret's words had produced in him a longing, deep and intense, to have them disproved; to have Diana come to her own vindication.

Of one thing he was sure as he walked by her side suffocatingly conscious of her presence yet scarcely daring to turn and meet her eyes: he must leave the house party or he would betray himself. The scene with his betrothed, her accusation of Diana, so far from aiding his self possession, had weakened it.

"You are not listening to me," she said once, stopping abruptly in the middle of a story of one of Gaylord's pictures, which was having unusual adventures in London.

Then Justin turned and looked at her directly.

"No, I wasn't listening to you. But you are under obligations to forgive me anything."

A delicate flush overspread her face. For a moment she gazed at him proudly. Then her eyes dropped.

"Go on with the story," he said. I am listening now."

She was silent a moment.

"I have forgotten the rest."

The first result in Margaret of the pairing-off, though she knew it was no fault of Justin's, was the sudden springing-up of the nervous tears she had forced back and a sudden resentment of the little fat man at her side. He was talking of the charms of his hostess, and of the pleasure it had been to serve her in his professional capacity all these years.

"Mrs. Craig's called a brilliant woman," he wound up confidentially, "and I dare say she is — but to me she's better than that: she's a kind woman. People think she's all for society, but it would astonish you if you knew the number of persons and things she is interested in outside of society life—charitable! The bishop and I know—why, bless my soul, you're not crying!"

He had turned suddenly to see tears rolling down Margaret's cheeks like dew on the traditional rose leaf. "Why, what's the matter, child?" he questioned, a note of kind, almost affectionate concern in his voice, that Margaret, through all her tumult, heard and felt the balm of.

"I don't know — I don't feel very well."

"Shall we turn back?"

"Oh, no indeed. I wouldn't want—them—to see."

The plural noun slipped out before she was aware. She blushed violently; and still unnerved, though no longer resentful, more tears followed those coursing down her pink cheeks. She looked so pretty—Margaret was one of those rare women who can look pretty when they cry — that Hartley found it difficult to keep his eyes turned away. His brain, as a rule, worked slowly except in matters of finance, but on this occasion he had a gleam of intuition, so clear and direct that before he knew he had put his lightning flash into words.

"You've not been quarreling with your fiance, have you?"

Margaret nodded. She was groping helplessly for her handkerchief. Hartley cast a guilty glance over his shoulder, but Diana and Justin, though not far behind, were for that moment hidden by a turn of the evergreen walk. He hastily produced a snow-white square of linen daintily scented and with an elaborate monogram embroidered in one corner.

"Here, take mine."

As Margaret took it from the fat, pink hand, her eye was caught by the superb flash under a beam of an enormous diamond, incongruous and haughty on the plump finger. The thought went through her mind that Hartley was very rich: and she then remembered that his wealth had been spoken of to her as one of the chief grudges matrons with marriageable daughters had against his bachelorhood.

"Thank you, you're so kind," she said sweetly.

She patted her cheeks with the handkerchief, and then, privileged by her self-revelation, relapsed into silence. He was silent, too, unwontedly thoughtful, and full of a new-born commiseration for this pretty, defenceless girl whom Justin Morris evidently was not treating as he should. With an effort of mind not easy for him, he reviewed his rather limited observations of the engaged couple, but could find no outward lapse in Justin's conduct, until he came to the very recent episode at afternoon tea. He then remembered the young man's look of surprise when reminded of the absence of his betrothed. He remembered, too, that he was standing like a gentleman in waiting by Diana Mainwaring's chair. This illumination had the same instantaneous effect of the first. Hartley did not weigh his words.

"Some women," he exploded, "would have every last man at their feet, married or single, engaged or disengaged. Now Miss Mainwaring may be a very charming girl, but she's a coquette to her finger-tips, and they say she has no heart. Women like that ought to be locked up."

"I think she casts a spell on people," said Margaret, who was too undeveloped spiritually to understand that the only spell in the world is the power of strength over weakness, of the poised over the unpoised.

Hartley looked sympathetic.

"She has a strange way of fixing those big eyes of hers on you, hasn't she? As if she were searching for your soul. I don't call her handsome; but then, I don't care for dark women," he added, fixing his eyes directly on Margaret.

Her blondness seemed to suffuse her at that moment like light through yellow glass. She was becoming quite calm again, and was watching the diamond on the banker's hand as if fascinated. A passionate, hopeless love of jewels was one of the chief afflictions of her poverty. Her own engagement diamond, because it was not a large stone, had always seemed to her the very symbol of the limitations of Justin's devotion. She measured spirit by matter.

They had reached the particular pretty spot, whose wealth of artificiality the banker liked better than all the prodigalities of untrained nature, and he turned to Margaret for her appproval.

"You have found the loveliest place in the gardens," she said with enthusiastic emphasis.

"Now this is friendly, sociable—those big views always make me feel as if my friends had died."

"You would be a faithful friend, I judge," said Margaret sadly.

A rosy blush of pleasure suffused the little man's round face. He held out his hand impulsively.

"May I be your friend, Miss Bentley?"

He squeezed her soft, cold, nerveless hand with genuine warmth.

The ready tears came again to her blue eyes.

"I may need a friend," she said in a low voice, then dropped his hand suddenly, for Justin and Diana appeared. Justin was talking to his companion in an even, quiet tone, and from what Margaret could gather, he was telling her of some rare editions in Mrs. Craig's great library.

III

They all met at dinner, the majority in that gaiety of mood which sees in the closing in of evening the beginning of a happy, artificial day, untroubled by the specters of duty or reality.

Justin, to his relief, was not placed near Margaret. Since the scene in the arbor even pity for her had been swallowed up in a curious shrinking from her pale tenacity, which seemed now the one distinct element in her relation to him. Diana, looking like the embodiment of a silver Summer night in her black gown and her necklace of moonstone, sat opposite to him. On one side of her was the bishop, and at the bishop's left hand was Mrs. Gaylord, who was sparkling with a bit of news, which had come to her as private intelligence she was at liberty to make public.

"Who do you think is going to be married?" she asked the table in a lull of the conversation.

"Someone who thinks he's in love," said Gaylord cheerfully.

No cheap remarks, Walter."

"Some man who has money," the college boy said ruefully.

"Some woman who has found her ideal," the debutante ventured.

"My dear, I found mine four times before I married Mr. Gaylord."

"And why did you marry him?" the college boy said daringly.

"Because I was his ideal."

The bishop smiled.

"But don't keep us in suspense, Agnes. Who is the woman?"

"You take it for granted that it is a woman."

"Of course. Who is ever interested in a man's marriage, or in the man, rather?"

"It's Betty Arnold."

A little murmur of surprise went 'round the table. Miss Arnold, a noted belle, had always pleaded marriages in previous incarnations as her reason for remaining single in this.

"I wonder if she really cares for the man," said Gaylord.

"What possible reason could she have for marrying Jack Louison if she didn't? She has wealth, beauty, position."

"Change of torment, perhaps."

"You are banal, Walter. Bishop, you've had a large experience of life—how many fascinating women have you met? I mean Circes—and of course the present gathering is excepted."

He smiled, raised one hand, and counted off four fingers.

"That's not many; not enough to leave you with a crowded impression. So you should be able to tell us certain things. As you observed these women, did it seem to you that they had heart?"

The bishop again raised his hand and counted off two fingers.

"Two had heart. What became of them?"

"They married."

"They were fortunate," said a low voice at his right. No one else heard Diana speak, but a certain hopeless quality in her tone made the bishop turn and for an instant look intently. She was smiling, but it seemed to him as he looked that the witch was dead in her eyes.

"In these cases they were," he said, speaking for her alone, "for they loved their husbands." She turned her head sharply away.

After dinner Justin sought Margaret. He held a telegram in his hand, but he did not show it to her.

"I am going back to town early tomorrow," he said. "Bretherton has to go away, and there must be someone at the office."

She looked up at him suspiciously.

"And you're not returning?"

"No, I shall be too busy."

"This is very sudden."

"Nevertheless imperative."

"I think you might have stayed your time here," she said, frowning a little. "What is back of this, Justin?"

"Nothing is back of it, he said impatiently, though his flight was the outcome of a resolution, made that after-

"WHO DO YOU THINK IS GOING TO BE MARRIED?" SHE ASKED noon: to go away, and not to see Diana Mainwaring again until after his marriage in September, when principle would have gained its last bulwark of outward form.

"Have you told Mrs. Craig?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She pressed me to put off my going."

"You will write every day."

"O, yes, every day."

His eyes unconsciously strayed to the corner of the room where Diana was talking with Mr. Gaylord, a grave dignity in her manner, which seemed to him, in this sultry, pricking atmosphere of petty questioning, like a vista of far off, solemn heights.

Margaret followed his look.

"You are running away from her."

"Does one run away from love?"

"You are hedging. Besides, that implies that you do not love me, since you are leaving me."

He was silent.

Late that night Mrs. Craig was reading in her bedroom by the light of tall wax candles. The long, gold beams of the warm Summer moon were creeping to her feet. The curtains swayed softly in the mild breeze, which entered fragrant as if it bore the souls of sleeping flowers.

There was a knock and Diana entered, still in her dinner dress. She did not speak to her hostess at once, but stood for a moment in the broad, open window looking out over the gardens. Her expression was sad, her manner preoccupied.

"What are you reading?" she said at last.

Mrs. Craig named a recent novel.

"Did they live happily ever after?"

"They married," was the guarded answer.

"Was she fascinating?"

Mrs. Craig nodded.

"Poor wretch!"

"So are you, Diana mia."

"A poor wretch?"

"No, fascinating."

"It's like to be my doom," she answered carelessly. "I'll not keep you from your book. I only came to say, dear hostess of mine, that I must leave tomorrow."

Astonishment and reproach were in Mrs. Craig's face; then perplexity.

"Diana, why?"

The girl turned an earnest, illumined face to her hostess.

"Dear, did you ever know me to drop out? I have stayed in every game—perhaps because—"

She stopped abruptly. Mrs. Craig waited, but the girl remained silent. She seemed weighed down by an incommunicable burden.

"Diana, you can't leave. Justin Morris leaves tomorrow morning."

A quiver went through Diana, but in an instant she had regained her self possession.

"The connection, Ursula?"

"Just this. Dear, I am not blaming you. So far as I know, you've not lifted a finger. The pity of it is you don't have to lift a finger."

Diana was silent. Her face told nothing.

"Perhaps you see how it is," she hesitated. "It's noble of you to want to leave, for Margaret Bentley is a child. She has no weapons to match yours."

Still Diana said nothing.

"And you," she went on in a caressing voice which, in spite of herself, Diana's very presence always drew from her, "you, who, for some mysterious reason can't feel, you should protect a younger woman, who is all feeling, all simplicity, all trust, like Margaret Bentley."

Diana's low laugh followed, but her eyes were wistful.

"She doesn't need my protection, cara mia. Mr. Morris will protect her?"

"Will he? He forgot her for you this afternoon, Diana. I don't doubt his love for her, but he has come under your spell."

A look of pain came into the girl's eyes.

"You don't know how I hate that word. You make me feel, all of you, as if no one could ever have a normal caring for me: as if I could never meet anyone in an equality of love," she said, with a note of bitterness in her voice. "You are a good friend, Diana—I never had a truer—but you have only your dramatic history to thank if I am skeptical of your power to love. The moment people love you, you are contemptuous of them."

"Why can't they stand on their own feet!" the girl cried, in a sudden passion of impatience that surprised Mrs. Craig. "Why can't they control their own souls? They deafen me with their heart-beats and swamp me with their emotions. Then in fifteen minutes it's all over."

"Perhaps you will love some day, yourself, and then you will understand—why, as you say, they can't control their own souls."

Diana gazed at her a moment, then she turned to the window with an inscrutable, lonely look.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF PORTO RICO

By H. H. ALLEN

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

WHEN the report of the appointment of Beekman Winthrop as governor of Porto Rico first reached the island, an inquiry among the American officials revealed the fact that to them he was unknown.

When later the cable brought the information that he was a young man of thirty to thirty-five who had attracted the attention of Judge Taft of the Philippine commission and had been on important service with him in the Philippines for over two years past, the news brought joy to two radically opposite classes of our people—the political grafters and the opposing group that stands for honest government in Porto Rico.

To the former, especially those of Spanish extraction, Governor Winthrop's youth seemed a promising omen. That a young man of limited political experience would fall an easy prey to these past-masters in tricky politics, seemed to them a foregone conclusion.

To many of the other group the fact that he was a young man, and evidently vouched for by Governor Taft, seemed conclusive not only as to his ability to cope with conditions here, but also as to his ambition, knowledge and integrity.

Which of these two classes—whose interests have been constantly at variance since the landing of Ponce de Leon, Porto Rico's first governor, 400 years ago—will win the prize for which they so fondly hope, and for which they will battle as long as a ray of hope exists, is a question of interest here and no less of interest in the States,—no less of interest wherever civilization has gained a foothold and is fighting her battles for the higher life. This is especially the case wherever the white man has taken up the burden of bringing the black man and the brown man to a condition of manly independence.

The conditions existing in Porto Rico differ in many respects from those in the other territory acquired from Spain. Here the American army received a cordial welcome from the masses scarcely ever before accorded to invaders. The

BEEKMAN WINTHROP, GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO

Sketched from life by Florence E. M. Allen

peasants gave an enthusiastic welcome; the educated classes, many of whom had been guilty of circulating the vilest slanders on the Americans, met our troops with the "keys of their cities" and delivered them with addresses that brought reminders of the best efforts of Cervantes and the author of "Ivanhoe."

The apparent readiness of the people to establish American laws and institutions awakened a desire on the part of the people of the States and of American officials, who had no experience of the fickle and mercenary temper of the Porto Ricans, to place the administration in the hands of the natives. For this purpose General Henry, an executive officer of well known ability and honor, and who was in sympathy with the idea, was appointed military governor. He at once placed Porto Ricans in many of the most important positions. These office-holders, true to Spanish colonial traditions as to official duties and rights, in a few months wrought chaos in the departments to such an extent that General Henry, bitterly disappointed, resigned.

General Davis, now governor of the Panama Canal Zone, attempted to rectify the evils by going further in liberality toward the islanders. This policy was carried to such an extent that the inauguration of civil government was hailed with delight. native officialdom regarded it as a license to plunder and all native citizens seemed to expect to become officials.

The results of self-government have not met expectations, but it has produced leaders who for audacity and tireless perseverance are unequalled "on this side" at least. The consciousness of their ability in this field was well illustrated by a conversation that occurred on a New York-bound steamer a few years since. The chief of one of the parties was facetiously interrogated as to whether the object of his visit to New York was to take lessons in practical politics from Croker. He replied that he felt "competent to teach the Tammany chief." The question of competency was conceded. The interrogator knew the ability of the man.

Of course with large numbers of ignorant voters, who are easily swayed by such leaders, intelligent self-government, as understood in the States, has not yet been realized here, and any government not tending in the direction of chaos is not yet possible in Porto Rico except with a strong man at the head of affairs, with authority to check abuses. The governor of Porto Rico, under a liberal construction of the Foraker bill, the organic law of the island, has this authority in his control of the departments and his power of supervision over the municipalities. This power is, however, somewhat modified by the fact that the chief appointments are made by the president and the United States senate, who become sharers in the work and responsibility, unless a man strong enough to be entrusted with pro-consular power of administration is found and his recommendations are accepted in the selection of his co-workers. The general impression prevails that President Roosevelt and cabinet have accepted the measurement of Governor Winthrop as made by their present associate, the secretary of war, and that the cabinet of the governor of Porto Rico is being changed to meet the requirements of the situation.

That Governor Winthrop has secured the good will of all classes in the island

POLITICS IN PORTO RICO:—A SPEECH ON THE PLAZA IN SAN JUAN

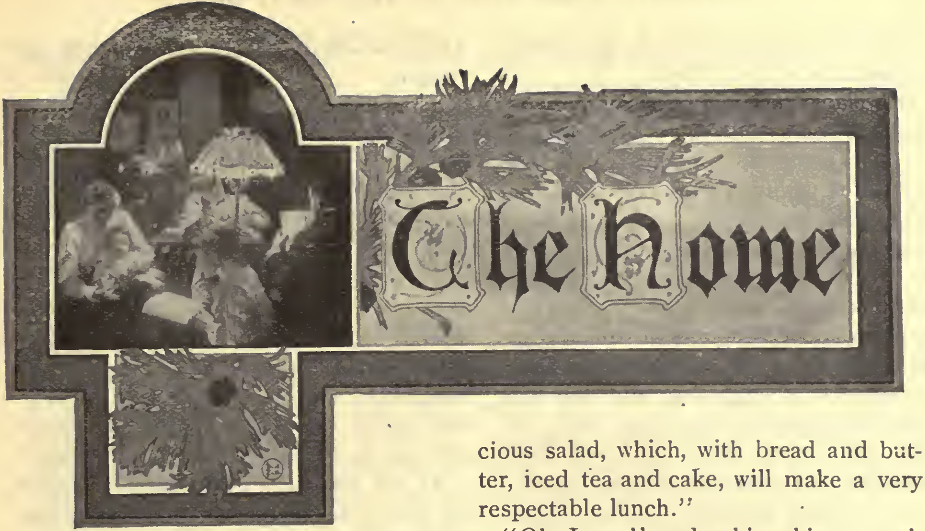
From a snapshot by the Wardrop Photo Company, San Juan is apparent even to the casual observer. A representative of a New York commercial house who lately returned from a trip over the island told the writer that among the commercial classes he heard nothing but unbounded praise of the acts of the new governor, the result of which was increased business confidence. In the social field, he is ably seconded by Mrs. Winthrop, and a democracy of good manners is bringing together the people of both languages, so that a better understanding of the thought and social customs of each is resulting in incalculable good.

COLONEL TERRENCE HAMILL, COMMANDING THE INSULAR POLICE OF PORTO RICO
Photograph by R. Coronado, San Juan

One of the most difficult works of previous administrations has been the conduct of the elections; here the spirit of riot naturally runs rampant. This year (1904) the election of the legislators, most of the municipal officials, and the delegate to congress took place. Early in the campaign the governor gave the district leaders to understand that no disturbance should occur and that no unfair advantage should be taken. And, reversing earlier experiences, the election was quiet and orderly.

Nor was this change brought about by the coercive presence of a large military force. Under Spanish rule, from fifteen to thirty thousand foreign soldiers were kept here to awe the people, as were also a body of men that corresponded to the Insular Police of the present time, but two or three times the present number. At this time there is not one enlisted soldier except natives on the island; three battalions of Porto Ricans man the batteries and care for the government property. The police of the whole island number 500 men under command of an ex-army officer, who resigned for this purpose and whose work of organization is a mark of honor to the race of policemen from whom Colonel Terrence Hamill sprang; and to him and his men, who stood for law and justice during the election just passed, is due the good order at the meetings and at the polls that has given encouragement to believe that government of the people by the people may be possible in Porto Rico sooner than any reasonable person has heretofore believed.

These facts must mean that "the young man" who, as he walked down the landing of the steamer from New York five months ago, was taken for a bright-eyed missionary, has the right mettle to lead this people, steeped as they are in all the vile dregs of misgovernment, into a fitness to take part in time in the Union of States.



BORROWING AN ONION

By JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

TOLEDO, OHIO

ONE Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock, Mr. Brown, dressed in faultless attire, ran lightly up the steps of a fashionable residence in Chicago, his magnificent dog bounding after him.

In response to his ring, a maid ushered him into the drawing-room, where was seated the lady of the house, who rose and greeted him with: "Hello, neighbor, what's the matter? Do my eyes deceive me, or have you troubles of your own?"

"Well, I should say that I had," he responded wearily. "Some friends from the West End have blown in upon us. Came to lunch. Wife informed me privately that we haven't a thing to eat in the house but cake and lettuce, and sent me to borrow an onion."

"How on earth can you feed a lot of friends on one onion? Are you going to eat it and peddle it out to them at a penny a smell?"

"No, heavens, no! Can't you see? Cook has some cold potatoes. With an onion and lettuce she can make a delicious salad, which, with bread and butter, iced tea and cake, will make a very respectable lunch."

"Oh, I see," and asking him to wait one moment, she disappeared, only to reappear empty-handed. "Awfully sorry, but there isn't even a smell of one in the house. Go next door to Mrs. Smith; she will give you one."

"Can't. Don't know her. They just moved in, and we haven't called. Never even saw her."

"Oh, bosh. What of it? Go on. No better way to strike up an acquaintance than by borrowing. I'll tell you what: you are all dressed up, pretend you came to call. Stay a few moments, tell some of your funny stories and make yourself generally agreeable. As you depart, apologize for not calling before, by saying the baby hasn't been well, and then incidentally mention that he has a fearful ear-ache, then casually: 'Oh, by the way, do you happen to have an onion in the house? A friend told me today what a fine thing it was to relieve pain when roasted and placed in the ear, and I very much want to try it if he cries again tonight.' Of course they will hasten to accommodate you."

Brown pondered upon this brilliant idea for a moment, then rose quickly and departed, saying: "By Jove, I will. I'd rather do it than face my wife without the onion, as she is so desperately anxious for it."

Arrived next door, with his dog still at his heels, he rang the bell.

His lady friend's cheerful cry of "Look pleasant, please," floated through the air as the door opened and Mrs. Smith with an inquiring look bade him enter. He raised his hat and stepped inside onto a small rug which was on the hardwood floor at the entrance, and before he could utter a word his feet slid out from under him, and he found himself sprawled at full length on the floor. Immediately a large dog from the rear of the hall sprang upon him, and, the door still being open, his own dog, resenting this attack upon its master, with one leap over the prostrate man, grasped his foe, and then and there began a fierce conflict.

They clawed, yowled, barked and tried to tear each other asunder.

There happened to be other guests in the house, who rushed to the scene of action. From Brown's position in the field there seemed to be hundreds of faces looking on; he turned cold to his toes as he thought of rising to his feet and facing those pretty girls in the dress circle, who with hands clasped were anxiously awaiting the second act of this exciting drama which had so suddenly been thrust upon them free of charge.

The gentlemen in the bald-headed row were calling off the infuriated animals and Brown knew that his time had come. He simply must arise and explain his errand; and with an inward prayer for help he sprang to his feet.

Alas! for his fine speeches. His head was in a whir. What did she tell him to say? Something about ear-ache, cold potatoes and cake floated promiscuously through his poor dazed brain. He looked like a blundering school-boy as with crushed silk hat in hand, his clothes a mass of lint and dust and his tie caressing one ear, he stammered: "I beg your pardon, but my baby has some cold potatoes, we have an ear-ache and some cake. Could you lend me an onion?"

The ludicrousness of the situation struck them all, and his funny jumble of words, mixed with the angry tones of the dogs, provoked a hearty shout of laughter, in which he was obliged to join, and peal upon peal rent the air.

They realized the embarassing situation for him, and tried to ask him to be seated, but could not articulate a word. Even his friend next door heard their merriment and concluded that Brown was being unusually funny, but knew not how nearly she had struck the truth.

At last, when they had ceased laughing simply because from utter weariness they could laugh no longer, Mr. Brown very sensibly concluded to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Mrs. Smith gave him the onion, which he thoroughly deserved, and he departed a sadder but wiser man.

KEROSENE

BY MRS. T. A. ROSE

IOUX CITY, IOWA

As the long evenings are now with us, great care should be used in looking after the lamps. Scarcely a week passes but we read accounts of frightful accidents from kerosene lamps exploding and killing or scarring men, women and children. A simple knowledge of the inflammable nature of the liquid will probably put a stop to nearly all such accidents. As the oil burns down in the lamp, highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, and as the oil decreases the gas increases. When the oil is nearly consumed a slight jar will inflame the gas, and an explosion is sure to follow. A bombshell is no more to be dreaded. Now if the oil is not allowed to burn more than half-way down, such accidents are almost impossible. Always fill the lamps every morning, and then an explosion need never be feared.

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One very necessary thing in the care of lamps is that the oil reservoir be kept scrupulously clean inside, (and outside also for that matter, as, if allowed to dry after being spilled,it will cause an unpleasant odor from the heat when the lamp is lighted. No oil is so pure that it does not leave a sediment, and if this sediment be allowed to accumulate, the oil will fail to burn as brightly as it otherwise would. Lamp reservoirs should be washed out once a week, adding a tablespoonful of soda to a quart of hot water, after which thoroughly rinse and drain, or wipe dry. The burner should be thoroughly scrubbed and brushed, boiling in strong soapsuds, ashes or soda. The wick should touch the bottom of the lamp, and be wiped at the top with a piece of soft paper to remove the charred edges, and if too short can be lengthened by another piece of wick until time is found to prepare a new one.

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To insure a good light, wicks must be changed often, for as soon as they become clogged they do not permit the free passage of the oil. Soaking wicks in vinegar for twenty-four hours before placing in the lamps insures a clear flame; or wash thoroughly in suds and dry before replacing in the lamps.

When buying, get one or two extra chimneys or burners, also a yard or two of wicking. This practice saves delay and annoyance when one lives far from the store and kerosene lamps are the only lamps used. If lamps and burners are all alike, only one kind of supplies need be kept on hand.

To trim lamp wicks, slip a piece of old stocking or coarse rag over the middle finger and rub smooth all burned parts of the wick. This will do the work when shears and uncovered fingers or other methods fail.

To put in a wide wick either in a lamp or oil stove, starch and it will slip in easily; starching does not interfere with its clear burning.

When lighting a lamp turn the wick up slowly and thus prevent smoking. This is well to follow in lighting an oil stove, as the increasing heat causes it to burn stronger as well as heating the chimney too rapidly.

When taking the lamp from a warm room into a cold one, first turn down the wick — and always lower the wick when you wish to extinguish the flame, and wave a book or paper across the top of the chimney—never blow down the chimney, as the lamp is liable to explode if turned up high or partly empty.

—

A piece of sponge on the end of a stick is convenient for cleaning the chimneys—also holding them over the nose of a boiling tea-kettle for a moment and rubbing with a clean cloth will make them beautifully clean. Lamp chimneys are made less liable to break by putting in cold water, bringing slowly to the boiling point, boiling for an hour and allowing them to cool before removing from the water.

A convenient arrangement for cleaning lamps is an old server — to hold the articles — provided with a lamp filler, scissors, box of wicks, soda, soap, cloths and a wire hair-pin or two for cleaning the burners.

Always fill the lamps in the day time, and be sure your dealer furnishes you with good oil, and above all be sure that he does not use the same measure for kerosene and gasoline, as a teaspoonful of kerosene in the gasoline will cause it to smoke—and a less amount of gasoline in the kerosene will cause the lamps to burn cloudily—and the exchange will spoil a five-gallon can of either.

Be sure not to fill the lamps too full, as the heat expands the oil and drives it out, making the lamp dirty and dangerous.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM: I—HAPPY HOURS

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIS E. ELLIOTT, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Kerosene is good for many things besides fuel and lamp oil. It should always be substituted for soap in cleaning shellacked floors. Use a cupful to a pailful of lukewarm water—hot water spoils the varnish—and wipe dry with a floor mop or soft cloth. After scrubbing oilcloth, if a little kerosene is rubbed on it and rubbed dry, the colors of the oil cloth will be wonderfully freshened. Clean zinc with hot, soapy water and polish with flannel dampened in kerosene. A little used on the furniture will improve it, care being taken with varnished surfaces, as too much kerosene will soften the varnish and cause the dust to adhere more readily. Clean the kitchen woodwork with a soft cloth dampened in kerosene. It is more quickly and easily done than with soap and water—and looks fresher. When so unfortunate as to spill kerosene oil or other grease on the carpet, sprinkle buckwheat flour (wheat flour will do) lightly over it until it is completely covered, and let it lie without disturbing it for a week, brush off, and there will be no trace of oil left; or leave for a couple of days, brush off and repeat.

For removing rust nothing is equal to kerosene. To clean Russia iron, mix blacking with kerosene and apply with a brush as usual; it will look nearly as well as new. When putting away the stove-pipe for Summer rub well with kerosene, wrap in papers—being careful to stuff each end full of paper—and the pipe will keep nicely. If an article becomes badly rusted, pour the oil into a pan and lay it with the rusted surface in the oil so as to cover it. Leave as long as may be necessary for the oil to

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM: — II. THE QUARREL

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIS E. ELLIOTT, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

penetrate the rust; then wipe off and polish with sand soap or with bath brick, according to the article to be cleaned.

Try a saturated solution of kerosene and salt for chillblains. Wipe your flatiron on a cloth dampened in kerosene to clean and to prevent scorching. Then a little on the hinges of that creaking door—it will stop the annoyance (or the lead of a soft pencil will answer the same purpose, if handier). Saturate a woollen rag with kerosene and polish up the tin tea-kettle—it will make it as bright as new.

When the rubber rollers on the wringer get discolored and covered with lint from the flannels, etc., dip a bit of cloth in kerosene and rub them — they will look like new. Very little oil is sufficient — merely enough to moisten the cloth. To clean sewing machines, cover all the bearings with kerosene oil, work the machine quickly for a few minutes, then thoroughly rub all the oil off with rags and apply machine oil to the parts which need oiling.

Kerosene on salt pork wrapped about the throat when it is sore is good—or rubbing kerosene on the throat, being careful not to blister—and even taking it internally in small doses. Kerosene oil is also an effective remedy for burns—fully equal to linseed oil. It contains the remedial qualities of vaseline, but is a much less soothing application and the odor is, of course, objectionable.

On wash-day, cut up a quarter of a cake of soap into the wash-boiler, and allow it to dissolve, which it will do by the time the water comes to a boil. Then stir in a cupful of kerosene and put in the sheets, towels, pillow cases,

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM—III. RECONCILIATION

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIS E. ELLIOTT, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

etc.,—that is, the clothes which are not badly soiled. Boil for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Then rinse, rubbing them out in the rinsing water to wash out the soap. This is all the washing they need, and you will find them clean and ready for the blueing. The kerosene dissolves the dirt and whitens the clothes without injury to the fabric.

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A MOTHER'S SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

By CARRIE DOW

BOLIVAR, MISSOURI

HAVING had two children with very poor teeth, I determined that if I could assist nature in any way to give to my third child a good set of teeth, this I should do. We started him on Mellin's Food and from that to oatmeal gruel, until he was twelve months old, then to the oatmeal and milk with an occasional bit of cracker or bread until he was past two years of age. The result is that my boy, now six years old, has a perfect set of pearly white teeth, which are the admiration of all, as well as a great comfort to both the boy and his mother.

But this was not the only result: he now eats neither pie, fruit, nor melon, and but few vegetables,—he says because he ate so much oatmeal when he was a baby. He lives now principally upon breakfast foods, milk and eggs. The result of this is I am never given one moment's anxiety; no matter how hot the weather is, or what is placed before him, he will never eat anything that will make him sick.

But a six-year-old boy isn't always content with "baby foods" even if there are few other things which he likes. Consequently I have experimented considerable in his behalf, and at last know how to make potato chips that will hurt neither man's nor boy's digestion. Use full grown, new potatoes, else the chips will be soggy. Slice very thin and drop, a few at a time, in boiling lard, turning with a fork until they are crisp and of a delicate brown. This may seem tedious at first, but make it quick work by having the boy, who loves the chips so well, bring in a hod of chips from the wood-pile.

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SOME NEW WAYS TO COOK WINTER VEGETABLES

By KATHARINE E. MEGEE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

THE only vegetables the great majority of housewives have at their service during the Winter months are those which may be safely stored or preserved by canning. Consequently they must depend for variety in this feature of the daily menus, not so much upon changes in the vegetables themselves as in the methods of cooking and serving them. By so doing, monotony, which is the great destroyer of the appetite, is avoided.

The following recipes may be of some use to the housewife who is on the alert for new ways of cooking the same old things, thereby beguiling her family into believing that they are being treated to a change of diet:

POTATOES A LA ITALIENNE: Select a sufficient number of fine potatoes of uniform size and bake done; then cut a round from one end of each and carefully scoop out the inside; mash well and mix with one-third the quantity of boiled rice; season the whole with grated cheese, cream, salt and pepper. Fill the shells with this mixture, rounding up the tops, dot with bits of butter, return to the oven and brown. Serve without delay.

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SWEET POTATO PUFF: Steam six medium sized sweet potatoes without paring; when done, peel, mash and mix with one tablespoon melted butter, one teacup hot cream or rich milk, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, sugar, salt and pepper to taste; then beat the whole until smooth and light. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and fold into the potato mixture; heap high in buttered ramequin, and stand in a quick oven until puffed high. Serve immediately without re-dishing.

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MOCK CAULIFLOWER: Remove the outside leaves from a firm white cabbage of medium size and drop it into boiling water; boil fifteen minutes, then change the water, adding fresh boiling water. Cook tender, drain in a colander and stand aside until cold. Chop fine, add two eggs well beaten, one tablespoon butter, three of cream and salt and pepper to season. Mix all together, turn into a buttered baking dish, and brown in the oven. Send at once to the table.

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TURNIP BALLS: Wash and peel firm turnips; then cut with a vegetable scoop; drop the balls into boiling water, to which a little sugar has been added, until tender, taking care to preserve their shape. Just a few minutes before taking from the fire add a little salt; drain, cover with drawn butter sauce and sprinkle lightly with minced parsley. Serve very hot.

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TOMATOES WITH MINCED CHICKEN: Butter a baking dish; put in the bottom a layer of cold cooked chicken or veal minced; sprinkle with salt, pepper and bits of butter; then put in a layer of canned tomatoes from which the juice has been drained, and sprinkle lightly with sugar; repeat the layers, seasoning as directed, until the dish is full; then cover with bread crumbs, dot thickly with bits of butter, and bake covered until cooked through. Remove cover and brown quickly. Serve with tomato sauce, using the tomato liquor for making it.

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CORN OYSTERS: To one cup of canned corn add three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, one cup grated bread crumbs, three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoon salt and a little white pepper. Mix well, and drop from a teaspoon into hot fat to more than cover, and fry a nice brown.

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FRICASSEE OF PARSNIPS: Scrape or pare the parsnips and, if large, cut into halves. Boil in milk until tender, then cut lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer for a few minutes in a sauce made of two tablespoons of the broth, one-half cup of cream, a bit of mace, one tablespoon butter blended with the same quantity of sifted flour, and salt and white pepper to season. Serve as soon as taken from the fire.

Peas au Gratin: Drain the liquor from a can of peas; cover with boiling water, to which a little salt and sugar have been added, and cook tender; remove from the fire and drain. Have ready a cream sauce made of half a pint of sweet milk, two tablespoons butter blended with one of flour, and salt and white pepper to season. Butter scallop shells; put into each a layer of grated bread crumbs, next a layer of the cooked peas, then some of the sauce. Alternate these layers until the shells are filled, then cover with grated cheese and brown in the oven.

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Baked Beets; Select round blood beets, wash clean and wipe dry. Put into a baking pan, add boiling water to prevent burning; place in a steady oven and cook done, turning frequently, being careful not to pierce them, else the juice will escape. When done, remove the skins, slice and cover with drawn butter sauce. Serve very hot.

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Vegetable Hash: Chop coarsely the vegetables left over from a boiled dinner. Melt one tablespoon butter in a saucepan; add the chopped vegetables, sprinkle lightly with pepper, pour a tablespoon of boiling water, cover quickly and closely. When thoroughly heated, remove the cover, and stir occasionally until sufficiently cooked. Serve very hot.

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Stuffed Onions: Select fine large silverskin onions; remove the outer covering, then drop into salted boiling water and parboil; drain, and when cool enough to handle, scoop out the centers with a sharp pointed knife; fill the cavities with hot mashed potato, rounding the top; arrange in a baking dish and over each onion lay a thin slice of breakfast bacon; pour into the dish enough hot water to prevent scorching, and bake in a steady oven.

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A Brown Stew of Carrots: Wash and scrape six large carrots and drop into boiling water; boil thirty minutes, then drain and with a vegetable scoop shape into balls. Return to the stew-pan, add one pint of beef gravy or rich stock, flavor to taste with salt, pepper, mushroom catsup, and Worcestershire sauce. Simmer, closely covered, twenty minutes, then take out the balls and arrange them in the center of a serving dish. Thicken the gravy with a little flour, pour over the carrots and serve.

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HUNGRY PLANTS

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD
GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

As the days lengthen, the sunlight grows stronger and plants in the window garden should start into renewed growth; but many of them will have exhausted the soil in which they were planted and, unless nourishment is provided for them, will fail to do so, and will soon show by their appearance that they are starving.

The best thing to do is to shift them to larger pots and fill the space around the roots with new soil, or take out as much of the old as is possible, without disturbing the roots, and replace with new. If no soil was stored for Winter needs, and none can be obtained, fertilizers must be used instead.

Those who have access to a barnyard may have the best of plant food; others may use a commercial food, following the directions which accompany it; or a piece of common glue (an inch square) dissolved in a cupful of warm water and poured around a plant, in an eight-inch pot, once in three weeks, will prove a wonderfully effective food for fibrous-rooted plants.

Powdered charcoal worked into the soil helps toward a vigorous growth, by furnishing certain elements which plants must have, and by absorbing other elements from the soil which are injurious to them.

If unthrifty plants, and those developing blossoms, are watered once in two weeks with water in which nitrate of soda has been dissolved, in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a quart of water, they will "just boom." The soda is more of a stimulant than a complete food, and for this reason should be supplemented with some sort of food; but to start a sickly plant into new life or to help forward the developing flowers, it has no equal.

All plants take certain food elements from the air through their leaves, but if the leaf pores are clogged with dust this source of supply is shut off, and no amount of feeding can make up for what is thus lost. A dirty plant is never a beautiful plant and cannot be made so.

LITTLE HELPS

For each Little Help we give one year's subscription to the National, which may be added to the contributor's term or presented to one of her friends.

HOUSEHOLD LINEN

By E. M. DARRINGTON

Yazoo City, Mississippi

Replenish household linen before that in use is entirely worn out and put the old aside and use the new. In case of protracted illness a larger supply of sheets, pillow-cases, towels and gowns, though somewhat worn, will prove to be a great convenience. Old linen is better than new for the patient's comfort, and if necessary can be destroyed without loss.

HOME-MADE EXTRACTS

By FANNIE M. WOOD

Falmouth, Indiana

Home-made extracts are easily made, and are much stronger, better and cheaper than those we buy. Lemon or orange extract may be made by slicing the fresh lemon or orange peeling very thin and putting it into alcohol. Allow it to stand for a few weeks and strain the contents. If you have no use for alcohol even in flavoring, grate off the outside yellow rind of the lemon or orange and mix with the same amount of white, soft sugar, rub fine, dry away from the fire, and put into a tight receptacle.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAID

By FRANK ROLLINS

Bradford, Pennsylvania

My little grand-children are mixed on the subject on eggs. While I was walking with them, one Spring morning, Dorothy exclaimed:

" Hark! I hear a hen cackling; she is singing because she has just shelled out half a dozen Easter eggs."

They were visiting my vegetable cellar last Sunday and I showed them a huge watermelon coated with parrafine in a large basket of straw. And they said it was a big "Easter egg." Francis straightened up and looked very wise, and exclaimed:

"Well it must have been a Big! Big! Gobbler that laid it."

WHEN WASHING KNITTED GOODS

By LAVINIA FRANCIS WARREN

Adena, Ohio

To wash knitted or crotcheted woollen articles, make a strong suds with some good white soap and soft water. The two suds and rinsing waters must be the same temperature, to prevent shrinking, and as warm as can be borne comfortably by the hands. The articles must be squeezed free from dirt. In no case rub or wring them as that stretches the stitches and gives the article a "stringy" look. After thoroughly cleansing and squeezing the rinsing water out, put the article on a clean large platter and put in the open oven to dry, carefully watching and turning to prevent scorching. Washed in this way knitted goods look as well as new. Care being exercised to lift them, while wet, in a pile instead of by one edge, as the extra weight while wet draws them out of shape

WHEN COOKING CORN-STARCH

By MRS. A. W. PERRIN

San Antonio, Texas

Baked corn-starch will not curdle but be smooth and firm if the dish containing it be set in a pan of hot water to cook in the oven.

A BOOK SHOWER

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE.

Waynesboro, Virginia

Linen and china "showers" given to prospective brides by their most intimate girl acquaintances. have been in high favor for some time, but a "book shower" is a newer idea. A recent bride has the nucleus of a home library which came into her possession in that manner, and the fact that in the selection of the books her literary preferences were recognized, makes the books doubly valuable to her. One friend, with wise forethought, gave, instead of a book, a year's subscription to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, a gift which will be worth many times its price to her in her new role of housekeeper.

HOW TO PREVENT ACHING FINGERS WHILE HANGING OUT CLOTHES.

By CLARA P. SMITH,

Onekama, Michigan

In cold weather put your clothes-pins in the oven, and thoroughly heat them before hanging up clothes, and they will retain sufficient heat to keep the fingers warm during the process of hanging out clothes. One trial will convince.

WASHING A LINEN SKIRT

By MRS. C. W. HURD

Dundee, Michigan

How I wash my brown linen skirt and keep it looking as good as new:

First, I make a large dishpan full of flour starch, quite thick. While this is cooking I steep a cupful of coffee.

I then pour the starch in the washtub, strain the coffee into it, cool with water so I can put my hands in it, put my skirt in and rub it on the washboard until the dirt is all out; the starch foams up like suds and removes the dirt.

Don't use a bit of soap, and don't rinse it, just wring out by hand, hang it on the line, watch it, and when about half dry, iron with hot irons on the right side. I am asked, " Why, have you got a new linen skirt?"

CLEANING A CARPET ON THE FLOOR

By MINNIE N. HINDS

Winchester, Massachusetts

This is grandma's recipe for cleaning a carpet on the floor, and it really cleans, not simply freshens:

Take ten gallons soft water, five bars Ivory soap, one pound of borax, one pound salts of tartar, two ounces sweet oil and boil in the wash-boiler. Spread on the carpet while lukewarm; shovel it up, with small coal shovel, in two or three minutes; spread again and scrub. Take a yard square of surface at a time — wipe off with clean, lukewarm water, and then use a dry cloth last. It will take up every stain excepting grape juice.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

DEAR SIR: I read your cynical poem, "Setting the Heathen Free," published in the National Magazine for November, with mingled feelings of amazement and regret. You seemed to me in that poem to justify, or at any rate to excuse, our armed subjugation of an alien people struggling to set up the first free Republic in the Far East. What change has come over the spirit of your dreams since, in 1900, you published in Harlequin of New Orleans the bitter lines entitled, "Why Are the Poets Silent on the War?" Do you still believe in the utter truth of these the concluding lines of that poem?

I have no craze to impose our rule
On a people armed to defend their altars;
I'm sick of this "national honor" drool,
And I have an inherited hate for halters.

To hell with "national honor" that needs
A triumph over a stripling nation!
For "national honor" say "syndicate greeds,"
And you've hit the nail on the right location.

Say greed of office and greed of gold,
And a pious greed to convert the sinners—
Today as ever the tale is told,
With "God" as ever behind the winners.

The piety-spreaders, with sad, sweet speech
Proclaim our mission to lift the savage;
Their shrewd trade allies, for what's in reach,
Will meantime legally loot and ravage.

Here's Parson MacQueen of Boston-Town
And he wanders in from Manila saying
The men we're fighting are hard to down,
And can give us ten in a hundred, praying.

And they offered us privilege far and nigh,
With grateful friendship ours for the taking;
And they looked to us for example high
In Freedom's temple that they are making;

But we bought our claim of a common thief
Who was driven to bay in a stolen city;
And now, contrary to our belief,
We are slaughtering patriots. Christ! the pity!

And have you forgotten your "Murder in the Philippines," with its warning—

My country, think, that he must drink
Who brews the bitter draught;
When we the cup to them hold up
Not they alone have quaffed.

My brothers, stay, ere more you slay
To swell your masters' gain:
The land that breeds a tyrant bleeds
Beneath that tyrant's chain!

Lose not your faith in your ideals. Right will prevail. W. R.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

—

Be calm, brother, be calm. My ideals are all on straight. I still abhor a bully and loathe a liar. But I am less certain than I once was that I possess sufficient wisdom always to make the proper application of an ideal to a given instance. In 1900 I had more hair than wrinkles: today, alas! I have more wrinkles than hair — and you know how much greater self-confidence is begotten by hair than by wrinkles.

In the earlier pieces I told what ought to be done. In "Setting the Heathen Free," I told what, in my belief, will be done. The two are as far apart as usual.

Undoubtedly we ought to help the Filipinos to set up the first free republic in Asia — but undoubtedly we won't. Generally speaking, when an Ideal runs up against a fact, the Fact draws first blood, but the Ideal gets the decision on points if the discussion goes to the limit. So I have no doubt that before we get through with the Filipinos we shall do the square thing by as many of them as succeed, meantime, in dodging our bullets.

—

Brother Chapple will now take up the collection and we will close the services by singing a

SONG FOR THE SAVAGE PEOPLES

YOU have no bards the Christian tribes give heed to,
You have no press to agitate your wrongs;
Your lands the white man takes a rifle deed to
And squares himself in rudyard-kipling songs.

Now Love has left me honest for a season
And moralizing palls upon my pen,
I'll be your bard and pass a bard's decrees on
The conduct of my restless fellow men.

Two propositions first must be met plainly:
Assimilate or perish is your lot;
And, second, though they say they love you, mainly
They look you up to capture what you've got.

For O my brother, black or brown or yellow,
The white man's busy brain is full of guile;
And you are just the simple sort of fellow
He meets and greets and plunders with a smile.

Two thorny roads confront you—war and bleaching;
The latter I'm inclined to recommend.
Absorb the white man's practice with his preaching
And both, perchance, will profit by the blend.

The mines you have no thought of he will sink them;
The ports you have no use for he will fill
With ships that bring strange liquors; you will drink them,
And drinking grow more pliant to his will.

Your sons will pluck the metals from the bowels
Of mountains where you chased the flying game;
While Culture will insert the needed vowels
To Christianize your consonantal name.

Your daughters will be playthings for the husky
And hairy-breasted Vikings who control;
The savage maid must yield her body dusky
To learn the news of her immortal soul.

Where tigress to her cub is fondly purring,
The woodman's axe will lay the City's floor;
And there the white man's god, with spindles whirring,
Will lure your tender children through its door.

JOAQUIN MILLER RECEIVING A PICNIC PARTY AT THE HEIGHTS, HIS HOME NEAR OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.—YONE NOGUCHI SENT THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM TOKYO TOO LATE FOR INCLUSION IN HIS ARTICLE.

And they will toil in heaviness, forgetting
The fragrance and the beauty of the wood;
While forest gods will fly afar, regretting
Dead years when to be glad was to be good.

If you decide the program doesn't suit you;
If you agree that war's a wiser plan,
My genial friends will humor you and shoot you,
And pray you into heaven if they can.

Take my advice and bow to the eternal
Decree that rules in jungle as in town;
Acquire the white man's wisdom and the journal
Of future days will echo your renown.

Peace comes when all earth's races are united.
A single tribe that owns a single tongue;
Your sacrifice will surely be requited
When over all true Freedom's flag is flung.

—

SINCE McClure's began "roasting" the politicians, Everybody's the financiers, Leslie's the theater managers, and the Era the insurance companies, the National has received, on an average, one invitation each week to join the Anvil Chorus.

Every fellow to his taste. No anvils in ours. We are content to entertain you with pleasant tales and songs, to divert and perhaps inform you with text and pictures dealing picturesquely with men and women now on earth and engaged—for the most part—in entirely worthy pursuits; and to reason with you, as men and brothers, briefly and the reverse of dogmatically, upon the larger serious issues of our public life.

UTICA, NEW YORK

By A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

IF you were to swing a circle around the state of New York, you would find Utica the most natural starting point for your compass. It is very near the geographical center of the Empire State, with an altitude that vouchsafes a healthful community. The station of the New York Central at Utica is 410 feet above sea level, and the air, water and drainage combine to make the city one of the most desirable localities in the great state of which it considers itself, in a way, the hub.

UTICA FREE ACADEMY
By permission of Fay Engraving Co.

Utica dates back to the old Fort Schuyler days of the Revolution, but not until 1832, with a population of 9,000, was it chartered as a city. Its past is rich with Indian tradition and history.

The population is now estimated at 65,000. Its streets are well paved and shaded by beautiful maples and stately elms. Its water supply comes from the Graefenburg springs, up among the hills where everything is pure, and is supplied to all parts of the city through the mains of an excellent waterworks system. It has an adequate street car service, excellent hotels and apartment houses, and first class public schools.

Situated in the center of a superb dairy and agricultural region of which it is the logical metropolis, Utica has become a most important market and is today the greatest cheese market in America, with sales, in that single commodity, amounting to $2,500,000 a year. It is also a very important distributing point for the hop and apple output, for which New York state is famous. Extensive lumber interests with sales aggregating $1,500,000 per year, stone quarries, brick yards and other local industrial interests add to Utica's commercial stability.

But it is as a manufacturing city that Utica stands pre-eminent, offering every inducement to the wideawake manufacturer in the way of almost inexhaustible water and electric power, and the best of shipping facilities, being the radial point from which six railroads reach out in all directions. The Erie canal also offers additional facilities for shipping.

The earliest recorded settlement at or near the site of the present city of Utica was in the year 1785. At that date three or four houses had been erected near old Fort Schuyler, and these are mentioned by travelers as being the only habitations. About 1788 a few more settlers joined the little colony, and 1790 may be said to be the date when it reached proportions of a settlement. During the next few years a number of families cast their lot with the pioneers and made homes for themselves. Up to this time the hamlet bore the name of the old fort; but as it was deemed advisable to incorporate as a village, the name of Utica was selected and the state legislature was asked for a village charter, which was granted April 3, 1798. A village organization was effected and two years later seems to have been in working order, as a tax list has been preserved, perhaps the first levied, the amount of which was $40.

The building lots are wide and deep, affording ample room for gardens and lawns, and giving free scope to landscape decoration. This feature renders the city very desirable as a place of residence, and many who have unburdened themselves wholly or in part from active business affairs are every year making Utica their permanent home. There are some fifty miles of pavement, a large part of asphalt. There is no need to seek the country in Summer for fresh air and relief from heat, but for those desiring recreation, the surroundings of Utica are extremely beautiful. Within a circuit of twenty-five miles one may enter the ever fascinating precincts of the Adirondacks, or enjoy the blending of wild scenery and purling streams in the Sauquoit and Chenango valleys, or can loiter amid the peaceful, highly cultivated farms—more attractive in this section than in any other part of the state. The country is particularly easy of access by steam and electric railroads, well kept macadamized roads and fine cinder paths for those who travel awheel.

STATE MASONIC HOME

By permission of Fay Engraving Co.

The location of Utica as a manufacturing center is beyond compare. The railroad facilities embrace the New York Central & Hudson River; West Shore; Deleware, Lackawanna & Western; New York, Ontario & Western; Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg; Mohawk & Malone; Utica & Black River and Adirondack and St. Lawrence roads, and give a frontage of nearly twenty-five miles, forming a belt around the city. A large portion of this ground is peculiarly adapted to sites for factory buildings, while the electric street railroad systems, reaching every point, provide rapid transit. The facility for switching and moving rapidly car lots are ample. Besides, the Erie Canal runs through the business portion of the city, having a frontage (berme bank) of nearly four miles. The electric railroad system is operated east to Little Falls and west to Rome.

U. S. POSTOFFICE BUILDING
By permission of Fay Engraving Co.

The manufacturing industries of Utica are very extensive. The leading industries are cotton, woolen and knitting mills, clothing, heaters and lumber, and every branch of manufacture is represented in a business aggregating $40,000,000 annually. The diversity of industry affords steady employment to both men and women, and fully one-third of the population are employed in the factories.

Regarding public institutions, the city is particularly well equipped. The public schools number nineteen. The Utica Free Academy and the Advanced School add to the list, and there are also the Manual Training School, several kindergartens and three evening schools. These schools furnish instruction free to all pupils, from kindergarten to the preparation for college. Besides, there are two conservatories of music, well known throughout the United States, where in addition to music the branches of language, elocution and painting are pursued, and a number of private schools where the different branches of education are taught.

At the Utica public library all residents of the city have free access to some 38,000 volumes and to all current magazines. The circulation of the library last year amounted to over 140,000. The new building on Genesee street will be ready for occupancy in a short time.

The Oneida Historical Society, in the Munson-Williams Memorial, has a large and valuable collection of historical books and documents.

The different professional societies also maintain libraries pertaining to the objects of their organizations.

The city is well provided with hospitals. Beside the city hospital, supported by public funds, we have Faxton Hospital (free of access to all physicians and patients), St. Elizabeth's (under the care of the Sisters of St. Francis), St. Luke's Home and Hospital and the Utica Homeopathic Hospital. Supplementing these are the Home of the Homeless, the House of the Good Shepherd, St. Vincent's Industrial School, the Home for Aged Men and Couples, the Industrial Home, the Masonic Home and School, the Utica Orphan Asylum, St. John's Orphan Asylum, St. Joseph's Infant Home, the

GOVERNMENT ARSENAL
By permission of Fay Engraving Co.

state hospital and many dispensaries and charitable religious institutions.

The churches in the city are fifty-three in number, representing every religious denomination, and societies adapted to the peculiar work of each church organization are prosperous and effectual. The Young Men's Christian Association occupies a beautiful building in the heart of the city and also conducts a branch for the accommodation of railroad men. The Women's Christian Association, devoted to benevolent work, and the Young Woman's Christian Association, organized under the similar plan of the Y. M. C. A., are doing effective work.

Large and flourishing lodges of all the various orders, both social and benevolent, offer every advantage to their members.

The Utica chamber of commerce was organized May 15, 1896, and incorporated under the membership corporation law of the state of New York, September 2, 1896. Its object, as expressed in the bylaws, is "to foster the present business institutions of the city, induce new enterprises to locate in or near the city, and to promote the general welfare of Utica." The organization was started under the most favorable auspices, merchants, manufacturers, business men generally, and a large number of professional men, becoming charter members. It has been carefully and wisely managed and, as its annual reports show, its work has been productive of great and permanent good to the city. Broadening its scope with its growth, it has affiliated with national organizations, and has taken high rank with kindred associations throughout the country, thus obtaining a larger field for the exercise of its influence. While at all times ready and eager to "foster the present business institutions," it leads in every movement for the encouragement and upbuilding of manufacturing interests, and the chamber stands as the authorized body of the city to welcome and promote any legitimate worthy enterprise that is brought to its attention. Knowing that Utica possesses every advantage that a live manufacturing interest may need to secure, the chamber invites correspondence and personal interviews with those who may wish to forward new enterprises, or, by change of location, to increase those already established. To all such the chamber will give patient and attentive hearing, and do all in its power toward favoring their plans. Its large membership, representative of every business interest, is a strong guarantee of the success of any undertaking that may receive its endorsement.

ONE OF UTICA'S NEW BANK BUILDINGS.
By permission of Fay Engraving Co.

The citizens of Utica are proverbial for their hospitality, and to all who come to join their fortunes and make their homes here a hearty welcome and an abundant measure of good will is extended.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

IT will be observed by an inspection of the map that the location of Auburn is ideal, in the heart of the famous "lake country" of central New York. It is practically surrounded by lakes: Cayuga on the west, Ontario on the north, Skaneateles on the east, and on the south her own Owasco, all accessible by either steam or trolley lines.

One cannot imagine a location more desirable, with her broad streets, attractive residences, fine lakes, and charming country drives—she is justly entitled to her national reputation of being one of the most beautiful cities in the country.

Auburn is a great manufacturing center surpassing most cities of its size in the quantity and quality of her manufactured products which are shipped to all parts of the known world. A careful estimation places the number of people employed in her numerous shops to be over six thousand.

CASE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
Photograph by Phayre

One of the largest cordage plants in the world has just been erected on the site of the old fair grounds and nearly all of the larger and well known industries are continually spreading and increasing their plants and productions.

The advantages of Auburn as a manufacturing city are almost unlimited. To obtain a correct idea of the amount of manufacturing done in Auburn one need only take a tour along the Owasco river, which runs through the heart of the city and furnishes the splendid water power utilized by many manufactories on its banks. The head of this power is Owasco lake, which is 707 feet above the tide, is nearly twelve miles long and has an average width of over one mile, with a depth of several hundred feet. The watershed has an area of about 190 square miles, including the lake, with an average annual rainfall of forty-five inches, of which it is estimated fifty per cent. is collected into the lake as a reservoir. The Owasco river is eleven miles in length and empties into the Seneca river, making a descent of 340 feet, mostly in the first seven miles. There are nine dams within the city limits, distributed along the river at natural falls, with a total height of 150 feet. The average flow of water as determined by actual measurement over these dams, as the wheels are now adjusted, varies from 8,000 to 12,000 cubic feet per minute; while in the Spring months this volume can be multiplied several times, all of which runs to waste at present. The actual value of water power now in use is estimated at three million dollars. There is as much water power running to waste within a few miles of the center of the city of Auburn as is in use by all of its manufactories combined. This may seem a rash statement in an age when water power is so valuable, and it may be asked why it is not "harnessed" and put to practical use. The simple answer is, because it has not yet come to the attention of the capitalist who has the courage of his convictions. When such a man is found and he associates with him a practical electrician, who can convert water power into electricity, convey the same a few miles and deliver it to the consumers who are always looking for cheap power, then this great waste will be stopped and

Auburn will have found her greatest benefactor and realize a source of prosperity heretofore unknown.

Auburn is well favored with good railroad facilities. The New York Central & Hudson River railroad and the Lehigh Valley railroad are rival trunk lines passing through the city, thus affording low rates of transportation and enabling the manufacturers and merchants to compete with any city in the country. The Auburn City Railway company operates many miles of electric trolley lines, which afford rapid transit to all sections of the city, and include two lines to Owasco lake, terminating in Lakeside park; also a line to the beautiful village of Skaneateles, eight miles east of Auburn.

Auburn has a population of 40,000. An unusually large number of new homes have recently been built, while several large, handsome business blocks containing up-to-date stores and offices have also been erected.

As a convention city and Summer resort, it will be difficult to find a city offering the advantages found in Auburn. It is situated in the heart of the lake country and one can not possibly exhaust the many attractive summer resorts that can be reached conveniently in a few moments travel in any direction.

Lakeside Park, owned and maintained by the Auburn City Railway Company, is one of the most beautiful and attractive spots to spend the day to be found in Central New York. Afternoon and evening concerts in the open air are given, boating, bathing, fishing, dancing can be enjoyed and abundant accommodations are provided for private or large social gatherings. No intoxicating drinks are sold at the park. The best of order is maintained. It is a perfectly safe place for picnics and family reunions, etc. Auburn has made rapid progress recently in musical matters. It has its own city band of twenty men under the able leadership of Professor Dousek. Free open air concerts are given during the Summer months in the city parks.

The Beethoven Choral Club of seventy-five voices, and the Auburn Opera Company are among the other musical organizations that keep musical matters to the front. The Burtis Auditorium, just erected, will furnish ample accommodations for the largest concert and theater companies on the road, and will be ample for the largest conventions. The Burtis Opera House and Music Hall are also very attractive new entertainment houses.

In educational facilities, Auburn offers advantages equal to any city of her size in the United States. Its public schools, parochial schools, colleges and libraries have an excellent reputation. Half a million dollars are invested in school property.

The Auburn Theological seminary, founded in 1820, occupies a site near the heart of the city covering about ten acres of ground, laid out in a beautiful park profuse with ornamental trees, shrubs and flowers, and its large stone buildings command the admiration of all visitors. The institution is handsomely endowed, has an able corps of instructors, and is in a flourishing condition, with an attendance of about one hundred students. The library in the Dodge-Morgan building contains about 26,000 volumes and 8,000 pamphlets and is open for the free use of the public, as well as of the faculty and students.

The Seymour Library Association maintains a free public circulating library, established in 1876, through the munificence of the late James S. Seymour. A beautiful library building has just been erected on Genesee street. This, together with the site, is the gift of Willard E. Case.

While speaking of the public institutions of the city, mention should be made of the Y. M. C. A. The Auburn Young Men's Christian Association is one of her most popular and helpful institutions, and occupies a handsome building of its own in the center of the city. It has a large membership and maintains four departments of work—physical, educational, social and religious. The physical department has a well equipped gymnasium, including an excellent swimming pool and baths, and also a magnificent athletic field, which in Winter is flooded and used as an ice rink. The educational department maintains a library and reading room, and numerous evening classes in various branches of study, while the other departments carry on a very successful work. The association has the proud distinction of possessing a beautiful wooded park adjoining the athletic field. This fronts on Swift and Mary streets and is open to the free use of the public. Both field and park were the gift of the Misses Willard of Auburn.

U. S. POSTOFFICE BUILDING
MORGAN HALL
WILLARD CHAPEL, AUBURN SEMINARY
OWASCO LAKE, FROM GALPIN HILL

Views at Auburn, N. Y., from Photographs by Phayre

The Auburn City Hospital, Home for the Friendless, Cayuga Asylum for Destitute Children and Auburn Orphan Asylum are some of the monuments of charity which are permanently established in Auburn, and their large, handsome buildings, with their equipment and maintenance, are suggestive of the benevolence of her citizens. There are a number of state buildings at Auburn, including a handsome armory. One of the handsomest buildings in Auburn is the United States court house and postoffice.

Particular mention should also be made of the efficient manner in which Auburn property is protected against fire. The city maintains a paid fire department. The men and horses are all well trained and disciplined. The Gamewell system of fire-alarm telegraph extends over the city, providing an important safeguard to the lives and property of the citizens.

One of the great features of Auburn as a manufacturing and residential city is its magnificent water supply, which is obtained from Owasco Lake, a body of water several hundred feet deep and covering 7,400 acres. An analysis shows the water to be practically pure, an advantage which cannot be overlooked in locating a home. The many thriving industries located on the banks of the Owasco river, which runs through the city, prove the benefits to be derived from a splendid water power.

The city of Auburn owns its own water plant, operated on the "Holly System," and having fifty miles of street mains. The supply pipes extend far out into the lake, thus furnishing an abundance of pure water for domestic and other purposes, at low rates.

The stranger in Auburn is always impressed with the loyalty shown by the business men and citizens in general. Every one seems to take pride in the fact that he is a citizen of Auburn, and any proposition for the upbuilding of the city meets with enthusiastic support. This spirit has made Auburn one of the most beautiful cities of the country.

The business men have perfected an organization known as the Auburn Business Men's Association, the object being to promote the best interests of the city in general. They endeavor to make the public familiar with the advantages of Auburn as a business center or as a residence city and all communications relating to the establishing of factories or new business enterprises of any kind are properly referred to them. Parties desiring to locate for the Summer should write the secretary of the Business Men's Association, who can place them in correspondence with cottage owners at the various lakes or with hotels and private boarding houses in the city. The association's rooms will be found in the Auburn Savings Bank building.

We have attempted in this article to set forth a few of the features that might interest the prospective manufacturer or homeseeker.

It is manifestly impossible to do the city justice in three or four pages. If what has been printed will serve to arouse the interest and stimulate the desire to know more of Auburn, then it will not have failed to accomplish its purpose. The stranger is always welcome and the invitation is extended to all to come and see the beauties and share the advantages of the flourishing city of Auburn.

WITH THE PHALANX OF PUBLICITY

ONE of the most interesting gathering held at St. Louis during the term of the World's Fair was the first convention of the International Advertising Association. This is an organization modeled somewhat along the lines of the American Manufacturers' Association and comprehends in its membership all the varied features of advertising, — advertisers, advertising agents, magazine men, newspaper men, bill board men, street-car men—in fact, representatives of every phase of publicity.

The organization is but a few months old and many words of doubt were expressed as to the possibility of bringing together into one organization the different so-called "conflicting" phases of advertising. The idea of forming an organization of this kind, one of the greatest ideas of the century, was first promulgated by Mr. E. F. Olmsted of the Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, New York.

Mr. Olmsted is the advertising manager for Shredded Wheat and is in charge of the publicity work of the Natural Food Company at Niagara Falls, whose wonderful building is the mecca for thousands of travelers annually.

He also established a bureau of publicity for the city of Niagara Falls, which is now doing remarkable work in calling attention to the Electric City as a place of meeting for conventions and as an ideal place for the location of new industries. Mr. Olmsted is yet a comparatively young man, and his prominence today is due to hard work and his taking advantage of opportunities presented.

It was somewhat over a year ago that he took up the matter with a number of the prominent advertising men of the country. One in particular interested himself in the matter, and through their combined efforts the organization was finally brought about. The one man who has done the greater bulk of the work in welding the association together is Mr. M. Lee Starke, the well known advertising man of New York City, who at that time represented a list of newspapers as their manager of foreign advertising.

THE BILLPOSTER, R. J. GUNNING

One of the unique features of the meeting was the banquet given at the Hotel Jefferson in St. Louis by Mr. R. J. Gunning of the Gunning System of Outdoor Publicity. Nothing was lacking. Real trees from Forest Park were hung with red lanterns, the floors were littered with Autumn foliage, while masses of fruit and flowers hung in the branches spoke of an abundant harvest and a season of festivity. Everything that could be imagined in the eating and drinking line was there, and, as one of the St. Louis papers stated, "it was one of the most magnificent banquets ever held in the city of St. Louis." And the name of Gunning always stands for much — big, broad, generous.

The meeting at St. Louis was successful from every point of view, and augurs well for the future of the organization. The directors have resolved themselves into working committees, plans have been laid, steps are being taken to put these into immediate execution, membership is increasing, interest is at fever heat, and I doubt not but that the International Advertising Association will come to be one of the greatest factors in the mercantile world.

CHARLES A. CARLISLE, PRESIDENT

It is built on broad lines, the men identified with it are men of experience and are used to big things, and when it is considered that billions of dollars are spent annually in advertising, it can easily be seen that a systematic organization among the forces at work in this direction could be of inestimable benefit to them.

The organization has passed through the vicissitudes incident to the launching of any new idea, the future looks particularly bright at this time and it remains to be seen whether or not the men in charge of the association's welfare fully realize the possibilities which are now presented.

The organization is particularly fortunate in the personnel of its officers and directors, every one of whom is a well known and remarkable man in this particular line of business. Many different opinions were expressed at the time the suggestion was first launched as to the possibilities of such an organization. While all recognized the necessity of an organization of this kind, there was hesitancy and doubt upon the part of some as to how the result would finally be accomplished. Many favorable expressions were made by the advertising press, one of which emanated from Mr. Allan Forman of the Journalist, who termed it "the advertising idea of the century." The aims of the association, tersely stated, are as follows:

To foster the interests of the buyer, the maker and the seller of advertising space.

Reform abuses, prevent waste, through cooperation to reduce oppressive burdens and to cooperate with the department of commerce at Washington, the National Association of Manufacturers, the publishers, the magazines, the press, and bill boards, the street cars, class and all other organizations.

To make the International Advertising Association the clearing-house of modern thought in the interests of a higher, a broader, a more extensive commerce, national and international.

To create a "question box" open to all members, for the purpose of bringing attention to mooted points for discussion and settlement.

OFFICERS.

Charles Arthur Carlisle, President, South Bend, Ind.
James B. McMahon, 1st Vice President, Chicago, Ill.
Delavan Smith, 2nd Vice President, Indianapolis, Ind.
Barney Link, 3rd Vice President, Brooklyn.
E. J. Ridgway, Treasurer, New York City.
Barron G. Collier, Secretary, New York City.

DIRECTORS.

Mr. C. H. Brampton, American Cereal Company, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. C. A. Carlisle, Studebaker Bros., Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.
Mr. Geo. M. Campbell, Jr., Hall & Ruckel, New York City.
Mr. James B. McMahon, N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mr. E. F. Olmsted, The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Mr. Phil A. Conne, Saks & Company, New York City.
Mr. Thos. Balmer, Butterick Company, New York City.
Mr. Barron G. Collier, Street Car Advertising, New York City.
Mr. Delavan Smith, Oliver Typewriter Co., Chicago, Ill. Indianapolis News. Indianapolis, Ind.
Mr. M. Lee Starke, Paul E. Derrick Adv. Agency, New York City.
Mr. Barney Link, Am. Bill-Posters' Ass'n, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Jos. Kathrens, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mr. C. H. Guilfus, Andrew Jergens & Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mr. W. A. Stiles, International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mr. H. L. Kramer, Sterling Remedy Co., Kramer, Ind.
Mr. E. Mapes, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mr. F. V. Hammar, Hammar Paint Co., St. Louis. Mo.
Mr. R. J. Gunning, Gunning System, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. E. J. Ridgway, Ridgway-Thayer Co., New York City.
Mr. J. A. Mekeel, Dry Goods Economist, New York City.
Mr. Ralph Holden, Calkins & Holden, New York City.
Mr. Frank Presbrey, Frank Presbrey Company, New York City.
Mr. J. A. Patten, Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Mr. Dudley Walker, Chicago & Alton Railroad Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mr. J. E. Campbell, Proctor & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

SCENE AT CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS

M. LEE STARKE

E. F. OLMSTEAD

Mr. H. G. Ashbrook, Glidden Varnish Co., Cleveland, O.
Mr. John Korb, Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.
Mr. John Lee Mahin, Mahin Advertising Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, New York Times.
Mr. Julius Kahn, Cash Buyers' Union, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Louis H. Liggett, The United Drug Co., Boston, Mass.
Mr. Medill McCormick, Chicago Tribune.
Col. W. E. Haskell, Boston Herald, Boston.

The meeting in St. Louis was most interesting. Mr. Charles Arthur Carlisle, who succeeded Mr. H. D. Perky as president, is an executive officer of sterling qualities and has steered the craft through the shoals and shallows of early organization with pronounced success. The regular program provided a feast for all, and in addition to this there were speeches from many well known men whose names did not appear in the regular program. There were addresses, essays, speeches and nightly lively discussion on every possible phase of publicity. Every moment was of interest to those interested in the particular branch of work that happened to be then under discussion. The talks were all good, and it was like looking at a great parade of the marching army of publicity where the ranks of battalions marched by with flying colors, each secure in its own strength, but each one necessary to the united and powerful whole.

The association has opened a central office in New York City which is in charge of experts, and any information concerning the organization can be got by addressing the International Advertising Association, 114 Fifth avenue, New York City.

The National Magazine congratulates Mr. Olmsted upon the conception of the idea, and the successful culmination of his plans—we are sure we will soon see the International Advertising Association grow to be the largest industrial organization of this and other countries.

STATELY AND PRIM STANDS OUT THE BUILDING OF THE OLD BAY STATE

MASSACHUSETTS AT THE EXPOSITION

THE commonwealth of Massachusetts appropriated $100,000 for the St. Louis Fair. Governor Bates, supported by the commercial and industrial interests of the state, early saw the great advantages to be derived from the participation by the state in the Exposition, and consequently favored a generous contribution so that it might be creditably represented.

Dr. George Harris of Amherst, Mrs. Sarah C. Sears and Mrs. May Allen Ward of Boston, Hon. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick of Brookline and Hon. Wilson H. Fairbank of Warren were appointed as a board of managers in charge of the work. Probably no state board in Massachusetts was ever appointed that was composed of people so well known, so capable, and in whom the public had greater confidence. The selection of Dr. Harris, who is president of Amherst college, as president of the board was peculiarly fortunate. His attainments as a scholar and his standing with educators made him invaluable in organizing and establishing the educational exhibits which have always been the pride of Massachusetts. Mrs. Sears is vice president of the board and has charge of the art department, which includes the arts and crafts section. It is believed that this department is unsurpassed by that of any other state. Mrs. Ward is recording secretary and is president of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Massachusetts. She has charge of the historical department and is assisted by Miss Helen A. Whittier of Lowell. Mr. Fitzpatrick is president of the Brown, Durrell Company of Boston and New York, one of the largest wholesale dry-goods houses in the United States. Senator Fairbank is a retired business man. The last two have charge of the finances of the board. Mr. Fitzpatrick is president of one or two banks in Boston, besides being director of many corporations. He is also interested in many charitable and educational institutions. The advice of few business men is more frequently sought or followed than his.

SENATOR W. H. FAIRBANK

The commission, realizing that the appropriation made by the state had as its direct object the securing of as comprehensive and creditable a display as possible of its different manufactured and commercial products, spared no effort or expense in bringing to the attention of all manufacturers and business men the advantages offered by the Fair, and furnished all information and assistance in its power to those manifesting interest in the Exposition.

The result of its labors was the bringing to St. Louis a larger number of individual exhibitors than came from any other state. The only states excelling in magnitude of space occupied are the agricultural states of the middle West and the great mining states. The textile exhibits from Massachusetts are exceedingly creditable to its manufacturers and receive much commendation. The department of fine machinery and tools is very complete.

Special attention should be given to the educational and social economy exhibits in the Educational building. This was gotten together and arranged by Mr. George E. Gay, superintendent of schools in Malden, assisted by Miss Gertrude L. Brinkhaus, also of Malden. Here school work, from the kindergarten to the college, is graphically and interestingly shown, and is constantly studied by teachers and students.

The number of visitors to the Fair from Massachusetts, while not as large as the undertaking deserves, has, during the first part of the Fair, been good, and it is believed that no other state from the East will contribute a greater number of visitors. The number of young people who have come is exceptionally large.

The splendid and unselfish work of Senator Fairbank deserves more than passing notice. The Fair has had no more loyal and devoted advocate than he. In March, learning that the construction of the state building might be delayed, he left his home in Warren and, with Mrs. Fairbank, came to St. Louis and personally undertook the supervision of its construction and furnishing.

The building is of Colonial design, embodying many features of the present state house. This is due to the fact that Senator Fairbank served several years in the state legislature and was largely instrumental in preserving the Bulfinch front when the building was recently remodeled and enlarged.

AT the head of successful women publishers in America stands Kate E. Griswold of Profitable Advertising. Not only has she made a distinct business success of this publication, which was one of the pioneers in advertising journalism, but she has also made it a standard authority on advertising and kindred subjects. More than that, there is always a "craft" interest in Profitable Advertising. In fact, it may be said that no one can feel quite up-to-date as to the progress of practical publicity without reading Profitable Advertising. Miss Griswold, through her publication, has done much to develop and stimulate advertising, and to work out the problems that confront the advertiser.

With her customary enterprise, Miss Griswold was handsomely represented at the World's Fair, her exhibit displaying an array of the covers which appeared on Profitable Advertising for years back. This was something more than a mere exhibit of magazine covers. It was, in fact, a fine display in itself, for the covers of the "magazine of publicity" have always been truly artistic and representative of a high class of work.

MISS KATE E. GRISWOLD, PUBLISHER "PROFITABLE ADVERTISING"

Mr. C. Capehart was in charge of Miss Griswold's interests in St. Louis, and it is needless to say that there were few people associated with advertising work that were not pleased to look upon this enterprise of a woman publisher's ability and courage.

TALBOT C. DEXTER, INVENTOR OF THE DEXTER FOLDER

YOU CAN MAKE A
DIAMOND
YOUR SAVINGS BANK

DIAMONDS
PAY 20%
ANNUALLY

Gold Medal Awarded

"The Loftis System"

The Superior Jury at the Saint Louis Exposition, after a full consideration of the claims of all foreign and domestic exhibitors, have awarded the **GOLD MEDAL** to us. This puts the official stamp of approval of the greatest exposition ever held, upon the **LOFTIS SYSTEM**—its goods, prices, terms and methods.

You Can Use The Loftis System. Why not use it as a savings proposition in 1905. You simply select the Diamond that you want from our Catalogue and we send it to you on approval. It costs you nothing to see it, for we pay all express charges whether you buy or not. If you like the Diamond sent, you pay one-fifth of the price and keep it, sending the balance to us direct in eight equal monthly payments. The monthly payments will be just the same as putting a monthly deposit in a savings bank and will pay much better.

You Are Not Too Far Away to have a Diamond Savings Account with us. We open these accounts with honest people all over America. The ten dollar a week employe is just as welcome on our books as is his well-to-do employer. Our easy savings terms make any honest person's credit good.

Pay Cash If You Prefer. We also have a cash plan, and it is just as far beyond competition as our easy payment terms. Read this: Select any Diamond and pay cash for it, and we will give you a written agreement that you may return the Diamond any time within one year, and get all you paid for it—less ten per cent. You might, for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond ring, or stud for a year, then bring or send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year, less than ten cents per week.

A Savings Help. With every Diamond or Watch, we will, when requested to do so, furnish you with one of the **LOFTIS STEEL SAFES** for **HOME SAVINGS.** Drop your pennies, nickels and dimes into the little safe as you can spare them, and your Diamond will soon be paid for, and you will never miss the money. We make no charge for the safe, and when desired furnish a key with it.

Guarantee and Exchange. Our Guarantee Certificate is the broadest and strongest ever given by a responsible house. We give one numbered and signed with every Diamond. We accept any Diamond ever sold by us as so much cash in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond. No matter how long you have had a Diamond, it is always good for original value with us.

Begin The New Year Right. Write for our Catalogue, select your Diamond and begin saving your money. Diamonds will be worth twenty per cent more than at present in one year from now. In the meantime, while saving you can have the pleasure and prestige of wearing a beautiful Diamond.

Our 1905 Catalogue is the finest ever published, and shows the finest line of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry ever put on paper. We show many inexpensive articles, but nothing cheap or trashy. Every piece of goods that is given a place in our Catalogue must stand the test of Loftis quality, the highest standard in the trade.

Souvenir. You will receive in addition to our 1905 Catalogue a copy of our Souvenir History of Diamonds, more than a million copies of which were distributed at our Diamond Cutting Exhibit in the Varied Industries Building at the Saint Louis Exposition. Write at once to insure receiving a copy.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. (Est. 1858)

Diamond Cutters and Manufacturing Jewelers

Dept. A. 10, 92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1904, Franklin Agency, Chicago.

Save a Diamond

Diamonds Win Hearts

Happy New Year

THE VALLEY WHICH IS TO BE THE BED OF THE FIRST GREAT FEDERAL IRRIGATION RESERVOIR, NEAR PHOENIX, ARIZONA

MAKING THE DESERT BLOOM

THE TONTO RESERVOIR AS A MULTIPLIER OF HOMES IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY

By CHARLES ARTHUR VAN DER VEER
Secretary of the Phoenix and Maricopa County Board of Trade

THE home is the bulwark of the nation, and the making of homes is the chief object of the national irrigation law. The eyes of all who are interested in the upbuilding of continental America are turned to the first and chief experiment of the reclamation officers of the government, which is now being carried on in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, near Phoenix. Upon the successful operation of the great Tonto reservoir will depend not only the profitable irrigation of a fertile valley with its consequent increase in the production and population, but will in great measure also depend the success of applying government funds to the work of reclaiming millions of hitherto arid acres in the western part of the United States.

Before congress took up the question of giving government aid to the reclamation of arid lands investigation had been carried on in the Salt River Valley for a number of years. It had been found that there was an admirable reservoir site where a natural basin could be dammed and filled with flood waters at the minimum of expense. Although for years irrigation had been practiced in this valley by the white man and for ages before that by the progenitor of the Indian, there had never been any attempt made other than to utilize the natural flow of the river. So it was that when rains fell in the mountains, or the Winter snows melted to swell the volume of the creeks and river, only a limited amount could be carried in the artificial waterways and the greater part of the flood below ran down stream to be lost in the ocean. Besides the soil, dry though it might be, could only soak up a certain amount of water at one time and an excess would be harmful to the crop with which the land was planted.

Conservation of the water supply was an absolute necessity and it could best be accomplished by storage of the flood flow to be added to the slackened volume of water during the dry season. Upon Salt river, just below where it is joined by Tonto creek, was found what engineers declare to be the finest natural dam-site in this country. It was this fact, together with the economical proportionate cost of reservoir to amount of land benefitted, which led to the selection of the Tonto reservoir project as one to be built under the national irrigation law. At this natural dam-site, about seventy miles nearly due east from Phoenix, the Salt river runs through a precipitous rocky canyon. On each side are solid walls of rock into which the dam is being built upon a foundation reaching down to bed-rock. Here again was a natural feature which the builders could not ignore. Repeated borings showed one line across the river bottom where bed-rock was only thirty-one feet below the surface. The value of this may be appreciated when it is remembered that the big Croton dam in New York goes 165 feet below the surface, or as far as it does above the ground, so that the cost of construction is correspondingly greater than where the foundation is only one-eighth of the height of the structure. From bed-rock the Tonto dam will tower 275 feet in the air, a great, wedge-like structure of stone and cement, sloping upward from a thickness of 180 feet at the bottom to twenty feet at the crest. It will present a crescent curve to the down-stream rush of the impounded water, the ends of the curve being thrust into and joined with the solid rock walls of the abutting canyon, while the wedge-like base will be dovetailed into the bed-rock.

Twenty-seven feet lower than the crest of the dam and at each end of the great structure, will be cut waste-ways or "spill-ways" as the engineers term them, curving around in the sides of the hills and sloping off toward the river bed below. When the reservoir is full, or in time of a flood which would more than fill the big artificial lake, the surplus water will boil and foam through these solid rock chutes.

Thus will the wearing force of the current be expended upon the rock of the mountain-side and not upon the costly work of man, as it is not expected that water will ever flow over the crest of the dam.

The canyon, where it is spanned by the dam, is only 200 feet across at the bottom. At the level of the spill-ways the dam will be less than 700 feet from end to end, following the curve. Above the dam the river and creek diverge at a wide angle, so that the basin to be filled by the damming of the river will extend sixteen miles up Salt river and nine miles up Tonto creek, with the canyon which the dam occupies opposite the point of the angle. Following the curves of the edge of the basin, but out of reach of the highest point the water will ever reach in the great lake, will run a canal large enough to accommodate the normal flow of the river. Taking the water at a point about eighteen miles above the main dam, the canal will carry the flow so that it will never go into the reservoir but at the crest of the dam will be dropped through a stand-pipe 220 feet to the power-house below, there to

GLIMPSES OF PHOENIX AND VICINITY SHOWING PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND HOMES OF THE CITY AND INTERESTING PHASES OF AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY

turn great turbines and generate electrical power. All the excess flow will run in its natural course through the reservoir, to be held back by the dam until the water is needed for irrigation.

Bored through the canyon wall at one end of the dam, but kept always beyond the line of masonry and in the solid rock, is a sluicing tunnel ten by fifteen feet. Through this channel the river's flow will be diverted so that the foundations may be excavated and built. Afterward great steel gates will be set in the tunnel, by means of which the flow through it may be regulated or stopped entirely if it is desired to keep all the accumulated store in the reservoir.

Fifteen hundred men, at this writing, are toiling on the various parts of this great undertaking, which is to result in the multiplying of homes by the redemption of acres of desert. The sluicing tunnel is completed. The power canal is rapidly nearing completion with 800 feet of tunnels in its eighteen miles of length. Up in the Sierra Anchas, where a busy saw mill is reducing the forest to timber, which is being used in the dam proper, for the construction of which bids will be opened early in January, is the busy town of Roosevelt, peopled with the workers engaged in the variety of labor connected with the great engineering feat. When the dam is completed, in three or four years, the buildings, tents and machinery will be torn apart and the site of the little town deserted, to be flooded as the reservoir is gradually filled.

On the side of the mountain, a short distance above the dam, is built a cement mill which will soon be in operation. From near-by hills of rock and clay will be drawn the materials for grinding and burning a fine grade of cement for use in constructing the great wall of the dam. This structure is above the high-water mark, so it may be used afterward if it is desired to continue the manufacture of cement from the vast store of raw materials which are near by. Here again has nature made ready for the work of man by furnishing materials ready at hand. The big blocks of stone which will make up the structure of the dam will be quarried from the face of the mountain at the side. Even the labor of construction will be in part furnished by harnessing the river's flow. The machinery of the cement mill, the powerful cranes which will lift enormous blocks of stone into their places in the great wall, and the massive gates which will close the sluicing tunnel, will all be operated by electrical power generated by the water-fall.

After the construction work is completed this electrical power will be transmitted to points in the valley where large pumps will be set up to develop the underground water supply. The power may be added to by further harnessing the water in river and canals as it drops from the mountain height to the valley level, so that thousands of electrical units will be at work drawing from the store of irrigation water beneath the surface.

With the big dam checking its flow, the water in the river will be backed up until there is a volume of 1,500,000 acre-feet contained in the reservoir. In other words this means that there will be enough water to cover that many acres of land one foot deep if it could be spread out in one continuous body. As it takes between four and five acre-feet to supply crops for one year, it may be seen that without counting the natural increase by rain and melting snow, once the reservoir was filled there would be enough water to supply about 100,000 acres of land for three years. However, about thirty miles below the Tonto dam the Verde river joins the Salt, and its flood waters nearly double the available supply for irrigation. Then there is the underground supply to be developed by pumping and a conservative estimate is that this will furnish water for 20,000 acres more. So that, altogether, it is estimated that from 60,000 to 200,000 acres may be supplied from the great reservoir with a sufficiency of water for economical use.

The estimated cost of the dam is $3,000,000, in round numbers. This will make the cost per acre not more than twenty dollars and possibly not over fifteen or sixteen. Some projects have been undertaken in which the estimated cost is twenty-four dollars an acre, and yet the land is expected to pay a good profit on this first cost. Under the

Tonto project an agreement has been entered into whereby the land-owners, who will receive the benefit of the stored water, will have ten years in which to make annual payments to the government to repay the cost of construction. The payments will not commence until the work is completed and meantime it is expected that large benefits will be received, for the dam may be set at work storing water by the lower part being used as soon as it is constructed.

For about thirty miles below the dam, the Salt river tumbles through a narrow canyon with precipitous walls. Then it is joined by the Verde river and enters the head of the Salt River Valley. At this point a diversion dam directs the flow of the river into huge artificial waterways, through which it is carried by means of over 200 miles of main canals and lateral ditches to irrigate a thirsty land. These main canals radiate from both banks of the river so that they have been likened to the fingers of a gigantic hand, stretched out to pluck from the desert the blossom and fruit to which they carry the life-giving water of irrigation.

The soil of this valley, which is about twenty miles wide and forty miles long, has been compared in richness and fertility to that of the Nile. It contains all the requisities for a variety of plant growth except moisture, and this is applied artificially by irrigation. The Salt River valley farmer is now engaged in storing his rainfall, to have it on tap when needed. With only infrequent local rains, the farmer goes about harvesting his crops of alfalfa or wheat without regard to the weather. And he regulates his water supply according to the needs of the crop, withholding when desired or giving when necessary to the successful maturing of the plant.

Such is the salubrity of the climate, with a maximum of sunshiny days, that anything may be grown in the Salt River valley which will grow in the temperate or semi-tropical zones. Already more than 100,000 acres are in cultivation with the present intermittent water supply. With the reservoir in operation, the yearly crops will be largely increased, while nearly as much again as the present acreage will be added to the productive area.

In an irrigated section intensive farming is better practiced than extensive husbandry. Here, again, is shown the wisdom of the new irrigation law, which restricts the beneficiaries of national aid to holders of a quarter-section, 160 acres, or less. Owing to this provision, large tracts in single ownership which may come under any of the projects to which government funds are being applied, must be sub-divided before the storage reservoirs are completed and in operation. By this means are homes to be multiplied and the population of a given area doubled or trebled.

The Salt River valley is a garden spot nearly in the center of Maricopa County, which is approximately as large in area as the state of Massachusetts, and is the principal agricultural district in Arizona. Phoenix, the county seat, as well as the territorial capital, is a thriving, intensely American city with over 12,000 inhabitants. On account of the mild Winters, thousands are temporarily added to the population, and many families have here a Winter home amid ideal surroundings. Radiating from the city are shady drives which lead past tree-bordered pastures, where cattle are fattening on alfalfa; to orchards where oranges and other delicious fruits are ripening. Over 1,000 acres are devoted to orange groves from which the product is shipped to eastern points in time to appear on Thanksgiving tables, which early marketing with consequent high prices is advantageous to the grower. Of the citrus fruit produced in the irrigated district surrounding Phoenix, the pomelo, or grape-fruit, is justly of country-wide fame for sweetness and delicate flavor. Olive trees flourish in abundance, from which is pressed an oil that, after expert test, was awarded a medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition over all competitors. Deciduous fruits and grapes of many varieties grow here in perfection, and unbounded opportunities are offered for developing and extending this class of horticulture with the assured water supply to come from the Tonto reservoir.

Thousands of cattle are driven down from the mountain ranges every Winter to be fattened on the alfalfa fields around Phoenix and thence shipped to market for beef. Other thousands of dairy cattle graze on the year-'round green pastures and their products are shipped to less favored sections of the territory for which the capital city is the chief distributing point for supplies. Bee keeping and poultry raising are side lines engaged in with profit by many ranchers.

In small fruits and melons the possibilities are incalculable with the promised sufficient water supply to insure early and prolific maturity. Here again the earliness of the season of ripening gives the Salt River valley a tremendous commercial advantage over less favored localities where the seasons are later.

The substantial improvements of Phoenix are well worthy of a city of much larger population. The capitol, court-house, city hall and many business blocks are creditable buildings in both architecture and construction. Commodious residences, many of them of characteristic design, line shaded avenues, with their surroundings of well kept-lawns and rose gardens.

Out through the irrigated section, then winding over the desert and up into the hills, with their rugged scenery making the trip an interesting one, is the wagon road leading to the Tonto reservoir. Built with infinite labor and at great expense primarily for the utilitarian purpose of having freight supplies hauled over it, the road will also serve the purpose of giving convenient access to this great engineering work. As it nears completion the great dam, higher than any other yet constructed and impounding a larger body of water than any other, will become the Mecca of the engineers of the world and a favored place for sight-seers who may combine in one trip a view of the wonders of nature with an inspection of one of the great works of man. At the same time will be seen the great developer and home multiplier of the Salt River Valley.

FRANK DVORSKY GIVING HIS SON A SPINAL ADJUSTMENT IN THE PRESENCE OF PROMINENT CITIZENS OF CEDAR RAPIDS AND STUDENTS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC

IS CHIROPRACTIC A FAD?

STARTLING TRUTHS ABOUT THIS NEW-OLD SCIENCE

By S. M. LANGWORTHY
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

FADS are fashionable. They are not established by the common people, but by people of affluence and influence. Some fads are harmless, others harmful; some are sensible, others senseless; some are permanent, others temporary. In the history of the world's progress fads have been to a large extent the nucleus of growth and development. Hardly a month passes but the world is startled by something new. In many instances time proves that though they be considered fads, these new developments are unalterable facts founded on principles as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar.

The modernization of chiropractic is attracting wide-spread attention; and well it may, for while its principles are startling, they appeal to reason; while they excite wonder, they are proven facts. Chiropractic is a drugless system founded upon the principle that luxations of osseous or other compact structures, by interfering with normal action of nerves and vessels, are the cause of disease; that adjustment of these displaced parts to normal position results in the removal of that cause, by giving freedom of action to the nerves and vessels.

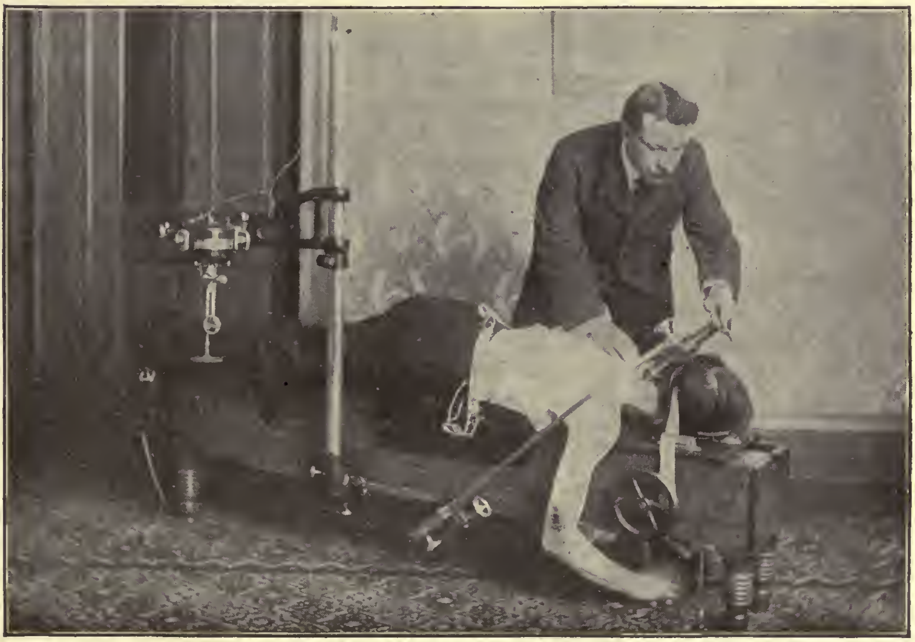
Man is a machine—the most perfectly planned and accurately adjusted of all machines — and like a machine would run perfectly if every part were in its normal position. Disease in the human body is due to the fact that some one or more of the parts composing its delicate mechanism have gotten out of place. While displacements may occur in any part of the body and cause disease, those which occur in the spine are the most numerous and most likely to be the cause of diseased conditions of the entire body — of the vital organs as well as of parts more distant from the spine.

The spinal column is composed of twenty-four true vertebrae, each little bone taking part in the formation of from six to twelve separate joints. These vertebrae are placed one on top of the other in such a way that a little notch on one vertebra forms with a corresponding notch on the vertebra below, a hole or foramen through which the spinal nerves pass on their way from the spinal cord to all parts of the body.

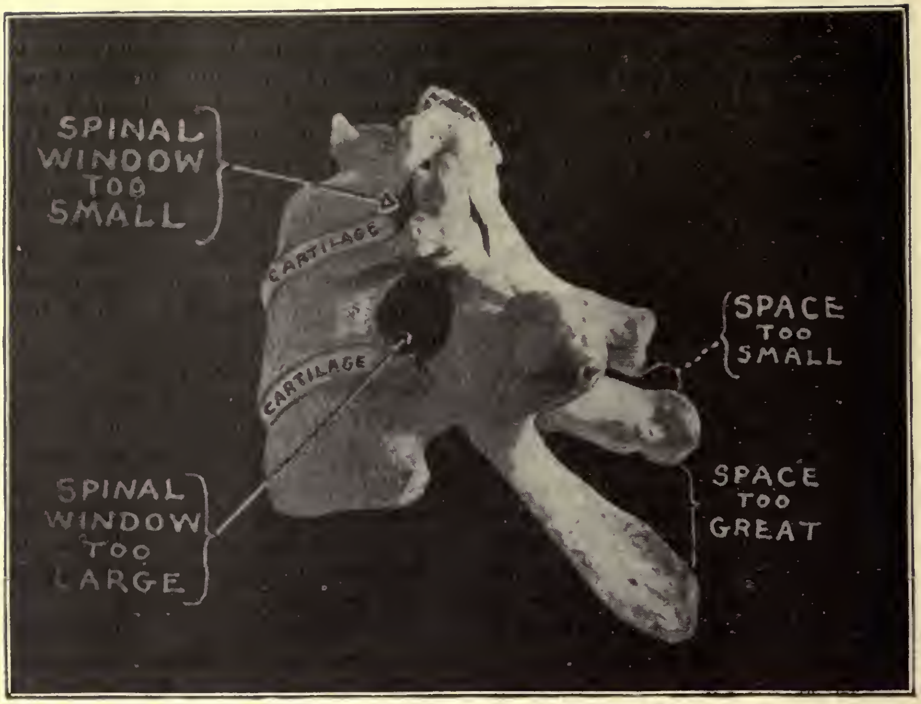
The spinal column is so accurately adjusted that the slightest slipping of any of these bones, with their many joints, may change the size and shape of the foramina, and bring pressure upon the nerves and blood vessels which pass through them. Just think of it! The most vital nerves in all the body are compelled to pass through openings which may be made so small as to actually pinch them, and so interfere with their normal action as to cause disease in the parts or organs to which they lead.

Stomach trouble, bowel troubles, headaches, neuralgias, heart troubles, blood troubles, rheumatism, etc., all have as their cause an enlarged or constricted condition of the openings or spinal windows, through which the nerves pass that control the blood supply and the vital action of the cells of the organs which are suffering with disease.

Physiologists have demonstrated that all the tissues in the body are active and healthy because of normal nerve and blood supply. Any interference with



HOW A STUBBORN SEVENTH CERVICAL VERTEBRA IS EASILY REPLACED WITH THE ANATOMICAL ADJUSTER



SIXTH AND SEVENTH CERVICAL AND FIRST DORSAL VERTEBRAE.—THE SEVENTH CERVICAL IS PARTIALLY DISPLACED, PRODUCING CATARRH

these forces will result in an unnatural—a diseased — condition of the tissues which receive their life from those nerves or vessels. Since the caliber of the blood vessels is under the direct control of the nerves, it is apparent that abnormal nerve action is often the cause not only of poor blood supply but also of congestion and inflammation.

These luxations of the spinal vertebrae are caused in many ways. Trifling accidents, such as sudden twists of the body, stumbling, slipping, falling, straining by over-lifting are every-day occurrences. We may meet with some such accident and if acute symptoms of disease do not develop immediately, it is soon forgotten; nevertheless, the machine has been strained and weakened at some point to a greater or less extent and is thereby rendered less resistant. In some cases two more such accidents will bring about sufficient displacement to cause pressure upon nerves and vessels and produce disease; in others it may take five, ten, or perhaps fifty, each one, while trifling in itself, has done its part—and the ultimate result is disease. Thus it may be readily seen that disease is in a few instances the result of a single accident, but in the majority of cases it is brought about by numerous small ones.

Disease, which is the result of vertebral luxation, may manifest itself several feet away from the point of interference. This is accounted for by the fact that pressure upon any nerve trunk results in abnormal action at the end of the nerves. For example, a luxation pressing upon certain lumbar nerves may be the cause of rheumatic pains in the feet. While pressure upon certain other nerves of different length in the same region may result in lumbago or pain in the lower back. The difference in the two diseases is simply the difference in the length of the nerves involved. It will thus also be seen that a vertebral luxation may cause disease in a distant organ without necessarily producing pain at the point of pressure.

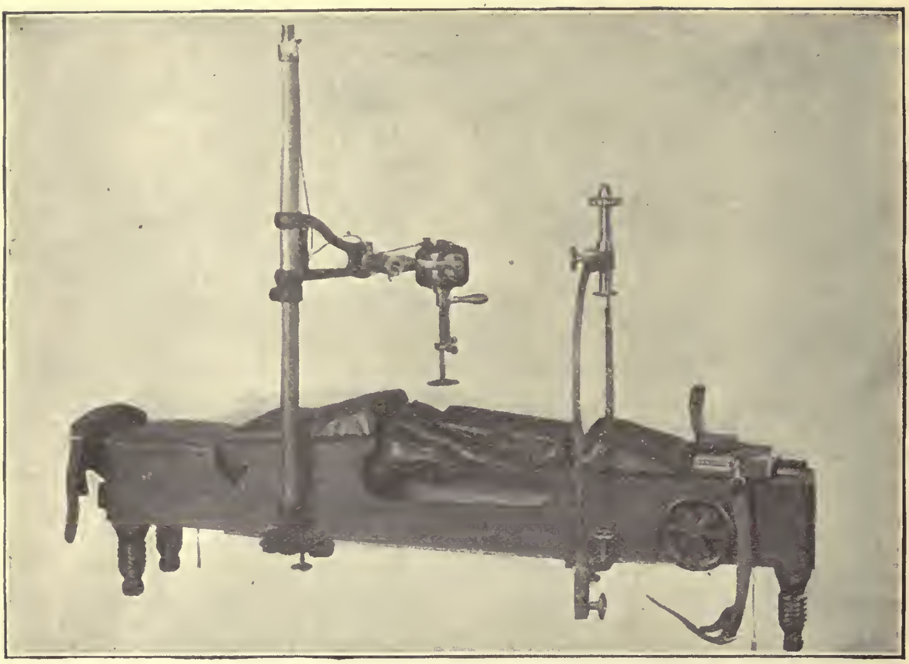
Keeping in mind that man is a machine, the skilled chiropractor examines the patient with the view to discover the irregularity that is the physical basis of the symptoms present, whether the abnormality which is practically always in the nature of a subluxation — a slight displacement—be in the tarsal bones or in the spine, his education has been such that he finds it and understands its causative relation to the symptoms.

The theory therein advanced is not a recent one—not something just discovered—not the product of any brain of this strenuous generation. What is to follow will surely substantiate the truthfulness of the old adage, "There is nothing new under the sun." This theory, which within the last few years has created such intense interest, was known and its principles put into practice sixty years ago. How much longer has not been ascertained.

The man who has known of chiropractic principles for more than sixty years, and who brought the knowledge to this country and the State of Iowa, thirty-eight years ago, is Mr. Frank Dvorsky, an old gentleman now in his seventy-fourth year. The following is extracted from an exhaustive account of his experience in connection with the principles and practice of this unique system of therapeutics:

"I am seventy-three years of age, and was born in Trebane, Bohemia. My father's name was Frank Dvorsky, and we both came to America in 1866. When I was about twelve years old I was taken with an infectious disease supposed to have been caught from cattle. The right

TREATMENT WITH ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL ADJUSTERS WHICH FOLLOWS THE HAND ADJUSTMENT IN A CASE OF SPINAL CURVATURE



THE CHIROPRACTIC TREATING TABLE

side of my body and arm were badly swollen and pus was forming in a number of places on the arm. I was bedfast, and the village doctor was called in. He considered my case a grave one, and said the only show to save my life was to amputate the arm. Then my father called in Dr. Epstan, who lived in Liten but who practiced in Prague. After lancing my arm he treated my spine, making the bones crack; he gave me no medicine, and in less than a month I was up, and no symptoms of the disease ever returned. The doctor taught this treatment to my father, and he in turn taught his children."

The following statement finds place here as further historical evidence that chiropractic principles were recognized at least sixty years ago:

State of Iowa, }
Linn County } ss.

We, the undersigned of the City of Cedar Rapids, Linn County, State of Iowa, being duly sworn on oath, state that we have heard the above sworn statement of Frank Dvorsky of Johnson County, Iowa, made through his interpreter. We have also witnessed the spinal treatment given James A. Dvorsky by his father the said Frank Dvorsky. We further swear that we witnessed Dr. S. M. Langworthy giving a simple chiropractic adjustment which in principle was the same. We later witnessed Dr. Langworthy give a spinal adjustment illustrating his modernized methods; photographs fairly illustrating these adjustments were taken, which depict us witnessing them.

Chas. A. Laurance, Milo P. Smith,
W. E. Holmes, J. P. Messer,
Jno. Fletcher, Chas. E. Putnam.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me November 5, 1904.

SEAL James W. Clark.

As before stated, the bones in the spine are subject to various changes from normal position; luxations of the innominates, ribs, clavicles, bones of the foot, hand, etc., are also of frequent occurence and cause disease by pressure upon nerves and vessels. To cope with these conditions the hands of the operator must be well trained. Again there are cases in which the hands alone are inadequate. Some complications of osseous and fibreous anchyloses could not be overcome by the hands alone, unless they were Herculean hands, and if one possessed such to use them would be criminal ignorance. In such cases, and many more which space forbids me to mention, the traction table and the anatomical and physiological adjusters are necessary. One of the illustrations shows the method of adjusting a seventh cervical vertebra. This bone is too close to the sixth cervical and as a natural consequence too far away from the first dorsal vertebra. By this displacement, nerves which supply the mucous membrane of the throat and nose are irritated by abnormal pressure, causing catarrh in these parts. In making the correction, the applicator of the anatomical adjuster is applied at the proper angle to the spinous process of the seventh cervical vertebra the head is engaged in the extension device, and by slow, even, painless traction the seventh cervical is caused to resume its normal position.

In a case of lateral curvature of the spine, slow, steady traction is exerted by engaging the shoulders and feet; the anatomical adjuster brings pressure on the angles of the ribs, and at the same time the physiological adjuster is doing its part to increase nutrition so that the misshapen discs of catilage between the bones may regenerate and assume their normal shape and elasticity. The patient depicted has gained two and a half inches in height under this treatment, which is convincing evidence that the curvature is decreasing.

From a careful consideration of Mr. Dvorsky's statement, it is evident that Dr. Epstan of Prague had a much clearer conception of the basic principles and practice of this method than is displayed by the son of his pupil. A thorough knowledge of anatomy and kindred subjects possessed by Dr. Epstan, and a lack of such knowledge by the Dvorsky family would easily account for the retrogression. The principle that disease is due to anatomical causes is as true now as it was years ago. The formulation into a complete system of practical and scientific methods for the application of these old principles, is accountable for the unusual interest manifested in the science of chiropractic today.

The writer does not claim to have added the least element of principle to D. Epstan's theory; in fact, is convined there is nothing to add; nothing is needed. It is was necessary, however, to improve the methods of manipulation, thereby making it possible, in a greater majority of cases, to put theory into successful practice — in other words to modernize the practice of chiropractic.

THE BUSINESS PART OF DENVER

MANY-SIDED DENVER

By C. A. LYMAN

DENVER, COLORADO

FROM Buffalo westward, the traveler across the United States journeys over one plain. Sometimes it runs in level prairies, sometimes in wooded and rolling country, sometimes in the semi-arid wastes of the higher plateaus, but still the man on the train sees nothing on the horizon, no high hills, no mountains.

The Rockies spring suddenly from the level. At evening the westward view shows only the long slopes of brown grass and sagebrush. In the morning the light of the rising sun reveals, running all across the West, something that was not there the night before—the amethyst crest of the continent, deepening to blue at the base, and whitening with eternal snows at the summit.

When the mountains have come so near that the traveler can make out the canons and passes, and can see the cut of the ascending Moffat road along the first slopes, his train runs into Denver, lying on the level plain, just at the foot of the mountains.

The tourist in Denver finds a city with miles of streets of magnificent residences, but no slums at all. He will find large hotels, but no hovels. Scores of large apartment houses to minister to the comfort of people of large and of moderate means, but no tenements. He will find splendid metropolitan stores, good theaters, all the means of enjoying life, but he will see very little abject poverty.

This condition of affairs, in which there is much of wealth and comfort and prosperity, without an apparent foundation of hard work and poverty beneath it, makes Denver a puzzle to the casual observer. But the explanation of the puzzle is a simple one. Denver is a city of BRAIN-WORKERS. Instead of representing the activities of a few hundred thousand people huddled together in a few square miles of territory, it is the financial, social and intellectual capital of a million and a half of people, scattered over a territory one-eighth in area of the United States, with its resources just barely started to be developed. There is undeveloped in the territory tributary to Denver as much wealth as there is undeveloped in Pennsylvania. There are one-fifth as many people. That is, the potential wealth per capita in Denver's territory is six times what it is in Pennsylvania.

Some people think that Denver rests upon the tourist trade. The people of the city believe that they have as nice a place to come to as can be found and they are glad to have visitors; but the tourist business is only a small element in the city's prosperity. Every year tens of thousands of people pour into and through the city, stopping from a few days to a few months, to see the sights, to enjoy the climate, and to take what part they can in the pleasure-seeking side of Denver life.

About ten per cent. of the tourist tickets deposited with the railway bureaus to be taken out again for the return trip are never called for. This many of those who came "just to look around," join the forces working for the upbuilding of the state. Most of the others go back East and say that Denver is a delightful place, made up of people who came West for their health, and retired mining men and cattle barons, and that they really do not see what keeps the town up.

Denver people got through long ago with the argument of the efficacy of the Colorado climate in lung troubles. A man comes to Denver with bad lungs and gets well. He goes back East again and dies. That is a brutal statement of a brutal fact. It is the "check test" which scientific men demand. Getting well is the business of hundreds of Denver residents. Most of them succeed in this business. And as soon as they have succeeded they go into some other business. It is this view of the case which removes from the city the hospital-like air which prevails in health resorts where there is no niche for the man to fill after his health is restored.

There are many plants for this "lung business" in Denver. One of the greatest is that established by Lawrence C. Phipps, a Pittsburg millionaire, where hundreds of men and women are given, at cost, the food and care and accommodations which best assist recovery.

Colorado air is the specific for tuberculosis. Those who come West and resolutely live out-door, Winter and Summer, night and day, soon lose their microbes. At the Phipps sanatorium every room opens upon an out-door verandah, where the bed may be wheeled out at night. The Denver Young Men's Christian Association maintains an out-of-door sanitarium where young men can live in tents, find work among the fruit trees, and get back their health. Other

SUNDAY AFTERNOON CROWD LISTENING TO A BAND AT DENVER'S CITY PARK

IN THE RESIDENCE SECTION OF DENVER

"homes," sanitariums and hospitals are dotted over the city.

But Denver is not a health resort, though thousands come annually in search of health. It is not a pleasure resort, though thousands come every year to enjoy the climate and other delights. Denver is primarily a business city. There are few "retired" business men in the city. The mining magnate who removes from the mountain camp to Denver does so not to contract his energies, but to expand them. The cattleman who sells his herds in Montana comes to Denver to become a director not only in cattle companies, but in packing-houses and banks, in land development schemes and in coal mines. The typical Denver business man is interested in half a dozen directions, and he cannot talk one minute about any one of his enterprises without using the word "development."

"Development" used to mean mining. Time was, before the "panic of 1903," when Denver talked mining, worked mining, dreamed mining—nothing but mining. Denver people said — and believed it— that if the silver mines had to close, grass would grow in the principal streets. The silver mines closed, but Denver people did not let any grass grow under their feet. The courage and energy which opened the silver mines, and which sent up a howl that waked all the nations of the earth when the silver mines closed, that same energy and courage promptly went after things that adverse legislation could not affect.

No "crime of '73" will ever demonetize beet sugar, and no edict of congress can diminish the market for fat mutton. The price of nails rests not upon Wall Street quotations, and gold is enthroned as the unchanging standard of all values. The Colorado potato crop is worth now every year more than the silver product, and beet sugar more than copper. The coal and iron, steel and steel products output is even greater than the output of the gold mines, although in the production of gold Colorado leads every state in the Union.

One hears of all sorts of bonanazs in talking with Denver men. One set of men have built a ditch to carry water across the continental divide from the western slope, which is well watered, to the eastern slope, which lacks a sufficient water supply. They bought land at $1.25 an acre, watered it at a cost of $20 an acre and are now selling it at $100 an acre. Colossal fortunes have been heaped up in a few years in beet sugar. The constant sunshine of Colorado puts more sugar in the beets than does the watery season further east. By irrigation the farmer can control both the yield and the percentage of sugar in the beets. It costs no more to grow and treat a ton of beets with eighteen per cent. of sugar than a ton with nine per cent. Million-dollar factories in Colorado have paid for themselves in one year's run. Farmers grow rich at growing beets at $5 a ton. Five years ago there was one factory in Colorado. Now there are ten, and more building. A million head of sheep and cattle are being fed this season from the pulp left after the sugar is extracted.

Colorado farming is full of unexpected "finds." A few years ago a farmer in one of the high and rather cold plateaus of the state tried raising field peas to enrich his ground. It enriched the soil, but, besides, it produced feed to fatten lambs or hogs just by grazing in the fields. The cold climate and high altitude just suits the pea vine, and a great industry has grown up within three years. One farmer cleared $28,000 in a single season feeding peas to lambs.

In a despised weed of the higher valleys, which was not even good feed for sheep, rubber has been found in commercial quantities. The clays of the foothills are being shipped to all parts of the country for all ceramic purposes, and form the basis of large industries at home.

Denver is the nerve center not only of Colorado, but of Wyoming and parts of Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. A little boom in a remote mining camp in Idaho or Nevada will set the nerve filaments tingling down Seventeeenth street, which is Denver's office-building street. The steel works at Pueblo, the largest steel plant independent of the steel trust, is managed from Denver. So are the smelters of the American Smelting and Refining company, all over the Rocky Mountains from British Columbia to Mexico. Denver companies are selling town lots in Idaho, laying out cemeteries in Montana, and grazing cattle, horses and sheep upon the plains of Texas.

"Eastern capital" is what Denver business men dream of nights. "Eastern capital" is the rallying cry in every political campaign, and everything that the people of the city do, from a lynching to a festival, is gravely discussed with relation to the effect upon the eastern investor. Back East, while banks and big investment concerns are looking about for safe places to put their money where it will give even a meager return, the Denver man sees all around him "sure things" which promise a big

GROWING DENVER. — THREE YEARS AGO THIS VIEW EMBRACED LITTLE BUT WIND-SWEPT PRAIRIE profit. And so he is ready to mortgage everything he has and seek the new opportunity. Eastern capital is coming in a larger and larger stream. Investors have found that the feverish demand for money is based upon real opportunities. Investments turn out well. Mortgages are paid. Lands and lots increase in value, and Denver investments selected with the same care are as safe as investments in Washington or Philadelphia — and pay a much higher return. But what he considers "ignorance and prejudice" on the part of an eastern investor makes the Denver man often very weary and very impatient.

Although Denver's hand has been turned to many new things, the gold and silver and copper and lead mines of the state furnish a very large part of the foundations of the city's greatness. From them is flowing a constant tide of money to be reinvested in new projects, as well as to be put back into the ground in new mining ventures. All the world draws upon Colorado for mining expertness. Denver men are running mines in Australia, in South Africa, in the remotest parts of South America, and even in old Corea and China. This mining industry has kept its mark upon the city.

Great display rooms filled with ore cars, wire-rope tramways, air drills, compressors, pumps and other massive pieces of machinery are everywhere to be found. The smelters keep a dark cloud of smoke upon the horizon north of the city, and have a small army of laborers employed. Thousands of men work in the manufacture of mining machinery and implements, fuses and caps. A large part of the space in office buildings is taken up by mining companies. Incoming trains from the mountains bring in men in long yellow boots and splashed corduroys, who are met at the station by their automobiles, and reappear on the streets in a few hours in the garb of clubmen. Mineral specimens dangle as watch-charms over well filled vests and bits of talk overheard on street corners and hotel lobbies teem with strange expressions such as "sumps" and "winzes," "stopes" and "adits."

SIXTEENTH STREET, LINED FOR A MILE WITH RETAIL STORES AND GREAT DEPARTMENT ESTABLISHMENTS

Just now one of the principal concerns of business Denver is in growing a proletariat. For twenty years the foundations for a working population have been laying. Coal mines have been opened to provide every sort of fuel — coal and coke, lignite or anthracite, bituminous or smokeless — that any line of industry might require. Iron and copper mines are pouring out the raw materials which underlie most of the industries of civilization. Flockmasters over millions of acres of ranges have been developing their herds, until now all grades of wool may be produced and the time is ripe for woollen mills. Colorado stockmen who used to ship their haggard Texas steers East to be fattened, are now fattening their own shorthorns and Durhams, and millions of dollars has found recent profitable investment in Denver packing plants.

The concentration of railway lines at Denver has brought car shops and machine shops with their hundreds of highly paid machinists and a host of smaller shops—the beginnings of things bigger—are turning out railway attachments, springs, car wheels and the like.

The building of railway connections to

Texas brought cotton mills to Denver; the spruce of the mountain sides is the foundation of a paper industry, while the succulence of the vegetables raised by irrigation has brought into being a canning industry which is growing by almost geometrical progression.

Not only are the older and more settled parts of the state fertile fields for Denver development, but new fields are being constantly created, in which great business enterprises are to be built "from the ground up." The Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Railway, affectionately called in Denver the "Moffat road," is an instance of this. Northwestern Colorado, a territory of mountains, parks, plateaus and irrigable river bottoms as large as Massachusetts, has been passed by the tide of development. It was not that this portion of the state lacked merit, but other portions of the state got attention first, and there was not enough capital available to reach over all.

Through this great, rich territory, hitherto without any means of communication except stage coaches, the Moffat road is pushing its way, and will go on to Salt Lake City. The line, a marvel of engineering, swings straight northwest from Denver, boldly climbs on a long slant up the sheer slope of the first range, winds through many tunnels up South Boulder creek, crosses the continental divide through eternal snow, swings across Middle Park, a great, grassy mountain-walled plateau, and then goes on down Bear river. Along its line there is coal of every kind, iron, copper, silver and gold, already developed and only waiting transportation; there are marble and onyx quarries, gilsonite deposits, (gilsonite is a kind of refined asphaltum) beds of gold gravel, forests of timber, hundreds of groups of mineral springs, hot and cold, the nuclei of coming Summer resorts. Beside this, the road will shorten by several hundred miles the distance from Denver to Salt Lake City, and will bring a larger tide of travel by way of Denver. The scenery of the Moffat road is among the finest in the state, and excursion trains crowded with sight-seers crowd close upon the construction trains as the line is pushed over and beyond the great crest of the continent.

THE Y. M. C. A. HEALTH FARM, WHERE YOUNG MEN ARE CURED BY TENT LIFE OF CONSUMPTION

Denver welcomes every newcomer. If he comes for pleasure, he may share her pleasures. If he seeks health, she will encourage him with specimens of hundreds of cases recovered from total wreckage. If he seeks a home, she can give him every comfort, with the added comfort of a perfect climate. If he seeks investment, she shows a multitude of safe channels, and if he wants a position, the opening of new enterprises is the opening of the doors of opportunity to a fresh throng of men — and Denver opens a new enterprise about every working day.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

HAVE you ever been in a great hall after the throng of people has passed out and the curtain has fallen, when the lights are fading, and the ghostly dimness still seems alive with the presence of the vast audience which has just crossed the threshold? That is a picture of the great Fair as it was the day after its gates were closed to the public.

It was a beautiful Autumn day—the last day of the Fair, set apart in honor of President Francis—and the hazy smoke of Indian Summer veiled the landscape. The people that passed along the well worn thoroughfares seemed more than usually buoyant, and an "endless chain" of laughter went ringing up and down those avenues that had been the scene of many happy times during the Summer. The Pike was thronged with the gay and festive spirits of Pikedom, armed with feathers with which to tickle each other when native wit failed to produce the desired volume of laughter. Horns blew, squeakers squeaked, cow-bells rang, and everybody was out for a last good time, the climax of all the good times that had gone before. The spielers still spieled, rather hoarsely, it is true, and with some signs of worn windpipes. Rules and regulations were a thing of the past.

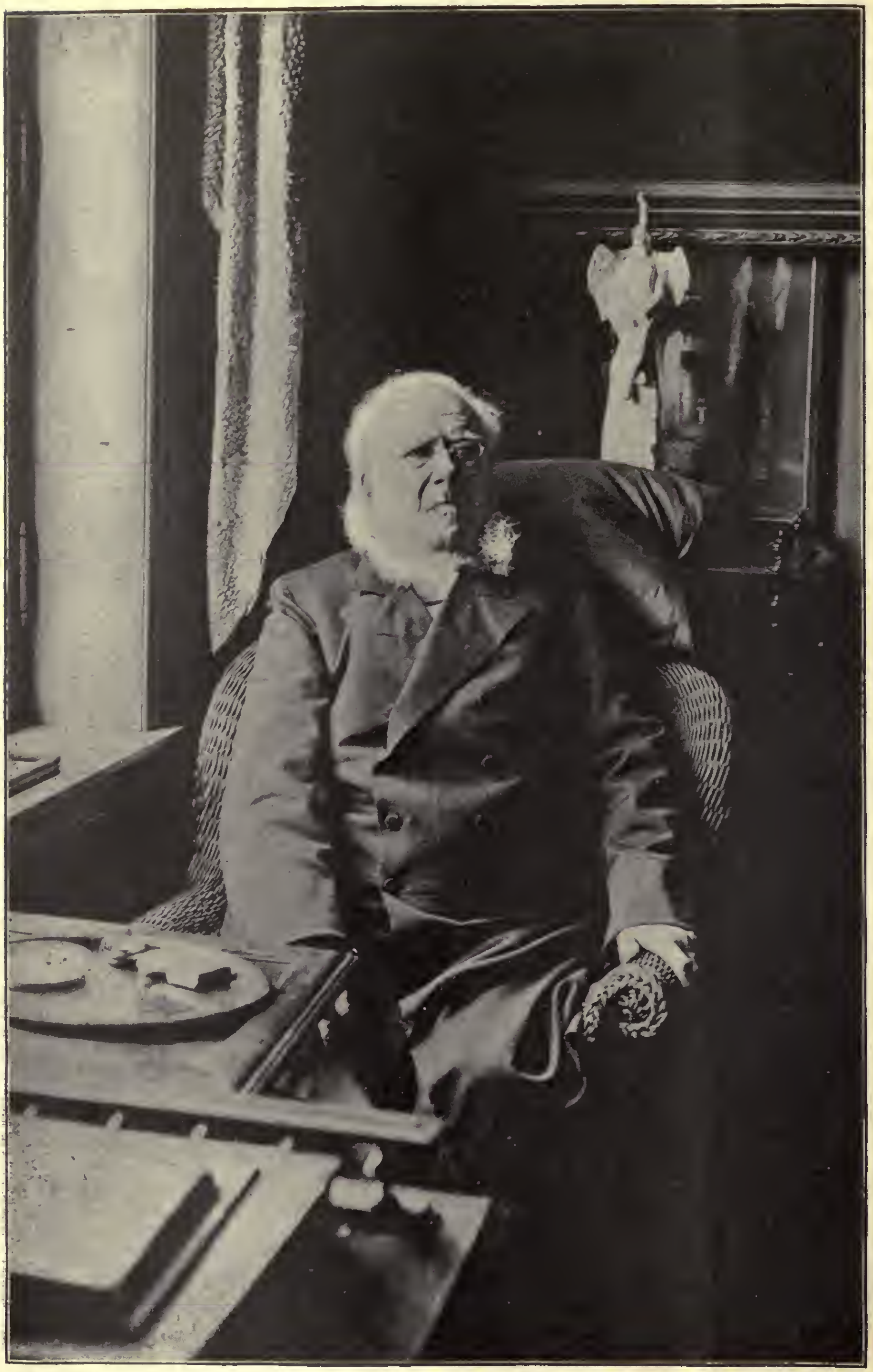
Mr. Francis rode up the Pike in his carriage of state, "The Yellowstone Coach," and responded graciously to the hearty ovation given him. But it was at midnight that the grand climax was reached, when, before the Louisiana Monument, Mr. Francis turned off the switch, and the light and spirit of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition faded away like a dying day, the roar of the cascades ceased, and the whole scene took on an air of ghostly splendor as the advancing shadows enveloped the great buildings, terraces and avenue, and no light remained except the dim reflection of the stars in the lagoon, where, during the Summer days the songs of Neapolitan boatmen and the laughter of the merrymakers had wafted over the water.

That terrible day after! The Pike was strewn with papers, confetti and debris of all kinds, the voice of the spieler was hushed, the megaphone was no more heard, and in a short time even the setting of the play will be removed. The scene called to mind Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

If the spirit of gladness reigned yesterday, today the spirit of sadness rules. The curtain has fallen, and scarcely a ray of light now flickers over the scene that was so lately brilliant with all the power of modern electric inventions, defying even the light of the stars and moon. In the silence the mind reverts to the great throngs that gathered here during the Summer, and are now scattered far and wide over the earth, telling at their own firesides of the splendors of the great industrial tournament where Pleasure and Progress walked hand in hand to mark an epoch in our history.

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X WEARING MAGNIFICENT PAPAL CROWN AND ROBES OF STATE, GIVING HIS BLESSING

From stereograph, copyright 1904, by Underwood and Underwood. New York
Half-tone plate engraved by Charles Rioker



DR HENRIK IBSEN IN HIS HOME AT CHRISTIANA, NORWAY.—THIS LATEST AND PROBABLY LAST PORTRAIT OF THE FOREMOST LIVING DRAMATIST WAS MADE ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO.—THE FAMOUS AUTHOR WAS THEN VERY WEAK AND NERVOUS, BUT HE MADE A SPECIAL EFFORT TO POSE FOR THE AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. ELMER UNDERWOOD

From stereograph, copyrighted 1904, by Underwood & Underwood
Engraved by Charles Ricker

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

BLUSTERING, blowing, it was—the day that President Roosevelt had the record rush of visitors. It was Saturday; congress was not in session, and the senators and congressmen personally conducted large parties to the executive office. Every one of the anterooms was filled. Hats, coats, umbrellas and rubbers were piled high in every corner — without even a warning sign from Uncle Sam to state that he was "not responsible for hats, overcoats and umbrellas." The visitors stood about the sides of the cabinet room, waiting their turn as genially as at a church social.

The list of callers that day included nearly every phase of American individuality—official and unofficial, men, women and children — and proved an interesting study to a foreign diplomat who lingered as he was about to pass out the door and remarked:

"This scene shows why Theodore Roosevelt was elected by such a tremendous majority. The people feel themselves expressed in him. His open directness and courage may ruffle, but it never shakes that confidence which is the strong and cohesive factor in all governments."

As the crowd passed out into the blinding snow storm, the ranks of visitors were quickly recruited. An avalanche of cards poured upon Captain

TWO PRETTY WASHINGTON CHILDREN, THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF SPEAKER CANNON AND THE GRANDSON OF JUSTICE PECKHAM

Loeffler's desk. The members of congress were calling to pay respects, and a large number of ladies gave the regular work-a-day routine a "functional" aspect.

The congressmen, covered with snow, came in and stamped as Uncle Denman Thompson does in that scene in the "Old Homestead." In fact there was a sociability among these visitors from all parts of the country which reflected the home spirit of the nation. The maid from Maine was chatting with the doughty colonel from California, and the woman from Wyoming found a pleasant neighbor in the nabob from Nebraska, while ceaseless requests to "Show me," sent a ripple of good nature around the room when the young man from Missouri entered.

—

In the "press corners" the prominent visitors were corralled, and it was the annual opportunity for "joke-making." The old, original, "eleven jokes" appeared, with a revised list of characters. Congressman Sam B. Cooper of Texas told of the man in Tennessee who said that if he had known Parker was not going

JOHN W. FOSTER, VETERAN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, AUTHOR OF A NEW VOLUME ON THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL, PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

REPRESENTATIVE BABCOCK OF WISCONSIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE, GREETS A CONSTITUENT to run for president, he would have run himself. This aptly illustrates the American spirit of good-nature that prevails after an election. Senator Burrows came forth to solemnly assert that he had just come from the presence of the president, and was authorized to state officially that it was snowing. Senator Allison came along puffing a cigar with satisfaction, and he thought it "looked like snow." Senator Beveridge refused to divulge the matters talked over with him, and the newspaper boys threatened to get the information from Senator Allison. Senator Pettus looked kindly over his spectacles and declared that the spirit of the Southern women, who, after the war of 1812, refused to wear English goods because of England's persistent insults, was alive today—as would appear if the North insisted upon another 'Force" bill. Senator Hansbrough had the crop statistics convenient for the president, who was a log-cabin resident of North Dakota in years past. Senator Proctor had a good story to tell about how nine-tenths of the Vermont maple syrup is made in Chicago, and insisted that the tariff would not be tinkered.

SENATOR "JOE" BLACKBURN OF KENTUCKY, A GENTLEMAN, A SCHOLAR AND AN AUTHORITY ON COCKTAILS

A SNAPSHOT OF BARON MONCHEUR, THE MINISTER FROM BELGIUM, A GENIAL DIPLOMAT WHO WON A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN FOR A WIFE

Attired in his pepper-and-salt business suit, with his iron-gray pompadour brushed back from his forehead, William Alden Smith, the energetic Michigan congressman, insisted that he was radically opposed to tariff revision at this time, and he said it vigorously, pounding a dripping umbrella. Senator Clapp of Minnesota was listening, with his head judicially tilted to one side, to a story

CHARLES P. NEILL, NEWLY APPOINTED TO SUCCEED CARROLL D. WRIGHT AS COMMISSIONER OF LABOR, IS A NATIVE OF TEXAS AND PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON

Photograph by National Press Association

delivered by an office-seeker in one corner. Senor Quesada, the minister from Cuba, with his heavy, black moustache properly reefed, sailed out into the blizzard, whistling a new version of "Home, Sweet Home" to the accompaniment of whistling winds.

The people continued to line up against the wall with an expectant air, and watch the president as he despatched the reception business with automobile speed. Hearty, vigorous and direct, the president meets his guests with a spirit of happy-to-see-you-quick that has really homelike hospitality about it.

Senator Quarles had a conference on the railroad bill, which is to give the power of fixing rates to the interstate commerce commission. He came out wearing a satisfied look, while Congressman Cooper, his partner on the Quarles-Cooper bill, went in at another door.

Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, who was

REAR ADMIRAL H. T. B. HARRIS, PAYMASTER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

Photograph by Clinedinst

United States commissioner at the Paris exposition, came to pay his respects with a French friend, who made fifty bows in fifteen minutes.

The lunch at one-thirty was attended by Secretary Morton, who is rnuning the navy strictly on railroad schedules.

Senator Lodge had a confidential word or two in the inner office. Senator Dolliver stopped long enough to get the real bearing of things, and Senator Bacon of Georgia approached the door, saw the rush—and respectfully and officially left his card.

The secret service men in prince alberts and silk hats were alert, and the visitor could not pass the threshold until he had been vouched for in some way.

So in this snowing, blowing weather, when everyone seemed to think that everyone else would stay away, the record rush was made.

⁂

IT was the day after the snow storm that I started to view the statue of Frederick the Great.

I left the cars at the Arsenal, and the sentry here looked at me in amazement.

"It's a long way down be the bat'ry, sir, and not much to look at."

"Could you tell me—"

"Now, me friend, I'm busy, d'ye see?" replied the sentry, shouldering the gleaming musket, after a vigorous squirt of tobacco juice at a snow-bank, and starting off for a fresh pace.

"Just follow the path," he added, "till ye see the new picket-coop, thin jump off in the snow and ye'll get a squint at the man that sent us the Hessians."

Well, I followed the path down the placid waters of the Potomac, passed the place where a ship of the white squadron was moored, with its smoke lazily floating from the yellow funnel. The War College is being built here, and a busy place it must be on working days. It looked as though a good, generous slice of the war department appropriations was being invested here in permanent improvements. The old, half-burned barracks have not all been removed, and the row of colonial apartment houses, for the use of the officers, have just been completed. There are sixteen of these houses in all, backing up to the river-bank and as like as peas in a pod. Doubtless this is another evidence of the democracy of national life, for no offi-

MR. MCDOWELL, CHIEF CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, ENJOYING AN AFTER-DINNER STROLL AND A GOOD CIGAR

CAPTAIN BROMWELL, WHO, AS SUPERINTENDENT OF BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS AT WASHINGTON, HAS CHARGE OF SOCIAL FUNCTIONS AT THE WHITE HOUSE cer's wife can boast of a house one wee bit better than that of her neighbor. The new houses are built to look as old and venerable as possible, and the stately white pillars stand out with military precision.

The guns on the campus were "spiked" with pure snow — a suggestion for the Hague tribunal — and the pyramid of black cannon balls peeped defiantly out of their white coverlets. The old maple was stripped for its Winter battle against wind and weather, and officers and men flitted about as though intent upon something at least as serious as Sunday dinner. The little urchins — children of army officers—played at war in their snow forts among the real cannons, and altogether it was an interesting picture.

SENATOR ALLISON WEARS HIS OVERCOAT, LIKE HIS HONORS, LIGHTLY

SENATOR MONEY OF MISSISSIPPI, OUT FOR A STROLL IN THE WINTER SUNSHINE

Enclosed in a new picket fence with barbed wire on top was the life-size bronze figure of one of the greatest characters in history. With his face turned toward the West, his hand firmly grasping a double-handled walking stick, his sword peeping out from beneath his lace-decked coat, snow in his cravat and on his lace-embroidered hat, he stood in such a natural attitude that I could almost fancy it was the real Frederick as he paced the terraces of Sans Souci, watching for couriers to arrive, bringing their news of affairs in the West. The simple inscription on the statue, enclosed in a wreath,

FRIEDRICH
D. E. S.

is a mark of respect to our nation from the War Lord of Europe, that illustrates his attitude of peace and good will toward America. Between the kaiser and our president there is a bond of personal friendship which defies precedents and

MISS PAULINE MORTON, DAUGHTER OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY AND ONE OF THE LOVELY DEBUTANTES OF THE PRESENT WASHINGTON SEASON

usages of international codes. The reason of this may be found in the manliness of the men, who dare and do with but one thought: justice and progress, whether sheathed in sword or wreathed in palm branch.

⁂

ONE conversant with national affairs will agree that intellectually the "little giant" from Wisconsin, John C. Spooner, has few peers and no superiors in the United States senate. When he reads a document he seems to focus those sharp eyes on the center, and quick as a flash reaches the real nub of the matter under discussion. He stands preeminent among the strong leaders in the senate. His able and masterly handling of the Philippine question and other intricate measures that have come up before the senate has won for him a leadership in all complicated matters that is second to that of no other senator for a quarter of a century past.

Sometimes it seems unfortunate that the great abilities of such a man should

SENORITA ELISA WALKER--MARTINEZ, THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHILEAN MINISTER AND ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST DEBUTANTES OF THE SEASON

not be fully appreciated by voters at home through local jealousies. There may be division as to the merits of the Wisconsin controversy, but there can be no dispute as to the ability of John C. Spooner and the part he plays in national affairs. A leader in the legal profession, he has sacrificed his own personal wishes and comfort as well as financial interests to serve loyally and faithfully both his state and nation. It would be a public calamity indeed if the services of John C. Spooner were no longer available for Uncle Sam, for if there ever was a time when ability of this kind was required, it is right now.

It is a singular fact that the two legal giants of the senate, Knox of Pennsylvania and Spooner of Wisconsin, are both men of small stature. These men and Senator Crane of Massachusetts are among the intimate advisers of the president on all matters of the first importance.

⁂

IT is always interesting to watch the assembling of a presidential cabinet meeting. First comes Secretary Shaw with a gigantic scrap-book, which he always carries, well loaded with facts and data, during a political campaign. Secretary Hitchcock, prim and dignified, drives up in a carriage and enters with a stately gait. Secretary Morton saunters in with his sack coat tightly buttoned—a type of an American business man. Attorney General Moody, with both hands filled with papers, hustles in with a smile showing his dimple. A colored messenger goes before the tall and portly form of Secretary Taft, who carries himself with a judicial poise. He has a smile and expression that is are always impressive. It is doubtful if there was a quorum in the strict parliamentary sense, but the cabinet has rules of its own, not affected by even Czar Reed's text-book. There is very little state formality in a cabinet meeting, even less than when the sessions were held in the White House. The policy of having cabinet ministers go directly before the people on the stump was more generally observed last year than ever before, and few escaped service. It is thought the practice will be followed in the future in the case of second-term candidacies, since it brings the executive department into closer touch with the people than could be hoped for through senators, congressmen or the several campaign orators employed by the committee.

SENATOR SPOONER INVESTS IN AN "EXTRA"

THIS year the fashionable Summer tour will be westward to Portland, Oregon, where the Lewis and Clark Exposition will take place, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the exploration of that region by the agents of President Jefferson. The great show will open its gates June 1 and close them October 15. The official title of the Portland exposition is, "The Lewis and Clark Centennial and Oriental Fair." This signifies that, beside showing what has been done in developing the material wealth of the "Oregon country," this exposition is destined to help on our new commercial conquest among the teeming millions of the Orient — in Japan, Korea and China. The oriental nations will make very rich exhibits at Portland, booming their American trade.

SKETCH MAP OF "THE OREGON COUNTRY"

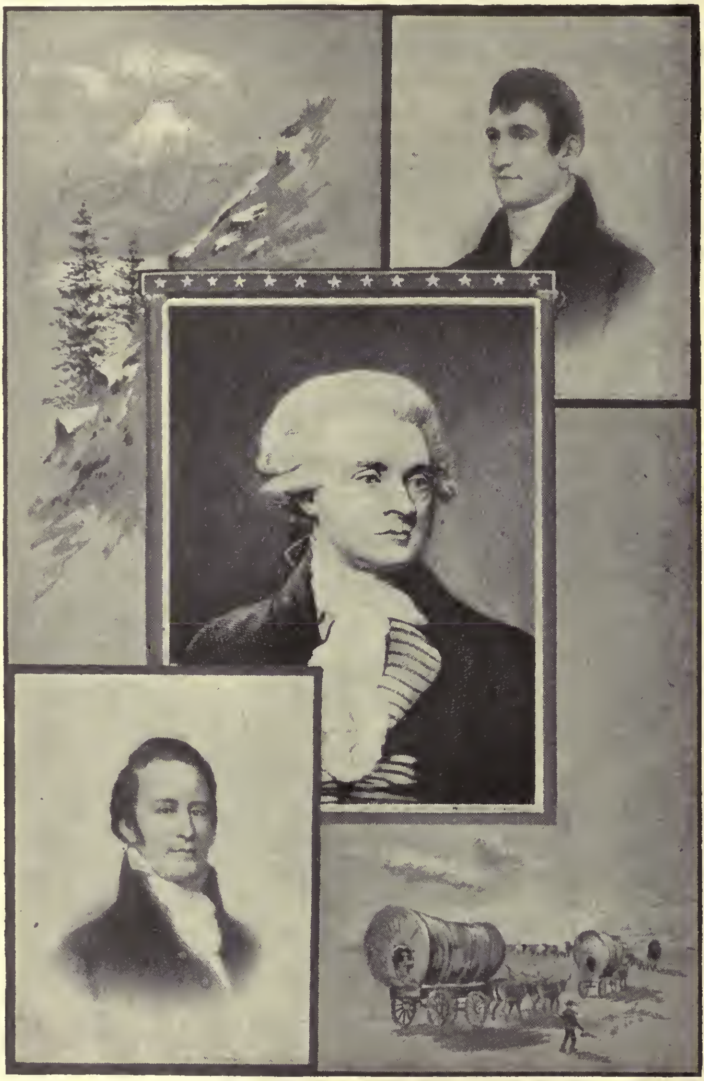
In another very important particular this exposition will differ from any other that has been held in America: it will draw thousands of people out of the crowded East to become permanent residents of the vast, thinly populated Northwest. Here are tens of millions of acres of excellent land waiting to be taken up by settlers on terms nearly if not quite as easy as under the operations of the Homestead law in states further east that were settled earlier; and here is a climate as delightful — Winter and Summer—as any under the flag.

The centennial site comprises 180 acres of land and 220 acres of water. A natural lake with a peninsula extending out into it furnishes a keynote to the landscape scheme. The main buildings are situated on the sloping terraces overlooking Guild's Lake and the Willamette river. The view from the grounds is almost without parallel for beauty and grandeur. In the distance can be seen nine snow-capped mountain peaks, including Mount Hood and Mount Helens.

Eight large exhibit palaces form the "main picture." Around these will cluster the state and minor buildings. The United States government, which has appropriated $475,000 for its participation, will erect its buildings on the peninsula in the center of the lake. This peninsula is reached from one portion of the mainland by an ornate bridge, called the Bridge of Nations. Upon the near end of this bridge will be situated the "Trail," the amusement street of the fair. Many of the states have appropriated sums of money ranging from $10,000 to $35,000 for their participation, and some of them will erect handsome pavilions. Foreign participation will be extensive, the exhibits being largely drawn from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

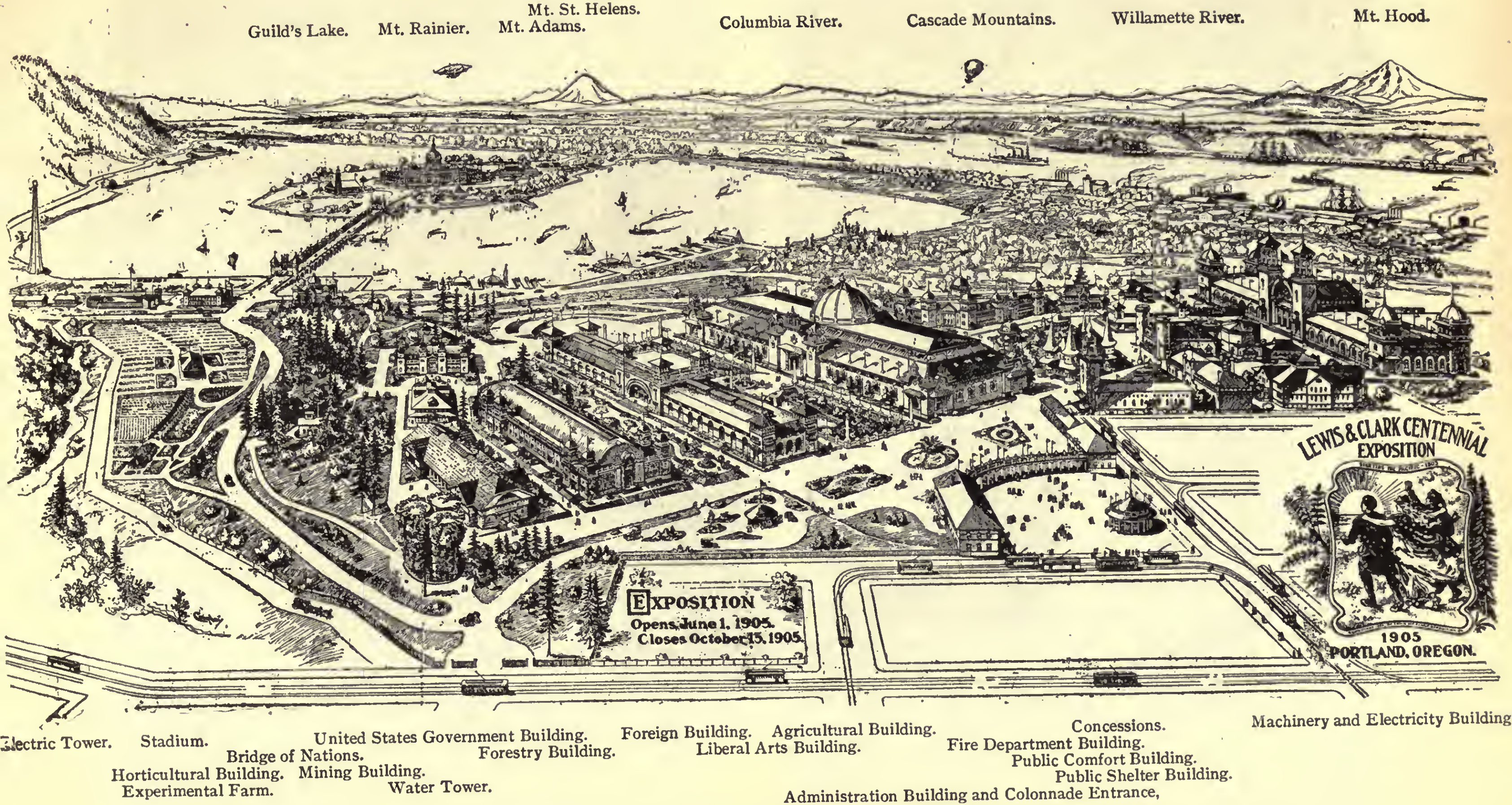
The "Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition and Oriental Fair" is the first international exhibition held west of the Rocky mountains. The "Oregon Country" (as that section of America was then called) early in the last century became a part of the United States and was subsequently divided into the present states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, as well as extensive parts of Montana and Wyoming, adding over 300,000 square miles of rich mineral and fertile agricultural lands to the national domain.

The expedition which explored this "no man's land" was sent out under the leadership of Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, by President Thomas Jefferson in 1803, and reached the mouth of the Columbia river in 1805.



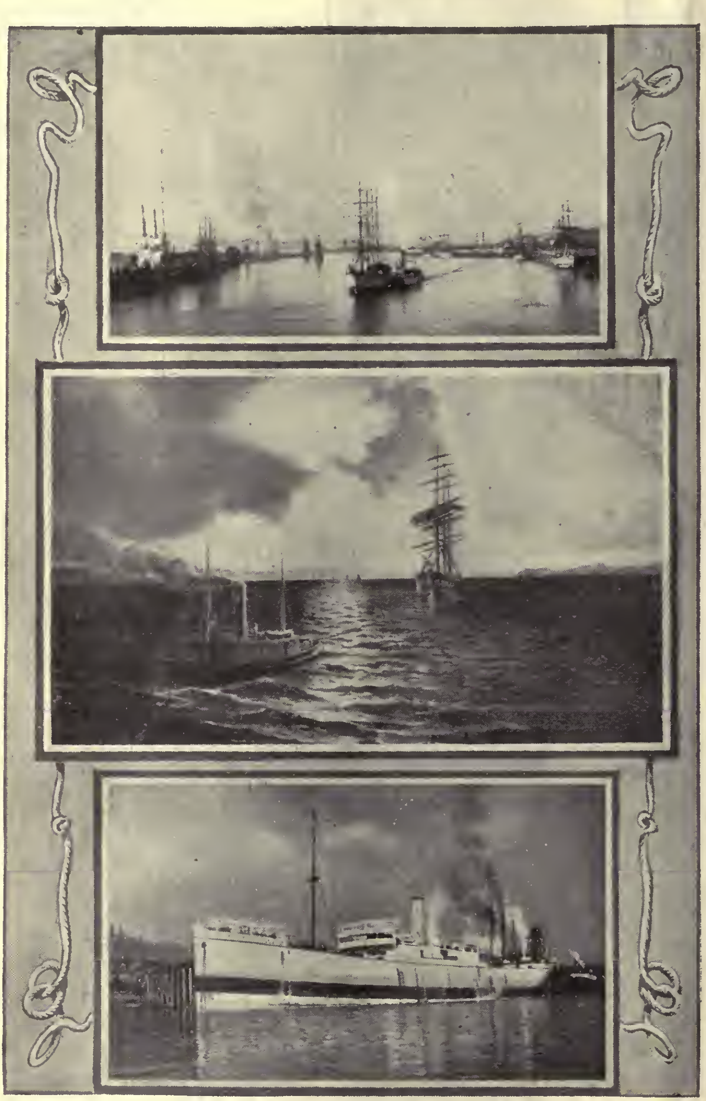
WILLIAM CLARK. THOMAS JEFFERSON. MERIWETHER LEWIS.
PRESIDENT JEFFERSON AND THE EXPLORERS OF OREGON

The city of Portland, numbering 125,000 inhabitants, is an ideal western American city. It is situated 110 miles from the Pacific ocean, on the Willamette river, at practically its confluence


Guild's Lake.
Mt. Rainier.
Mt. St. Helens.
Mt. Adams.
Columbia River.
Cascade Mountains.
Willamette River.
Mt. Hood.
LEWIS & CLARK CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION
1905
PORTLAND, OREGON.
EXPOSITION
Opens June 1, 1905.
Closes October 15, 1905.
Electric Tower.
Stadium.
Horticultural Building.
Experimental Farm.
Bridge of Nations.
Mining Building.
United States Government Building.
Water Tower.
Forestry Building.
Foreign Building.
Liberal Arts Building.
Agricultural Building.
Administration Building and Colonnade Entrance,
Fire Department Building.
Concessions.
Public Comfort Building.
Public Shelter Building.
Machinery and Electricity Building

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AND ORIENTAL FAIR with the famous Columbia. It is a common sight to behold the heaviest draught vessels of all nationalities moored in the city's magnificent harbor. Portland holds extensive commercial intercourse with the whole world, her chief export commodities being lumber, flour, grain and the products of innumerable salmon canneries located on the Columbia.

As Portland is the western terminus of four great transcontinental railways, and as the Willamette river is one of the boundaries of the centennial site, thus enabling ocean steamers to discharge cargoes directly on the grounds facilities for expeditiously and economically conveying, installing and maintaining exhibits at Portland are unparalleled.



OCEAN-GOING SHIPPING ON THE WILLAMETTE AND COLUMBIA RIVERS

SALMON FISHING IN THE COLUMBIA RIVER

CRATER LAKE, CASCADE MOUNTAINS, SOUTHERN OREGON

Photograph copyright, 1903, by Kiser Bros.

WILLAMETTE FALLS, OREGON CITY, WHERE THE ELECTRIC POWER FOR PORTLAND'S FACTORIES IS GENERATED

HARVESTING ON AN EASTERN OREGON FARM

Photograph Copyright, 1903, by Geo. M. Weister

AT THE END OF THE MARCH

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS
ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

IT was night. The mid-Winter wind sweeping through the streets of the town shrieked in its fury and tugged at the casements and signs. From the heavens, out of the wrack of the driving clouds that hid the face of the sky, there came with reckless force needle-like particles of flying snow and hard, round pellets of sleet which rattled upon the icy pavements or crashed against windows and doors. Obscured, swaying and tremulous, the storm-harried arc lights of the public ways but feebly withstood the dense and enveloping darkness which, hanging in its greatest intensity about the "court-house square," now hid, now dimly revealed the looming, unlighted buildings, the bent and struggling trees, and a marble figure on a monument which stood in this open place. Elsewhere, in the suburbs and away on the northern streets, there was light and quick laughter and the footsteps of hurrying men, but in the heart of this deserted spot there was no voice save that of the elements, naught human save the graven face of a man—the man on the monument.

Grim and impassive, unmoved alike by the thrust of the blast or the bitter sting of the cold, the man on the monument stood at his post on guard. A soldier he, and peering out through the blinding sleet he looked every inch the part. Girt were his loins with belt and bayonet, canteen and cartridge box, and, butt to earth and muzzle up, his musket upheld his hand.

Six months before they had placed him there—had the very good people of the town — amid speech-making and flowers, as a minister to their nourished pride and as an honor unto the dead. For the dead at least are safe. Age is not theirs, nor hunger nor thirst, and they come not asking alms. Wherefore for the dead white stones are carved and the roses and the laurels are brought.

But the Summer had long since ended, and the Autumn, too, was past; and now at the foot of the shaft, hidden by the ice and the drifted snow, there lingered only dried stems and petals, a bit of ribbon, perhaps, and the skeleton wires of the wreaths whence all the blossoms were gone.

But the man on the monument, like the dead for whom he stood, needed nothing, asked nothing. He stood at his post. What to him was vain adulation, and what was neglect to him?

So, about the corners of the square the tempest screamed its wrath, and for a time there was no vestige of change. Once a carriage, the driver huddled and crouched beneath his robes, rolled hastily by, and again a shutter, wrung from its hinges, fell cornerwise upon the curb, there breaking harshly and splintering. For the rest, the writhing clouds swept on, the fitful lights faded and flared, the great trees struggled almost humanly and groaned under the stress and the strain.

Then out of the dark tunnel of a street, buffeted this way and that and driven relentlessly, a man stepped into view—a real man this time, and one who lacked all the visible attributes of the figure upreared on the stone. Old, worn-out and poor, his face and his name were alike unknown, for his people had forgotten him. Once, on a day long ago, when the gray smoke was rising over Gettysburg, and the purple hills trembled to the roar of the unlimbered guns, a nation had heard of him; but there was no danger now—no charging of squadrons or rattle of musketry. Nor was he a soldier tonight. He kept no guard, he held no post; whence he came seemingly he knew not, and whither he went the storm refused utterly to say. No overcoat sheltered him as he walked; no rifle was his, or belt, or bayonet. His but the rags, the hunger, the weariness; his the turned-aside faces of the men whom he met, and the never ending strain of the cold.

Stumbling but never halting, he stepped out upon the square, muttering as he went. Already the good God and the cold had been merciful to him, already the temperature had benumbed his senses, already his mind groped vaguely in the dregs of old memories.

Slowly he passed his hand across his chilled and dripping brow. The old plantation; the blazing fires; the tall piles of yellow corn, and the negroes singing in their cabins the songs of the harvest home. No — it could not be that. The cold never came there, nor sleeplessness, nor any great and bitter need.

A great gust struck him and whirled him about. He started and opened his eyes.

Dreaming? How tired he must have been thus to doze upon his feet. But he remembered now — he knew quite well where he was. At "sundown" the march had begun—the long forced march through the night and the blinding storm. Yonder hill was cut off; yonder Longstreet lay between the stone bridge and the ford. Yesterday had been but a skirmish, but at dawn the battle would begin. "Pass the infantry to the front!" So the order had come and Lee was waiting for them.

On through the night—it was cold, but the "gray backs" were moving. Just see the long, dark columns, the muskets and the bearded men! And yonder—a light in a distant building flashed brilliantly, flickered and then went out—yonder in front were the picket lines and the fires of the enemy! What mattered the wind now; what mattered the snow? Jackson was up, and Stuart was coming, and at day-light the charge would be made.

"Steady, men, and keep on," he urged. "Tired? Ay, so are we all, but it's only a little way now—only a—little way."

His gaunt figure swayed and drooped; he stumbled and recovered himself painfully. With sudden resolution he braced his feet, halted, stood stiffly erect, and touched the worn brim of his hat.

"Ah, a dark night, orderly," he said very courteously. "I almost ran into you. The pickets? Yes, I made them out. Halt, men. Fall out! The trees will shelter us now — let us rest a bit while we may. Good night, orderly.—Tomorrow—yes, tomorrow—"

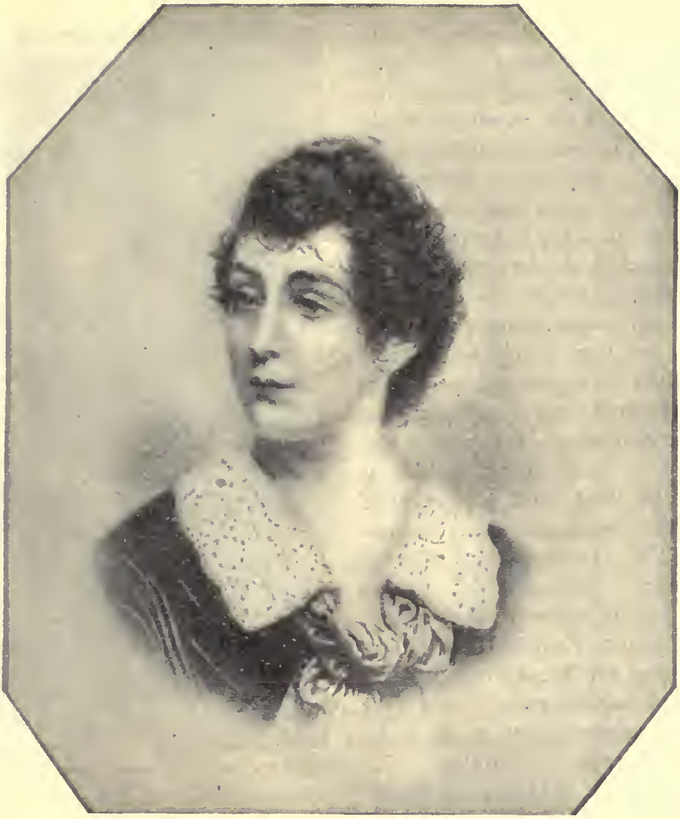
He lurched forward a little space and came to the monument. Behind it the eddying wind had scooped a furrow in the snow. He looked at this gratefully and flung himself down therein.

"So," he murmured softly, "so! The place is fit—and—the end of the march—has—come!"

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

(From the North American Review.)

There is no doubt that this matter of delegating the fixing of railway rates to a commission or court has been made by Mr. Roosevelt the question of the hour in the United States, and that the solution of the problem will be watched with lively interest in all those European countries where the railways are not owned and operated by the government.



CARTOON OF LA MENKEN IN THE SHOW WINDOWS FORTY YEARS AGO

LA BELLE MENKEN

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "South Sea Idyls", "Exits and Entrances", etc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT was away back in the early sixties: San Francisco, California, was not yet sixteen, but she was precocious, and her hot blood leaped from hearts that were not unfrequently pierced on the shortest possible notice by vengeful bullet or stiletto. The town was billed with posters heralding the approach of "The Menken," La Belle Menken, Adah Isaacs Menken, with her "Mazeppa" and "French Spy," two picturesque impersonations that she was destined to make world-famous.

The windows of nearly every shop in the city framed a startling cartoon that caught the eye on the instant, and if the masculine observer was still heart-whole and fancy-free, it probably gave him something to think about for some time to come.

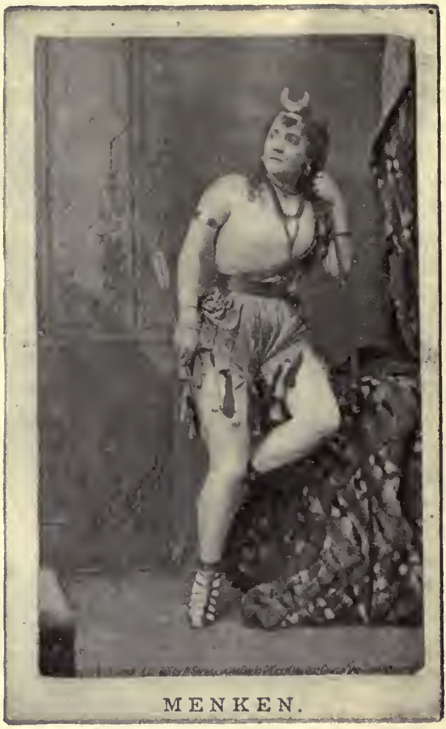
It was the portrait of a young and beautiful woman that was turning the heads of the people just then. A striking picture, it was, far out of the common run in that day: a head of Byronic mold; a fair, proud throat, quite open to admiration, for the sailor collar that might have graced the wardrobe of the Poet-Lord was carelessy knotted upon the bosom with a voluminously flowing silk tie. The hair, black, glossy, short and curly, gave to the head, forehead and nape of the neck a half-feminine masculinity suggestive of the Apollo Belvedere.

The eyes were what transfixed one at first sight, for they were not wholly human. Often they were referred to as those "intoxicated eyes"; perhaps they were intoxicated once in a while; certainly they were intoxicating so long as they chose to shed their almost lurid light upon the young and easily impressionable. This is how they affected Charles Reade, the novelist, in his maturity. In his memoir, the chapter entitled "Friends, Fautors and Favorites," he says of the Menken: "A clever woman with beautiful eyes — very dark blue. A bad actress, but made a hit by playing 'Mazeppa' in tights. She played one scene in 'Black Eyed Susan' with true feeling. A trigamist, or quadrigamist, her last husband, I believe, was John Heenan, the prize-fighter. Menken talked well and was very intelligent. She spoiled her looks off the stage with white lead, or whatever it is these idiots of women wear. She did not rouge, but played some deviltry with her glorious eyes, which altogether made her spectral. She wrote poetry. It was as bad as other peoples — would have been worse if it could. 'Requiescat in pace.' Goodish heart. Loose conduct. Gone!"

There is a bad epitaph for you; quite in the vein of Tom Carlyle. In sooth the ill repute of her fellow players could have hardly matched it.

⁂

The chief theater of the metropolis, Maguire's Opera House, was packed to the tune of sixteen hundred and forty dollars in coin on that first night, when "Mazeppa," apparently stripped to the buff, was lashed to a wild horse of Tartary that was really worthy of the name.



MENKEN AS THE ARAB BOY IN "THE FRENCH SPY"

There have been "Mazeppas" and "Mazeppas" in this wicked world of ours, all feminine and mostly fat—though I once saw Joe Jefferson play a burlesque "Mazeppa," in that same opera house: clad in fleshings, he was lashed to a rocking-horse and pushed across the stage on castors.

The average "Mazeppa" is about as much as an ordinary horse can carry; the animal in his famous flight over the Mountains of the Moon ambles up an inclined tow-path as if he were on a pious pilgrimage, and his only fear is that he may not reach the "flies" in season to secure a succulent reward at the hands of the impending stable-boy. He comes of a family every member of which seems to have been born with a padded

MENKEN AS MAZEPPA

back as flat as a table and as soft as a feather-bed. Not so the Menken's fiery steed; he was a very spirited beast, evidently proud of the beauty and the bravery of his living burden. She loved him for the dangers he had passed with her and so, nightly and at the matinees, she risked her life that she might thrill her breathless audience and fill the pocket she had left behind her in her undressing room.

Charles Henry Webb, poet and wit, said in his "Californian"—the brightest weekly in the history of early California literature:—"The Menken is unrivaled in her particular line — but it isn't a clothes-line."

Garments seemed almost to profane her, as they do a statue. She was statuesque in the noblest sense of the word. It was impossible to think of her as being fleshly, or gross, or as even capable in anywise of suggesting a thought tinged with vulgarity. The moment she entered upon the scene she inspired it with a poetic atmosphere that appealed to one's love of beauty, and satisfied it. She was the embodiment of physical grace. She possessed the lithe sinuosity of body that fascinates us in the panther and the leopard when in motion. Every curve of her limbs was as appealing as a line in a Persian love song. She was a vision of celestial harmony made manifest in the flesh—a living and breathing poem that set the heart to music and throbbed rhythmically to a passion that was as splendid as it was pure.

I saw her as a boy, and she inspired in me an enthusiasm that found expression in some youthful verses championing her cause. She had been cried down by critics because she had lived a life that was to say the least unconventional. She had been insulted by low-minded brutes who were not worthy to loosen the thongs of her sandals. To the "'prurient prudes" she had become a scorn and a hissing. I knew her story as it was known of men, but it did not appal me: it woke in me the pity that is akin to love. I am glad that it did then; I am glad that the memory of that emotion does even at this late day.

⁂

Adah, the subject of this sketch, was born in a little village on the shore of Lake Chartrain, near New Orleans, Louisiana, on the fifteenth of June, 1835. Her father, Mr. James McCord, was a merchant in good standing, who died, leaving three children, of whom Adah was the eldest. Adah's father had always been an ardent admirer of Terpsichore, and almost as soon as they were able to toddle his children were placed in charge of a French dancing master. Mr. McCord died when Adah was seven years of age, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. The widow placed her two daughters in the ballet at the

ADA ISAACS MENKEN.

French Opera House, New Orleans, where, as infant phenomena, they made a success. Later, with the Monplaisir Troupe, Adah visited Havana and became so great a favorite that she was popularly known as the "Queen of the Plaza." She played a brilliant engagement in the leading opera house of the City of Mexico. She returned to New Orleans and retired from the stage, as was her wont at intervals, begin always divided against herself.

In Galveston, Texas, in 1856, she married Alexander Isaacs Menken, a musician. She returned to the Varieties Theater, New Orleans, starring in "Fazio, or The Italian Wife"; but again retired and began the study of sculpture in the studio of T. D. Jones, at Columbus, Ohio. Under the pen-name of "Indigina," she published a volume of poems entitled "Memories." She was on and off the stage at intervals, playing engagements in various companies in many different cities, or devoting herself for a time to painting, poetry, or sculpture.

Her husband having died, Menken was married, April 3, 1859, to John C. Heenan, a prize-fighter, known to the sporting world as "the Benicia Boy." They were married by the Rev. J. S. Baldwin at the Rock Cottage, on the Bloomingdale Road, near New York City; from him she was divorced in 1862, by an Indiana court. She married Robert H. Newell — at one time widely known as "Orpheus C. Kerr," the humorist; was divorced from Mr. Newell in 1865. In 1866 she married Mr. James Barclay, who survived her.

MENKEN IN "THE CHILD OF THE SUN"

The Menken played engagements that may almost be called sensational; they were great financial successes, created unbounded enthusiasm and were the subject of sometimes violent discussion. As "Mazeppa" her impersonation was brilliant and startling; as the Arab boy in "The French Spy," she was the apotheosis of poesy. As William, a sailor, in "Black Eyed Susan," even Charles Reade acknowledged her ability in "one scene." The truth is the Menken's William, a sailor, in that dear old obsolete, semi-melodramatic idyl of the Fleet, was a wonder; of course there never was anything like it on ship or shore. There never could have been anything like it to last more than a minute after the fall of the curtain. A sailor boy so dainty and delightful as this sweet William would have been devoured by the sweethearts in any port, or even petted to death by the crustacea on a desert island. However, the interesting fact remains that, as an embodiment of all that was deliciously melancholy, melodious, and unmasculine, the memory of that particular Willam is immortal; and if such a sailor had ever sailed the enchanted seas in the age of fable he would probably have dragged the sirens of Scylla and Charybdis out of their scaly attenuations like boiled shrimps.

In "The Child of the Sun," a play written for her by John Brougham, she was singularly picturesque; and in "Les Pirates de la Savanne," a play written expressly for her Paris engagement by Ferdinand Dugue and Anicet Berugeois, and produced

MENKEN AS WILLIAM IN "BLACK EYED SUSAN"

at the Theater de la Gaite, she dazzled and delighted the natives.

The Menken made her final exit from the stage of the world while photography was still in its infancy, yet she was constantly posing at the request of photographers who were making little fortunes out of the sale of these pictures. Sarony, alone, took some hundreds of different poses, but the pictures are all small, of the old-fashioned carte de visit size, and they are but poor specimens of art. Those here reproduced have been in my possession forty years — save only the one of Dumas and Menken, which was taken three or four years later than the others.

⁂

That Adah Isaacs Menken was a woman of unusual talent is beyond question. She may not have been a genius, but her nature was of that difficult sort that is near allied to the madness of genius. She proved this in everything she said or wrote or did. Her chirography advertises the fact; and if the handwriting of a person is the index to his character, hers was one to call forth the sympathy of all Christian souls. It has been thus interpreted by a friend, at my request:—Nature gave her the joy of sensations; to all the senses she responded easily, and each thrilled her; a creature of real refinement; possessed of much natural delicacy — yet with moments when the physical got the better of the spiritual; tactful, sincere, witty, with an appreciation of the ludicrous, and liking to chaff a little; not without a touch of coquetry; of quick perception, sometimes arriving at profound truths as by a short cut—intuitively; kind, generous, simple, unaffected, but with profound and lofty emotions and at times almost mystical; unaffected, yet occasionally having an air of affectation. A natural capacity for taking pains; fond of detail, all her impersonations showing clever conceptions carefully carried out. Prone to melancholy; not easily hopeful; possessing a grace in repose as satisfying to the eye as a chef-d'-oeuvre in sculpture. One seer pronounced her the victim of a deeply religious and spiritual nature perpetually at war with the flesh that overwhelmed it.

Her bosom friend, Ada Clare, known in the palmy days at Pfaff's as the "Queen of Bohemia," told me that once when she wished to walk with the Menken, who was about to take her afternoon promenade, the latter said to her: "No, dear! do not be seen in public with me; you have to establish your reputation in this place and to be seen with me might hurt it."

⁂

Once she sang in this strain:

MYSELF

Now I gloss my face with laughter, and sail my voice on with the tide.
Decked in jewels and lace, I laugh beneath the gas-light's glare, and quaff the purple wine.
But the minor-keyed soul is standing naked and hungry upon one of heaven's high hills of light,
Standing and waiting for the blood of the feast!
Starving for one poor word!
Waiting for God to launch out some beacon on the boundless shores of this Night.
Shivering for the uprising of some soft wing under which I may creep, lizard-like, to warmth and rest.
Waiting! Starving and shivering.
Still I trim my white bosom with crimson roses; for none shall see the thorns.
I bind my aching brow with a jeweled crown, that none shall see the iron one beneath.
My silver-sandaled feet keep impatient time to the music, because I cannot be calm.
I laugh at earth's passion-fever of Love; yet I know that God is near to the soul on the hill, and hears the cease-

less ebb and flow of a hopeless love, through all my laughter.
But if I can cheat my heart with the old comfort, that love can be forgotten, is it not better?
After all, living is but to play a part!

* * * *

Yet through all this I know that night will roll back from the still, gray plain of heaven, and that my triumph shall rise sweet with the dawn!
When these mortal mists shall unclothe the world, then shall I be known as I am!
When I dare be dead and buried behind a wall of wings, then shall he know me!
When this world shall fall, like some old ghost, wrapped in the black skirts of the wind, down into the fathomless eternity of fire, then shall souls uprise!
When God shall lift the frozen seal from struggling voices, then shall we speak!
When the purple and gold of our inner natures shall be lifted up in the Eternity of Truth, then will love be mine!
I can wait!

Thus she stormed high heaven, or bewailed her fate in rhapsodies that sometimes verge upon frenzy and sometimes seem the despairing cry of a lost and loving soul.

⁂

Her imagination was of a lurid cast; it had feasted upon and echoed the wild and wayward rhythm of the Psalms of David and Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." In her little book of verses "Infelicia," there are few lines that are, not more or less inflated, some that are truly noble, and some that are poor enough. This volume of one hundred and twenty-four pages was dedicated to Charles Dickens "by permission"; the permission gracefully granted in an autograph letter was reproduced in facsimile as a frontispiece to the first edition of the poems, but afterward suppressed:

It ran as follows:

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday, Twenty-first October, 1867.

Dear Miss Menken:

I shall have great pleasure in accepting your dedication, and I thank you for your portrait as a highly remarkable specimen of photography.

I also thank you for the verses enclosed in your note. Many such enclosures come to me, but few so pathetically written, and fewer still so modestly sent. Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

That Adah Menken could write simply and sweetly is evidenced by the following lines which she very kindly wrote for me in an old-fashioned album, the pride of my youth. They are written in a hand that is highly characteristic: a free hand of large swinging curves flowing bravely from a stubby quill; the i's dotted with bullets, the t's crossed with javelins, the flourish after her signature as long and elaborately curlicued as the whip-lash of a Wild West cow-boy.

THE POET

The poet's noblest duty is,
Whatever theme he sings,
To draw the soul of beauty forth
From unconsidered things.

That, howso'er despised may be
The humblest form of earth,
His kindly sympathy may weave
A halo round its birth.

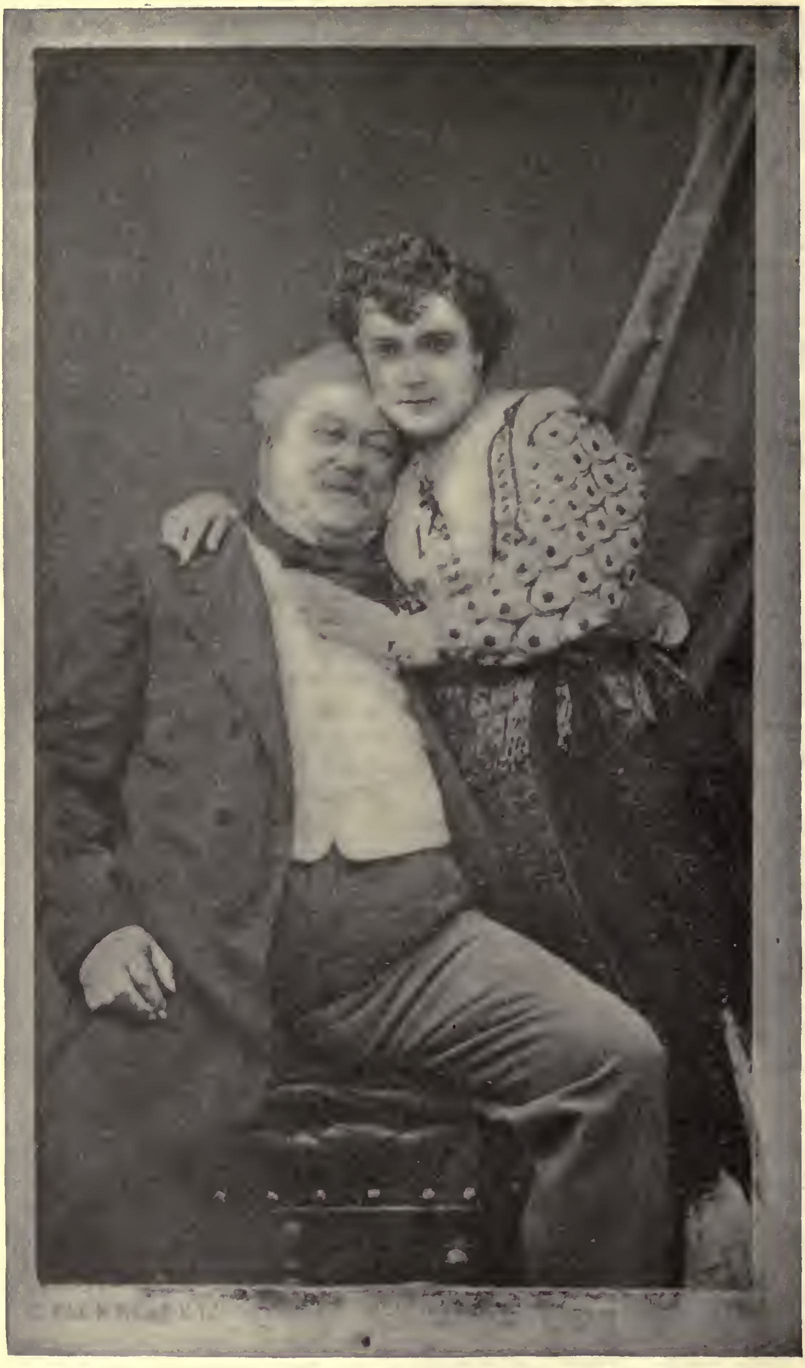
For deepest in creation's midst
The rarest treasure lies,
And deeper than all science delves
May reach the poet's eyes.

And, with poetic instinct fired,
He finds his greatest art
In raising Nature's hidden gems
To set them in his art.

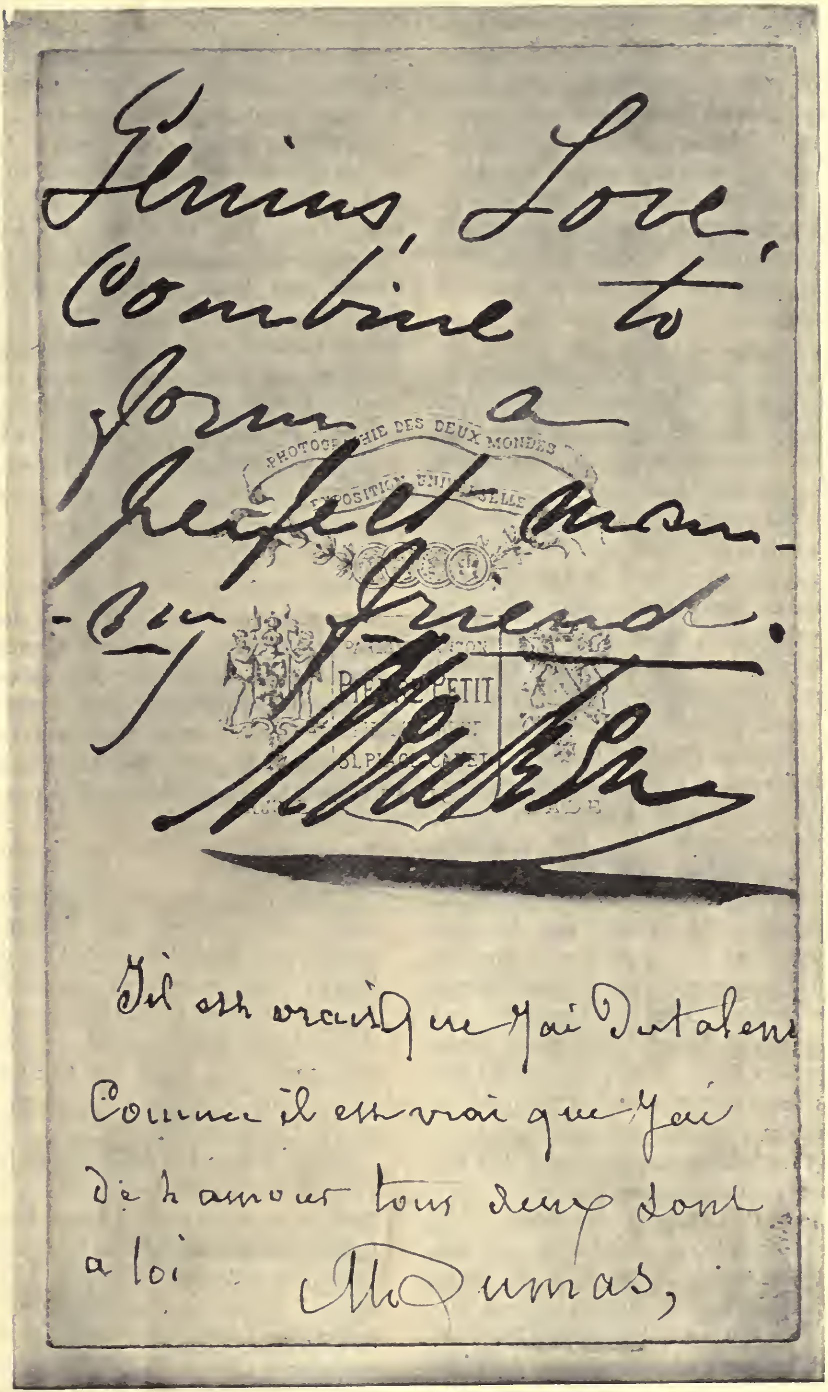
A. I. Menken.

⁂

Menken made many friends among the



THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF MENKEN AND DUMAS, THE ELDER, TAKEN FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY, BUT IMITATED AND CARICATURED AND SOLD EVERYWHERE IN PARIS



Genius, Love,
Combine to
form a
perfect man-
-or friend.
Menken

S'il est vrai que j'ai du talent
Comme il est vrai que j'ai
de l'amour tous deux sont
a toi Al. Dumas,

PHOTOGRAPHIE DES DEUX MONDES
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
PETIT

AUTOGRAPHS OF MENKEN AND DUMAS ON THE BACK OF MR. STODDARD'S COPY OF THE PRECEDING PHOTOGRAPH literary and artistic celebrities of London and Paris. It was rumored that the poet Swinburne and many of the lesser literary lights of London had fallen under her spell. After her death, when infamous libels were printed freely and her name became a jest on the lips of scoffers, more than one clergyman stood up in indignation to utter a protest in the name of chivalry and of common humanity.

⁂

It is easy to lose one's reputation in the glare of the footlights. If they were to turn their blinding rays upon the inquisitive throngs in the pit, the boxes or the gallery, how many revelations would add interest to the inner lives of our nameless neighbors.

As for the much discussed photograph of Menken and Dumas, the elder, the only original is here reproduced. Its history is this: They were photographed for their own pleasure and for the pleasure of their friends, and the picture was never intended for publication. Someone obtained a copy—no copies were for sale—and finding a man and woman with figures resembling the originals, these were posed like lay figures in several attitudes, some of them quite indecent; faces of Dumas and Menken were attached to the figures, the whole rephotographed and the copies offered to the public. The shops were flooded with them and though an effort was made to suppress them, it was decided by the courts that they came under the head of caricatures and the sale went on.

All this breathes of the days that are no more. Then came the story of a great feast that ended with a fatality. It was told how, bereft of friends, sick and in poverty, the wasted body of the Menken was borne to a nameless grave, followed only by the noble animal that had played his part so many times with her in "Mazeppa," and one servant who was faithful unto death.

This was in no wise the case. Adah Isaacs Menken died peacefully in the Paris that she loved, on the tenth of August, 1868, attended by the ministers of her adopted faith, the Jewish.

So, many years ago, passed from mortal vision all that was known to the pleasure-loving public as La Belle Menken. For a little time her body lay in the stranger's burying-ground at Pere la Chaise, but later it was removed to Mont Parnasse cemetery, where it now lies, a handful of dust, hidden away in an obscure corner; and above it, cut in marble, as she desired that it should be, her final appeal to her Creator, her farewell to the uncharitable world—her last word—

"THOU KNOWEST!"

⁂

I want to add to this tribute something of her own; something as characteristic as anything she ever gave to the reading world. It was, of course, not intended for publication, but I feel sure she will forgive since it so pathetically appeals to all who would believe in her goodness:

"My Poet—

"Your letter and poems came just today, when kind and beautiful things were so much needed in my heart. That letter and your thrilling poems have fulfilled their mission: I am lifted out of my sad, lonely self, and reach my heart up to the affinity of the true, which is always the beautiful.

"I am not in the condition to tell you all the impressions your poems have made upon me. I have today fallen into the bitterness of a sad, reflective and desolate mood. You know I am alone, and that I work, and without sympathy; and that the unshrined ghosts of wasted hours and of lost loves are always tugging at my heart.

"I know your soul! It has met

mine somewhere in the starry highway of thought. You must often meet me, for I am a vagabond of fancy without name or aim. I was born a dweller in tents; a reveler in the 'tented habitation of war'; consequently, dear poet, my views of life and things are rather disreputable in the eyes of the 'just'. I am always in bad odor with people who don't know me, and startle those who do. Alas!

"I am a fair classical scholar, not a bad linguist, can paint a respectable portrait of a good head and face, can write a little and have made successes in sculpture; but for all these blind instincts for art, I am still a vagabond, of no use to anyone in the world — and never shall be. People always find me out and then find fault with God because I have gifts denied to them. I cannot help that. The body and the soul don't fit each other; they are always in a 'scramble.' I have long since ceased to contend with the world; it bores me horribly; nothing but hard work saves me from myself.

"I send you a treasure: the portrait and autograph of my friend, Alexander Dumas. Value it for his sake, as well as for the sake of the poor girl he honors with his love. O! how I wish that you could know him! You could understand his great soul so well—the King of Romance, the Child of Gentleness and Love: take him to your heart forever!

"In a few days I shall see him, and then a pleasant hour shall be made by reading in my weak translation what I like best in your poems. We always read and analyze our dearest friends — but Alexander is too generous to be critical.

"I shall not remain here long. Vienna is detestable beyond expression. Ah! my comrade; Paris is, after all, the heart of the world. Know Paris and die.

"And now, farewell! Let me try to help you with my encouragement and the best feelings of my heart. Think of me. I am with you in spirit. Your future is to be glorious. Heaven bless you. Infelex,

MENKEN."

⁂

It is perhaps not surprising that a letter of this character, whether it was the spontaneous outpouring of an impulsive and ingenuous heart, or merely the pose of an artful woman who courted admiration and would have it at any cost, should touch the vanity of a young fellow barely out of his teens and swear him her liege forever. I believe that it was a generous spirit that prompted the writing of it; I know that her delicate flattery did not hurt him in the least, though she was at that time one of the most famous women of the world, the bright, particular star dazzling two continents, and he merely an aspiring poetaster. On the contrary, it inspired him to nobler efforts and filled him with a longing to achieve something worthy of her praise.

When the news of her sudden and untimely taking off was borne across the sea, there was grief profound in at least one breast, by the shore of the far Pacific, and his lute was touched with a trembling hand.

His lines were not worthy of her, nor of anyone else; they were but a poor echo of Tennyson who was then his lord and master, but he had not yet forsworn the gentle art; he was not the reformed poet that he later on became, and perhaps nothing could better prove his wisdom in that voluntary reformation than the lines themselves—so here they are:

LA BELLE MENKEN

"THE BODY AND THE SOUL DO NOT FIT EACH OTHER."

Poor martyr-soul, that was condemned
To penitence and wilful strife
Through painful and ungrateful life—
To feasting in a prayerless cell.

To solemn ways unreconciled;
By passion tempted and betrayed;
Thus early does thy beauty fade,
O, lily fretted and defiled!

O, tropic blossom, tempest-tost!
Thy regal presence is at last
Dethroned before a freezing blast,
And all thy loveliness is lost;

And all thy splendid forces spent;
And where thou fallest there shall die
Thy fatal gift of witchery—
O, wondrous life of discontent!

Now half the world will scorn thy fate,
That feared the triumph of thy face;
Nor matched thee in thy matchless grace—
But hated with a bigot's hate.

Now dumb within thy shroud of snow,
They turn upon thee to defame,
And cover thee with boundless shame,
And smite thee with a coward blow.

But whoso hath a spirit free
From earthly taint, will not despise
The penitence that floods thine eyes—
But turn again to cherish thee.

And never he whose faith is sure
As was thy love, beyond control,
Shall find a stain upon thy soul
Or cry thee to the world impure!

August, 1868.

THE SHATTERED CUP

By J. M. WHITTAKER

DENTON, TEXAS

WAS that to be my only taste of bliss,—
That one sip at the goblet's glowing rim;
Upon my lips the white foam's phantom kiss,
That chary hint of sweets below the brim,
Ere in my clumsy hand the chalice burst?
Was that the cup distilled and kept for me
Since time began? And must I go athirst
Through all the long, long years that are to be?

Yet he that slowly quaffs his sun-blest draught,
Wastes pity for the dregs upon my head,
The death-deep scars by falling fragments wrought,
The crystal shards and wine-stains on the sand:
He cannot know that I would not exchange
That brief taste for the full cup that he drains.

THE WITCH-CROW AND BARNEY BYLOW

A MODERN FAIRY TALE FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

MALTA, OHIO

(Publication of this story was begun in January.)

III

BARNEY watched the marvelous crow until it disappeared among the forest trees. Then he pinched himself to see if he was awake, and was rather surprised to find that he was. Next he turned and looked at the declining sun. It was just sinking from sight behind the western hills, and long, lank shadows sprawled along the dusty road, misshapen and grotesque.

"I must be moving on," the lad murmured to himself, a catch in his voice. "I—I almost wish I hadn't run away from home. I'm hungry and tired; but I don't know where I'm to find supper and bed. I can't go back, though; I can't—I won't!"

He set his teeth, squeezed back the tears that would come into his eyes, and resolutely set forward.

"This penny I bless;
You'll never have more—
And you'll never have less!"

He whispered the doggerel rhyme to himself as he wearily plodded along.

"Confound the old Witch-Crow!" he muttered angrily. "She was just fooling with me. The idea of giving me a rusty old penny, and saying I'd never have more and I'd never have less! Of course she was just fooling—just teasing me—just making sport of me. Well, I'll show her whether I won't have less! I'll throw the hateful old penny away."

He took the paltry coin from his pocket and flung it far among the tall weeds of the roadside.

"There!" he said with a grin—for the moment forgetting that he was weary, hungry and homesick. "I've got less now, I guess. My! It's getting dusk. I must find something to eat, and a place to sleep."

He commenced to whistle, to keep up his spirits. Immediately he felt better; and threw back his head, jauntily cocked his hat over one eye, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and swaggered along—striving to make himself believe that he was very brave and cheerful.

But on a sudden he stopped stock-still in his tracks and slowly withdrew his right hand from his pocket. Between thumb and finger he held another penny.

"Well, if that don't beat everything!" he gasped. "I thought I threw that penny away; I did throw it away, surely. Maybe I'm mistaken, though; that old Witch-Crow has muddled me up so. Well, I'll throw it away this time, all right. There!"

He flung the coin into an adjoining field. Then, slowly and cautiously, he he again explored the depths of his right hand pocket—and brought forth another penny.

"Gee!" he ejaculated explosively. "Well, I'll try it again. Here goes!"

The third coin quickly followed the second—scaring a quail from its nest and sending it whirring away in the gathering dusk.

"I've heard of fellows having money to throw at the birds," Barney giggled. "I guess I must be one of those chaps. Here's another penny—and there it goes; and here's another one—and there it goes. Every time I throw away one, there's another in my pocket—and always in the pocket the Witch-Crow dropped the first one into. Now I know what she meant by saying I'd never have less than a penny. But what did she mean by saying I'd never have more? I suppose she meant that just one penny at a time would come into my pocket. That's it. She couldn't mean anything else; because I might find money, or earn it. Then I'd have more than a penny, of course. What a silly joke to play on a fellow! Nobody but a witch would do such a thing. I never did take much stock in witches; and I don't take any now. Old White Feather! That's what I'll call her—the mean old thing; I don't care how disrespectful it is. Just because I said I'd like always to have money in my pocket, no matter how much I might spend, she played this mean trick on me. But it's getting dark; I must hurry on and find supper and bed somewhere."

He meant to stop at the next farmhouse and ask for food and shelter; but the house and surroundings, in the gathering darkness, looked gloomy and uninviting. So he slipped past silently. From a wayside tree he procured a few ill-flavored apples, and munched them as he went along. At the next house he stopped and opened the gate leading into the yard. A great shaggy dog barked and growled threateningly at him. Barney shut the gate with a bang and hurried on. At the third place he tried,the farmer and his wife were noisily quarreling, and the children were crying. Barney listened a moment at the open door, then slipped away in the darkness. At last, worn out and thoroughly discouraged, he crept into a barn, climbed the ladder to the mow, and cuddled down in the sweet new hay. Quickly he fell into a deep sleep of utter exhaustion, his head upon his arm and his cheeks wet with tears.

In the after part of the night a storm came up. The lightning flashed wickedly; the thunder boomed and crashed; the rain fell in torrents. The uproar wakened Barney and frightened him, but he was so tired and sleepy that he immediately fell asleep again.

The sun was an hour high when Barney crept from his couch and emerged from the barn. The landscape had had a refreshing bath, and looked green and beautiful, and the birds were singing and chirping cheerily. Barney's fears and homesickness had gone with the night, his courage had returned; but he was hungry—so hungry.

"I'm going to try at this house for something to eat," he communed with himself. "I'm almost famished."

He washed his hands and face in the cistern-trough at the corner of the barn, combed his tousled hair with his fingers, and stood thinking.

"What if they ask me to pay for my breakfast—what'll I do?" he thought. "Oh, I know! Every time I take a penny from my pocket, there's another one there, so I'll just count out a lot of them and have them ready."

He put his right hand into his pocket, brought out the penny he found there, and placed it in his left palm. Quickly he again sent his hand fishing for another coin; but it came forth empty.

"Why, there's no penny in my pocket this time!" he exclaimed aloud. "What does that mean? Oh, I see! 'You'll never have more'; and I'd be having more, if I had one in my hand and one in my pocket. Well, I'll lay this one on the curb of the cistern, and see how that'll work."

He did so, and found another penny in his pocket. He continued to extract them and lay them one by one on the cistern curb. When he had twenty or more, he said:

"That's enough to pay for a breakfast, I suppose. I'll put them in my left pocket, and have them ready."

He tried to gather up the row of coins; but the first he touched disappeared before his eyes—melted into thin air, as it seemed—and was gone.

"Well, I'll—be—doggoned!" Barney muttered under his breath.

He was perplexed—astounded. After momentary hesitation and thought, he tried again, and kept on trying. One by one the pennies as he touched them melted into nothingness.

"Pshaw!" he grumbled. "I don't like to have such a mean old witch-trick played on me. I wonder if it'll be the same with any other money I get — melt out of my fingers as soon as I touch it, like a snowflake. If that's the way the thing's going to do, I'll never have more than a penny, sure enough—no matter if I work my hands off; no matter if I inherit a fortune. I think it's mean — mean as dirt!"

Then, in spite of his irritation, he laughed.

"Gee! Wouldn't I make a great cashier in a bank? I'd break the concern in a week."

Sobering, he went on musingly: "But breakfast I must have, and right away; and I'm going to this house to get it. If they ask me for pay, I'll have to give them a cent at a time. Maybe they'll think me crazy, and set the dog on me—I don't know."

He crossed the road to the farmhouse, went around to the kitchen, and timidly knocked upon the half-open door.

"Good mornin'," said the motherly-woman who appeared in the doorway. "What are you doin' so far away from home so early in the mornin'?"

"How do you know I'm far away from home?" Barney returned, wondering how the woman guessed the truth so quickly and exactly.

"W'y," she answered, smiling, "that's easy enough. I know all the boys for several miles around, and you don't belong in this neighborhood. You slept in our barn-mow last night, didn't you?"

"Y-e-s," the boy admitted, still more surprised. "But how did you know that?"

The woman laughed good-naturedly.

"There's hayseed upon your clothes," she said; "then I saw you washin' at the cistern-trough. You've run away from home, too; nobody would be away from home, dressed as you are, unless he'd run away. And you didn't have any supper—you look hollow and weak—and you want your breakfast."

"That's what I do," Barney assented heartily.

Again the woman laughed; and the boy smiled in sympathy.

"Well, we had breakfast by lamplight," she went on; "the men folks have been off to the fields an hour or more. I can't stop my work to get you a warm meal—you ought to have got up sooner; but I can give you a bowl of bread and milk."

"Oh, anything—just anything'll do!" Barney hastened to say. And he meant it; he felt that he was famishing.

The woman set her arms akimbo and looked at the lad keenly. Once more she laughed, her fat sides shaking.

"You're not half as high-and-mighty about your breakfast this morning," she remarked, "as you were about your meals at home; you're eatin' humble pie. Well, it'll do you good; you'll know more of the world and its ways by the time you get ready to go back to your father and mother. Will you come into the kitchen to eat your bread and milk, or shall I bring it out to you?"

"I'll sit here on the step, if you please," Barney made reply. The woman brought out a large bowl of bread and milk, and returned to her duties indoors. The boy silently ate his repast. Then he arose and presented himself at the door, with spoon and empty bowl.

"Will you have some more?" the woman inquired, taking the articles from his hands.

"No, thank you, ma'am," he replied. "I've had plenty; and I'm much obliged."

"That's all right," smiled the woman. "Now let me give you a little advice, to help digest your breakfast: you'd better turn right around and go back to your parents."

Barney shook his head.

"Yes you had," the woman insisted. "You haven't hardly any clothes—and no money, of course; and you won't find everybody as obliging as I've been. You'd better go back home. What are you going to do without money? You—"

"But I've got money," Barney interrupted her. "I can pay you for my breakfast, if you want me to."

"You've got money!" the woman cried sharply, a ring of suspicion in her voice. "Where did you get it? Let me see how much you have."

Barney drew a penny from his pocket and held it up between thumb and finger.

"Is that all you have?" she asked.

"Yes—no," Barney stammered; "that is—I—I—"

"Well, speak out, and tell the truth," she commanded.

"I—I don't know whether it's all I've got, or not."

"You don't know?" — in evident perplexity.

"No, I don't," he replied. "I know it's all I've got now; but you take this penny, and maybe I'll find another one in my pocket."

"W'y—w'y, I can't understand what you mean," she exclaimed, completely mystified.

But she took the coin, and the boy immediately brought forth another and placed it in her outstretched palm — and another, and another.

"Why don't you hand them all out at once?" she asked, puzzled and irritated.

"Because there's only one at a time in my pocket."

"Only one at a time in your pocket!" she gasped in amazement. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"I can't explain," Barney pouted. "I don't understand the thing myself. There's never more than one penny at a time in my pocket; when I take that out, there's another one there. An old crow, or witch, or crow-witch, or witch-crow—or something of the kind, blessed a penny, or cursed it—or something like that—and gave it to me; and now I can never have more than a penny, and I can never have less. You keep what I've given you; for if I take them they all melt away to nothing."

The woman stood and stared—first at the boy, then at the money in her hand. After a little, she smiled pityingly and said:

"You poor boy! I don't know what ails you, but you're awfully wrong in your head some way — talking about crows and witches, and blessin's and curses. Come in here, and lie down and rest. I'll keep you here till the men folks come to dinner. Then we'll send you back to your people, if we can find them; if not, we'll send you to an asylum, to get well. Come on in. But what's your name? You'd better tell me right now, before you forget it; folks goin' crazy are liable to forget their names. What is yours?"

Barney began to back off, without making answer, a startled expression upon his freckled face, and fear quickening his pulses.

"Here—none of that!" the woman cried, making a grab at him.

But he nimbly eluded her grasp, dodged around the corner of the house, and was off like a shot up the hot highway. And he did not pause to draw breath until he was several hundred yards from the premises.

"I'll bet I don't try to make any more explanations," he mused as he journeyed onward. "That woman thought me crazy; and that's what anybody else would think. My! but I had a narrow escape!"

Just before noon he came to the summit of a high ridge overlooking a broad river valley; and there, at his feet it appeared, lay the city he sought.

IV

Barney descended to the valley; and was in the suburbs of the city. Along the residence streets he sauntered, admiring the beautiful flower beds and velvety lawns, and marveling at the palatial residences. He was hungry; but he could not summon up courage to call at any of the fine houses and ask for food. Sidewalks and pavements were hot to his bruised and tired feet, and soon he found himself picking his way from one shady spot to another, and limping painfully. At last he seated himself upon a bench in a little park and drowsed and nodded—lulled by the tinkle of a sparkling fountain near at hand.

It was mid-afternoon when he finally roused himself and again set off toward the heart of the city. He had no well defined purpose in mind. He was an alien in an alien land, and he had no idea what he was going to do, or what was to become of him.

An hour's steady walking brought him into the business section of the great town. Trolley cars were whizzing and buzzing along their shining tracks; vans, cabs and all sorts of lighter vehicles were rumbling and jolting over the cobblestones. A steady stream of people was flowing along the sidewalks and trickling in and out of the big buildings; and everything was hustle and bustle, and hurry and worry. The crowd seemed mad with desire to go somewhere or to do something, but Barney could not make out what it was all about. At any rate, he decided the excitement was not occasioned by his advent, for no one gave him the least attention.

He had been in the city two or three times before, and now he recognized a few familiar landmarks. But all the rest was confusion—chaos absolute—and the country lad felt that he was an intruder in the stirring hive, and the thought overwhelmed him with sickening fear and dread.

He sought to get away from the rush and clamor. Down a side street he went, on and on, out of the congested quarter. When he had escaped from the mad whirlpool and was in quieter waters, figuratively speaking, he felt more sane, and his courage in a measure returned.

Just across the street he saw a restaurant; and he went over and stood in front of the open door, looking in. It was a grand place with tile floor and rich furnishings. The sight of food — the smell of it—tantalized the boy, but he ruefully regarded his bare brown feet and soiled, countryfied clothes and moved slowly away.

On the next corner was a fruit-stand; and there he stopped.

"How—how much are those oranges?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Five-a cent-a," the Italian replied, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"I'll take one," said Barney, and he counted out five pennies, one at a time.

"You give-a penny one-a time," the fruit vender laughed; "you no like-a let-a loose money. What-a more?"

"How much are those bananas?"

"Five-a cent-a."

"Apiece?" Barney inquired, his native shrewdness prompting the question.

"No—no!" the Italian hastened to say. "Five-a cent-a two."

The swarthy-skinned fellow was afraid he was going to miss a sale.

Barney decided to take two, and again laid out five pennies.

"You got-a heap-a penny," the foreigner chuckled; "maybe you rob-a de bank."

Barney did not appreciate the man's sally of wit; and silently moved away, peeling and eating his fruit as he went. All the afternoon he sauntered about, from one street to another, regaling himself with sweetmeats — and drenching his stomach with soda water and ginger beer. When he was full to repletion, he dropped down upon the steps of a public building, heaved a deep sigh of weariness—if not of complete satisfaction and content—and murmured:

"Well, this isn't so bad, after all.

I've got money to buy some of the things I've always wanted, anyhow. I guess I can't make much complaint against old White Feather. I don't need any supper, that's sure; I'm full and running over. My! haven't I eaten a lot of stuff! I wonder if it'll make me sick. But I ought to have a place to sleep. Of course it's warm enough to lie out doors; but I don't like to do it. I can't, in this big place—I'm afraid! I'll have to try some of the hotels; I don't know where else to go. But I don't suppose they'll take me in; I've heard father say they won't keep anybody that hasn't baggage of some kind. And I haven't any duds on my back, hardly, let alone having a trunk or valise full. I don't know what to do."

Elbows upon knees and chin in palms, he sat meditating. People passed to and fro on the sidewalk and up and down the stone steps on which the puzzled urchin sat; but they gave him no attention, and he was barely aware of their presence. He was thinking of many things—but of home, principally.

A stylishly dressed young lady in a pony phaeton drew up to the curb. Barney roused himself and observed her. She sprang nimbly to the ground and tripped across the sidewalk to the steps. But the ponies began to stamp and paw restlessly, and she paused.

Turning to Barney and smiling sweetly, she said:

"Will you mind them for me? I'll be gone but a few minutes."

"Yes, ma'am," Barney replied, rising with what alacrity his full stomach and stiffened limbs would permit, and moving to the ponies' heads.

True to her promise, the young lady was gone but a short time. On her return she thanked the lad and proffered him a quarter.

"I—I don't want to take it," he murmured, thrown into confusion by her gracious manner and winsome smile.

"What—you don't want to take it?" she laughed. "You don't belong in the city then."

"No, ma'am; I'm from the country."

"I thought so," she smiled. "Well, take the money; you've earned it."

Barney, rather reluctantly, for he felt it was too much for so small a service, put out his hand to receive the coin, but no sooner did it touch his fingers than it disappeared.

The boy stood stupidly staring at his calloused palm, and the young lady stood staring at the boy.

"Did you drop it?" she asked.

Barney continued to stare blankly at his hand, and made no reply.

"Did you drop the money — the quarter?" she repeated, touching his arm to rouse him.

"No, I—I don't think I did," he blundered.

"You don't think you did?"— In evident surprise and wonderment.—"Don't you know whether you dropped it?"

"No, I don't!" Barney muttered sullenly.

"If you didn't drop it, what became of it?"

"I don't know."

"Look here!" she cried, giving him a little shake. "You're not a stupid boy—a dunce. If you didn't drop that quarter I gave you, where is it? Are you trying to play a trick upon me—to get me to give you another?"

"No, I'm not!" Barney answered indignantly, looking her squarely in the face.

The young lady silently searched his countenance for a few moments, then she remarked:

"Well, it's very strange—very strange, indeed. I believe you're honest—I believe you're telling me the truth. You must have dropped the coin. It didn't fall into your pocket, or lodge in the folds of your clothing?"

Barney shook his head, with difficulty repressing a smile at her earnest perplexity.

"Then it's on the ground," she said. "Let's look for it."

She began to move about, slightly stooping and scanning the pavement a her feet. Barney joined her in the hunt, though he felt it was useless. The coin was not to be found.

"Well," she murmured at last, giving up the search, "it's only a quarter—and I don't care for the money; but I would like to know where it went."

"So would I!" Barney whispered under his breath.

"However," the young lady continued, thrusting her gloved fingers into her purse, "here's another quarter for you."

"I won't take it," the boy said sturdily.

"You won't!"—in complete astonishment.

"No, ma'am, I won't."

"Why?" she inquired.

Barney was silent.

"Why won't you take it—because I questioned your honesty? Is that it?"

Barney shook his head.

"Well, you're an odd boy, and an honest one; I know it now. But tell me why you won't take this quarter. Why won't you?"

"You've paid me once — that's reason enough," Barney answered.

"But you haven't got the quarter I gave you, so it can do you no good."

"Neither would this one do any good," Barney replied dejectedly.

"Would you lose it, too?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Do you lose all the money you get?" she inquired with keen interest.

"I—I guess I lose it; something becomes of it, anyhow—most of it."

"That's odd, and you're odd," she said musingly, looking him over. But I must be going. You're a stranger in a big city, and you may have a hard time to make your way. Here's my card. If the time ever comes that I can help you in any way, let me know. You'll find work, if you hunt for it, and you'll succeed, if you deserve to. Treasure as precious the native honesty that is yours. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," he returned, absent-mindedly dropping the bit of pasteboard into his pocket.

The young lady climbed into her conveyance and drove away, nodding and smiling over her shoulder as she went, and Barney sauntered from the spot, muttering disconsolately:

"That settles it! Old White Feather has fixed me, sure. I thought maybe other money would stick to my fingers; but I'm never to have more than a penny—that's plain. And the young lady thought me so honest; and I didn't dare to explain. I'm in a pretty fix! What am I to do?"

He tramped the streets until far into the night, wretched and forlorn, and wishing sincerely that he was back at home. Night and loneliness are conducive to homesickness and horrors, as light and company are conducive to carelessness and courage; and Barney was more lonely in the crowded mart than he would have been in the trackless woods. He was afraid to ask for lodging, yet afraid to sleep out of doors. So he tramped and tramped until almost exhausted, occasionally stopping to gaze into a store window or to snatch a few minutes rest upon a convenient curb or dark stairway.

It was nearing midnight. The streets were practically deserted; all places of business, excepting hotels and saloons, were closed. The trolley cars stopped running. The lonesome screech of an incoming or outgoing train echoed weirdly; all other of the clamorous sounds of day were hushed. Barney grew terrorized — he could stand the darkness and loneliness no longer. His lesser fears yielded to his greater, and he entered the open door of a great hotel, and stood blinking in the welcome light.

Several well dressed men were sitting in the hotel lobby, smoking and chatting, and they looked up at the boy's entrance. The night porter came forward and gruffly demanded:

"What do you want in here, youngster?"

"I want to—to get a—a room and bed," Barney replied faintly, trembling so that he could hardly speak.

The men winked at one another and smiled.

"A room and bed?" the porter gasped, astounded.

"Y-e-s—yes, sir," Barney answered.

"Holee smoke!" ejaculated the porter.

Then he guffawed; and the guests of the hostelry joined him. Barney stood embarrassed, twirling his disreputable straw hat in his hands—and undecided whether to stand his ground or turn and flee into the night.

Attracted by the outburst of merriment, several more men drifted into the lobby from the bar in the rear, and the night clerk came forward. He was a sallow, skinny man with sickly mustache and weakly voice.

"What's the joke, fellows?" he squeaked. "Tell me; I want to laugh, too."

"Why," the porter explained facetiously, "this is Lord Algernon Frecklemug of Punkintown; and he wants a suite of rooms and a bath."

Then all laughed and slapped their thighs, and began to crowd the lad, to have further sport at his expense. Barney's nature was simplicity itself; but instantly he understood their designs, and his Irish-American blood began to simmer.

"You needn't think yourselves so smart!" he cried hotly, his small fists clenched hard, his face crimson, and tears in his eyes. "I haven't done any of you any harm. I just came in here and asked for a place to sleep, because I didn't know where else to go or what else to do. I expected to be ordered out; but I didn't expect gentlemen to make fun of me. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves; you were boys once, and—and—"

His voice quavered and broke and his features twitched; but he still stood defiantly erect, his moist eye flashing.

The weakly-voiced clerk giggled a signal for another outburst of merriment, but somehow it didn't come. One or two men chuckled half apologetically and a few smiled half sympathetically, but nobody laughed. Then a broad-shouldered young man with straight, muscular limbs stepped to Barney's side and kindly laid a hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"I'm on the side of the boy," he said quietly; "it is a dirty shame to make fun of him. If you fellows desire to make sport of anyone, try it on me for taking up his defense. I'll do my best to make it interesting for you. This boy came in here hunting a place to sleep. He's a stranger to city ways—that's plain to be seen; and he came here because he didn't know where else to go—because he was frightened at the loneliness and darkness of the streets. He made his request like a little man; he wasn't saucy—he didn't get gay—and it IS ungentlemanly to make sport of him. That's all I have to say; and any of you can take exceptions to my words, if you care to."

No one breathed a syllable in reply, but all looked very solemn, and a few frankly ashamed.

The young man turned to the clerk and said:

"Give this little chap a bed, and I'll pay for it."

"I can't do that, you know," the clerk objected, assuming a boldness and firmness he did not at all feel in the presence of the athletic young man; "it's contrary to the rules of the house."

"Of course I wouldn't have you break any of the rules of this blessed caravansary," the young athlete returned, his lip slightly curled. "But this boy came up from the country, as I did; he's homesick and wretched, as I was; he can't find a place to stay, as I couldn't. Ten years from now, though, he'll be traveling for some big firm — more than likely—and then you'll break your neck in an effort to please him—to get him to stop with you. It's the way of the world. Well, if you won't let him stay here, tell me a place where I can send him."

"He might try the Arcade," the clerk replied humbly; "it's a kind of general lodging house."

"Where is it?" the young man inquired briskly, consulting his watch.

"Three squares north, and two east."

"You hear that?" the young man said, turning to Barney. "Here! Take this dollar and run over there. I'd go with you and see that you got in, but my train's almost due—and I must be off to the station. Take this and skeedaddle."

But Barney shook his head and sidled toward the door.

"Won't you take it?" urged the young man.

"No sir," the boy answered, edging farther toward the door.

"Why?" the young man pursued.

Barney made no reply but kept up his retreat toward the open door.

The young man stopped following the lad, and said with a smile:

"You're too independent to accept what you haven't earned, eh? Well, so was I." This was touching Barney in a tender spot, and he winced. Had he not come to the city to get money without earning it? "But I must grab my grips and be off. Keep a stiff upper lip, no matter what happens. Good luck to you—and so long."

The young man whirled and strode toward the rear of the lobby, and Barney slouched out into the night again. And as he went slinking along the walls of the tall buildings and gazing fearsomely into the enveloping gloom, he murmured brokenly, a sob in his throat:

"He thought me honest — that I wouldn't take the dollar because I hadn't earned it — that's what hurts. And SHE thought me honest."—Meaning the young lady who had proffered him a second quarter.—"Oh, I'm so miserable I almost wish I was dead!"

"Here!" said a gruff voice in the boy's ear, startling him and rudely rousing him from his introspection. "What are you doing on the streets this time of night?"

And a big policeman emerged from the shadows and took him by the arm.

"I'm on the streets because I've no place else to go," Barney answered truthfully. He had a wholesome respect for the authority invested in a police uniform.

"In that case," remarked the officer, taking a square look at the boy, "I'll have to escort you down to the city prison and hand you over to the matron. You'll be sure of bed and breakfast there. Come along."

"Oh, please—please don't!" Barney pleaded, terrorized at the bare thought of going to prison. "If you lock me up, I'll just die!"

The big, red-faced policeman laughed, but it was a kindly laugh. Then he said:

"You must get off the streets, then, if I don't run you in."

"I will—I will!" Barney promised with alacrity.

The big policeman released him, and he sped around the corner, into an alley. There he found himself in front of the open door of a livery-barn, and he sneaked in unobserved and tumbled down upon a pile of straw in a vacant stall.

And in his troubled sleep he muttered:

"Yes—yes! I'll get off the streets! Don't lock me up—please don't! I'll get off—off—off the EARTH, if you want me to!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By HELEN ARTHUR
NEW YORK CITY

XI.
LILLIAN RUSSELL

ON the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Broadway in New York City is one of the theatrical landmarks — the Casino—the home of musical comedies and comic operas, and on its dingy stage —with actors to the right of us and actresses to the left of us, I talked to a woman whose greatest successes had taken place right there—Lillian Russell. She promised to talk until the stage manager called her.

"And he'll speak when he needs me. I am no different from the rest in his eyes when it's a question of answering cues. Down in the front row is John Kendrick Bangs, who wrote the libretto for this, and you notice he never interferes. You've heard the story about Augustin Daly at rehearsals: Some one asked him who that tall man was out in the last row of the auditorium. Mr. Daly turned and shaded his eyes and then dismissed the question with, 'That? Oh, that's only the author!'

"Now, when I am drawing the largest salary I have ever had, it seems odd to remember that for my first appearance I drew fifty dollars a week. It was Mr. Tony Pastor who met me at a friend's house and to whom I confided my desire to go on the stage. He said he'd give me a position at once. Then I thought of my mother's disapproval; but Mr. Pastor suggested that I come down in my ordinary attire, sing a few ballads, and even then I could get back home before anyone missed me. It was a great temptation, and I agreed. In order to keep it a secret I took the stage name of Lillian Russell—my own was Helen Louise Leonard; but there was mother to be considered. For two weeks I went unsuspected and then a newspaper man said pleasantly to my mother: 'You ought to see Lillian Russell, that English girl down at Pastor's.' Can you see me in a cold sweat? My mother went down to the performance; I hurried home, and reached there before she did; then I waited in terror until she arrived. She came in, looked me over, and said: 'Well, I think you can afford to pay for your own music lessons'—and after that I had to. I got fifty dollars a week, and my first week's was advanced to get me the gown I wanted; and I paid it back—ten dollars each week. Now, when my salary is forty times as much, I haven't any more left.

"They say much of my success has been due to my beauty—undoubtedly it has, but few recognize the tremendous handicap it is to me. 'Lillian Russell as Lady Teazle? Of course she'll look lovely, but isn't it too bad,' etc. I say, in defense, that mere beauty cannot succeed anywhere; on the stage even less than other places.

"My philosophy is that of Marcus Aurelius—you hear sometimes that I am a Christian Scientist: if his book is their handbook, than I am one.

"I can tell you what has kept me at my work all these years; it is not the so called success which has attended me. It is an absolutely childish ambition which I can never outgrow. Do not let yourself become blase. It is fatal to one in the end, if one would give out the best in oneself."

❧

XII.
AMELIA BINGHAM

THE artistic temperament and hard business sense — they go together rarely—yet Amelia Bingham combines them and has in addition a strongly developed domestic side. The demarcations are well defined; her acting is not spoiled by her ability to place her advertising judiciously, nor does her desire to have her plays correctly mounted interfere with her knowledge that the scenic artist's bill is inordinately large; and as for her home life, it is a thing apart.

When I was shown by the butler into the Empire reception room, I felt far removed from the atmosphere of the stage. I caught glimpses of a carefully appointed house, and I experienced the sense of luxury which comes from beautiful surroundings. It was the day after Thanksgiving, and Miss Bingham confessed to being thankful even for "interviewers." She is always very much in earnest, and her graciousness is proverbial.

"It was newspaper praise which gave me my first encouragement; I was traveling with my husband's company at the time; one of the actresses left, it was too late to secure another, and I took her place.

"The principal thing considered then was that the evening performance should go on — not that Amelia Bingham was making her debut. The press notices were so kind—no reference to my surely amateurish playing—that I felt I had it in me to be an actress.

"Having made up my mind, I went into a stock company in Canada; I worked early and late at my parts, there was so much to learn, and I knew absolutely nothing. Ambition is not a restful attribute.

"Charles Frohman brought me to New York, and I became his producing leading woman. No sooner was the New

LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "LADY TEAZLE," AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26

The Falk Studio

AMELIA BINGHAM'S LATEST PORTRAIT
Photograph by B. S. Hopkins, Denver

York run of one piece ended then it left for the road, with someone else in my part, and I was given a new role to create. I was working on new parts all the time while playing in 'On and Off,' 'The White Heather' and 'Hearts Are Trumps.' It was a wonderful experience, and I surely proved my versatility. I had the best of opportunities to learn the public taste and I wanted to show that I could gauge it correctly. This is a chapter in my life of which I am proud:

"Managers had refused 'The Climbers'; I believed in it, and today the common verdict is, that Clyde Fitch has done nothing better, if as good. I selected my company, and the various members—where are they now?—Robert Edeson, Mrs. Bloodgood, Madge Carr Cooke, Wilton Lackaye and Minnie Dupree have all been starred; the rest have assured positions.

"It was most encouraging to see the way New York turned out for dear old Mrs. Gilbert. You see we players give all of ourselves until we are old, and then we fear the fickle public will forget all about us; but 'Granny' seems to teach us that if it is the best we've given, we'll be remembered.

"I shall have a theater in New York some day and another company of equal brilliancy; we have gotten away from stock company days, but we are slowly and surely returning to them.

"I believe in the American woman; she will be able to demonstrate that she is not lacking in business foresight. She has no desire to meet business men except on an equal footing. Sometimes I play in a town where the receipts are not all that I have been led to believe they would be, and the house manager says: 'Miss Bingham, I'm sorry you haven't made much on this performance; I'm afraid you'll go away dissatisfied with the receipts and I would rather give you my percentage than have you do that.' Would he make such an offer were he not moved to sympathy because I am a woman manager?—Thank you! no offer of that nature for Amelia Bingham. She trusts she is as good a loser as she is a winner."

⁂

XIII.

EDNA MAY

EDNA MAY'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT

Engraved by Charles Ricker

As I sat waiting in The Gregorian, one of New York's most elegant apartment hotels—waiting for a young American girl who has been on the stage only a few short years and yet has a distinct following on both sides of the Atlantic, I said to myself: 'Could anyone save an American girl arrive at the goal of personal popularity so quickly?'

I wondered if the contrasts in her life seemed strange to her — a childhood spent in Syracuse, New York—a simple life with its modest dissipations—little Edna May Pettie singing a role in a Sullivan opera, for the Sunday school benefit—and now her young womanhood in the midst of all the gaieties London and New York can spread around an actress such as the much talked about, photographed, feted Edna May.

Could the change have spoiled her? And then I saw the daintiest of figures—all in white broadcloth and ermine, — enter the brown reception room. There is something about Miss May's face which is suggestive of an angel's — a wistful sweetness in her expression—a daintiness in her manner which is as far removed from the idea of footlights as is the cherubim of Michael Angelo.

Her stage manner is simplicity itself and I was about to discover that it is an attribute which does not stay behind in her dressing room.

An unusually sweet voice and an appealing way of speaking are hers too.

"You can not know how hard it is to talk to order, especially about oneself, and I suppose nearly every magazine and paper has interviewed me — the English are quite as keen about that sort of thing as we are here. Sometimes I find statements credited to me which read like fiction—and it isn't to be wondered at if two columns have to be made out of the story of as short a career as mine.

"I first played a small part in 'Santa Maria,' which Oscar Hammerstein produced. It was a failure, and I went on the road with Caroline Miskel Hoyt; so straight comedy will not be a novelty to me when I go back to it, as I shall ultimately. After that engagement, Mr. Lederer offered me the chance to play in 'The Belle of New York,' and I was told to understudy Violet Grey, the Salvation Army lassie. I played the role each day at rehearsal, expecting every minute to have the principal arrive. Fortunately the stage director, Mr. Malone, who had come over from London to put the piece on, liked my work and told Mr. Lederer he'd be willing to give me the part in London. That settled the matter and after the first night no one was sorry and I was happier than I've ever been over any success.

"I am not the least hardened to criticism, and when I had played the role so long here and then in London, and I knew my work couldn't help improving; then to find the same critics who had liked me, now censuring me—I was heartbroken.

"The English have taken kindly to me in 'Three Little Maids' and the other musical comedies I've been in, but I wanted to show my countrymen that I was earnest and had a serious aim. I've evidently gone up some in their estimation, for 'The School Girl' has been a success, and I am more than anxious to show them 'La Poupee.' We brought all the stage settings for it, but it looks now as though it would have to wait—although I know I do my best work in it. 'The School Girl' will be taken to London for a brief return engagement and then to Paris. After that I expect to appear in a comedy laid in the sixteenth century. It is being written especially for me by the novelist Mr. A. E. W. Mason. What I should like to do is to play six months in America and then six months in London, for though they're kinder to me over there, the Union Jack doesn't thrill me as do the Stars and Stripes."

NO LABOR-SAVING MACHINE

(From "Leaves of Grass)"

No labor-saving machine,
No discovery have I made;
Nor will I be able to leave behind me any wealthy bequest to found a hospital or library,
Nor reminiscences of any deed of courage, for America,
Nor literary success, nor intellect — nor book for the book-shelf;
Only a few carols, vibrating through the air; I leave,
For comrades and lovers.

Walt Whitman.

THE STORY WITH A MORAL

By DELIA A. HEYWOOD

SYLVAN, CASS COUNTY, MINNESOTA

THE story with a moral they say's all out o' date.
Well! Well! The world's progressin' at an awful wicked rate
When people's mental palates crave sech high-seasoned stuff
As I've been readin' lately—sech stories are enough

To give one creepy feelin's an' disturb one's peaceful dreams!
The heroines, like panthers, (full crueler, it seems),
Can haunt a faithless lover to a grim and gory death!
There's lots of action in 'em; why, they take away your breath!

No "goody-goody" stories for the people of today;
They like the flavor better, if a little bit riskay!
There's realistic fiction, that paints the common kind
O' folks--as true to natur'—accordin' to my mind,

As faces look reflected from tinware, bright an' new;
The features drawn an' lengthened, an' kind o' sot askew;
There's stories grim an' gruesome soaked through with graveyard chill:
They bring the highest prices—for they show the greatest skill.

Give me the old-time novels of Arthur or of Roe!
In art they may be lackin', but this one thing I know—
They ain't chuck full o' pizen to corrupt the youthful mind;
An' that is more'n I'd care to say of this new-fangled kind.

COMPENSATION

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

"MRS. 'DICK' KENDALL wouldn't be happy if she did not have some one 'on the string,' so to speak," said Mrs. Potter to Mrs. Black one afternoon at the guild meeting. "Before John Carroll died, it was Dick Kendall; then she married him and it was Teddy Carr; and now that he is dead she has taken up with this Dutchman. Seems he is a painter. He is not really Dutch, you know. His father was. He was born in Philadelphia. Peggie met him up on the Maine coast last Summer. He had a cabin in the woods somewhere, and quite by accident one day Mrs. Kendall and Mrs. Hudson found it. Afterward he gave Wednesday afternoon teas, there, to the ladies at the hotel, and Friday breakfasts, and I don't know what all. I am sure it was all very silly and foolish."

"Does he live here?" Mrs. Black asked quietly.

"He didn't, but it seems he does now," Mrs. Potter went on mordaciously; "I am confident Mrs. 'Dick' is the cause of it."

"I always liked Mrs. Kendall," Mrs. Black said again.

"Well, so did I; and I've shut my

eyes to many of her eccentricities; but I can't say she is acting quite right to take on this way."

"What about Mr. Kendall?"

"Oh, he is blind to all her faults. You see, she married him. He is very much in love with her—always was. He is the firm rock, but between you and me, Mrs. Black, I think she is drifting sand."

"It's too bad," Mrs. Black ejaculated.

"Yes, it is," and Mrs. Potter took out her lorgnette and looked quizzically at Mrs. Black. She folded the glasses again with a satisfied air.

"Yes," she continued, "he has taken a studio in the Harvard block, and I'm told that a stream of people are going and coming the whole time. She has even gone so far as to use her influence to have him paint the panels of the library and I believe he is to do it, too."

"Is that so?" and Mrs. Black smiled stupidly.

"Here she is now, with Mrs. Kingsley Hudson. Mrs. Hudson admires her very much. They are the same sort. Birds of a feather, you know. Everyone says Louise Spaulding Hudson broke Teddy Carr's heart."

"She is very pretty, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is pretty," and Mrs. Potter smiled and bowed sweetly as Peggie and Louise looked her way.

She excused herself from Mrs. Black shortly, and when Mrs. Black looked across the room five minutes later she saw Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Kendall nodding and smiling together.

"What a concordant bore that woman is!" said Peggie to Louise as they started home together. "Wouldn't you like to go to Mr. Vroom's studio? I've not been down yet. Dick says it's lovely. Do you know, I think I'll have him paint the boys."

"That would be nice. Yes, I'd love to go. Oh, by the way, I saw Dorothy Stevens yesterday. She's prettier than ever."

"Is she?" said Peggie. "Do you know, that's the only thing I've ever had against her."

"For shame!" and Louise laughed lightly.

"Yes, I am ashamed," Peggie returned smiling—"but she was very fond of Dick, too, you know."

"That must have worried you dreadfully," said Louise sceptically.

Peggie was quiet a moment.

"Tell me—what did she say?"

"I saw her only for a minute. She asked me over. She asked for you."

"I must go and see her some day soon."

As they came into the studio Mr. Vroom greeted them effusively.

"Oh —" and Peggie motioned to a lighted samovar, "we are just in time for tea."

He smiled as he asked them to look about.

"I will confess to you both," he said, "that I have been wishing all day you would call on me."

"Such a cajoler!" Peggie was looking at a small marine. "How like Maine," she said.

"It is," he answered.

"It is lovely," added Louise.

"Do you remember the day we discovered you?" Peggie asked, looking at him. "You were painting a head."

"Yes," and Mr. Vroom turned and took down the cups.

"And you never showed it to us. Why won't you?" she asked.

"Please do," Louise urged.

"I saw a glimpse of it. Is it ideal?"

"Yes, and no," he answered, coming back to them.

"Let us see it, please."

Mr. Vroom went toward some canvases in a corner.

"This is it," he said, taking one from among the number.

"Does it look like her?" asked Peggie.

"Very much," he said.

"Did she not sit for it?" Louise questioned wonderingly.

"No, I have done it from memory."

"It is very life-like," and Peggie backed away for a better perspective.

"Yes, it is," Louise mused.

He took the picture and carried it back; and Peggie noticed he sighed.

"Will the ladies have tea?" he asked, as he came to them again.

"That is what we are here for; that, and to see the studio—and," she added shyly, "to see you, too, of course."

"Thank you," he said, smiling at her.

"Have you had many callers today? What an odd, old chair!" and Peggie sat down.

"Yes, Mrs. Kendall, several dropped in."

"Are you going to like it here, Mr. Vroom?" Louise questioned.

"I am fond of it, very. I have a number of friends here, you know. Mrs. Stevens came in this morning and gave me an invitation to a dinner party."

"Do you know her?" asked Peggie.

"Yes, I met them in Rome a year ago. Delightful people, both of them."

Peggie and Louise agreed with Mr. Vroom, then they had some tea, and soon after Mrs. 'Dick' Kendall and Mrs. Kingsley Hudson left Mr. Vroom's studio. They also left with him invitations for dinners. When they had gone he turned the lights low and lighted some incense before a little pagan god. He turned the lock in the studio door and in a corner sat and looked dreamily through the hazy blueness.

II

Peggie had been in at Lyon's, and she stopped on her way up the street to see about the hall clock. Across the aisle and down farther she saw Dorothy Stevens.

Peggie went over.

"What are you buying?" she asked.

"Oh, good afternoon," and Dorothy extended her hand. "I was just going to your house."

"Come along," said Peggie.

"No, really, Mrs. 'Dick,' I ought not to. I was going to stay only a minute. I wished to ask you and Mr. Kendall over Sunday night. Excuse me a moment, please," as the clerk came back.

Then turning to Peggie again, Mrs. Stevens asked:

"Do you like this?"

"Oh, you're buying a cigarette case," and Peggie smiled almost cynically. She was thinking of a cigarette case she bought once for some one. Dick had all those things.

"Yes, very much. It is not common like the mermaid pattern, or the cigarette girl."

"I like it," and Dorothy handed it to the clerk, giving her address.

"It's a sort of anniversary with us Sunday," she said to Peggie with slight embarrassment, as they walked out together. Peggie was trying to remember when Darrell and Dorothy went abroad.

"If you won't come up," she began, "come across the street and have some hot chocolate. How cold it is—more like Fall than Spring. Spring's very early this year. I mean Easter. I wonder if the snow will never melt."

"We have had a long Winter, but I've not minded it," Dorothy replied. She was thinking how happy her Winter had been — how unlike her Winters used to be.

"I must confess," said Peggie impatiently, "that I am tired of it."

As they came across the street someone touched Peggie on the arm.

"Hello," they said almost together. It was Louise Hudson.

"You are just in time. We are going to have some chocolate."

"So glad I found you," Louise said warmly. "Where have you been?"

"We've been buying Darrell Stevens a present," Peggie answered.

Dorothy colored slightly.

"Yes, Darrell had no cigarette case, so I bought him one. By the way, can't you and Mr. Hudson come over for lunch Sunday night? We'll have a woodcock or 'rabbit' or something — and music, you know—just a few. I thought I'd ask Mr. Remington and Mr. Vroom."

They had found a table, and after giving the order and having looked about just a little, Peggie turned to Dorothy and said:

"What do you know about Mr. Vroom?"

"Only what he has told us," Dorothy replied.

"Oh," said Peggie, "that's not much, I suppose."

"Why, I don't mind telling you," Dorothy went on, as she took a sip of her chocolate.

"Please tell us," urged Louise.

"We met him in Rome, you know."

"Yes."

"It was most peculiar. Darrell and I had been going about a great deal the day before and I did not get up till noon. He rose even earlier than usual and went to prowl in some ruins. There he stumbled across Mr. Vroom. He was painting a head."

Louise and Peggie looked at one another.

"'It's the eyes,' he mused aloud, 'I can't get the eyes.'

"Darrell thought he was speaking to him, and he came nearer and said something. Mr. Vroom was very much surprised. Darrell said he even seemed startled, but he only said, 'Oh, I thought myself alone.'

"Darrell said he stood there several seconds and then he asked Mr. Vroom where his model was.

"'I am doing it from memory,' he said; 'that is why it is so difficult.'"

"How queer!" said Peggie. "Do you know, Louise and I found him, last Summer, working on that same head? He told us afterward he did it from memory."

"How romantic!" said Louise.

"It's tragic", said Dorothy.

"Why, who is it?" asked Peggie.

"His wife," Dorothy answered.

"Oh, I never dreamed he was married!" Louise exclaimed.

"Where is she?" Peggie asked again.

"She is dead," Dorothy went on.

"It's most pathetic. You know how people will appeal to you sometimes? Well, that's the way he felt that morning about Darrell. He told him all about it—"

"Oh, please go on," said Louise as Dorothy hesitated.

"It seems," Dorothy continued, "that she was inclined to be jealous. He being an artist found beauty for beauty's sake, regardless of time or place, and, it seems that he became attracted to a Japanese girl whom they met on their travels and so he arranged to have her sit for him."

"Quite natural," Peggie said, appreciatively.

"Surely she could not take exception to that," Louise interposed.

"No," answered Dorothy, "not that exactly, but he told Darrell that she was very fascinating. Had an 'oriental coquetry,' he said, 'that was entirely her own.'"

"I fancy he was in love with her," Louise ventured.

"No," and Dorothy rested with her her first fingers against her cheek, "I don't think so. It was the artistic temperament. She appealed to that sense."

"What came of it?" asked Peggie.

"It ended in his wife's death. She threw herself into the river. He found her himself."

"How awful!" and Louise looked terrified.

"And then?" Peggie questioned.

"He realized his folly—or rather his neglect; and he has been trying ever since to paint her."

"Paint whom?" Louise asked.

"His wife. She must have been very

beautiful, but he told Darrell he never realized it till it was too late."

"And the Japanese girl?"

"Oh, he forgot her straightway."

"Yes," said Peggie, "she was but a fancy, of course. His wife was the simple, sweet, unassuming sort, I suppose. Men don't care for women like that — until they are gone. He could have lived with her a hundred years and they would not have been happy. It was her goodness that afterward he missed. Good people are not interesting, you know — and a man like Mr. Vroom couldn't live with a good woman."

"How you talk, Peggie," and Louise looked at her reprovingly.

"You know what I mean," Peggie went on. "If she had been just a little more selfish herself—a little more pagan —not really pagan, you know—not that, but willing to be. Men like women they can teach — not women who demand too much. I mean in this way."

"I suppose you must be right, Mrs. 'Dick,'" Dorothy said. "You generally are in matters of this sort."

"I know I'm right," said Peggie. "There are two kinds of goodness. Goodness of omission and goodness of commission; and it's more unselfish to give than to take, isn't it? It's all a matter of intellect—of brain growth."

Dorothy pushed her cup to the center of the table. "I believe you're right, Mrs. 'Dick,'" she said rising.

They all went together into the street. It was growing dark and the shops were lighted.

"Let us go for the boys," Louise suggested.

"I can't," said Peggie, "I have an errand on Grove street. I think I'll take this car. I'm in a hurry."

"You will come on Sunday?" asked Dorothy.

"No," and Peggie looked serious. "We can't. John is to be confirmed Sunday, and I am going to spend that day with him. Thanks, though, and we shall come soon."

"John is a nice boy," said Dorothy.

"Yes," agreed Peggie. "John is like his father."

Peggie looked blankly away in space for a moment and Dorothy and Louise watched her in silence.

"Here is my car," she said suddenly, and Peggie got on.

"Goodnight," she called from the step.

"Goodnight," they said in evident seriousness. They turned and went together down the street. Dorothy was the first to speak.

"Then she has one in her closet, too," she mused slowly.

"You have none in yours?" Louise returned.

"Mine is a memory. It is a ghost," and Mrs. Stevens sighed.

"And mine is a cross," Louise added.

"A cross?" Dorothy looked at her wonderingly.

"Yes," Louise resumed; "I should like a child."

They were both silent again. When they reached the corner Louise said:

"I must turn here."

"You will come Sunday?" Dorothy asked.

"Can't you postpone it? Then Peggie can come, too. Things never are quite satisfactory when Peggie is not along."

"You are right," agreed Dorothy. "One week later, then," and Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Hudson each went her own way home.

⁂

After Peggie had done her errand she walked home. It was quite dark now and it had begun to snow again. As she came to the park she saw Mr. Vroom crossing the avenue. She waited for him.

"Good evening," she said, as he came up to her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Kendall. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

"You are walking home?" Peggie asked.

Mr. Vroom assented.

"And you can just as well walk my way. Do you know," Peggie went on, "I'm very glad you came by just now. Do you ever feel sometimes a sort of nearness to certain people? Like you had something in common—a bond of sympathy you know?"

"Yes," and Mr. Vroom looked at Peggie squarely, "I understand you."

"Well, then," and Peggie fastened her collar tighter. "It's gotten very cold, hasn't it? I was about to say that I—please do not misunderstand me—that I felt a sympathy for you."

"Thank you," he said graciously. He was thinking over what Peggie had said.

"It's about that portrait," she went on. "I wished you to know that I sympathized with you."

"You know then?" he asked.

"Yes," Peggie continued, "I too have a Nemesis." Then she added slowly, "but did you ever think that without it you could never have understood."

"Yes, I have thought that."

"Then, after all, you do not care so much."

"But I like to care", he said to her earnestly. "It gives me a principle. It seems to make me have—oh, an unsatisfied satisfaction."

"That's just it," said Peggie, "our selfish nature demands it. We feel that the present is too good—or we do not know how good it is—and we have fears and hunt for a penance."

"You are a pihlosopher," he said smiling.

Peggie looked at him. "What a failure he is!" she said to herself, "I could have imagined he had some depth." "No," and Peggie looked away again, "I am only rambling like the man in the song."

Peggie's conversation with Mr Vroom never before had been along this line. She had picked him up since that day when she and Louise Hudson found him in the woods, and she had thought to "bring him out." Peggie enjoyed the harmless notoriety things of this sort gave her. Once, when she was a girl, she had "brought out" a backward young man. He afterward married a charming girl—after he had thought his heart irreparably broken. Peggie knew Mr. Vroom was not so inexperienced, and she did not mean that he should fall in love with her, of course. Her day for that was over. She thought, perhaps, that he was new and different and would be an acquisition to their set; the credit would be hers; but when Dorothy Stevens told her so much about him, she began to fancy that, perhaps, after all, she had not met him purposelessly—perhaps, though she had in a way forgotten it, perhaps, after all, she could give him the sympathy she fancied he was sighing for—perhaps behind it all his heart was broken—and she knew what that meant. She had lost and suffered and—regretted. Peggie was thinking all this when she accidently met Mr. Vroom; and so she had given him what she imagined he was looking for—and he had not been needy or worthy. He had not understood—or maybe he did not wish to understand.

She was regretful, very regretful that she had spoken to him. They had come to Washington street and it was snowing hard. Under the street light Peggie noticed Mr. Vroom had a weak chin.

"Won't you come in for dinner?" she asked as they came to the Kendall gate.

"Thank you," he said, "but I cannot tonight. Do you know, Mrs. Kendall, there was something about her like you?"

"Yes, we women have much in common," she answered. She intended being sarcastic.

"I believe it was the eyes," he ventured further.

Peggie affected not to hear him.

"How it snows! Good night," she

said.

"How stupid!" she murmured to herself as she went up the walk. "I wish I had said nothing. It's so discomfitting to be misunderstood. And, after all, I fancy we imagine more than we have a right to."

III

"Well," said Dick, as Peggie came inside, "we began to feel like a lot of orphans."

"I've been walking up Washington with your friend, Mr. Vroom. I asked him for dinner, but he declined. I am not quite sure that I like him," and Peggie took off her wraps. "Seems to me, there's a shallowness about him. I could have imagined he had a great soul; but I fancied tonight he did not care much."

"Perhaps it is his way. Sometimes people are ashamed to show their hearts."

"I think he has none," and Peggie smiled faintly. "You don't understand me," she said, sitting on a hall seat and smoothing out her gloves, "but I heard today that his wife died of a broken heart, and he doesn't seem to care much. Do you know, I fancied he made light of it, even? He compared her to me."

"Well," said Dick, "what greater thing could he do."

"Oh, but Dick, if I had killed myself, you would not have compared me to—well, to her, for instance."

"But you would never have done that, Peggie. Don't blame poor Vroom. He was only hunting a solace."

"Maybe I was a little hard; and when one thinks one has found it, the least we can do, I suppose, is to help on the illusion. We are always awaiting or regretting something, anyway."

"A great many years ago I might have agreed with you, Peggie. I have no longings or regrets now — unless it is I did not get you sooner."

"It's gotten so wet out," she went on. Then as they came into the living room Peggie said, turning to the children:

"Here John, I've brought you something."

"Oh, thank you, mother," said the boy as he undid the package.

"See," he said, turning to his brother, "it is a prayer book."

Peggie stood with Dick in the doorway, watching them. A dark and light head bent over the new gift. Dick and Peggie were both smiling.

"What a happy family we are," said Dick.

"Yes," answered Peggie slowly — "happier than we realize."

Dick led her to the fireplace.

"Kingsley Hudson's got a new yacht," he said, "and he is going to name it after you."

"After me?" and Peggie looked her surprise.

"Yes; why not?" asked Dick. Didn't I always say you were the most charming woman anywhere? Louise told 'King' she thought 'Peggie' was the best name they could find. And she said she 'hoped it would weather the winds as well as Peggie always had.'"

"I never dreamed Louise cared so much for me," Peggie said, looking at the fire. "I guess I'm not very appreciative."

"We none of us are," said Dick, kicking the toe of his shoe against the fender. "I tell you what — this is a pretty good old world, and if we go half way, we're sure to find the other person waiting. Why, if you hadn't come halfway, I never would have had you."

Peggie smiled.

"Dick," she said gaily, "if you did not look so serious I'd think you joking. Come, let us have dinner. I'm hungry as a bear."

"And we are all invited for a long cruise next Summer," said Dick, as he held Peggie's chair for her in the dining room. "Think of the soft, warm breezes. Seems good on a night like this."

"Dick, you are a great idler," said Peggie, looking up at him.

He leaned over and kissed her.

"Well," he said, "but I am following the Scripture. It's a command, isn't it, to 'eat, drink and be merry?' "

" 'And what shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul'?" It was John said this.

Peggie and Dick both looked astonished. Dick was the first to speak.

"You are right, son," he said, "but I am not that ambitious."

Peggie felt a queer something in her throat and it was hard for her to swallow.

"How old is John?" Dick asked Peggie that night when they were alone in Dick's den.

"He will be thirteen Monday," she said slowly; "I am getting old."

Dick came and sat at her feet and they both looked into the fire.

"Yes," he said, leaning against her knee. "I'll have to be buying you a granny's pipe next; and maybe you'll take to drinking, like that old lady Teddy Carr used to tell about."

Peggie laughed again.

"I wish you could have heard him tell it that day. Poor Teddy!"

"He was a nice chap," Dick added.

A clock struck twelve.

"Is it that late?" Peggie asked. "Aren't you going to sleep tonight?" she added, as Dick did not move.

"What's the use going home?" Dick went on dreamily. "Didn't your godmother say that at twelve your coach would be only an old pumpkin again, and your horses all mice?"

"Never mind," Peggie said comfortingly. "You are the prince, and I'll lose my slipper, and then tomorrow you will find me, and we shall live happy ever after."

"All right," and Dick smiled at her as they stood.

"Wait a minute," he said, "till I turn out the lights."

MY OWN STORY

By BEN FRANKLIN BONNELL

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

THIS morning the bells all rang and the rain poured down in torrents.
The well dressed crowd, with Bibles, hymn-books and umbrellas,
Walked rapidly out of the Present, and back to the age of the Master.
I felt so contented at home, so in tune with what I saw 'round me,
That I lingered in league with it all, and waited to see what would happen.
The clouds broke, the sun shone, and birds sang freely and sweetly;
The grass took more green, and sweet violets sent forth more sweetness;
The trees preached—"Bright Buds" was the text—of near-coming Springtime,
The rain-swollen brook sang an anthem, and an old meadow lark led the choir;
The old mossy fence drank the rain, then steamed itself dry in the sunshine;
Each thing, great and small, from within told its own perfect story.
I listened amazed! Where's mine? I have never yet told it!
A rough little breeze said: "Begin where the bells rang this morning."
No, no, that's not mine; 'twas once mine, but I've lost it forever!
No, it never was mine; 'twas reflected to me from without me!
Yes, I have a story, and why shall I not tell it?

The birds and the frogs speak loud with royal assurance,
The ox lows, the horse neighs, the cat mews, each his own pleasure;
The earth-worm, the ant and the cricket each acts his own thoughts;
Moses and Plato and Jesus and Paul each told the story God gave him,
Then I'll stand upright and tell mine, because 'tis the one God gave me.
My story is short, but 'tis true, and pray you all to hear it: —

There's a law at the heart of all things that begets and reproduces:
The heart of this law — the product above the producer;
The soul of this heart — its upward reach to the Eternal.
Religion, morality, true art, all high purpose, is the voice of this law.

THE COURSE IN CRIME AT A COUNTRY COLLEGE

By J. F. CONRAD
DES MOINES, IOWA

COLLEGE life is a little world in itself, filled with ambitions and petty larceny and powerful orations on intemperance and Tom Paine.

Was there ever a boy yet who went to college who was not filled with the insane longing to steal something; particularly something that was of no earthly good to him? If he would find a ten-dollar bill on the street, he would go to the idiotic length of advertising for the owner; but if there was an opportunity to steal an old wagon or somebody's axe, or a barber's pole, he would put enthusiasm enough in it to be worthy of a case of grand larceny.

I remember once, when about twenty-two boys from the institution were up before the mayor for stealing an old Aultman & Taylor threshing machine which had outlived its usefulness. It seemed proper to make it $3 and costs, so the mayor said. The money was paid, but when the boys left, the seal of the city vanished; so did the mayor's silk hat. If the authorities at Indianola will make it worth while, I can give them a few facts that would make it comparatively easy for a really good detective to locate that seal. So far as the hat is concerned, I don't believe Mayor Schooley would want it. It is out of style now; and even if it wasn't, I am still of the opinion that he would not care for it if he saw it.

College life is a little world by itself. A place where delusions are hugged with impunity, and no one to "make you afraid," or tell you, in a coarse manner, to break away. Everyone is at it, even the professors. A place where a registered letter from home differs materially from the one you get from your insurance company. What a joy it was to get a letter from home, with a ten-cent stamp on it! How it thrilled you—and your landlady: with the contents you paid your board and liquidated your fines, and had something left with which you laid in a supply of smoking tobacco. For the future you placed your trust in your father, and afterward, Providence. Then, maybe, you stole something else; it might be the radiators out of the college, or the front doors. It wouldn't be out of reason to make it a case of highway robbery, such as "holding up" a junior or senior, and stealing away his low-cut vest or his coat, that had been ruined by the tailor for use on the farm.

I am a stickler for this: The law was made to bend. A crime is no crime without criminal intent. No student that ever I knew ever stole with such an intent. And yet, under the arbitrary rules of law, there are students that I know, who, if they had the full benefit of the law, would be forced to view the next batch of Leonids through a set of bars.

Petty larceny in college is simply the overflow of long-confined exuberant spirits.

⁂

Still, if I had my way about it, I would have gone to college for twenty-nine years and never have passed my junior year. Of all the times of mine, those are the ones that I dream about most; not only when I am asleep, but when awake. Half the pleasure in life for a lazy devil is living it over again. I pity the fellow who has not the time to light a pipe and lean back in his chair, and with his feet on the desk, live over again brief chapters of his life, when he laughed and loved and violated the law. This is sentimental; and if anyone desires to criticise, I will say that I am open to criticism. When I was in college I had a room-mate by the name of C. W. Pelican. That wasn't his right name, but it is the one he went by most. You see, he had grown so fast when a boy that he didn't know just when he was all straightened out; so, formed a habit in his youth of stooping a trifle. He wore a coat of the Prince Albert cut, which had a way of dividing in the back, and part falling over each hip. Then he resembled the bird enough to suggest the name. It never made him mad, not even afterward, when he took to athletics and got straight. One Winter term we concluded to room and take our meals at the club. We called it Andersonville. We didn't get to our new room until about dark; it was cold, and about a foot of snow on the ground. Our room was supplied with a wood stove, but there wasn't a stick of wood on the premises. We discovered a lot of wood piled up in a yard across the street. Ours by right of discovery. Still, we were not sure enough of our title to wait until daylight to assert it. We drew cuts to see who would commit a kind of petty larceny that was entirely new to us. We had never stolen anything before that we could use. Pelican drew the short match. If the duty devolved on him he would commit any crime. That is, I mean any crime in the students' criminal calendar. Crime is a latent course in every college curriculum, recognized but not acknowledged.

I heard a man say the other day, and his talk was pious, that next Hallowe'en he was going to load up his shotgun, and load it right, and if any boys came fooling around his gate, or throwing corn against his window, he was going to guarantee some fond father a doctor bill. That man had never been to college. I doubt if he had ever been a boy.

Well, Pelican got that pile of wood between himself and the light from a window in the house on the same lot, and on his hands and knees he crawled more than a hundred feet, and a foot of snow all the way. When he reached the pile of wood—I was watching—I heard him swear. He raised up and gave that pile of nicely sawed wood a kick, and I saw the snow, in the light from that window, shake loose from a portion of that cord of fuel and sift gently to the ground. I knew something was wrong, without asking him. When he came up to me I said, in a stage whisper: "Is it green, Pelican?" "Green! Hell! it is tile." What a set of chumps we were. There was a wood-house full of good hickory in the rear of our lot. We found it afterward; and, if I knew now where the man was that owned it, I would offer to pay him.

⁂

There were about twenty-five of us who boarded at the club. Some of them were constitutionally good, and could ask the "blessing" equal to a reclaimed backslider. There were three such; and they were called upon indiscriminately by the manager of the club. But one day the official starter was not there. We sat down to dinner, I think it was; every fellow had his fork in his hand and his eye on the mealiest potato. We waited a minute; everything was a still quiet hush, but there was no starter. After a few seconds the three devout ones started out simultaneously with "O, Lord! bless this food." Then they all quit. Then two of them backed up, turned the sand loose on the track and started out again. A duet wouldn't do, either. Then one of the over-anxious sinners jockeyed his neighbor and planted his fork fairly in the biggest potato on the plate. But it didn't win. John the Baptist couldn't have received attention as long as one student had an unfair advantage over the plate of potatoes. How that blessing came out I am not able to say. I know there was another false start or two; but when Daily planted his fork in the big potato, formalities were dispensed with. A fellow on the other side of the table—he preaches now in Los Angeles, California—stabbed the murphy at about the same time. It soared in the air, and was stabbed again and again. There was a regular stampede; and when it was over there wasn't a potato on the table; but to a casual observer there were at least twelve basketsful on the floor.

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Was there ever a student yet who went through college that did not meet his affinity in the class room, and fall madly and desperately in love with the fairest creature up to date? Maybe she turned out to be a delusion. (Without casting any reflections at the lady, it was probably one of the delusions that he had hugged).

Pelican was stricken; and here is how he talked to me: It was a girl he had met at the club. He sat by her, and talked, and incidentally kept others at the table longer than they cared to stay. Afterward the manager of the club separated them. But here is how he talked to me: Pelican was young and sentimental. I can see it now. "Jeff," he said, (I was called "Jeff" for Jeff Davis, because I was about the only unreconstructed rebel in the college,) "she is one of those fair creatures, where nature shows what it can do when it tries; where it unites all those qualities which, since the dawn, man has been content to cast aside father and mother and follow, Jeff. She is only seventeen. Did you ever notice her eyes? They are the color of those violets which you have met on the farm, those that used to grow in the shade in the moss around the roots of trees." It would not do to disturb him, so I let him run on. "Her hair is genuine gold. The sun has shone on it some evening in June, and its rays have been held in bondage. It impresses me with the idea that it has just been 'kissed back from her forehead.' Don't you think so?" I nodded "yes." "It makes me jealous of something; and I scarcely know what." He was in a bad way, and I knew it. I tried to get him to light his pipe, but he refused. "Her complexion," he went on, "is of pure whiteness; still, it has a dash of color on the cheek like the inside of a sea shell. At first you would think her mouth was too large, but there is where you are mistaken. After you know her, you could not see how a smaller mouth would suit her. When she smiles she uses all of it; her face lights up, and you seem to see the soul back of the eyes. Her teeth are like pure ivory; and when she smiles she lets you see them. Her feet are small and round; and if you are not careful you will get the idea that they are really smaller than they are. And her instep—Jeff, your heart misses two beats when you see it."

Pelican was young or he wouldn't have talked that way. He went on: "She is not tall, nor is she short; and when she moves it seems to me her motions are controlled by a music that you cannot hear. She is one of those few creatures who look cool on a hot day. And her neck; did you ever notice it?" I shook my head. "It is like her forehead, white, without being ghastly."

Here Pelican quit and lit his pipe, and we smoked a good bit in silence. He looked at me once or twice, like he thought the matter had been a trifle overdone.

⁂

About a week afterward he told me he had bought two tickets and was going to take her to the show that night. It was "The Headless Horseman," I remember, for I was there. And the heroine, if it had been two weeks later, never could have taken the part she did.

It rained that afternoon and that night, but Pelican had two tickets; and what is a boy who has been raised on the farm going to do? Go, of course. He did go; and the girl, like a sensible creature, wasn't expecting him. She wanted him to extend his call and not go to the show. But there were those two tickets. So Pelican said it was "show or nothing."

That night when Pelican came home, I could see that something had happened. He was wet to the waist. I asked him how it happened. He said he had made up his mind that an angel like the one he was with never would put up with a green kid from the country, like he was, when there were so many juniors and seniors around who wore good clothes and had their shirts done up at a regular laundry. He made a settled resolve, he said, that going home he would kiss her once, get his discharge and try to lead a different life. "Well," he said, "you know how it was raining when the show let out, and how dark it was? Well, just before we got down to where she rooms, right under that cottonwood tree — it was dark enough, anyway, but there it was like the inside of a jug—I just leaned over and put my face down to her, and I kissed her. I thought I was going to die, but I didn't care, for immortality right then was just what I was after. To live forever, feeling like that—Lord! There isn't any heaven that will beat that right down under that old cottonwood tree. If there is, it is too strong for my constitution, and I couldn't stand it. What do you think she did? Acted like a girl with sense. She knew I couldn't help it; and she never said a word until we came to the gate; then she gave me her hand and said: 'I will look over it this time, Charley, but don't do it again.' I felt her other little hand light on my shoulder. I felt another sinking spell coming on, and I bent over, and in the dark my face touched hers; and you know what happened. It was an awful thing to do after what she had just said, I know, but if I was going to be hung I couldn't have helped it. She said 'Good night' then and went into the house. I started home, walked off the end of the culvert just this side of the square, and kept right on up stream. I didn't want to get out on the sidewalk. That is how I am so wet."

I don't know where the boy would have stopped if I hadn't suggested that we had better dig out a little Greek. "Greek," he said. "I want to go into solitary confinement for thirty days, so I can live it all over again undisturbed."

If I had my choice I wouldn't have written it just this way, but it is the way Pelican said it.

HIS MOTHER

By MARGARET ASHMUN

MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

SHE died long years before I came to know
Her son, my love, who links her life to mine.
I have not met that eager soul and fine,
Like his, pure, strong and kindly; even so,
She has not known me where I blindly go,
With weakened, warring spirit; Fate's design
Keeps her who poured him first love's gracious wine
From me, who loved him last, in bitter woe.

We cannot wash away in mingled tears
My envy of those arms, that tender breast,
That soothed his baby griefs and childish fears—
Her envy of the lips that his have pressed
With fervor not for her. Across the years
Each yearns for each and calls the other blest.

LEAVES FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE BOOK

III.

A NEW VERSION OF BRER RABBIT AND THE TAR BABY: BEING THE ONLY INTERVIEW EVER GRANTED TO THE PRESS BY UNCLE REMUS

By ETHEL ARMES

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"THAT'S where he lives, Miss—go right in that gate there." The conductor of the Gordon avenue electric car pointed out the cottage of Joel Chandler Harris, and I gathered up my pencils and sketch book and alighted before the little white gate leading into the tar baby's realm.

Two cedars, dry and dusty from the August heat, threw protecting shadows over the little gate. Beyond lay a garden of tall grasses, magnolia trees and terraced lawn surrounding a house, wide-spreading, homelike and comfortable, its ten spacious rooms all on one floor, its roof gabled with two queer little windows peeping from under it like bright eyes. The old gray porch curving in a broad low sweep around the dingy sides of the cottage was submerged in a sea of green—spray of the tossing vines, ivy and wisteria, honeysuckle and the jasmine flower. Some little pink roses slept in tiny beds close to the house, their heads drooping over fragrant petunias.

When I reached the porch steps I saw through the vines two little girls curled up in big armchairs, busily playing checkers.

"Is Mr. Harris in?" I inquired.

"Y-e-s," responded one of the children hesitatingly, "but he's always busy early in the mornings, and he never sees anybody at all;" then she added pleasantly, seeing me disappointed, "I will see, though." In another moment she appeared shyly at the screen door.

"Papa is so very busy writing — he begs to be excused," she said.

It was my turn to hesitate.

"I do not live in Atlanta," I explained. "I have come from a long distance—could you tell him that, please? If he is so busy now I would be willing to wait three hours just to see him five minutes."

Certainly I did not mean it for a threat, but perhaps it sounded so, for Uncle Remus came out on the porch immediately, and so abruptly it took my breath away. I looked at him feeling at once that possibly all his life he might have lived off of red-ham gravy, corn pone and cabbage, — so unromantic did he appear, so commonplace — as he says. But his blue eyes are kindly eyes and true.

"I might as well tell the worst first, Mr. Harris," I said as we shook hands and I rested for a second on the sense of the humor I knew right well was there, "I have come to interview you."

Quicksand! Uncle Remus dropped my hand and coldly withdrew to the opposite pillar of the porch, and he stood there like the tar baby "sot," and "he ain't sayin' nothin'."

The feelings of Brer Rabbit began to tickle through me. I expressed myself and my mission once more.

"My home life is not to be written up," Uncle Remus responded in such a tone that I didn't know "w'at minnit wuz gwinter be de nex'." I then took refuge.

"Mr. Harris — you are a newspaper man yourself, and you know exactly how it is. Please — could you not talk a little anyhow?"

"I don't know how to talk. Never talked in my life—never will talk—don't know anything to talk about," replied Uncle Remus.

Certainly this seemed conclusive, but I let out one little word more, "Yourself?"

"There isn't anything to say about myself. I have never done anything. I don't know anything. I live right here. I am a Georgia cracker."

"Georgia—cracker?"

"Just a plain, ordinary, commonplace, everyday person—that's what I am."

The third degree then appeared inevitable. Partly because I was nervous, or perhaps that "my apperceptive basis was somewhat limited," being bound by Stoddard's Bungalow at the time, my next question flew beyond right-fielder, for I asked Uncle Remus if he had any relics.

He looked at me.

"I mean," I stammered, "any relics of your travels collected in your house?"

"Never traveled in my life," returned Uncle Remus flatly; "wouldn't collect any relics if I did."

"So you have nothing?"

"I have nothing."

"And you have never been anywhere at all?"

"Never outside this fence."

"Not even into town?"

"Oh yes, I go into town every day, about eleven o'clock, but I come right back here and stay here."

"You write editorials on the Constitution, don't you?"

He nodded. Yes, surely he did not believe as he says somewhere in giving out too much cloff fer to cut one pa'ar pants.

I then thought of more to say.

"Do you always do your writing out here at home, Mr. Harris?"

Again he nodded.

"What are you writing now beside your editorials?"

"A book."

"What sort of a book?"

"A plain, old-fashioned story of Georgia life during the war."

"A novel?"

"Not exactly that—don't know what I'll call it."

"Do you usually gather your material right around these parts, and take long walks and talk with the old darkies?"

"Don't talk to anybody—stay right here; I have all the material I want right inside this fence."

"Do you write every day?"

"Till three o'clock, then I walk around,—look at my roses," he jerked his thumb toward the little rose beds.

"If there were any Joel Chandler Harris reading clubs in Atlanta what would you do?"

"I would get out!"

"When you get letters asking for your autograph what do you do?"

"Burn them—thousands of 'em—throw 'em all away, unless—" his expression grew less implacable, "unless they are from little children — from fifteen down. Whenever I get a letter beginning: 'My dear Mr. Harris, I am a little girl ten years old,' or, 'I am a little boy eight years old,' or thereabouts, I save it and answer it right off."

The silence that followed in the wake of this big paragraph was intense. At length I asked Uncle Remus if he would show me his vegetables.

"You are welcome," he replied, and walked down first into the side yard, where he pointed out his favorite roses and a large purple magnolia tree, and then we went around to the back. There are five acres around his place. He has a vegetable garden, an orchard, a strawberry patch and a little stretch of pasture ground for the Jersey cows and the little gray donkeys that are the children's pets.

There were several little houses for the pet rabbits and guinea pigs and quite a good-sized chicken house for the Plymouth Rocks. Pretty soon we returned to the porch.

"Have you a big library?" I asked Mr. Harris.

"No library at all," he answered, "nor any den or study. I do all my writing in my bedroom, there, just off the windows."

"Everyone in Atlanta says that you never see people at all."

"Not a soul—why should I?"

"If I come again would you see me?"

He appeared uncertain.

"If I should bring many little children to see you would you see them?"

"Yes."

"And talk more to us?"

"See you—but won't talk."

"Goodbye—and I thank you." I held out my hand.

"Goodbye—you are welcome."

That was all.

FAME

By A. E. UPDEGRAFF

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

DO you remember, brother mine,
  The day we left the country school—
Whose bell-tower stood up so fine—
  Whose bell-rope 'twas such joy to pull?

You had a speech, and I had, too;
  Ah, mine was in a lofty strain!

Some noble man—I don't know who—
Died in it, bleeding at every vein.

The folks from all around were there,
Some fifty persons—maybe more;
They had to put an extra chair,
For mother, just inside the door.

And after each had said his piece,
The s'lectman called us both by name,
And said we were like lads of Greece:
Ah, brother, brother—that was fame!

THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF SILAS BARKER

By IDA ALEXANDER
MILLBRAE, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

IT is very hard to trace the beginning of things. Looking back now, I cannot remember when it was Silas began to want me to help him in the garden and with the outside chores. At first thought it would seem to have been a sudden whim, and then again, perhaps it could be traced back to the time when we were young things subsisting and making merry on a bookkeeper's salary, planning about "going farming" when our ship came in.

Well, our ship did not come in, but one of the little ships upon the ocean of life foundered and sank, and the wreckage floated down-stream to us. The farm was ours, but at a price; for the kindly giver, remembering Silas, dying, left in our cup of joy the bitter remembrance of our own neglect. Some of those last lonesome Summers we might have cheered! However, the feeling wore away, as such things will, and we were very happy. As I said, I do not know at what time Silas began to think that some of the outside work should devolve on me. He came in one morning with a foaming milk pail in either hand.

"It seems to me, Penelope, you might take up the milking. I ought to be weeding that asparagus by this time."

"Why, Silas, I had the breakfast to get. I haven't had an idle moment," I answered, thinking ruefully how I had hurried to have a nice breakfast ready before he came in.

"Well, if it takes as long to get breakfast as to milk four cows, all I can say is, it shouldn't."

I was flushed from frying waffles, but I could feel a deeper red dyeing my face at his words.

"Well, it has," I said after a moment, "and I have hurried, too."

Silas put the unstrained milk down, went into the dining room, and picked up a paper. There was a bright fire in the grate, (I had made it) and he looked very comfortable. I strained the milk and carried the breakfast things in. Silas ate in silence. I knew he was thinking deeply; and so was I. After a while he spoke.

"Penelope, did it ever occur to you how unfairly our work is divided?"

"Yes, Silas," I answered, "it often has."

"Why, I didn't know you'd noticed. But it's true, Penelope, true. I have twice as much to do as you have."

"That was not the way it presented

itself to me. By an unfair division of the work I meant—"

He interrupted me in a horrified whisper. "Penelope, you don't—you can't—it's impossible. Tell me what you mean."

Then I spoke.

"I mean, Silas, that while you have long hours and hard work in sowing and reaping time, I have both all the time."

"For instance?"

"Cooking, washing, ironing, scrubbing, darning, making butter—there's a great deal to do about a house, Silas."

"And twice as much outside."

"For example?"

"Horses, milking, weeding, haying, mending gates."

"Haying and mending gates don't come often, so your list is reduced to milking, weeding, and caring for the horses."

The list seemed small enough after mine. Silas saw it — like a man, he covered the wreck of his argument with anger. "If you think I have the best of it, change off, change off. There's little or nothing to housework. If you don't find the outside work worse, my name's not Silas Barker."

"I don't understand—quite."

"You take my work, and I'll take yours."

"Beginning when?"

"Today."

I thought a minute. "All right, Silas, I'll do it. Let's see—you milk at six both times."

"Yes."

"And the rest of the time?"

"Weed out the vegetables."

"How many beds a day?"

"As many as I can."

"But how many can you?"

Silas is a truthful man. If he answers you can depend on it—but he won't incriminate himself if he can avoid it.

"Lately I've been getting two done a day."

"I'll do the same," I said lightly. "I'll start in right away, but first I must tell you a few things."

"Tell me nothing at all. I know how everything should be done, and I can do it. Neither of us is to look for help," he concluded emphatically.

"How long is this to continue?"

"As long as possible. Change of work is as good as play."

'You won't find it play exactly. I'm afraid you'll be sorry."

"I'm sure you will."

I laughed. "Today, Silas, is wash-day. Suppose we put off the change till tomorrow?"

"No, no. Don't try to get out of it that way. I'll do the washing."

"Silas, you can't."

"Penelope, I will."

"I always try, when I'm washing or ironing, to bake some, but I suppose you had better let it wait till tomorrow?"

"Just as you like. Where are the clothes?"

"In a basket on the back porch. Perhaps you had better not do them all, though there aren't so many with the children away."

"I'll do them all."

"Wash through one water, boil, rinse, blue and hang out. Do the white clothes alone."

"I understand."

"Well, goodbye; Silas, and good luck," I said, putting on my sunbonnet. "I generally let the dishes stand on wash-day till I get my white clothes out."

But I don't."

"Just as you like."

I uncovered the beds of early asparagus and started weeding. It was very cold, and I thought regretfully of my cosy kitchen. However, I plodded on for what seemed hours and hours. The stooping was certainly conducive to backache.

"I'll change the bonnet for a shawl," I said to myself, more for the moment's rest than for the warmth, although I was bitterly cold.

In the kitchen things were shining, the stove had been rubbed off, the faucets polished — so there were things Silas noticed. He was nowhere to be seen. The fire was out, and, as far as I could see, no preparations had been made for washing.

"Silas!" I called. "Silas!"

I heard the swish of a falling paper, and he emerged from an inner room. He looked sheepishly at me.

"I took your advice about not washing."

"I didn't give you any."

"What!"

"No, I said we had better put off the change till after wash-day. I never knew a week end well that wasn't begun by washing."

"Tomorrow'll do as well."

"As you like. When will lunch be ready? I'm hungry. It's half-past eleven."

"At twelve, or a little after."

At half past twelve the bell rang. I went in. The table looked inviting. I washed my face and hands and sat down while Silas bustled about, cutting bread and taking up the lunch. I think, perhaps, he expected help, but I remembered his own words, and did not offer any — besides, I had had an awful time currying Black Bess, and if a woman must do a man's work — why. The lunch was a success; still, two-thirds of it had been cooked the day before. When it was over I took a magazine and stretched myself comfortably on the lounge in the dining room, as Silas had done ever since I could remember.

"If I drop asleep, just call me at half past one, will you?"

"Half past one?"

"Yes. It was half past twelve when the bell rang."

I suppose, with the exercise in the fresh air and no dishes on my mind, it was natural enough that I should fall asleep. When I awoke Silas still sat at the table with his head on his arms, sound asleep.

I finished my two beds with ease, then half another for good measure. It was much pleasanter with the sun shining brightly than in the early morning.

Afterward I took a stroll over our place. Really, it's pleasant to have a moment of your own. Then I reluctantly got the milk pails. Daisy and Beauty I could manage, but I was rather afraid of Madcap and Sue. Madcap had received her name from Silas after playfully kicking over both pails of milk, and Sue was a new-comer with something pert and aggressive in the very toss of her head. Yes, I am afraid of cows. After ten years of farm life, I must confess to almost as great a fear of them as has the timid, transient Summer boarder. Daisy set a good example, however, and the milking proceeded as decorously as one could wish. Very much out of breath (for the pails were heavy) I appeared at the kitchen door with the evening milk. Silas was stirring something on the stove, very excitedly, and did not turn as I came in. A slight smell of burning pervaded the air. I did not seek for the cause, but put down the milk as Silas had done in the morning, and with a sigh of relief, sought my own room. Slippers for shoes, a comfortable wrapper, glycerine on my hands—when the belated bell rang I felt that I was making the visit that I had been cheated out of when the children went to their grandmother's a week before.

"How do you like housekeeping, Silas?" I asked, thinking of what Hannah, in "Little Women," had said on the subject.

"I haven't tried it long enough to tell," he answered, evasively. "How do you like your work?"

"Very well, indeed. It's a comfort to know my work is finished — till tomorrow."

I fancied Silas looked rather nonplussed. He did not answer. Perhaps he had hoped for a volunteer for the dishes, but I had no desire to attack the formidable pile already collected in the kitchen. He hadn't washed them up as they became soiled, and they had accumulated, as only dishes can. The dinner was scarcely a success. The potatoes were burned, the ham underdone, the eggs, with the yolks broken, presented a sorry sight; soup and salad had vanished from our menu, and for dessert appeared the "minute pudding" which Silas had been stirring as I came in. It was lumpy and not sweet enough, but I feigned an appetite I did not feel, as I saw Silas struggling to appear at ease. I felt self-reproachful as I saw him begin the dishes, but after all, of what use is a lesson half learned!

"Good night, Silas," I called a little later. "I really feel the best place for me is bed." It was one of his stock phrases, as night after night I was left alone, but I don't suppose he recognized it. I had sunk into an uneasy slumber, before I heard his step on the stairs—such a slow, cautious, halting step. "He doesn't want to wake me," I thought, well pleased at the unusual consideration. In a moment I was undeceived.

"Penelope! Penelope!" he called. "Get up and open the door. My hands are full of dough. I'm setting the bread," he continued, sulkily, "and the stuff sticks to my hands. I made up double what you had written down, so that I wouldn't have to bake so often, and the pan is full of sloppy stuff. If I put in more flour it will be all over the kitchen."

"It will before morning whether you do or not, if you've remembered the yeast," I remarked. "Better divide it into two pans."

It was an hour later before I heard his step again—slow enough, but heavily put down, coming up the stairs. I looked at the clock. Ten-thirty! "Oh, Silas, Silas," I said to myself. "how will you feel at five tomorrow morning."

At the first stroke of the alarm I was wide awake—years of habit are strong——but the call of the new duty fell on deaf ears. I wakened him. "Why, I what's the matter? I just came to bed," he protested, sleepily. When he remembered, he got up, and I turned over luxuriously for a second nap. "Call me about a quarter to six," I said, as I heard his retreating step.

When I came in with the milk, the fire was not made in the dining room, and Silas was searching through a recipe book in frenzied haste. I made no remark, but attended to the horses, and then began again on the asparagus bed. That was one reason why Silas thought housekeeping easy. I always try to be a little ahead of time. After breakfast, which was rather a silent meal, I started my weeding again, and had one bed finished before Silas would have been through with his after breakfast pipe.

At about eleven, having nearly completed the allotted work, I went up to the house. Silas had followed my advice about leaving the dishes until the white clothes were out. Unfortunately, neither clothes nor dishes were done, but in the tub with aprons, wrappers and gaily tinted things, covered with boiling water, was Grandmother Barker's white spread. I groaned as I saw its mottled, changing hue. With a clothes-stick, and much danger of burned hands, I finally extracted it and shutting my eyes to the disorder sat down in the "best room," as we country people say. I was tired, my back ached and the sun was becoming strong enough to affect my head. The unventilated room did not improve it. I threw up the window and lay down on the lounge to read. Idly listening for the dinner bell, I heard a sound that set my heart beating faster from fright.

It was Silas running! I had never known him to do so but once, when little Silas was sick, and I knew the sound boded no good. I sprang to my feet. "The children!" I gasped in the same breath that he said "The Deacon!"

"Oh, send him in here, Silas. I hope he's brought the mail."

"But — but you don't understand, Penelope; there's nothing fit to eat in the house!"

"What were we to have?"

"Just a 'picked up' dinner. You know it's wash-day — the only day when housework is hard."

That decided me. "Oh fix up anything. He can't object even if an amateur luncheon is not up to the standard."

The Deacon and I talked for quite a time; when the bell rang. As we reached the dining room Silas beckoned to me. With some hasty excuse I followed him into the kitchen, half expecting an appeal for aid, but Silas was flushed and triumphant.

"I just want you to see what I've got ready in a rush—oyster stew, mashed potatoes, cold boiled ham, hot rolls, and a lemon pudding like you make—I found it in the green book—besides coffee and tea."

"Very well done, indeed," I said, laughing.

"Now go in and entertain the Deacon. I don't want you saying you helped me. I want this job for life."

The best dishes were on the table, the table cloth and napkins were snowy, the flowers I had arranged—was it only two days before!—graced the center of the table. The Deacon waited expectant, he had had a long drive, and was consequently hungry. He said grace and we began. Silas and the Deacon discovered it at the same time, and I a moment later — the milk in stew and mashed potatoes had quite apparently soured. The rolls, too, resembled French bread in this one particular: that they had lain long unbaked.

"Why, why, Penelope," stammered Silas, "you're to blame. You left the milk in the kitchen."

"I always told you, Silas, that the milk should be taken at once to the milk room, especially when the weather is changeable, but you said you had 'no time.' Doing your work, neither have I."

"Well, well," said the Deacon mildly. "Let us be thankful that we still have ham."

Silas removed the plates, and fished some very stale bread from the box. I knew the amount of ham, and declined it, but Silas and the Deacon ate what little there was in happy unconsciousness. Red and embarrassed from an unsuccessful search for more, Silas came back, and the Deacon protested that he was entirely satisfied.

"There's still my lemon pudding with a meringue," Silas announced at last, triumphantly. It certainly promised well, but like the other dishes prepared of the curdled milk, it was ruined! Silas looked at the Deacon like a hunted man. He never turned his eyes my way. Then he looked around at the pretty table, with nothing fit to eat on it, and perhaps a remembrance of other meals that the Deacon had had with us came to his mind.

"Deacon," he said at last, in a hoarse, strained voice, "you know me for a man not profane. But this dinner I worked hard on — oh, damn!" The Deacon looked down in scandalized silence for a moment, then he looked up, his black eyes twinkling. "Amen, Brother Barker."

The dinner thus being disposed of, and consigned to oblivion, I brought out currant wine and fruit cake. The Deacon raised his glass, the same twinkle in his black eyes, "The women, Brother Barker, God bless them!"

Silas drank the toast in silence.

As the Deacon rose to go, Silas half started, and then sat down again. It was I, for the first time, who without a thought to the uncleared table, walked over the place with our guest.

As he got into his old top buggy, his hands full of flowers, he leaned over to say, "Don't be the first to cry off, Penelope; Silas is coming down."

He "came down." I waited till after twelve that night before I heard his footstep. It had a weary and dejected sound. He opened the door where I sat, not sewing or darning as usual, but reading. I looked up. Silas closed the door, and stood before it, as if, till he had said what he wished, he was unworthy or unwilling to sit down. "Penelope," he began, "there's some things a fair-minded man would like to say. What you've done of my work has been done all right—you got as much milk as I did, the horses got good care, and you got more weeding done. But I—I've been a dead failure. I haven't got as much done as you would have had, and it has not been done well; now you'd have had that washing done—"

"And ironed," I said.

"And you'd have had a good dinner today and baking done—"

"And butter made," I added.

"Yes, Penelope, all that, and more. It IS hard and I'm sick of it." It was a supreme moment. The time to tell a man that he should "down on his knees and thank heaven, fasting," for a woman with no woman's rights ideas in her head; a good woman, if I do say it, who only wished to be allowed to do her womanly work in peace, and with no desire to usurp a man's prerogatives—especially as to feeding and milking cows. All of these thoughts and many more were clamoring in my brain — knocking at the door of my heart for admission. There were things I felt hard about—little words that I had never forgotten, and I knew that now was indeed the time. He stood there crestfallen, a beaten man, "hoist," as the saying goes, "with his own petard"; and the admonition about "hitting a man when he's down" has never deterred a woman from speaking her mind.

"Penelope," he began again, and the voice was even more full of humility than before, "I said I was sick of it."

And I answered quite meekly, "Silas, so am I."

PRIEST AND POET

By BEN FRANKLIN BONNELL

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

THE priest at the foot of the ladder stood weeping,
The poet stood smiling at the head of the stair;
Said the priest to the singer: "I pray you to tell me
The road that you traveled to get where you are.
I have stood here as herald and watchman and shepherd
Since long years before you were born, night and day;
There's only one road to the place you are standing,
And I know that you never ascended this way."
Said the poet, in turn to the sad, holy preacher:
"You are right, I am sure, so rest and be calm;
No ladder I climbed, no creed was my teacher,
God made me up here, I was born where I am."

"SOCIAL EQUALITY"

By KELLY MILLER

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A STRANGER to American institutions would be curiously impressed by the separate and distinct social areas which the two races occupy. Here are two peoples, domiciled in the same territory, invested with equal civil and political rights, speaking the same language, loyal to the same institutions, worshipping God after the same ritual, and linked together in a common destiny; and yet in all purely personal and pleasurable intercourse, they are as far apart as if separated by interstellar space. "Social equality," is the shibboleth which divides the races asunder. This slogan, like a savage warwhoop, arouses the deepest venom of race, which slumbers only skin deep beneath a thin veneer of civilization. This expression cannot be defined according to the ordinary import and weight of words. Whoever coined it possessed a genius for summoning the evil spirit. The term has no exact lexical status, but it is surcharged with idiomatic meaning. We can no more determine its potency and power from the component words than we can judge the emblematic significance of "Old Glory" by the fabric and dye stuff that enter into its composition. As the sight of the flag evokes the patriotic zeal of the loyal beholder, or as the soldier makes frantic response to the alarum "to arms," so the tocsin, "social equality," arouses the pride of class and wrath of race. "Social" and "equality" are two excellent, elegant words; but "social equality" must not be pronounced in good society, like two harmless chemical elements uniting to make a dangerous compound. This phrase has unbounded potency over the passion of the white man of the South. He religiously obeys its behest, at whatever sacrifice or cost of conscience. He bows down and worships before a verbal idol with fear and trembling, as a heathen before his graven God. The sanction of its decree is more binding than that of legal code, religious creed, or the claims of humanity. Pope has given a poetic setting to the moral conviction of mankind that conscience is the rightful arbiter of conduct:

> "What conscience dictates to be done,
>   Or warns me not to do;
> This teach me more than hell to shun,
>   That more than heaven pursue."

If in this elegant quatrain we substitute "social equality" for conscience, although we mar the meter, it adapts the meaning to the social creed of the South. The interpretation which that section places upon "social equality" constitutes the crux of the race problem, and conditions all modes of rights, privileges and opportunity, whether they be political, civil, educational or industrial. By reason of its exactions, the negro is not desired by the white man to vote for the same candidate, work at the same handicraft, enjoy the same public and civic privileges, to worship at the same shrine, or to be buried in the same graveyard. It is indeed the ruling passion strong in death. Race prejudice which this phrase evokes is not amenable to the formulas of logic; it is impatient of fact, and intolerant of argument and demonstration. It does not reason, it asserts and asservates. Its traditional method is a word and a blow.

At one time it was the avowed policy of the dominant South to furnish the negro equal public opportunity with the whites, while insisting on the separation of the races in all purely social features. This was the gospel according to the late Henry W. Grady, who, before his untimely death, bid fair to become not only the mouth-piece but the oracle of the New South. Senator D. M. McEnery of Louisiana, in a notable speech in the United States senate several years ago, said: "There never has been any disposition on the part of the people of Louisiana to deprive the negro of his political and civil rights. There has been and will continue to be a determination, fixed and unalterable, to deny him social privilege on equality with the whites, and to prohibit him from aspiring to any equality in social life, which nature forbids." Passing by the gracious proffer to assist nature in carrying out her inexorable decree, this deliverance shows plainly that the social policy of the South is regarded as the primary factor, and political and civil regulations are but corollaries of the leading proposition. In society as in science, the greater includes the less.

But of late we have heard a new voice from the South. It is louder and less considerate of the claims of humanity than the milder tones of the more dignified and decorous leadership which it seeks to supplant. This is the voice of Tillman and Vardaman and Baringer and Thomas Dixon. These new oracles tell us that the negro must be denied political, civil, educational and even industrial opportunity, lest "social equality" should be the consummation of it all. The Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the genius and tradition of American institutions are held in open defiance by a narrow and provincial spirit. The ethical and political foundations of social order are ruthlessly overborne by the fiat of a silly phrase. The question is of vital concern to every loyal American citizen. For if this spirit is allowed to prevail, and the negro is, of set policy, suppressed below the level of American manhood, in deference to an absurd social theory, then his statue will inevitably settle into a servile caste as rigid and inexorable as that which blights oriental civilization. The enlightened patriotism that rose up in righteous wrath against human slavery cannot view with composure the establishment on American soil of an iniquitous caste, which is even more repugnant to the genius of free institutions. The silent South, the survivors and descendants of the better type of the slaveholding class, the men and women in whose breasts even the blighting influence of slavery could not sour the milk of human kindness, are now held, as in a vise, by this narrow and intolerant spirit. They have no frantic dread of the social affiliation of the races. Indeed, according to their traditional social code, intimate personal association with the uncouth and uncultivated whites is almost as distasteful a contemplation. And yet the cry of social equality has been so persistently and boisterously dinned in their ears, that an imaginary evil has assumed the semblance of a real danger. This voice has been hushed; they have become tongue-tied, and are as completely divested of freedom, either of action or utterance, as the poor negro who bears the brunt of it all. If liberal-minded southern white men, like George W. Cable, or John Spencer Bassett, or Andrew Sledd, though still yielding allegiance to the prevailing social dogma, dare lift their voice, even in faintest whisper, in protest against the evil perpetrated in its name, they are forthwith lashed into silence by popular fury and scorn. Race hatred is the most malignant poison that can afflict the mind. It chills the higher faculties of the soul. The restiveness of the high-souled sons of the South under restriction imposed by the less enlightened of their own race is the only hopeful rift that we can see in the dark and lowering cloud.

Every system of oppression seeks to justify itself. The institutions of slavery ransacked science, history, literature and religion in quest of fact and argument to uphold the iniquitous system. There is almost an exact parallel between the methods employed in support of human slavery and those that are now being resorted to in justification of the decrees of "social equality."

We are told that the separation of the races is ordained of God, just as slavery used to be called a "divine institution." It is strange indeed that those who breath out hatred and slaughter against their fellow men are ever prone to claim divine prerogative in carrying out their iniquitous scheme. The alliance of Providence with the type of men who are now leading the propaganda of race hatred would reverse all of our received notions of the divine attributes.

Physical dissimilarity is siezed upon as a badge of distinction, and a hasty judgment easily confuses the index with the indicated potency. But, as is well known, difference of race and color has never prevented the closest intimacy of personal association. The gentleman who drives to the station "cheek by jowl" with his black coachman, but who becomes furious on being made joint occupant with a black seat-fellow in a railway coach, is actuated by an impulse other than purely physical repugnance. If race friction rested solely upon physical basis, we should expect its rigor to be uniform wherever such distinctions prevail. But, as a matter of fact, we find that it is subject to the widest latitude of variability, and is almost indefinitely modifiable by circumstances and conditions. It presents little of the fixity and inflexible character of natural law. The Teuton manifests it in a different degree from the Latin races, with whom ethnic peculiarities count for little or nothing against moral and spiritual homogeneity. Rio de Janeiro and Richmond, Virginia, are typical illustrations of the two spirits as respects the entente of dissimilar races. Prejudice is more pronounced, or at least assumes a different aspect, in the southern than in the northern state, being stimulated by the relative number and erstwhile status of the two elements. It becomes mild or virulent, according to incentive or occasion. In individual instances, it almost or wholly disappears, and can be aroused only by playing upon his class interests, prejudice and pride. Grant Allen tells us somewhere that the same Englishman who seems to ignore race differences at home, becomes the most intolerant of men when he takes residence in the colonies. If the separation of the races is a decree of providence working through nature, what need of human help in carrying out that decree? The reenactment of the laws of the Almighty leads naturally to the conviction that those who so eagerly proffer this assistance are actuated by a wish rather than a conviction. The negro is not credited with natural repugnance against associating with white men. The charge that they must be restricted in their eagerness for such association is the highest possible unwitting proof that the aversion between the races cannot be wholly accounted for by natural antipathy. The lion and the lamb do not enjoy a common bed, because such social intimacy is doubtless as distasteful to the lamb as to the lion. Natural antipathy is a reciprocal feeling.

The attempt to base the separation of the races upon psychological grounds is equally void of substantiation. There is no clearly discernible pyschological difference. No reputable authority has yet pointed out any sharply defined psychic discriminant. The mind of the negro is of the same nature as that of the white man, and responds to the same nurture. There is not a single intellectual, moral or spiritual excellence achieved by the white race to which the negro mind does not yield an appreciative response. If it could be shown that the negro was incapable of mastering the intricacies of Aryan speech, that he could not possibly comprehend the intellectual basis of modern culture, that he could not be made amenable to the white man's ethical standards or feel his spiritual motive, there would be need of no further proof. But the line of psychic demarcation cannot be made to coincide with race cleavage in a single phase of intellectual, moral or spiritual aptitude. The difference of attainment is readily accounted for by what Benjamin Kidd calls social efficiency, or the discipline of civilization. We cannot predicate superiority or inferiority except as a transient phase of human development.

There is little room to doubt that the feeling against the negro is of the nature of inspirited animosity rather than natural antipathy, and can be accounted for, in large part, by the erstwhile status which he has occupied in the social scheme. A people who have yet made no considerable contribution to the general culture of the human spirit, and whose traditional relation with European civilization has been of a servile sort, are naturally enough not deemed eligible to the ennobling circle of Aryan fellowship. The violent severance of servile bonds, and the humiliation of the southern man's tough Teutonic spirit by outside compulsion, engendered deep and long-abiding animosities.

But the chief cause of race estrangement is of a political nature, if we be allowed to use that term, not merely in the technical sense of statecraft, but as comprehending the calculated policy of the ruling class toward the despised element. The cultivation of class consciousness is one of the most familiar phenomena of history. The line of demarcation is drawn at any easily discernible difference, whether it be geographical, racial, natural, political, religious, or minor distinctions of a physical or psychical nature. History is largely concerned with the conflict of antithetic classes. The struggle between Greek and Barbarian, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Mohammedan, Catholic and Protestant, Norman and Saxon, is but prototype of the conflict which now wages about the color line. Evil disposition combined with shrewdly calculated design can always stir up class friction. Two friendly baseball teams can easily be wrought up to a pitch of murderous fury against each other. The yellow press of this country can, within a few months, involve the United States in war with a nation with whom we are now on the closest terms of international friendship. A heterogeneous population, where the elements are, on any account, easily distinguishable, furnishes an easy prey for the promoter of strife. The fuse is already prepared for the spark. The peace and tranquility of such a community depends upon the highest enlightenment and moral restraint in the leadership of the separable elements.

That the dominant South is determined to foster artificial barriers between the races is clearly seen in the utterances and action of its leaders. It was Henry W. Grady who laid down the platform: "We believe that there is an instinct ineradicable and positive which keeps the races apart. We add in perfect frankness, however, that if the South had any reasonable doubt of its existence it would, by every means in its power, so strengthen the race prejudice that it would do the work and hold the stubbornness and strength of instinct." The more recent leadership of the South, without the clear discernment and conscientious restraint of the brilliant Georgian, has siezed upon this suggestion for sinister and selfish ends. They have harped upon the chord of race prejudice as a musician upon his favorite instrument. Seemingly dubious of the sufficiency of natural antipathy, they have sought to give it the requisite strength and stubbornness. The fire of race hatred has been fanned until it has become an uncontrollable flame. Sociologists tell us that the collective soul is less sensitive than the conscience of the individual. It responds to the shibboleths and slogans whose refrain is malice and strife. The soul of the mob is stirred by the suggestion of hatred and slaughter, as a famished beast at the smell of blood. Hatred is a great social dynamic, the ever handy instrument of the unscrupulous demagogue. The rabble responds so much more easily to an appeal to passion than to reason. To wantonly stir up the fires of race antipathy is as execrable a deed as flaunting a red rag in the face of a bull at a Summer's picnic, or of raising a false cry of "fire" in a crowded house. And yet this is just what the politician is doing in order to carry his crafty ends. He has raised the cry of "negro domination" when all the world knows that the negro is no more able to dominate the South than the babies in the cradle. But it serves its purpose by raising race animosity, which easily overrides all arguments based on tax, tariff or the relative value of silver and gold.

The cry of "negro rapist" has been skillfully and wilfully proclaimed. The most dastardly deeds of the most dastardly members of the human race, though perhaps not exceeding in number or heinousness like offences throughout the civilized world, have been exaggerated and advertised as the negro's peculiar trait. Every negro who has suffered violence at the hands of a bloodthirsty mob has been held up to the world as being lynched for a nameless crime, when the plain facts of record show that not one such lynching in four can plead even the allegement of rape in extenuation. But of what avail is fact or statistics against the cry of "negro brute?" When the cry of "mad dog" is raised, no induction of fact can arouse sympathy for the cruel usage heaped upon the canine thus branded. The end is served when the cry is raised.

But when all other devices have failed, "social equality" is relied on as the last appeal to give stubbornness and strength to race prejudice. But it is a dangerous thing to evoke the evil spirit. It will turn again and rend him who called it forth. The South, itself, and indeed the whole American people must be the eventual sufferers by the carnival of cruelty and crime evoked by these cunningly contrived epithets.

"America must be all white or all mulatto" is the motto and motive of "The Leopard's Spots," the most evilly potential book of this generation. The large question of race amalgamation is too complex for parenthetical treatment in this discussion. But it is sufficient to say that blending of the races is less likely to take place, if the dignity, self-respect, and manly opportunity of the negro are encouraged and respected, than if he is forever crushed beneath the level of his faculties for fancied dread of "social equality." The only way to foster race pride which in turn leads to the preservation of race type and race integrity, is to open up vista and scope to the black man's aspiration. How can one be expected to be proud to be a negro, if the American people, of set policy, fix the status of the race on par with that of the beast of burden? The inexorable decree of "social equality" is every day defeating its own purpose. Hundreds of mixed bloods are daily crossing the color line, and carrying with them so much of the despised blood as an albicant skin can conceal without betrayal. The man or woman who denies, ignores, or affects to scorn the class with which he previously affiliated is generally deemed deficient in the nobler qualities of human nature. It is not conceivable that any of this class would undergo the degradation of character and humiliation of soul necessary to cross the great social "divide," unless it be in order to escape for themselves and for their descendants an odious and despised status. Intermarriages usually take place among the lower stratum of both races. The refined and cultivated class among the colored people show as much distaste for such alliances as the whites themselves. Frederick Douglass materially affected his hold upon the affection of the colored race, especially the cultivated womanhood, by his second marriage. Degradation of the negro would lead soonest to the destruction of type and final blending of race through illicitness. Had slavery continued for another century, without fresh African importation, there would scarcely have remained an unbleached negro in America. The best possible illustration that a cultivated sense of self-respect does not lead to intermarriage is furnished by Oberlin college in Ohio, and Berea college in Kentucky. These institutions have had thousands of students of both races, males and females, associating on terms of personal respect and good will; and yet, in all these years, there has not occurred a single case of miscegenation. Contrast this record with the concubinage of the southern plantation or the illicit relations of the city slums, and it becomes at once apparent where the real danger of race mixture lies.

The observation of Mr. Dixon is a little late in the making. Whence comes this white blood that flows, with greater or less spissitude, in the veins of some six out of eight millions of negroes? Is it due to the bleaching breath of Saxon civilization? Who brought about the present approachment between the races? The strenuous advocacy of race purity in face of proved proneness for miscegenation affords a striking reminder of the lines of Hudibras: "The self-same thing they do abhor, one way, and long another for."

The charge that the educated negro is in quest of social affiliation with the whites is absurdly untrue. His sense of self-respect effectively forbids forcing himself upon any unwelcome association. Household intercourse and domestic familiarity are essentially questions of personal privilege. The choice of one's friends and intimate associates is the most delicate phase of the pursuit of happiness. Such matters are regulated wholly by personal preference and affinity of taste. The social integrity of the white race is within its own keeping. The social citadel is not subject to assault and battery. The aphorism of Emerson is as true of races as of individuals: "No man can come near me except through my own act."

The negro is building up his own society based upon character, culture and the nice amenities of life, and can find ample social satisfaction within the limits of his own race. President Eliot of Harvard university has told us in a recent utterance that the white man of the North is not less averse than his southern brother to the social mingling of the races. The negro, too, has social sensibilities. He will never complain against any white man, North or South, because he is not invited to dine at his table, sit in his pew or dance with his daughter. But the negro ought not to be expected to accept that interpretation of "social equality" which would rob him of political and civil rights, as well as of educational and industrial opportunity.

For the negro to supinely surrender his status of political and civic equality would be as unmanly as a silly insistence upon unwelcome social relations would be unmannerly. The negro and the white man in this country must live together for all time which we can foresee. They must mingle in business and in public life. All their relations should be characterized by mutual respect, courtesy and good will. In all purely personal and social matters let each, if he will, go unto his own company.

THE SALE OF THE SAFETY VALVE

By CHARLES W. MEARS

CLEVELAND, OHIO

IN at least one respect the night fireman on the big intercepting sewer was not a handsome man. But inasmuch as the sewer boss nourished an emphatic preference for lads born on the old sod and disliked their looks only when they forgot which ticket he was supporting, he found no fault with Michael Malloy's misfit style of personal beauty. Yet Michael himself did. To be night fireman on the big sewer job was pretty fair perhaps, but it was nothing at all to being a policeman. And having failed to land a badge and a billy, Michael had a quarrel with nature. Occasionally, when he washed the grime from his hands and face in the morning, he would steal a glance into the kitchen looking-glass and curse his luck; for in giving him a left eye that looked askance nature had deprived him of his birthright. Even a beat in the remotest, dreariest precinct would have been a royal job in comparison to the one he held, since as night fireman he could wield sovereign authority over only a coal heap that had not the power to resist him. At intervals he would slam his shovel on the black lumps and imagine that he was breaking heads in a "Dago" mob; and again he would sit in silence, wondering whether "wan-fifty p'r" was always to be the limit of his earning capacity.

It was this problem that he was trying hopelessly to solve when heavy footfalls disturbed his midnight meditation. Instantly Michael knew his man. Who would not? Who, unschooled in the arts though he be, could hear that measured tread and doubt ever so little the presence of a blue-coat? Well did Michael know. Long, long before he had realized that eyes must be alike to win a silver star, had he not watched with all-observing vision — despite the faulty optic—the movement of a hundred members of the force and learned to ape that step? Surely he knew the comer's business.

Slowly the member of the force advanced. A new man on the beat, he climbed across the cavern of the sewer to learn the reason for Michael's presence on the coal heap. The fireman explained; and, satisfied that Michael told the truth, Policeman Shirley resumed his plodding march.

Nightly thereafter the two held little talks. Each came to know the other's joys and sorrows. Both had aspirations, vague as to means but leading to a common end — more money. The policeman's earnings, which seemed a fortune to the lesser paid night fireman, were none too much for Shirley's needs. A wife and five school-going youngsters cannot be decently maintained at slight expense, and even though the careful wife made money do a wondrous lot of useful things, still each successive pay day found the big policeman no richer than before. His savings bank account had long since been a joke in its wandering from nothing to fifty dollars and back again to zero.

Michael, on smaller earnings, was yet the better off in net results. A little home, but lately rescued from its mortgage, gave evidence of thrift. It was a monument to comforts denied. Small wonder that Michael longed to have an income that would mean release from hardships such as his.

And so when Frank Shirley and Michael Malloy talked at night, the burden of their conversation dealt with what to do.

"Can't we invent something?" the policeman asked. "My father and my brother did. Of course, they made no money by it, but that's no sign we can't. My father's smoke consumer was stolen by a man named Cooley, and the steel mills swiped my brother's conveyer without paying a cent. Sue? Fine chance a poor inventor has to sue a billion-dollar corporation for his rights! If I ever invent anything and anybody steals it, I'll chase him off the map before I give him rest!"

"Ye be on th' roight trrack now, me man," responded Michael. "We'll invint t'gither an' be as rich as Wistinghouse."

On Thursday night Michael waited eagerly for the heavy-stepping Shirley.

"Whishper," he said in tone suited to the precautionary word, when Shirley reached the spot, "I have th' idee. Ye see this injictor val-l-ve? Th' little dure swings up t' lit in th' wather an' comes back ag'in t' kape ut in. Ye know this nach'ral gas? 'Tis what kills people be stoppin' an' comin' ag'in whin they ain't lookin'. Ye see th' idee?"

"A natural-gas safety valve?"

"Ye have ut. We'll make th' little dure stay open t' lit in th' gas, but if ut stops th' dure come down an' locks an' divvle th' bit av gas kin come to az-az-az—"

"Asphyxiate," suggested Shirley.

"Yis, azphyxyate the fam'ly. Whist, they'se money in ut. Barrels! A million! Shure, th' gas companies need ut. We'll make thim pay. Say niver a wurrd. Kape ut under th' hilmet. Ye got t' help me think ut out. Shirley, ye kin quit th' foorce; we're rich!"

II

Shirley was not so enthusiastic. He saw the point and realized the need of a natural-gas safety valve, but how to work out the idea was not an easy matter. However, the suggestion seemed so good that he kept it uppermost in his mind. Finally, unable to figure out for himself the way to make the needed valve, he called in help. His wife's brother, a designer, listened with interest and promised to think it over. Every night at home he drew sketches and discarded one after another of them, as he discovered fresh faults. But he kept

"THE BURDEN OF THEIR CONVERSATION WAS — MORE MONEY"

steadily at work and eventually the plan of operation became plain and simple. When the automatic safety valve, to protect the lives of natural-gas users, thus became a theoretically effective thing, Shirley and Michael discussed their future plans. A partnership was decided upon. Michael urged haste in drawing up the contract, because he wanted all the preliminaries to real money-getting out of the way early. Policeman Shirley's brother, fresh from law school, was consulted.

"Make a paper t' last forïver," Michael suggested. "Yer father an' brother was done out av their patents; do ye fix this so I cudden't sell er give away me share an' so Frank cudden't ayther. That is, onless we're both av wan mind. Two hids do be betther than wan. Maybe two kin kape th' sharrpers off."

"It's all right," cautioned the young lawyer, "to put in the contract that neither can sell without the other's consent, but the law governs that, anyhow. Either can sell at any time, but of course the partnership is forthwith dissolved; and in partnership affairs one partner is responsible for all the debts."

Michael was surprised. "The divvle ye say!" he ejaculated. "I'll have t' be deedin' me house t' th' ould woman."

"That's a safe thing to do," responded the lawyer.

"Yes," added the policeman, "do it. I haven't anything to lose anyhow, and you'd better protect yourself."

"Shure, I'm not afraid ye'll be doin' wrong," Michael explained. "'Tis nawthin' like that. But wan niver kin tell what'll happun, an' 'tis wisdom t' be an th' safe soide. As f'r losses, they'll be none. They's millions in th' invintion. We'll be makin', not losin', I'm tellin' ye. Annyhow, make th' wrritin' strrong—make ut strrong."

Then in that stately and explicit language for which the law is notable, the contract was drawn in duplicate and the Malloy & Shirley Safety Valve Company sprang into existence. The agreement made the men equal partners and bound each to consult the other before making any deal of any nature respecting the invention. "'Tis a foine bit av worrk," declared Michael as he attached his signature to the instrument. "Whin we accumylate a fortyun be selling' out t' th' gas company, we'll pass th' laad (referring to the young lawyer) an illygant sum f'r his labors. Mind ye, we will. 'Tis not gin'rosity, 'tis duty. 'Twuddnt' be roight not t'. An' whin we begin buldin' foine risidences I'll have mine on the wist side av th' bullyvarrd t' git the mawrnin' sun an the front porch. 'Tis farewell t' noight firin'."

III

"You've a good thing here," was the encouragement given the Malloy & Shirley Safety Valve Company when the sketch of the invention was shown to Forman & Dunn, patent attorneys. "It's a bit crude yet, and you will need to improve it some, no doubt. But the thing to do is to patent it first and to improve it later."

Subsequently the inventors were informed that patent office records contained nothing that was likely to bar their claims.

"I have looked up the subject thoroughly," reported Mr. Dunn, "and I am reasonably certain that I can put through a dozen claims. By the way," he added, "if you boys are pinched for funds our firm will stand the expense and accept a one-fourth interest in compensation."

"Niver moind," Malloy hurriedly replied, "I've th' siventy-five in me vist pocket. Sixty-five I borry'd frum th' ould lady an' Shirley here had th' tin. Th' invintion is not f'r sale till th' gas company unbelts f'r a million."

"No, Mr. Dunn," Shirley added, "we are in no hurry to sell. We can wait."

Paying the attorney his fee, the pair left the office. Over their glasses in Rafferty's corner emporium they proceeded to erect castles in Spain at a rate of speed that would have astonished an ordinary building boom. And in their talk they spent money with wild abandon, so that the bank would not be embarrassed trying to handle all the wealth that they were going to annex.

"Ayther we'll have t' spind it like wather er we'll have t' dayposit ut in banks all over th' wurrld. No wan bank'll take ut all. They's this advantage be havin' ut in many banks: whither we're in Dublin, Paris er Zanzybar, we kin sind th' coachman aroun' th' corner an git all we need f'r tips and th' treat. We'll not have t' sind home f'r money. Kings an' imp'rors'll attimpt t' meet us familyar loike, because we're savin' th' people's lives. 'Tis th' humane invintion. Th' mob'll be writin' pomes t' us an' makin' us prisydint av th' S. P. G. U."

"What's S. P. G. U.?" quizzed Shirley.

"Shure, Sawsiety f'r th' Pertiction av Gas Users."

"Mike, there ain't no such society."

"An' I know that. But they will be. Whin th' invintion saves th' lives av wives an' mothers an' childer, the gang'll rise up an orgynize th' sawsiety. Shure, they wasn't no G. A. R. till after th' war."

And Mike's logic was too convincing to admit of an answer.

IV

The unheard-of speed with which the safety valve application went through the patent office would have put a ninety-horse-power motor car to shame. So early was its arrival at Forman & Dunn's that its coming preceded the production of a single valve, a fact due not so much, however, to the pair's neglect as to their lack of funds. True they might have borrowed money from their friends or they could have accepted the offer of a plumbing house to make the valve on royalty. But both were cautious. The experiences of Shirley's father and brother were sufficient warning to put them on their guard.

"Not an yer life," declared Michael. "Divvle th' cint we'll borry, because we don't have t', an' we'll be victims f'r no roy'lty shark, because we don't want t'. We'll rist till th' gas company rolls out th' barrels av coin frum the basemint an' says to Donahue, th' teamster, 'Give this to no wan but Malloy an' Shirley an' don't ye come back widout a rayseat.' We kin wait."

And they did. No gas company evidently felt the Malloy & Shirley safety valve to be indispensable to its welfare, and though the patentees waited long, no offer of purchase came. Every morning upon his return from work, Michael looked under the pillow to see that the precious papers of partnership and patent were still safe, and just as often he cautioned Mary to keep doors and windows locked day and night. But weeks and weeks went by and no inquirer even asked for a price on the firm's invention, nor was ever Michael's pillow disturbed.

"Shure, ye are the foine invintor, ye are that," exclaimed the exasperated Mary one day. " 'Tis six months since he took away th' sixty-five, an' divvle th' thing have ye t' show f'r ut but th' two papers. 'Tis a great thing, th' invintion; wid meself havin' no dacint shoes an' ye wid on'y dirty clothes t' wear t' mass."

Mary's little faith was grievous to the night fireman, but only so at first. The more he thought of it, the more his belief strengthened that she was wise. Six months and no fortune; no, not even an offer.

" 'Tis strange that no gas company wants th' valve," he said to the policeman that night. "I think 'tis sixty-five gone t' th' bad, I do so."

"Seventy-five," prompted Shirley.

"Yis, siventy-five. Yer tin included. 'Tis gone."

"Well, we've got the patent, anyhow," philosophized Shirley. "There's no telling when it will prove a good investment."

"Invistmint is ut? Give me th' sixty-five an' th' invistmint 'll baylong t' ye."

"How long will you give me to raise the money? asked Shirley.

"How long ye need?"

"A month."

" 'Tis a bargain."

"All right," responded Shirley, "here's a cigar to bind the deal."

V

President Wentworth, of the Consolidated Illuminating & Fuel Company, turned from his desk as Herrick came in. Herrick was the company's handy man. His work was various. He had handled councilmen and legislators, he had bought tracts of land cheaper than anybody else thought possible, and he had outwitted more than one of the company's competitors when valuable rights were involved.

Wentworth opened the conversation. "Herrick, what have you learned about that safety valve patent?" he asked.

"It's a good patent, a basic one, in fact," Herrick answered. "Our Washington attorneys went over the subject thoroughly with me and I don't see how we can utilize the idea without infringing."

"Does the valve work properly?"

"Well, I should not say perfectly. It needs improvement, and can be perfected readily, so Brown says." (Brown was the company's chief engineer.) "But this patent incorporates a basic idea."

"Then you would suggest purchasing it?"

"By all means."

"But what if you have delayed the matter too long?"

"That's a chance we had to take when we started in to investigate the strength of Malloy & Shirley's claims. But depend upon me, I'll buy it if it is a possible thing."

"Good for you. And I'll tell you what I'll do, Herrick. I figure that this patent, since it is sound and basic, will be worth at least $10,000 to us. If you can buy it for less, you may keep the difference. If it costs more and we decide to buy, whatever the price, I'll make you a gift of twenty per cent. of the purchase price by way of extra compensation." "Mr. Wentworth, that is a generous proposition. I shall certainly lay myself out to do a thorough job. Will you please give me an order on the cashier for $10,000? You know, in a case like this, money in hand sometimes induces a prompt decision."

VI

"Mike, git up! Git up!" It was Mary shaking the sleeping night fireman. "Hurry, ye slaypin' beauty; they's a spalpeen here talkin' invintion." At the word "invintion" Michael was on the floor, grabbing his clothes and shoving himself into them. Three minutes later he was shaking Herrick's hand. "Mr. Malloy," Herrick began, "I am Mr. Merrick of the Standard Automatic Sprinkler Company. Our sprinkler puts out fires, you know. I heard of your valve and I thought while in town I should like to see it. I am here putting in a sprinkler in the new Forum building." "Ye can't see ut," Michael blurted out.

"Oh, is that so? I'm sorry. Why don't you care to show it?"

"'Tisn't that I don't care; 'tis that I can't. I niver had wan made."

"Wasn't it a success?"

"Shure!" Michael declared with proper emphasis.

"Well, how do you know it was a success, if you never had one made?"

"Another felly did," said Michael, ashamed to lie, but certain that he was in the hands of a "royalty shark" and determined to die game.

"Maybe I can see his," Herrick suggested.

"Ye can't though. He's in Massachusetts."

"Then perhaps you have the patent papers," was Herrick's next suggestion.

"I have. But this invintion is not a sprinklin' wagin er a hose cart."

Herrick smiled. "I understand that. I thought I might adapt it to my needs. Let me see the papers anyhow."

Michael left the room, calling Mary after him. "Sit be th' dure,' he cautioned, "an if th' fire extinguisher felly starts t' run wid th' papers hit th' divvle wid th' lid lifter."

Herrick looked over the paper with apparent care. He pretended to read every word of the text and to study every line of the design. At length he spoke: "Mr. Malloy, I think I can use your valve," he said. "It is not water tight and I'll have to perfect it. But the idea is fairly good, and if you want to sell outright I'll be glad to talk business."

"I can't sell," Michael responded with a touch of sorrow in his voice. "I've a partner."

"Maybe your partner wants to sell. Have you a contract? May I see it?"

Getting the patent paper tightly in his grasp, Michael went to the bed and drew forth the partnership agreement. "Merrick" scanned it closely and returned the paper to Michael.

"I see," he said, "I shall have to do business with you both. Now if you and your partner will consider an offer of $400 spot cash, I'll be pleased to see you at the New Naples hotel at two this afternoon." Michael promised to have Shirley on hand at the hour named, and the visitor left.

"Sell," commanded Mary, the moment Herrick was out of hearing.

"Shure, I'm not th' laddybuck t' rayfuse. Four hundr'd is no million, but 'tis more than sixty-five."

And on the street car bound down town the foxy Herrick, alias Merrick, even hated himself for a moment. "It's a shame to take it away from them," he mused. A commission of $9,600 on a $400 deal. Whew! That lobster doesn't realize what he owns. Still $400 probably looks like a gold mine to him, and to give him more would be wasting good money. And as for myself, what's the use of being shrewd unless your shrewdness pays handsome dividends?"

VII

The night fireman had utterly forgotten that Shirley had an option on his half interest. He was too intent upon getting back his beloved "sixty-five" to care where it came from; and the big policeman, having secured the option, had straightway dismissed it from his thoughts. He had no sixty-five dollars, and he wouldn't have borrowed it if he could have done so. He assured himself that, unlike Michael, he did not have "cold feet," but at the same time he put forth no effort to prove his conviction.

Consequently, when Michael's eleven o'clock visit to Shirley's home caused the policeman to bound out of bed, the subject of their talk was not option, but outright sale to "Merrick."

"He offers $400 an' wants t' buy at wanst. Me f'r t' sell," said Michael.

"It's hardly enough," returned the policeman, "but I'll talk with him anyhow. I'll meet you in Rafferty's at half past one."

Instead of trying to finish his sleep after Malloy had gone, Shirley contemplated the $400 proposition. "Merrick" had probably put out that figure as a feeler and might raise it to $500. In any event, the policeman determined to stand out for all he could get.

Two o'clock found the patentees in "Merrick's" room at the hotel. The alleged sprinkler agent was ready for them.

"You see," he began, "I am in doubt whether your valve will suit my purpose at all. In talking with Mr. Malloy I suggested a price of $400, but I have reconsidered the offer, and the best I can do is $300."

"I'm here f'r t' sell," was Michael's emphatic avowal, and he whispered to Shirley: "Say yis er he'll not want t' buy at all. Me wife needs th' sixty-five."

The policeman was angry. "Mr. Merrick," he spoke with warmth, "I came here to consider an offer of $400. If you have changed your mind, why, so have I. My price is $500."

The thought of the vanishing "sixty-five" gave Michael an incipient fit. He said nothing, but his face betrayed his misery.

"All right," Herrick responded, "just as you say, Mr. Shirley. I guess we can do no business this afternoon."

"F'r th' love av hivin' sell," whispered Michael huskily.

"I'm in no rush to sell," said Shirley, trying to be calm. "I can wait, just as I have been doing. This isn't a sprinkler valve in the first place; it's a gas valve. If it's worth $300 to you, it's worth a blamed sight more to a gas company."

"That may be," commented Herrick, "but my concern would not permit me to pay more than $300. Of that I am certain."

"Then we are simply wasting time. I'm going home." Saying which Shirley departed.

It was only Herrick's love of game that caused the breech. He felt sure of his men at his own price, and while a few hundred dollars under the circumstances was nothing at all, the situation pleased him. But Michael did not share Shirley's tenacity of purpose, and refused to combat for his rights.

"Do ye not git mad," implored the night fireman as Shirley went away. "Listen; I'll sell me share f'r sixty-five. Ye kin give Shirley $250, th' half av the $500 that he wants. Sixty-five an' $250 'u'd be $315, er $15 more than ye offered." It was a quick calculation for Michael to make, but pressing needs sometimes bestir an otherwise sluggish intellect.

"It's a go. Bring Shirley back." And Herrick laughed with real amusement as the fireman dashed from the room in pursuit of the policeman. Malloy did not wait for the elevator. He flew down-stairs, two or three steps at a time. Shirley was not in sight. Michael had given up everything but the precious "sixty-five" just for Shirley's sake. What now, he thought as he headed toward Rafferty's, if before he could find Shirley "Merrick" should again change his mind. His heart grew heavier with each step, but he enjoyed momentary bliss upon finding Shirley before the bar. Quickly the fireman told his story and the pair promptly returned to the hotel. "Merrick" and Shirley had no difficulty in agreeing upon the new terms, since each was getting practically all that his bluff called for.

"We'll go down-stairs now," suggested Shirley," and have the contract written. Sit in the smoking room while I dictate it and I'll bring it to you for your signatures."

Half an hour later he placed a typewritten sheet in Shirley's hands.

"This," "Merrick" explained, "is merely preliminary. It's just to bind the bargain. I'll give you ten dollars when you sign this and the rest when you deliver the partnership agreement and the patent paper."

Shirley read the agreement, while Michael looked over his shoulder in a semi-dazed way as though he understood none of it. The memorandum covered exactly the facts that "Merrick" had stated, only it was made in favor of "Geo. L. Herrick."

"Who's Herrick?" asked Shirley.

"Oh, yes," "Merrick" hurriedly responded, "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Herrick is president of our company. All our patent affairs are conducted in his name."

The policeman thought it peculiar, but let it pass.

When the signatures were attached to the contract, "Merrick" handed ten to Shirley, who in turn passed it on to Michael to ease the latter's agony about his investment.

"Say," Shirley asked abruptly, what's that two inches of white space just above the signatures for?"

"For convenience merely," explained the smooth "Merrick." "When the deal is closed, you see we can simply fill in the blank space and have the whole thing on one sheet."

Shirley didn't know whether to be satisfied or not. He disliked that way of doing business, but the paper was now in Herrick's pocket and the earnest money had been paid, so he decided to raise no protest.

"Merrick" changed the subject. "If you'll get the papers at once, I'll meet you here at six."

"Shure, we'll be here," said Michael. "An' ye mustn't kape us waitin.' We wurrk nights. I go on at eight."

"And so do I," added the policeman.

"Don't worry," was the response, "I'll be here at the tick of the clock. By the way," he added, "what's the use of both of you going home? One of you can get the papers and the other can spend the time with me." He really intended to be generous. While waiting the arrival of the papers he and his guest could have a cigar or two.

Shirley declared he was not going home. "I've got to buy some things for the kids, so I'll give Malloy a note to my wife for my paper and I'll be back here in time to meet you." Arrangements were made accordingly.

The instant Malloy and Shirley left his presence, "Merrick" began some hasty work. He hurried to the stenographer's desk, and, placing a silver certificate in her hand, asked for the use of her writing machine. "I've some work here," he remarked, "that I can write myself faster than I can dictate it." He wrote with speed, filling in the blank space with an acknowledgement of the payment of sixty-five dollars to Malloy and $250 to Shirley. That done, he paid his hotel bill and overcoat and grip in hand, jumped into a cab.

VIII

Malloy went first to Shirley's. The policeman's wife handed him the partnership contract without question upon reading her husband's note and was pleased when told of the $250 deal. She could buy so many badly needed things with the money that she felt happier than she had been in a year. Malloy rather regretted that the policeman was to fare so much better than himself, but the thought of getting back his own outlay was some consolation.

He had just arrived home when "Merrick's" cab drove up. Michael's surprise was only momentary, for the caller's smooth tongue was in working trim. "Merrick" hastily told that he had received a telegram calling him home.

"I couldn't wait until six without missing my train, and so I paid Shirley his share, and now I'm here to pay you yours. I knew you were honest, so I didn't even ask Shirley for a receipt. Are the papers ready?"

"I have thim all."

"Well, let's hurry then. Here's the money. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, five, and the ten I gave you down town makes sixty-five. Now the papers, please."

"An' here's th' papers. Mr. Merrick, yer the foine man. May hivin bless ye."

At six o'clock Herrick was ordering the best he could find on the Pullman diner's wine card and mentally shaking hands with himself on his day's work. "Think of it!" he mused. "Ten thousand dollars minus sixty-five dollars leaves 9,935! I guess I can afford to take a week's vacation on the strength of this little deal."

At the same hour Shirley sat in the hotel lobby waiting for Malloy and "Merrick." Fifteen minutes elapsed and neither appeared. At six-thirty he asked the clerk about the latter.

"Mr. Merrick left the hotel this afternoon."

"The devil you say!"

"Yes, he paid his bill and left."

Grave thoughts troubled the policeman. He hastened to the corner and jumped aboard a car. He was nervous. Never had a street car moved slower or stopped oftener. He felt that he could have walked and beaten it. When it reached Malloy's street, he dashed from the platform and sprinted to the fireman's little home.

Malloy greeted him with an expansive smile, but it faded before Shirley's grim and questioning look.

"Did Merrick pay you?" the policeman asked hoarsely.

"Av course. Why?"

"Where's mine?"

"He said he give ut t' ye."

"He lied. I never saw him. Tell me what he did. Where did you see him? Where is he?"

The night fireman stumbled through the details. The policeman paced the floor and muttered oaths at each new revelation of "Merrick's" operations. "Malloy," he exclaimed as the fireman finished, "you're a blasted fool!" And with that off his mind, he slammed the door shut from the outside. He was beside himself with wrath. His mind was a seething caldron of heterogenous thoughts. But the night air was cool and it lowered his temperature, physical and mental. He was calmer when he reached home. Inside the lighted house he saw the wife, who was happy in anticipation of receiving $250—a fortune.

"What shall I tell her?" he asked. Then his thoughts reverted to Malloy.

"I called him a fool," Shirley reminded himself. "I made a mistake. He's no fool, for he got sixty-five dollars, and that was all he wanted. I'm the fool. Why, I didn't even get my ten, though I had it in my hands."

And he laughed to think of it.

THE COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

NEW YORK CITY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. GOLDBECK

(Publication of this story was begun in January.)

IV

"YOU will write as soon as you get to town?"

"Yes, Margaret."

"Kiss me goodbye, Justin. No one can see us."

"She raised her face to his, and he kissed her. They were parting at one of the far entrances to the garden, from which, by his own wish, he was to walk to the station.

Margaret had a calm night back of her, and the prospect of a pleasant day before her. Mr. Hartley was to drive her that afternoon to a distant lake of romantic associations. Justin was going indeed, but Diana was also left behind. She was wondering, not without exultation, how Diana would feel when she heard of Justin's early departure.

She looked pretty as a morning-glory in her pink Summer dress. Justin, whom a sleepless night had left drained of all emotion, but the desire of flight, felt now no aversion to her. His conception of her as a child-like, if limited, person was not easily dispelled.

"What are you going to do today?" he asked kindly.

"I shall play tennis this morning. Mr. Hartley takes me driving this afternoon."

"Hartley's a good fellow. Well, goodbye, Margaret. Enjoy yourself. I will write you tonight."

He swung off at a good pace, and she turned to reenter the garden; but an impulse seized her to watch him until he reached the place where the road forked; one division leading to the station two miles distant, the other to the deserted village where they had all gone on the preceding afternoon.

At the parting of the ways she saw him pause, stand irresolute a moment, then deliberately take the village road.

Her immediate impulse was to follow him, for she knew that on this road to the deserted village there was no cross-cuts to the railroad. Suspicion winged her feet, and she found herself thinking that it was fortunate she had had her breakfast with Justin before the others were up, and that she had put on her hat to accompany him through the gardens.

He had so much the start of her that sometimes he was hidden from her sight, but she hurried on, and at last came to a long stretch of up-hill road where she could keep him plainly in view. He went steadily along as if to a sure destination. Clearly he was going straight to the village. Had he an appointment there? she asked herself. And the thought quickened her steps. She had the detective instinct.

The road rose and rose, the landscape that dropped beneath it growing every minute wider, more extended, more seductive on its far violet horizons. Early morning, like a pageant, had just passed over it, leaving it shining, dewy and luminously green. Margaret did not see the landscape, but once or twice she paused because Justin stopped and gazed.

And now in the distance appeared the few scattered stone cottages, whose cold hearths were open to the broad heaven, and from whose empty windows no faces ever looked. The road they lined seemed to end against the heavenly blue of the sky, for the crest of the hill was there and beyond it was a famous view over miles and miles of gracious country.

He went up to the crest of the hill, disappeared behind it. Three minutes later she reached it.

What met her eyes filled her first with an overwhelming sense of triumph, then with a wild, blind hatred. Diana was seated on a low stone wall, and standing by her was Justin with an expression in his face of a man in a happy dream.

Margaret went directly up to them, her voice trembling as she said, "I am sorry to interrupt you, but I have been trying to overtake you, Justin; you had chosen the wrong road to the station."

He turned to her with the look of a man awakened by the touch of cold fingers on his face. He was silent, but Diana turned with a dignity which held within it no element of surrender.

"You are quite right, Miss Bentley. Mr. Morris should have taken the more direct road at the forks, but if he continues on this, he will find not far beyond here a lane that cuts over to the station." She took out her watch. You will be in time for the nine forty-five," adding as she held out her hand, "that is if you start at once."

"I will start at once," said Justin. "I am sorry, Margaret, that you came so far to set me right."

He held his hand out to her with rigid courtesy, resolving that wild horses should not drag from him the explanation that this meeting with Diana had been indeed accidental: that his finding her there had been as much of a surprise to him as Margaret's sudden appearance on the scene.

Margaret did not take his hand.

"I will write you this afternoon," she said icily.

He bowed his acknowledgement; then with a bow to Diana, he replaced his hat and strode off.

The two women faced each other: Margaret, flushed with her long, hurried walk and with anger; Diana, pale and quiet and outwardly impassive.

Margaret broke the strained silence which Diana, it seemed, had no intention of breaking.

"I could bear it, and give him up if it were the real thing with either you or him, but he is under a spell, and you—have no heart."

Diana smiled faintly, turning her dark eyes toward the distant horizon.

"I have been told ever since I was born that I have no heart, but I have never accepted the judgment of others in regard to my own character. I have lived with myself twenty-eight years."

"Do you find anything in those years of many experiences to justify what you are doing now?"

"What am I doing now? I do not understand you."

Margaret laughed nervously.

"You are singularly obtuse. To speak directly, then, you are playing with Justin."

An atavistic spirit seemed to be taking possession of her. From under the surface refinement of her delicate face the village girl looked, the mother or grandmother who had resented rivalry in direct terms; flat, unpolished denunciations.

"I do not understand you," Diana said.

Margaret's eyes blazed.

"Not understand me! when you met here by appointment this morning!"

Diana looked at her in proud silence.

"You know what I mean," Margaret went on. "You know the power you have. I suppose black panthers have it, too. If you'd only care, if your heart was in it, I could forgive you."

"No, you wouldn't forgive me," Diana said slowly, "if, to suppose a case, my heart, as you put it, were in it! All the less would you forgive me, then! I fear you do not know this about your own character, but it is true."

Her voice was sweet and a little tired, her manner strangely gentle.

"No, I may not know that about my own character, but I know a good deal about Justin's."

"Do you?"

"I AM SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, BUT I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO OVERTAKE YOU."

"I am engaged to him."

"That is sometimes a reason for profound ignorance."

"Not in my case;" her voice was insolent.

"You are fortunate," Diana said gently.

"I know a good deal about Justin's and something of yours. You are amusing yourself."

Diana was silent.

"You are amusing yourself at the expense of the happiness of two people. Do you think you are in an honorable position?"

"Certainly not, if I admit your premises, but I don't admit them."

"You don't admit that you are amusing yourself?" Rising anger was in the shrillness of Margaret's voice, as she stood a tense, blonde figure, but withal somewhat colorless, against the rich green and gold and sapphire blue of the morning landscape.

"You don't admit that you are amusing yourself? What then, exactly, are you doing?" she said with harsh insistence.

"I am at a masked ball—with all the others." She spoke a little wearily, her eyes looking beyond Margaret at the wide, shimmering fields.

"You would jest over a grave. You have, it seems, never taken life seriously."

"Never my own. You are right there."

' Does it please you—this game of souls you are always playing?"

"Not in the least."

Margaret looked baffled. Then the tears, always so near the surface with her, dimmed her blue eyes.

"If you can create a spell you can destroy it. I am unhappy enough to ask you to let him go free."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

Margaret turned on her in exasperated anger.

"Of whom but Justin?"

"Is he not free?"

"He is under your spell," she cried shrilly.

Diana was silent.

"Do you think for an instant it is anything but that? Do you think for an instant he could ever love you?"

"What an inexplicable question!" she said slowly.

"It wasn't a question so much as a way of saying that you get what you give in this world. You have never loved anyone in your life; and you will never get love. You fascinate people for a while—then it's all over."

She spoke primly, suddenly self-possessed, but in her light blue eyes was the eternal grudge of the romantic woman against the presumably heartless woman who attracts without effort.

Diana drew herself up, and looked Margaret in the face.

"I think you said last night that you had an engagement to play tennis this morning at ten-thirty. Unless you start back at once you will be late."

"Thank you for the reminder. I had not forgotten my engagement.

She walked away slowly. Diana watched her go, with a choking sense of shame for them both. It seemed to her, inwardly quivering in every nerve from Margaret's onslaught, that in some obscure back street of some obscure, noisy, dirty little town she had been shaking a fist at a bedraggled and vituperative neighbor.

When again alone with her thoughts she hid her face in her hands with a long, tearless sob, that was like a paraphrase of the cry of another heart.

"Have pity! All my coquetry is dead."

They were all avenged, those foolish souls who are restless unless they are dominated, and who sought her strength to dominate them. Across the vista of the lovely Summer landscape they filed before her with strange mocking eyes which seemed to signal their delight that at last she loved in vain. Yet her only wrong to them had been that she was stronger than they.

She had no right even to think of Justin, yet she knew that the sharpest wound that Margaret had dealt her was in the words:

"Do you think for one moment he could love you?" The mocking faces pressed closer. To rid herself of them she rose from the low stone wall and started on her homeward way. The sun was high now in the heavens, revealing pitilessly the naked desolation of the houses between which she passed. With their broken doorways, their smokeless hearths, their empty, shattered windows, they seemed to her to prefigure what her life henceforth must be. She must give him up who was never hers; her conqueror who knew not of his triumph over a soul whose loneliness he was the first to dispel. She had troubled the peace of many. Now she knew what they had suffered.

Passing through the grounds, she met the bishop. He was strolling by the edge of his favorite little lake, a pocket volume of Cowper in his hand.

She forced a smile—for she liked the

bishop, felt an instinctive trust in him, as in one whom life has enlightened yet left kind.

"You have deserted this morning too, bishop?"

"I am taking my daily bath of solitude."

"Do you love nature better than people?" she asked, lingering a moment because of the peace in his face.

"Better than some people," he answered smiling.

"Even your beautiful creed has not made you perfect then," she said with a touch of bitterness, adding: "Did you ever wish to be wicked, reckless?"

"Who has not wished for wine?"

"Did you drink?"

"I poured out a libation."

"You might do that—yet despair," she said, all light gone from her face, a curious note of misery in her voice that made him wish to look directly at her, but he kept his eyes turned away.

"That is true," he commented.

"Bishop, how does the creed handle despair? I don't mean local theologies, but the big, broad creed."

"It places it under the throne of God," he said.

"Meaning when a man despairs—God comes next."

He nodded assent.

"Few of us can climb so high. Thank you, Bishop, and forgive me for disturbing your solitude."

She made a little "reverence" as she left him; a smile was on her lips, but her eyes held pain.

"Is it you, Diana?"

Mrs. Craig spoke coldly, and there was no welcome in her face. Voice and look struck a chill to the girl's heart, as she stood in the doorway of her hostess' private room, waiting her word to enter.

Mrs. Craig was seated at her desk, but she had the appearance of a person wholly preoccupied with something wholly unpleasant.

"May I come in, Ursula? Are you very busy?"

"With my thoughts, yes, but as some of them concern you they may as well be spoken. Diana, I didn't think it of you!"

Diana crossed the room, and seated herself in a low chair by the desk before replying.

"May I ask what you are speaking of, Ursula?"

"Margaret has told me everything."

A faint smile crossed Diana's face.

"Everything is a good deal, cara mia."

"Don't jest. I have the right to be angry — that you should meet Justin Morris by appointment — an engaged man—seems to me unforgivable, and, to to be perfectly frank, lacking in taste."

Diana was silent.

"Margaret is weeping herself ill — she is wounded to the heart, Diana."

Diana was silent.

Her hostess took up a paper cutter, and played with it in a nervous impatience.

"She is breaking the engagement."

Still Diana did not speak.

"You have ruined her life — to her present feeling, at least—yet you care no more for Justin Morris than the cat cares for the mouse. There would be some excuse if you did."

"My dear Ursula, if you feel this way toward me, it is proper and right that I should no longer be your guest."

Mrs. Craig put her hands over her eyes for a moment. She loved Diana, but she must steel herself against her now. Things had gone too far.

"I have wired Justin to return this evening in the hope of patching matters. You spoke yesterday of leaving. An urgent summons from your home might come this afternoon, Diana."

"Very well, Ursula."

"Don't you think you owe me an explanation?"

"You have Margaret's."

Mrs. Craig rose and paced the room;

suddenly she stopped, paused a moment, then swept toward the girl, bent over her, knelt down by her, and took her in her arms.

"Diana!" she implored. "Have you nothing to say in your defence?"

"Not one word, Ursula."

Mrs. Craig sighed as she rose.

"Will you go through life heartless? You almost tempt me to hope that some day you will love in vain."

V

That Mrs. Craig should open her town house in July, and bring Margaret there after the breaking up of the house-party, seemed to Justin, already in spiritual armor for Diana's service, a concrete proof of her misunderstanding of the facts of the case. What Margaret had told her he could only conjecture, but he believed that blonde antagonism had not stopped at half measures.

He had not returned to the country house, despite his hostess' summons, nor did he know of Diana's banishment.

A second letter from Mrs. Craig, keenly descriptive of Margaret's grief since the breaking of the engagement, brought him weary and half sullen to an interview with the girl.

As he ascended the steps of the big house on the avenue, Hartley had ascended, giving the younger man cold greeting as he passed. A chilly manner was as incongruous with the banker's person as ice around a pudding. Justin smiled in spite of his depression. This little fat knight was evidently in tournament for distressed maidens.

Margaret, in the cool twilight of the great drawing room, had received her former lover with an "I-may-forgive-you-everything-if-you-work-hard-enough" expression that irritated him instantly, annulling the feeble desire for reconciliation.

In precise English—he ever afterward connected a severely exact use of the language with certain inflexible traits of character—she had told him that she would renew the engagement if he would give a full explanation of his meeting with Diana.

He had flatly refused, saying that if she could not trust him, it was not necessary to parody love by becoming engaged.

"Then you wish to break my heart!"

Justin was not yet far enough away from Margaret's claim upon him to doubt entirely her word. He would not ruin a woman's life, even though he ruined his own to preserve her happiness. Looking her in the eyes he had said:

"In a year from now you may perhaps know if you love me well enough to marry me without either explanations or demands."

He had felt while he spoke the acute misery of forging his own fetters, but principle ruled. Though she had broken the engagement he would give her the chance to renew it—on his terms. His conscience was at his throat.

"It is not a question of loving you enough. It is not a question of a year from now. Will you or will you not tell me what is between you and Diana Mainwaring?"

Justin's sternness had met her rigidity.

"Please to leave Miss Mainwaring's name out of the discussion."

"Then all is over between us," she said in the words of melodrama.

He had bowed himself out, his last vision of her an erect, unyielding figure standing by the fireplace; yet through all the stiff lines and the outward symbols of pain and reproach he was conscious that the general effect was not tragedy but primness.

Her final words had lifted a weight from his soul. She had not accepted his conditions. He could go through the year to come without the prospect of a life-long slavery.

The two weeks which followed were a bleak, brumal space in dust and heat

HE FELT WHILE HE SPOKE THE ACUTE MISERY OF FORGING HIS OWN FETTERS

of a city Summer. Justin worked at his desk all day, planning houses that mocked him with their suggestion of home, and thinking of Diana, aware that the restless pain in his heart had its root in Margaret's words:

"She would care no more for you, once she had you in her collection, than for a last year's hat."

He would give his own soul, he thought, to know that hers was true. Her face haunted him with a curious blended effect of witchery and of spiritual beacon. The upward glance of her eyes was always roguish, the downward glance was sad; but coquette, or guide to God, she was the one woman he had met in his life, who, in her personality, answered the accumulated questions of his years.

Gaylord came in one afternoon, and because it was the laziest and hottest hour of the day, the two drifted into a long conversation which finally arrived by winding ways at the uppermost subject.

The painter suggested delicately that lovers' quarrels were of short duration.

"Miss Bentley has finally broken the engagement," was the reply.

"All women are jealous of Diana Mainwaring," said the unsuspecting Gaylord, who had beheld in Justin's conduct to his betrothed only devotion, and who felt that the young man was being hardly used. "I sometimes wonder what her charm consists in. With other women, to have a feeling is to show it; with her to have a feeling is to cover it up—keeps you guessing, so to speak. You know, perhaps," he added, "that her devoted champion, Mrs. Craig, has turned her down until she explains."

"No, I did not know it," Justin said slowly, pallor spreading under the tan of his face.

"Miss Mainwaring left the day you did. As for that meeting at the village, the house-party was divided into opposing forces, with the bishop for spiritual umpire, only, wise ecclesiastic that he is, he said nothing. Hartley and Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Gaylord, who turned a deaf ear to my reasonings, and the little college sprout were all for Miss Margaret—the debutante and I struck our colors for you, and, incidentally, Diana."

"But how did you all know about it?" Justin said impatiently.

"Hartley told us everything."

"Who told Hartley?"

"Your lady—your former lady. He took her driving that afternoon. Her eyes were red. The little banker was looking sympathetic. They were gone four hours."

Gaylord was smiling, but Justin seemed oblivious. He had to ask an important question indifferently, one of the most difficult feats in the whole category of soul-hiding devices.

At last he came out with it.

"Is Miss Mainwaring in town?"

"She was when I last heard of her."

"You are at liberty," Justin said solemnly, "to tell anyone you choose that I did not meet Miss Mainwaring that morning by appointment."

Gaylord laughed.

"The trouble is no one ever believes a man's word about an affair of that sort; but Diana won't give her word. Mrs. Craig ought to have known her better than to ask her for it."

"And is it really true that Mrs. Craig has turned her down?"

"True enough—but I think Mrs. Craig is sorry. She has the usual weakness for Diana.

That night Justin went to the old-fashioned house where Diana lived with her grandparents. Its awnings and window boxes, its cool patch of green lawn, its view over the yard of an adjacent church, gave it almost a suburban look in the surrounding city aridness. Its exempt aspect was further emphasized by its interior. The long drawing room with its colored prints in dull gold frames, its Sheraton and Chippendale furniture, its flowered hangings, was redolent of old days, when from the windows could be seen the gleam of the river and the wooded shore beyond.

Though the evening was warm, Justin felt all the chill of nervous emotion—hardly knew, indeed, if he could control his voice to greet her. He must tell her at once what he had come for—to ask her permission to write a full explanation to Mrs. Craig.

She did not keep him waiting long, came slowly toward him down the great room, a vision of peculiar delight in her thin, gray gown, low cut, with a touch of scarlet in her dark hair. An old-fashioned collar of opals about her neck repeated the milky gray and scarlet.

A servant followed her to light the candles. It was like a play, Justin thought, suddenly self-possessed because of a certain stateliness and aloof-ness in her manner, which seemed to forbid emotion.

"I am very glad to see you. You are come just in time. I am leaving town tomorrow."

"For the rest of the Summer?"

"If my mood holds out."

"What is your mood—if I may ask?"

"Exploration."

Her little enigmatical smile made the obvious question summoned to his lips seem foolish. He could not ask her what country she wished to explore.

"I am come," he said, "not only for the pleasure of seeing you, but to ask your permission to write to Mrs. Craig an explanation of what occurred at the deserted village."

For an instant the whiteness of the skin changed to pallor, but the upward look held the old, strange humor.

"You know the French proverb concerning explanations. Why accuse oneself?"

"Why lose your friend—for a misunderstanding?"

"If she is really my friend I shall not lose her, for she will understand again some day."

"But suppose she never understands."

"Still I do not lose her," said Diana.

"Why?"

"Because I love her."

Her voice was indescribably sweet. It swept away everything in Justin but his need to be true with her.

"And I love you!"

His words leaped like flames across the twilight in which they sat.

"Do you?" she said quietly.

"Ah, do I?"

She was silent, looking at him with serious, searching eyes.

"I want to disprove this idle word of your coquetry, your heartlessness. It is false. I ask to serve you, to win you. I would serve a lifetime to win you."

His voice rang clear and clean with truth, but she steeled herself against it. Margaret's taunt, "Do you think that he would ever love you?" stinging her, as it had done for days, until her veins seemed full of the poison. Was this but another soul under the old, hateful spell of her personality, calling on her to rule him—a man three weeks ago engaged to another woman?

"Do you love me?" she repeated. "I do not—I fear that I cannot believe you. Pardon me if I say that you could hardly disprove my coquetry when I fancy you, yourself, are under the spell of it. Remember you are doing and saying extraordinary things for a man whose engagement to another woman has just been broken. What, exactly, can anything so sudden mean but fascination, hypnotism—call it what you will."

"The outward circumstances are sudden," he replied, "but long ago I knew—and struggled. I kept the letter of my law, even Miss Bentley acknowledged that, but my spirit—sought you. I believed that I saw your soul."

She smiled, steeling herself, despite the cry of her heart, to put him to the test. "I was not aware of showing you a soul, since I am not as confident of its existence as a theologian: but whatever I showed you, you have probably idealized its features beyond my recognition."

Margaret's words were ringing in his ears like a harsh, insistent bell, calling not to faith and prayer, but to mockery and doubt. What if the perilous sweetness of this woman were founded on her essential heartlessness. A kind of dull despair filled him. But of one thing he was sure. "Whatever you are," he said slowly, "coquette or a true soul, what I feel for you is a true love."

The room before her was dim for an instant. She longed to take his hand, and telling him like a child that she would be good, go with him into great simplicity.

But she resisted the longing. There was too much testimony against her mere magnetic power. She must hide behind her mask until time had proved his love. If it were but a passing fascination, an effect of the old sorcery, now dead in her, well! she would suffer; if it were true—the thought of that joy hurt her like physical pain.

Putting it aside, she summoned all the courage she possessed to say calmly:

"The majority for once is right. I am, I think, heartless; at least I have never been aware of that organ—nor do I wish to be. As far as I have observed, to feel is to be at the mercy of others. What French writer says, 'Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to to those who feel?' I find comedy more diverting."

"You are a coquette, then, by your own admission," Justin said, but his tone was incredulous.

"I am a coquette. You were easy to play with—all idealists are—I played."

"I am then—in your collection."

"I did not ask you to come in."

Her eyes were mocking, gay—feverish if he had seen, but he did not see.

He rose and paced the floor.

"Then there is no hope?" he said, pausing before her.

"None whatever."

"It makes no difference. I love you. True or false, you have shown me what a man can only see through the soul of a good woman—God."

She had expected anything else from him—reproach, blame, condemnation, the phrases she had heard before. Unable to trust herself, she rose and went to the window, pressing her cheek for an instant to the glass. If he had gone to her she would have raised her lips to his.

But he did not go to her.

She turned then and held out her hand to him.

"The comedy is finished—for me."

The words had a double meaning, but his pain blinded him.

"Since the comedy is finished, I will bid you—goodbye." He did not offer her his hand.

When he was gone she sank upon couch, and burying her face in a cushion sat for a long time motionless, her spirit calling upon him to return and take her from her own prison.

She went the next day through the heavy heat and dust of a Summer afternoon in town to see the bishop. She found him in the library of the Episcopal house, busily writing. Of the affair at the country house he had his own theory, and he greeted Diana warmly.

"I am come to tell you that I am going to London, Bishop. I heard this morning that the Gaylords are sailing next week. He is to paint some high-life people. I accompany them. I have a message for your kinswoman."

The quick, short sentences told the bishop much.

"But my child, you must see her before you go."

"I do not wish to see her," Diana said, but her voice was wistful.

"And why not?"

"She would again ask for explanations, and explanations between Ursula and me—between any friends, indeed, only strengthen the misunderstanding."

"You are right, I think," said the bishop, who knew that silence is the guardian both of religion and of love.

"Still a word in your own defence—"

"The innocent should never defend themselves," Diana interrupted.

He smiled. "I knew you were innocent."

"Bishop, may I make a confession? No one in the world must ever know but you. I am very unhappy. I told a lie yesterday—the greatest a woman can tell."

He looked at her wonderingly, the expression of her face in that moment softening and deepening, as if under the radiance of some actual physical light—like the mild glory of altar candles.

"Te absolvo," he said gently, the truth cannot be hidden."

Tears came to her eyes.

"If in the future any event—inexplicable — takes place — any strangeness—you at least will know."

"Yes," said the bishop, "I at least will know."

"If I should die," her voice was calm and quiet, "will you say to those who have the right to be told, because they care for me, that, whatever I did or said, I did love once — I was like other women. I had a heart."

"But you will not die."

"No, I want to live—more than ever. But of the dead it is the best thing to say that they could love."

"Yes, or of the living," said the bishop musingly, as if her words had started a train of thought.

They sat in silence for some moments; then he asked abruptly:

"When do you sail?"

"A week from next Saturday."

As she was taking her leave, she said:

"May I ask you what has become of Miss Bentley?"

"She is with Mrs. Craig. She is to be her private secretary."

"She would make a good secretary," Diana said thoughtfully. "She is — precise."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN LOVE WITH LIFE

By J. A. EDGERTON

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

I'M in love with life, with the earth and sky,
With the mountain-tops, with the plains and seas,
With the stars that bloom in the fields on high,
With the morning sunshine, the evening breeze,
With the birds, the blossoms, the friendly trees;
They are all with the spirit of beauty rife;
And I thank my God for the sense of these,
His gifts to me. I'm in love with life.

In the blade of grass, in the blooming rose,
In the moonlit dreams of a Summer night,
In the dawn that breaks over Winter snows,
There lurks for the soul some new delight.
In the onward march of the seasons bright,
In the spirit imbuing the solitude,
In the presence felt on a mountain height,
We recognize the eternal good.

Life bears us ever to something new.
Each moment differs from all the rest.
Each hour some loveliness brings to view.
With novel meaning each day's possessed.
Each year advances toward the best,
As ever onward the gray earth swings;
And each new grief leaves the spirit blest
With a love for the life at the soul of things.

Through the infinite past and the endless flights
  Of the years that wait in the time to be,
I have lived, I shall live, in the days and nights,
  And the thousand forms that encompass me;
  For, like a vision, the ages flee,
But the soul lives on, though the worlds may change,
  And rising still through Eternity,
Evolves to modes that are new and strange.

I'm in love with all, from the cell and clod
  To the plant and flower, to the world and sun;
From the germ to man, from the man to God;
  With the all, for I know that the all is One.
  Through the soul of every being run
The self-same pulses felt in mine;
  And into the web of existence spun
We are knit in the self-same life divine.

I'm in love with all; I'm in love with Love;
  With the charms that over all Nature glow;
With the blue and the stars of the sky above;
  With the green of the dear old earth below;
  With the streams that shine as they sing and flow;
With the thought of comrade and child and wife;
  With the better natures of all I know;
With the light and dream. I'm in love with life.

AS THE HUMAN CAT TOLD IT

By HOLMAN F. DAY
AUBURN, MAINE

THE file of men came up the road, listlessly, spatting the dust as they set down their heavy feet.

Some of them lurched unevenly with the uncertain equilibrium of men whose heads do not hold authoritative sway over their heels.

Some scraped their rough shoes along the grit.

Some jiggered about.

Others walked stolidly, with heads lopping on their breasts.

When they came under the trees where I sat fanning myself with a straw hat and taking a bit of a rest—a tourist pedestrian in the hot sun must take advantage of oases, you know—when they came under the trees, a husky and stalwart man who led the parade wheeled to the sward, wiped his forehead, sighed comfortably and called, "Rest, boys!"

The men strewed themselves about the grass in listless attitudes and sat, each by himself, without looking one at another or speaking. One man, younger than the rest, took his seat near me. I was gazing at this bizarre assemblage with curiosity. And at last I inquired of this man as to the meaning of this parade in the hot sun—for I was rather dull of comprehension that day, I'll admit.

He pointed to an array of roofs over the trees.

"Bug-house," he said. "State hospital. Out for walk. Mild cases. Can team us like kittens."

He pulled a blade of grass, pressed it between the curve of his parallel thumbs, and blew on it. A prolonged "yawl" resulted.

"I'm the human cat," he informed me in matter-of-fact tones. "How do you like that for mewing?"

I complimented him with some reserve.

"Sometimes I mew," he continued, "sometimes I do this:"

He doubled his fist, licked his tongue against it, and then vigorously scruffed the fist through his hair.

"Pretty good, eh?" said he.

Again I bestowed cautious praise. When I looked at him keenly I noted a gleam in his eyes that was distinctly not the glassy look of a witling. And unless my ears deceived me, I heard a chuckle in his throat. When I smiled he returned the decidedly frank glance of appreciation that belongs with sanity.

"I am pretty quick to size a man up," he murmured, "and I believe that you are safe. Stranger?"

Nod.

"Going right along?"

Another nod.

"And you are probably not interested in making more trouble for a chap who has trouble in plenty?"

I satisfied him.

"Well," said he, "I have had only fools and callous keepers to talk with. I feel my story sizzling inside me today. Heat, perhaps. See what you think of the case: I was born on a farm in a little town up country. I lived there with my folks till this thing happened. My father is a large man with a double-breasted face and hands like Westphalia hams.

"He has always claimed that I was not a model son. Opinionated old chap, you understand. He frequently figured on the barn door that if he had devoted as much time and muscle to flailing out beans as he had to whipping me, he would have over one hundred and sixty barrels of nice pea beans. If he had attended to the beans it would have been more profitable for him and better for me.

"Habits grow on a man. My father was very absent-minded. He got so at last that he would lick me and never know it. That is, didn't realize at the time what he was doing. But I did. He would start for the barn with mash for the hogs, and all on a sudden would stop to meditate and set down the pail. Then he would perk up and go on remembering that he was bound to the barn for something. Then he would get his eye on me, and the first thing that would pop into his head was that he had started to give me a whipping. I would have to take it before he got his mind collected again.

"When I was nineteen years old I got hold of an anarchist book. The writer affirmed that children were brought into the world without having anything to say about it, and that this general notion that they were bound to slavishly obey their parents was a wrong idea entirely. Why should one human soul be in bondage to another human soul? He argued that all souls were born free and equal and that each was answerable only to itself.

"That sort of philosophy hit me about right. I saturated myself with it. But I seemed to have no good occasion to make use of it until I was about twenty. I fell in love with Bessie Rollins. She fell in love with me. Seeing that she was the prettiest girl in our town, it was a considerable amount of solace to me for all I had been through.

"A girl had lived in our family six years, since she was twelve. Left with my folks to bring up. Knock-kneed girl, with wide-apart teeth like a rake, and eyes that goggled like a frog's. Took away my appetite at table, that girl did. Her father left seven thousand dollars that my old man was handling for her. One day he told me that I'd better stop flirting 'round with that Rollins girl, for he had it all arranged that I was going to marry Phoebe when I came of age. And then he intimated that under those circumstances he could keep right on handling the money, as it would be in the family. He allowed that it wouldn't be handy to pull it out of his business. Told me that unless I dropped Bessie and tended strictly to Phoebe and kept the other boys away, he would skin me and nail the hide on the barn door. I don't think my services were needed to keep away the boys. But that didn't matter much anyway. The idea was that I mustn't take Bessie home from any more sociables.

"I began to think it was about time to put in practice some of my anarchistic doctrines. The philosophy of the thing appealed to me then, that it did! I commenced to watch for an opportunity to discuss the matter with father and lay my ideas before him. He had never studied anarchy of the applied sort.

"One evening I was pitching down hay from the scaffold and he was below on the barn floor. It seemed to be a good time to broach anarchy to him. You see, he was having a touch of sciatic rheumatism, and I reckoned that he wouldn't care about climbing. On general principles he wouldn't have shinned the ladder that night for a hundred dollars, but the minute I got well into my subject and was beginning to issue my anarchistic ultimatum, he acted as though he didn't want to lose a single word.

"He is a little hard of hearing, for one thing. And there were other reasons why he wanted to be nearer me. So up he came. As he hoisted his leg for each round of the ladder, he offered a remark. It was a different word for each round, and 'twas half about me and half about sciatica. I always had known what father's horse-power was, but I had never understood the resources of his vocabulary before.

"I took to the big crossbeams, and when he got up on the scaffold he threw at me the following articles, to wit: one whetstone, four scythe snaths, one old-fashioned shay-top, a horse-fork, including the four pulleys and various smaller articles that happened to be on the scaffold, but the nature of which I could not distinguish in the gloom. A man often gets rattled when he has all those chances and doesn't hit the mark. Father did. He wound up by throwing his lantern at me. The lantern set fire to the hay, the hay to the barn, the barn to the ell, the ell to the house, and away she all went. I slid out of the pitch hole with my hair singed off, and I kept going. I didn't want to stay around and distract father's attention from saving furniture.

"There was plenty of tall timber in that locality, and I took to it. I began to realize that the one great grief of father's heart was not that he had lost his buildings, but that he had not had time to finish that discussion of anarchy with me. It was a brand new topic for him, and he was interested. I realized fully how badly he wanted to talk it over when he came out into the woods with a posse to hunt me up. I saw them several days in succession — and saw them first. I was sitting high up in a hemlock, surveying the wonders of creation and meditating on the new doctrine of obedience I had been reading about.

"The hungrier I got the more convinced I became in my own mind that I was a natural born anarchist. When I saw my neighbors—whom I had never harmed by word or look—trailing along behind father armed with guns and pitchforks, and realized that they were after me as though I were a bob-cat, I decided that so long as society had declared war against me, I wouldn't be backward about giving them a little run for their powder.

"What business had society picking up that fight, anyway?

"One day old Amzi Buzzell stopped under my tree to twist a chaw off his plug and I heard him say:

"'Ye needn't tell me that the critter ain't hid somewheres in these woods. There's garding sass missing right along, and some of my cows have been milked in the pasture. Now if he'd set his own father's barn afire, he'd steal grub from the rest of us. I've got salt in this gun, and the minute I lay eyes on him I'll give him both barrels.'

"Now you think of that, will you? Begrudging a starving man a few handfuls from his garden and a drop of milk. I did old Buzzell's chores free once when he was laid up with a broken leg.

"That night I slid out of my tree and set fire to old Buzzell's barn. Fine illumination; successful entertainment.

"The next night I took another chap I had black-marked on my list for similar cheap talk about me — me, a poor unfortunate anarchist who never did any intentional harm. I lit up his premises for him. You may remark here that I am a fiend. Maybe I am. Maybe I ought to have taken all those lickings and then stood out and let Buzzell and the rest practice target-firing at me. But that book on anarchism was well written. It convinced me.

"There always had been a saying in our town that fires went in bunches of five, like fingers. I didn't want to disappoint local expectations, and so I torched up two more barns. You may remember that fire scare! It was a good one while it lasted.

"By this time I had built a thatch in the top of a hemlock, so that I could sleep like a crow on his nest. I had decided — through being alone and hungry most of the time, I reckon,— that the hand of man was set against me. So I laid out plans to give that town the biggest run of anarchy it ever had.

"I was sitting up in my nest one day, figuring over the stock of barns in town and deciding how many fires a week it would take to keep public interest up, when a dog began to bark under me. It sounded like Biff Johnson's dog. He and I used to go bird-hunting with that dog and he was a wonder. Never knew of a bird that could climb high enough to get away from his nose. Pretty soon I heard Biff's voice under the tree.

"'You might jest as well show yourself,' yelled Biff. 'I never knew Cato to make a mistake. He's got you treed.'

"I didn't say anything. Then Biff shouted again.

"'I don't want to shoot a friend of mine. But I'll knock a few feathers off'n you with this double-B shot, if you don't show common politeness and speak. I want to tell you right off that I don't blame you for burnin' barns. If I shoot it'll only be for your showin' lack of manners to an old friend. I'm still a friend of yours. You ought to realize it. I could have treed you for 'em with Cato any day!'

"I realized that he was speaking truth and probably had some good reason for wanting to see me.

"Furthermore, he began to count, telling me that at the word 'ten' he should shoot. Now I know what Biff Johnson is when his feelings are hurt. So I stuck my head out over the edge of the nest. Only Biff and his dog were below.

"'They're goin' to lynch you when they catch you,' remarked Biff cheerfully. He sat down on a log and lighted his pipe.

"'They haven't caught me yet,' said I.

"'Oh, well, they'll get you right away now,' he declared with confidence. 'They've sent away for bloodhounds. They're gettin' excited.'

"Poof, poof! went his pipe.

"'Now look here,' he continued, 'I've known right along that I could catch you—that me'n Cato could. When the reward got up to three hundred dollars, I just let Cato sniff of that old mitten you left to my house once, and here we are to talk this thing over nice and quiet.'

"'Do you mean to say,' I yelled, 'that you've been sitting 'round town waiting for that reward to grow to the limit to make it worth your while? You're an infernal scamp!'

"'I need the money,' he said quietly, 'and that three hunderd is goin' to come in handy. And I'm goin' to have it, too. I've got bus'ness and—and other plans. But at the same time I'm goin' to do you a special favor. I've spent a lot of thought on it.'

"'Do you call it a special favor to come along with a dog and gun and take me into camp?' I snarled.

"'Just the tone—just the tone I've planned to teach you,' cried Biff.

"I looked over at him in astonishment.

"'Now you hold your hosses,' he said. 'If they catch you as you are now with nobody to explain for you and pave the way, so to speak,—and they certainly will get you with those hounds—up you are goin' as sure as eggs at Thanksgivin'. I've heard them talk it all over at the store. This town was never so mad in all its life. Then you'll get it around the neck and someone else beside your old and true friend will get the reward. But while I think of it, what started you off like this, anyway?'

"'I'm an anarchist,' I said.

"Biff blinked up at me a while, and then remarked with some mystification, 'I want to know! I don't know what that is, and I don't care. But I'll tell you what you've got to be after this. You've got to be a human cat. Now, not a single word till I explain. This town is mad, but it ain't goin' to hang a lunatic, not if it has the thing explained to it that you are a lunatic. It's for me to fix that up for you so that the town can howl and swear itself out of breath and then settle down and gawp at you when I bring you in. With the thing paved right for you no one will lift a hand. I'm goin' to stand up on the platform of the store and make a speech and say I found you, and that you was up in a tree and thought you was a cat. Mew now, good and hard. Let me see if you can.'

"'I won't,' I yelled.

"'Now look here!' Biff's tone was that of an injured man. 'I'm tryin' to do something for you. If you are hank'rin' to be lynched, why, all right. I'll take you in, collect the reward, and let 'em lynch. That will be less trouble for me. But I warn you now that lynchin' hurts. And sometimes women come around and stick hat pins into lynched folks.'

"I began to see the force of his remarks. When he told me again to mew I did so with a fair amount of success. Then he gave me lessons in licking my fist and scruffing it through my hair and over my forehead. 'You'll have to do that all through the trial,' he said. 'Sit and lap your fist and slick down your hair. You don't have to say a word. The trouble with too many folks that play crazy is that they try to put on too many frills. Then the first thing they know they stub their toe and fall down on the game. You'll probably sleep in the lock-up tonight. You can sit and lap your fist till you go to sleep. It won't be tiresome. Most folks that play loony try to do tiresome things. Some act out so hard that they do really go crazy. I've fixed it all right for you.'

"'I don't see how it's going to be any benefit to me to be branded as a lunatic,' I snapped.

"'Why, in the first place,' he explained, 'you stay alive. That's a big item. You don't get lynched, you see. Then instead of going to state prison for a dozen years as a firebug, you only go to the insane asylum, and have nice grub and lots of good doct'rin.' Then in a little while you play cat easier and easier and the doctors get proud because they are curin' you, and after a time, when you get ready, you come out all O. K. You don't have any jail-bird brand on you, and you can start in and be somebody.'

"Now after I had thought that over for quite a while I saw the logic of what Biff was telling me. So I came down from the nest, took a few more lessons in playing cat and started for the village behind Biff. He proposed to hide me on the outskirts, tell his story, soften public prejudice, have me accepted as a poor lunatic and then lead me in.

"'You must remember,' said Biff as we jogged along, 'that you mustn't let any solitary soul know that you are not crazy. You must be cat all the time.'

"In a lane just before we came out of the woods we saw a girl ahead of us with a basket of flowers that she had been gathering. My heart stood still when I saw it was Bessie Rollins. I grabbed Biff by the arm.

"'Biff,' I said. 'Listen a moment. It was on account of this girl that all my trouble with my father started. I love her and she loves me. You must let me explain to her—just her of all the world. Then I will go on.'

"'I never saw a queerer look in a man's face than I saw in Biff's then.

"'My Lord,' he cried, 'that would ruin you. A woman in love can't be trusted. She'd be hangin' 'round you and you'd forget and everything would bust up. Now play cat for all you're worth—if you ever intend to in your life. Here, Bessie,' he shouted before I had time to utter a syllable more.

"And then while he explained to her, she growing more horrified all the time, I had to stand there with breaking heart and go through that tomfool business of mewing and slicking my hair with a wet fist. Oh, it was awful! At first, when her eyes lighted on me, she had come running up with her arms outstretched, her eyes full of love and a cry of joy on her lips. Now she backed away in fear, and at last, sobbing bitterly, she ran off into the woods. And Biff took me staggering down the road, hid me in a grove and went to the village to 'pave my way' as he called it.

"I guess I was really crazy then for a time. I know that the people of the town believed I was, and the next day, by order of the selectmen, and with everyone looking on me with pity, I went away to the asylum. And here I am."

The keeper had been looking at us for some minutes curiously. He could not hear the story, but he seemed to realize that my new friend was behaving with more or less sanity. The patient picked another blade of grass, yawled on it vigorously, and then slicked his hair. The keeper turned away again, apparently reassured.

"How long have you been here?" I inquired.

"Five years," he returned sorrowfully. "But I see what you are going to ask. You want to know why I haven't let myself be cured and gone back and married the girl and lived happily ever after! Well, that—but no! I have parched my throat in the past years cursing him. No further words can express my sentiments. I will simply and calmly remark that Biff Johnson was in love with Bessie Rollins all the time. After I had gone away he told her that it would never be safe to marry me, for insanity always broke out again even if a man seemed cured. Do you see why he wouldn't let me explain to her? She believed him, cried a spell and the next thing—in fact, the first thing I heard, she had married him and he used the three hundred dollars reward to pay the expenses of their wedding journey. I don't want to go back into the world again. I like crazy folks better than I do the average human hyenas you meet up with in real life." The keeper rose and stretched and yawned. "Come on, boys," he commanded. The file of men moved away down the road, listlessly spatting the dust as they set down their heavy feet.

THE SNOWFLAKE'S MESSAGE

By MRS. LEIGH GROSS DAY

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Mrs Leigh Gross Day.--Springfield Ill.

THE SNOWFLAKES MESSAGE.

I've been thinking it over a long long time.
All about what I heard Mother say,
That if my baby brother were only here
He is just fourteen today.

Now I'm sure I can't understand it,
Or what she means at all.
'Cause he is only a tiny baby
In his picture up there on the wall.

I don't understand how he's older.
Why,— I am just five you see,
And that dear little golden haired baby
Is not half so big as me.

Of course, he is up in Heaven
But I'm 'fraid he's lonesome —'cause
The angels came and took him
'Fore he ever saw Santa Claus.

I have one of his baby stockings
And shall hang it with mine, then I know,
Old Santa will read the letter
When he finds one pinned on the toe.

I shall say in my note "Dear Santa,
Please leave some little toy
That will help to amuse and entertain
A darling baby boy."

Then, when I find what he's left there,
If the snow is still falling fast—
I shall bring it right here by the window
Where the flakes are hurrying past.

And ask them to take it to baby,
As they dance and flutter by
On their way through the clouds and starlight
To his home — up there in the sky.

How I wish I could hug and kiss him,
But the message, will have to do.
'Cause the angels will tell him it came from
The sister, he never knew.

WOMEN WEAVERS OF THE PROVINCES

By GRACE ASPINWALL

IT is difficult to realize that in one night's sail from Boston one may reach a region where the spinning wheel and the loom are still in frequent use; but all through the Provinces, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island and New Brunswick, linen and woollen goods are still made for domestic use in the big families that prevail there, and where everything in life is much the same as in the "good old times."

It is charming to the novelty-seeker to travel into the green "Evangeline country" and come suddenly upon a vine-covered cottage with a woman spinning busily before the door in the Sum-

A SPINNER IN THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY

mer sunshine. The wheel will doubtless be found to be old and time-worn and just such a wheel as was in use a hundred, nay even two hundred years ago. Indeed, it may have served in the family quite as it is a century ago.

Such a sight makes one feel very far away from the bustle and rush of modern times and makes one almost forget the wear and tear of great cities where looms of factories strip off in one moment what it takes some of these contented spinners a week to do.

WEAVING LINEN

On a recent journey to the Provinces, the writer was shown at least twenty looms in working order set up in the farm houses, and used regularly. Some of the busy women were turning off linen or wool stuffs, and they showed with pride just how it was done, the clank, clank of the loom sounding very clumsy and strange to the city visitor.

The looms are usually set up in the big, roomy attics, but in some cases they are in the kitchen or in rooms by themselves.

The homespun woollen goods that was turned out was beautiful and soft and had the indefinable charm about it that all handmade things have.

The goods showed a variety of colorings, all dyed at home: dark blue, crimson, browns of various shades — tan, black, purple and green; some of the homespun was mixed, and a few pieces were striped.

Very little of this goods is sent out of the Provinces, but is used at home for the making of the men's clothes and the gowns for the women and girls. It does not occur to these simple people how highly appreciated this material would be among fashionable women, who are eager for all manner of handmade materials and are willing to pay large sums for it.

WEAVING WHITE WOOL FOR BLANKETS

FILLING HER SPOOLS

The provincials look upon the goods as far less desirable than "store-made" materials, but it is cheaper for them than the factory goods, and thus they weave it.

The linen made on these looms is very beautiful and makes charming Summer gowns, but it is used for sheets and simple underclothes instead.

Rag-carpet looms are also to be seen everywhere in the Provinces, and the carpets are woven for the floors out of the worn-out clothes of the family. A cheap brussels carpet with gaudy scrolls would be highly prized by these people, who rather despise their own artistic rag carpets which are all the rage among people of taste nowadays, one man worth many millions having just ordered woven on a country loom in Connecticut 200 yards of rag carpeting for his new Summer home.

In England just now it is the fashion for great ladies to become skillful spinners and sometimes weavers. Queen Alexandra is an accomplished spinner, and has been photographed with her flax wheel while at work.

The object of the queen and her ladies is to bring hand weaving into favor once more, and Her Majesty and the English peeresses wear a great many homespun gowns made in the smartest tailor fashion and having a distinct style.

The Countess of Aberdeen, when she was in Canada as hostess of Government House, took a keen interest in these workers on home looms. For years the countess has been very active in her work of encouraging hand industries at home, and is an accomplished spinner and weaver herself. In fact, all her household linen is hand-made, and a great part of it was made by her own hands and the rest by women under her patronage in Scotland and in the Canadian provinces.

She paid several visits to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island during her husband's period of government in Canada, and paid especial attention to those women who had spinning-wheels and looms. In the cheery, humble cottages and farm-houses the charming countess sat down before the great, clumsy looms and gave the delighted women instruction upon points that they did not know. They were astonished at her skill and at once became ambitious to follow her instructions.

The countess still remembers these women in America, and sometimes sends an order to them for some homespun woollen stuff or some linen.

This she does to keep alive the interest in home weaving and the women take great pride in filling her orders.

The old-fashioned bed-spreads are also woven on some of these looms, and the designs of some are very handsome and distinctly artistic. They are in colors and have a heavy fringe with a knotted heading. Lady Aberdeen ordered a dozen of these made two years ago, some of which she kept and others she sent as gifts to her friends.

Shawls, stockings, cardigan jackets, caps, mittens and leggings are all knit by these industrious women during the long Winter evenings, and they are made from fine yarns spun on the big wheels and dyed to rich colors in domestic dye pots.

Of late years a great many hand-knitted sweaters for both men and women have been made of this homespun yarn in the Provinces, and among those who were fortunate enough to know them, they wear better and have a finer appearance than the machine-knitted garments.

KNOW YOUR PLANTS

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

FEBRUARY is the month when floral catalogues are sent throughout the land and every flower-lover who reads the descriptions and sees the beautiful illustrations of new varieties of plants is tempted to buy them. As a rule these novelties are all that is claimed for them, IF they are properly cultivated; but often they are purchased by people who know nothing of their nature and needs, and who give them little care, and then, because results do not equal those described by the florist who spent time, study and expense on them, he is accused of misrepresentation.

Be sure, before buying any plant, that you know what its needs are as to conditions of soil, temperature, light and other essential points, and that you can supply them. If this is not possible—well, let someone with money to spare do the experimenting, while you grow those you understand; for a thrifty plant of the commonest kind is more ornamental than a sickly specimen of the rarest novelty.

One source of failure and disappointment is found in the floral articles published on every hand, and this is true for several reasons. One is that many of them give the name of the writer, but no hint as to whether their home is in Maine, or in Texas; another is that when such information is given the reader pays no attention to it, and a third is that many a writer is not writing from an experimental knowledge.

A writer living in the southern states may describe to the most minute particular how success was achieved in growing a certain class of plants, but the one living in the North who follows those instructions is foreordained to failure.

In the southland, where an early Spring and a late Fall gives a long season in which plants may grow from the seed and complete their natural period of bloom, there is no need to take time by the forelock as must be done farther north, where the flower-lover, if wise, will have many a seed-pan tucked in among the window plants before this month ends.

The seedling plants which have been transplanted two or three times before being put into the open ground have a start which insures a fairly long season of blooming before being spoiled by frosts.

Fuchsias and other wood-stemmed plants which have been wintered in the cellar will show signs of life, and should be brought, gradually, to the light and warmth. If they need pruning (as most of them will to secure symmetrical form, do it at once, thereby forcing new branches to start and greatly increasing the number of blooming points on the plant.

Look over the cannas, dahlias and other stored roots, and if any show signs of decay remove them, for even one or two that are bad now means that all touching them will be spoiled by planting time.

A WESTERN WIFE

By WILL CHAMBERLAIN

JEFFERSON, SOUTH DAKOTA

SHE walked behind the lagging mules
That drew the breaker thro' the soil;
Hers were the early rising rules,
Hers were the eves of wifely toil.

The smitten prairie blossom'd fair,
The sod home faded from the scene;
Firm gables met the whisp'ring air,
Deep porches lent repose serene.

But with'ring brow and snowy tress,
Bespeak the early days of strife;
And there's the deeper wrought impress—
The untold pathos of the wife.

O western mother! in thy praise
No artist paints nor poet sings,
But from thy rosary of days
God's angels shape immortal wings!

NEW WINTER SALADS

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

NO dinner, however unpretentious, is complete without a salad. This dish, when properly concocted, is at once an appetizer, an aid to digestion, and the connecting link between the heavier courses of the dinner proper and the dessert. The housewife who caters wisely is alive to this fact, and is ever on the alert for something wholesome in the way of a salad which is at the same time a little out of the ordinary, in order that there may be no tiresome monotony in the favorite dish.

Various mixtures are employed for marinating salads,—a rich mayonnaise, the plainer French dressing, or a simple dressing of oil and lemon juice—the kind depending wholly upon the nature of the salad.

A good general purpose dressing, which possesses the further virtue of its keeping qualities to commend it, is made as follows:

Beat the yolks of eight eggs till smooth; add one cup sugar, one tablespoon each of salt, ground mustard and black pepper, a dash of cayenne and one-half cup cream; mix thoroughly in order that all the ingredients may be incorporated. Bring to a boil one and one-half cups vinegar, add one cup fresh sweet butter and bring again to a boil, then pour it over the other mixture, stir well, and when cold, bottle. Keep in a cold place.

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ITALIAN CHICKEN SALAD: Take a sufficiency of the white meat of cold fowls and pull into flakes; then pile it mound fashion in the center of a shallow salad dish and pour over it a rich dressing. Have ready two fine heads of lettuce crisped in ice water; strip off the outside leaves, shred the inside and arrange neatly in a ridge around the chicken. On top of the lettuce place a chain formed of the whites of three eggs cut into rings. Serve a portion of the lettuce with each helping of chicken.

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SWEDISH HERRING SALAD: Soak two herrings over night; boil one dozen medium sized potatoes in their jackets, when cold, peel and cut into dice; chop a large onion fine; bone, skin and dice the fish, season with pepper and add enough vinegar to moisten. Transfer the mixture to a large, flat dish, pour over it a cup of rich, sweet cream that has been thoroughly chilled, garnish with hard-boiled aggs and sliced beets, and serve at once.

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SWEETBREAD SALAD: Soak one pair sweetbreads in cold water one hour, then drain and put into boiling water to which has been added one-fourth teaspoon salt and two teaspoons lemon juice. Cook slowly for twenty minutes, then plunge at once into ice water. When firm and white, cut into slices, mix with one cup chopped celery, marinate with French dressing, stand on ice until thoroughly chilled, then serve in nests of crisped lettuce. Dress with mayonnaise.

SPICED SALMON SALAD: Stand a can of salmon in a pot of boiling water and boil hard for twenty minutes; take out can, open, and drain off the oil; then turn the fish into a deep bowl, stick around it a dozen cloves, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and cover with vinegar. Let stand six hours. Drain off the vinegar, dress the fish with mayonnaise or any rich salad dressing, and arrange for individual serving in rings of tomato jelly. Garnish with thin slices of lemon.

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OYSTER SALAD: Have ready a head of fine lettuce crisped in ice water, select the best leaves and arrange for individual serving in pretty salad saucers. Also have ready one quart large oysters plumped and chilled. Marinate the oysters with a salad dressing, let stand five minutes, then arrange in the lettuce cups, dress with lemon juice, garnish with sliced lemon, and serve with cheese straws.

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BAKED BEAN SALAD: Turn a sufficient quantity of cold baked beans (canned ones may be used) into a salad dish; add a minced onion and one tablespoon tomato catsup; stir lightly, dress with mayonnaise and serve.

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HAM AND VEGETABLES: Heap two and one-half cups ham in the centre of a shallow salad dish and pour over it a mayonnaise dressing; around the ham arrange a border of cold-boiled potatoes cut into cubes, and on the outer edge a border of pickled beet cubes. Garnish with fringed celery.

To fringe celery stalks, cut them into two-inch lengths; stick several coarse needles into the top of a cork; draw half the stalk of each piece of celery through the needles several times, then crisp in ice water.

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LAMB SALAD: Dice a sufficiency of cold boiled lamb; add half the quantity of chopped olives; wash, crisp and arrange for individual serving the inside leaves of a head of lettuce. Arrange the meat mixture in the cups, dress with salad dressing and garnish with pickled capers.

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HOT CABBAGE SALAD: Shave the cabbage fine and put on to cook in just enough water to prevent burning. When tender, add half a cup of cream or rich milk; bring to a boil, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoon of butter and add enough vinegar to give it the desired flavor. Let boil up, add a beaten egg, stir well and serve.

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FRUIT SALAD: Arrange alternate layers of pineapple and bananas in a salad dish, sprinkling each layer with sugar and grated nutmeg. Turn over all a glass of sherry, and serve.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one yearly subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclosed a stamped and self-adressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

INK STAINS

By MRS. J. H. JOHNSON

Loveland, Colorado

To remove ink stains from cotton or linen: Rub the spot as soon as possible, thoroughly, with lemon juice and salt; place over a bowl and turn boiling water on it until the bowl is half full or more, keeping the goods taut. Now turn a saucer over it and let steam five minutes, then rub and wring out. Repeat the process until removed. If a trace is left it will disappear in the wash.

KEEPING RIBBONS IN PLACE

By MRS. S. W. SHERMAN

Malden, Massachusetts

A way to keep the child's hair ribbon in place. When the hair is ready for the ribbon, first place a small elastic band (as a security for the ribbon) around it several times; then under one portion of band draw through one-half of ribbon's length, and bringing ends forward tie in the usual manner. My mother used this method for me and I in turn have used it for several years, and while it is not an unusual thing for girlie to come from school with ribbon untied, she has never known a lost ribbon.

SOAP ODDS AND ENDS

By ALLINE DE MARET

Mineral Wells, Texas

Save your small bits of soap in a low jar: when the jar is full, reduce to small shavings and add a teaspoonful of your favorite toilet water. Pour boiling water over this and let it stand, when settled pour water off and behold! you have a dainty toilet necessity.

WHEN COOKING SAUERKRAUT

By MAUDE W. DIKE

West Concord, Minnesota

To prevent scenting up the whole house when cooking sauerkraut, cook it in a covered dish in the oven. We use the bean jar.

A REMOVER OF RUST

By MRS. W. E. BROWN

Pomfret Center, Connecticut

I had much trouble with the tank in my kitchen stove. Water would rust in it so I could not use it. It became coated with layers of rust. I boiled washing soda in it for a few weeks, and cleaned it so perfectly that it has never rusted since; that was several months ago. I boil my discolored tinware in sal soda water They come out silvery-white.

USES FOR A MEAT CHOPPER

By MRS. C. C. REDFIELD

Harlan, Iowa

I find my meat chopper useful for many things other than chopping meat. Use the vegetable plate and chop seeded or seedless raisins for cake; green tomatoes for piccalilli; apples for mince pies; nut-meats for cake, ice-cream or candy or lemon for pie. And farmers' wives will find that rendering lard is made easy by using the meat chopper instead of a knife to cut the lard. With the small plate in the chopper put through dried bread or crackers, dried celery leaves, sage and parsley. If these are put away in fruit jars they will keep perfectly for a long time. Horseradish is as good as though grated.

TO DETECT CHALK IN MILK

By J. A. KIEFERLE

Los Angeles, California

Dilute the milk in water; the chalk, if there be any, will settle to the botton in an hour or two. Put to the sediment an acid, vinegar for instance, and if effervescence takes place, chalk is present in the milk. I have tried this a number of times, and have been able to bring the guilty parties to justice.

"A LITTLE HELP"

TO POLISH A STOVE

By HATTIE E. COBURN

Greene, Maine

Put a quantity of stove polish into a dish, add equal parts water and turpentine and a few drops of varnish, mix this well together; apply with a small paint brush. Let the polish dry, and then rub briskly with a stove brush. This will give a glossy polish, that will last from one Spring until the next. This should not be used on the top of a cook-stove that is in use every day, for the odor would be rather offensive when the polish was first put on. It is an excellent polish for stoves, that are not used through the Summer.

THE KITCHEN "WORK-STOOL"

By MRS. P. VAN WINKLE

Chicago, Illinois

At any of the large department stores a "work-stool" can be purchased for about eighty-five cents. The one in my kitchen is in almost constant use. "I can't sit down to wash dishes" so many women say; but that is because the chair they use is too low, and the water runs up their sleeves. Also, "It looks lazy." The stool should be about eight inches higher than an ordinary chair and the water will not run up the arms, and as one is already half standing, it is easy to rise to attend to other duties, so one does not look lazy.

AN EXCELLENT DRY-CLEANER

By S. I. D. W.

Sunnyside, Washington

By the use of dry Ivory soap and gasolene, one may obtain results which he may never attain through the use of gasolene only. Especially is this true where the article is both grease-spotted and dusty or grimy from ordinary use. Thoroughly rub the soiled spot or garment with the dry soap. Allow to stand for several hours or over night. Then sponge with gasolene and rub dry with a clean cloth. In sponging, begin at outer edge, even better a short distance from spot, rub lightly, gradually working to soiled place, and using more gasolene, always rubbing the right way of the goods. In this way one can usually avoid the ugly rings so often encountered in cleaning. Be sure there is no water in the gasolene or there will be spots. Where the gasolene is perfectly pure, this method cleans the most delicate goods beautifully.

FROZEN EGGS

By FANNIE M. NEWKIRK

La Belle, Missouri

In cold weather it often happens that a nest of frozen eggs are found hidden away in the haymow. Pour boiling water over them and set them aside till the water is cold, and on breaking the eggs, the yolk will be as soft, and beat up like an egg that had never been frozen.

SEASONING A FOWL

By LILLIAN DIEFFENBACH

Sanborn, New York

To improve the flavor of fowl, when seasoning it, add ginger to the salt and pepper, and rub this into flesh well. For a change, try putting an onion and an apple in ducks in place of the usual bread-crumb dressing.

PREPARING BEEF TONGUES

By MISS FANNIE L. PARTRIDGE

Batavia, Illinois

Buy the tongue, asking the butcher to trim off the roots. Wash it thoroughly, then take a stone crock deep enough to hold it, rub it, (the tongue), all over with molasses, about two tablespoonful for one tongue; next sprinkle a very little powdered saltpetre on both sides; last, put in a dish and cover thick with dry salt. I use table salt. Turn it over every day for a week; longer won't hurt it. Keep it cool. To finish, take an empty barrel, put in the bottom an old pan with some ashes in it and make a smoke of anything, cobs best of course, lay a stick across the top, run a wire through the top of the tongue and suspend as high as you can in the barrel, cover with some old carpet or burlap and keep the smoke going a day. Then you can hang it up in the cellar, and cook it when you please. If you and all your guests don't say it is delicious cut thin for tea, or for a sandwich, you will be the first not to say so. It will pay you to try it. A smoked tongue costs seventy-five cents in market, hard to get and a poor, dried up thing. You can omit the smoke if you choose. I have prepared many; have one in pickle now. I'd like a slice this minute.

FUEL ECONOMY

By CORA M. TETTER

Walden, New York

Take all pieces of slate from coal cinders, sprinkle well with cold water, and they will burn like fresh coal.

A PIE IDEA

By JESSIE GILGER LONG

Van Buren, Ohio

I find it a great help, when mixing pie pastry, to cover several extra tins; set them away in a cool place, then when I want a fresh pie all I have to do is fill the crust, bake it, and I have a pie with about half the labor of the old way. This does away with mixing pastry every time you want a pie. National sisters, try it.

A MAGIC MITTEN FOR NUMB HANDS

By LUCY M. COOK

New England, North Dakota

About fifteen months ago, my fingers, and finally my hands, sometimes one, sometimes the other, would become numb at night. This numbness seemed to be caused by a nervous tension in the fingers. The mitten was a chance discovery and gave instant relief. Make the mittens the exact size of the hand, with pasteboard fronts and cloth backs, without a thumb. They will stay on nicely without tying. They hold the fingers straight while one is leeping.

MENDING BROKEN CHINA

By FLORENCE

Worcester, Massachusetts

When china is broken do not put it in water. Tie firmly together, put in a basin, cover with skim milk, set on the back of stove and boil one hour. Let it stand in the milk until cold and it will never come apart.

HOW TO BEHEAD A BOTTLE

By Mrs. T. J. H.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

When far from town and in need of jelly glasses take some bottles or glass jars; saturate a thick cord in turpentine, tie cord around bottle below neck and ignite cord with a match. Let cord burn till a little click is heard. If directions are followed, the bottle or jar will be cut off evenly where the cord passed around it.

—

PASSING "LITTLE HELPS" ALONG

By Mrs. ELLA CARTWRIGHT
Canal Dover, Ohio

Perhaps some of the National readers would like to know how I have made "Little Helps" serve my neighbor as well as myself. Finding it difficult to remember so many little things, which I was anxious to try, I clipped them from the magazine and after pasting onto a card-board I hung in a convenient place in my kitchen. By frequent reference to them I soon had them committed to memory. When I received the next month's National I gave the card of "helps" to a friend and hung a new card for myself. This aroused the home missionary spirit in me, and I now present a card of "little helps" to some friend each month, always keeping the latest list for myself.

—

COOKING HINTS

By MRS. ISABEL DUDLEY
New Providence, Iowa

Put a tablespoonful of vinegar in the water before poaching eggs and they will remain whole. Cook graham mush closely covered; it cooks quicker and tastes better. Add a little sugar—about the same quantity as you use of salt—when frying potatoes; they brown nicer and taste better. When roasting a fowl lay in roasting-pan breast downward; the white meat is much softer and more juicy.

—

A PAN-CAKE "POINTER"

By SYLVIA
Roscommon, Michigan

The disagreeable smoke which usually fills the house while pan-cakes are being baked may be greatly lessened in this way: To grease the griddle use a slice of raw turnip on the end of a fork, and dip in melted grease. The smoke is absorbed by the turnip.

—

CLEANING COMBS AND BRUSHES

By B. N.
Eldora, Iowa

To clean combs and brushes use gasoline, which removes all oil and does not impair the bristles, as ammonia, borax and such things.

—

TO FRESHEN RIBBONS

By MRS. J. A. LANE
Miami, Florida

Wash ribbon in warm soap-suds, wring out, and iron at once with hot iron; when ironed, take in hands and crumple and crush; iron again and you will be surprised at the soft, glossy ribbon you will have.

ONE FOR BOSTON

By J. G.
Catskill, New York

I discovered one day that the best way to make codfish fine and smooth for the fish-ball mixture was to run it through the meat grinder. The grinder will take bits of skin and tough pieces that are ordinarily wasted. The first time I tried this the fish balls were pronounced "the best we ever had."

—

MENDING GRANITE POTS

By MRS. GEORGE HULSER
Auburn, Iowa

I have been delighted to find that I could mend my granite or agate basins by chipping off the enamel so that a small circle of the iron base is exposed around the hole to be soldered—which I do by using the sharp corner of a chisel. I then sand-paper the iron and give it a coating of zinc solution and proceed as with tin.

—

YOUR MATTRESSES

By PORTIA
Bishop, California

Housekeepers who have to have mattresses made over every few years may save this expense by having at hand a large darning needle or a straight sacking needle and some upholsterer's cord or twine—a small tightly twisted cord—and whenever a "tacking" is broken, use your needle and twine right away. Put the needle through the same place as the original tacking, and fasten with the leather pieces, pulling the string tight and fasten securely in a square knot. You will be surprised to see how much longer your mattress will last and it will not grow "lumpy" and uncomfortable to lie on.

—

A REMEDY FOR CATARRH

By MRS. A. R. TUCKER
South Otselic, New York

In a country where nine-tenths of the human family are afflicted with catarrh in some form, a simple and inexpensive catarrh cure should be one of the greatest of "little helps." If those so afflicted will try for sixty days the old "German Remedy"—which consists simply of washing the feet each night in cold or cool water, rubbing dry with a coarse towel and putting on a pair of fresh, clean stockings every morning—they will as heartily believe in it as I do, although the remedy is so simple most people will not try it.

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MOTHS IN CARPETS

By M. V. HUGHES
Norwood Park, Illinois

To destroy moths in carpets, take one-half cup salt dissolved in hot water, saturate edge of carpet, lay on cloth and iron till dry.

—

FOR BURNS

By H. A. L.
Keene, New Hampshire

For any kind of a burn: Take equal parts flour and cooking soda, and water to make a thick paste; bind on the burn quickly and it will relieve smarting and prevent blisters.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

BY ALL MEANS BUILD A SEA-LEVEL CANAL

THIS magazine has from the first advocated the construction of a sea-level canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Beyond question, a majority of the American people believed this to be the only plan seriously considered, when congress finally voted to abandon negotiations with Nicaragua and purchase the old Panama concession. It appears now that the engineers of the federal commission are not agreed whether the canal should be cut to sea-level, or built with costly locks and dams.

Considering that there is strong evidence that it will take little if any longer, and cost little if any more, to cut a sea-level canal than to build a canal with locks, dams, spillway, etc.; and considering further that these locks, dams, etc., will always be liable to destruction by earthquake, by a foreign foe or even by a single malicious individual, the wonder is that there can still be any serious advocacy of the lock-canal plan from any disinterested source.

No one disputes the superiority—in usefulness and safety—of a sea-level ditch over a lock system. All agree—and must agree—that the former would be cheaper to operate, easier to defend and to keep in good condition, than the latter. Suppose, then, it should require a few more years in the making, and cost a hundred millions more of money. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing right. The Panama canal is not to be built for an occasion, or on a wager, but for all time. It will help our east-and-west trade—the nation will get its money back from that source in time; but, more important by far than this, it is designed to afford a short cut between coasts for our warships in time of need. Trade had been pleading for the canal for half a century, without avail. The rush of the battleship Oregon around Cape Horn struck fire in the national imagination, and insured its digging.

As Mr. George W. Crichfield aptly remarks (in the North American Review for January) "a stick of dynamite in the hands of an Indian would blow up the costly Alhajuela dam, or the Bojio dam, or the locks at Miraflores or Pedro Miguel, or the Gigantic Spillway; and an accident to anyone of these would render the canal useless for months or perhaps years."

There appears to be nothing approaching a certainty as to how many hundred millions of dollars of the public money must be spent—but there does appear a practical unanimity of opinion that all estimates so far published are too low.

The United States will build and own and control the canal. It is to be to all intents and purposes our property forever. I think we can confidently look to the president to see that the job is not botched through any mistaken policy of cheese-paring economy. Still, if you have any misgivings on that point, it might be well to write and tell him how you think your money should be spent.

WHAT THE NEGRO GOT WITH HIS FREEDOM

MR. KELLY MILLER of Howard University presents in this number of the National Magazine his views on the relations of the white and black races in the United States. In brief, Mr. Miller disclaims, for the educated negro, any desire for social affiliation with white folk, but demands equality in politics and labor as the black man's right.

Mr. Miller is eloquent, and he enlists my sympathy, but he is not logical, in that he requires society to proclaim an equality that nature has not seen fit to establish. No man is born free, and no two men are born equal. Men and races must still survive or perish by their own merits or lack of them. It is supposable that if the white population of the North were all transferred to the South, and the white population of the South all transferred to the North, the negro would find his condition bettered—but I do not believe it. I hold to the great ideal of an ultimate day when all men shall be equals and brothers—but I recognize that as yet we are not far on the road toward that day. Meantime, it is right and proper and inevitable that the superior race should retain control of the government of communities composed of both races. Admirable theorists can readily supply a wiser plan than this, but Nature knows none better, else she would have put it forward. White men will continue to rule in the South, and should continue to rule there without regard to numerical majorities, until the day comes when they are intellectually and morally the inferiors of their former slaves. Do we expect that day ever to come? Do we? Is there anything in the contrasted histories of the two races to suggest it?

Here is the nub of the discussion: White men South have disfranchised the masses of the black men South. The North has uttered no protest—has accepted the situation. The South is doing what it can do to solve the race problem rationally by giving the negro education that will fit him to do well such work as nature has fitted him to do at all. In all this, the white men of the South have done and are doing precisely what the white men of the North would do if in their place—no more and no less.

The negroes have nothing further to hope from a sentimental appeal to the North in regard either to social or political privileges. They have gained their freedom from slavery, and with it they have gained the right to "make good or get out"—just the same as all the rest of us. They must now hoe their own rows, or yield the tools to better men. Booker Washington is working on the right line. There are others. More power to them!

A CASE WHERE EVERY KNOCK IS A BOOST

THE experiences that Russia is undergoing these days forcibly remind me of the apt motto of John Heusner's Booster Club, out in Chicago, to-wit, "Every Knock is a Boost." Russia is certainly getting plenty of hard knocks, and has more coming, unless the czar gives in to Japan very soon. Despotism is a rotten foundation to build a state upon in these days. Democracy is a better. The Russian people are learning this lesson. It will be worth all it costs them, and more. Japan is the "Little Schoolmaster" of the twentieth century.

FRONT VIEW OF THE JACKSON TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK IN THE NEW RAILWAY EXCHANGE BUILDING AT CHICAGO

THE HEAD OF THE "DECKER BANKS"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

VIEW SHOWING THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS' ROOM

THERE is more inspiration to me in meeting men who have had long, useful and active careers than can be drawn from reams of printed biography.

Among these men of achievement whom I am proud to call friends is Mr. Edward Decker of Wisconsin. Mr. Decker is well known throughout the Middle West, where he went in his early manhood, and where his career has been one fraught with deep and vital interest. Born in Casco, Maine, he has lived long enough to christen and see grow up a new town with the name of his birthplace. He is a fine type of the sturdy State of Maine pioneers who have passed on to the Middle West and achieved success in spite of all obstacles. A story is still told of him in Casco, Maine, of how sixty years ago he returned home from Boston, where he first went to seek his fortune within sight of the present

National Magazine office. He bought at his old home a large quantity of woollen socks from the country storekeeper, which that gentleman had on hand and was glad to dispose of at a Yankee bargain price. Young Decker took them back to Boston with him and sold them at a handsome profit. This was a triumph of the Yankee trading spirit, for to the ordinary observer it might have seemed like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to bring goods to Boston from a little country town in Maine and then resell them in the staid old Hub; but the boy was quick to see the opening for a good deal, and, like all successful men, his wisdom lay in grasping the opportunity when it came.

It does not seem possible that Mr. Decker, as active as he is, has nearly approached four-score years, but when it is recalled that he settled in the interior of Wisconsin before Senator Philetus Sawyer, with whom he was closely associated during the life of that distinguished Wisconsonian, some idea of the lapse of time is realized in which Mr. Decker has been prominent in that state. He traveled that great section of Wisconsin in which he is now so well known at a time when it was peopled almost solely by the red men. The creative spirit was indicated by this young pioneer when he struck out into the unblazed wilds of the deep forest and located in Keewanee County, in the Green Bay peninsula, with which he has been closely associated for nearly a half century, since it was first organized and placed upon the map. For many years he was a tried and trusted servant of the people, and the esteem in which Mr. Decker is held all through that section is indeed a rare tribute to his kindly spirit and unswerving integrity. Mr. Decker served in the state senate, and

A GLIMPSE OF THE CASHIER'S QUARTERS

MR. E. DECKER

during the war he was made provost marshal.

He was unanimously renominated by his party for a second term in the senate, but firmly and positively declined the honor. A mass convention was called, representing all political parties, thinking this of course would compel him to accept the renomination; but his duties he felt were in other directions, and he declined again this splendid tribute to his public worth. This incident serves to show what Mr. Decker's public career might have been had he chosen a political life, as this was long before the time that Senator Sawyer entered public life. Mr. Decker had determined upon a strictly business career, and business it was.

In 1900 he was a candidate for congress in a strong republican district, and made a remarkable showing, which indicated his personal popularity with the people among whom he has lived for so many years.

It is always a pleasure to visit Mr. Decker at his spacious home in Casco, which has one of the largest private libraries in the state, and few men are more interesting conversationalists, for Mr. Decker's broad interests and careful study of men and events make his keen comments of rare value. He is one of those men who have helped people to help themselves, and he is always anxious to build up the district in which he lives. For many years there was no railroad in the section where he was located, and it was thought that during the storm and stress of the panic of 1893 it would be useless to attempt any venture of this kind; but it was at this very time that Edward Decker, alone and unaided, built and equipped a railroad which opened a large tract of rich country and which has developed the resources of that part of the state in a way that cannot be measured.

VIEW SHOWING THE TELLERS' SECTION OF THE JACKSON TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, CHICAGO

Ever since he first settled in Wisconsin he has been keenly interested in newspapers, but his natural bent was toward banking, and the nine banks known as the "Decker banks" throughout that section speak volumes for the standing and ability of the banker.

Like all men of purpose and achievement, he had an ambition, and that was to have a bank in Chicago—the thriving city which he visited on his first trip west seeking his fortune, nearly sixty years ago, when Chicago was a small and struggling town—an ambition that is now accomplished; and it is indeed a pleasure to note how much satisfaction he has in the bank with which his sturdy sons and son-in-law are connected — co-workers with their father in the crowning achievement of his career.

Sitting in the handsomely furnished directors' room of his Chicago bank, the Jackson Trust and Savings Bank, which has been recently removed to the new Railway Exchange building, Mr. Decker presents a picure of serene contentment. The new bank is a fine specimen of business development and the result of the accumulated three-score years experience of its owner. The fact that deposits doubled within a few months after Mr. Decker's control of the bank, speaks volumes. It includes in its board of directors Mr. Joy Morton, who is interested, together with his brother, Hon. Paul Morton, secretary of the navy; Mr. D. H. Burnham, architect of the handsome building in which the bank is located, (who has recently been commissioned by the war department to go to the Philippines and prepare a plan for beautifying Manila, and whose achievements as architect of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago gave him national and international prominence); Mr. William C. Thorne, manager of the Montgomery Ward Company; Mr. R. E. Ismond, president of the Chicago Real Estate Board; Mr. Charles O. Austin, one of the best known bankers in the country; B. F. De Muth, one of the prominent merchants of Chicago; Mr. W. R. Morrison, treasurer of the Standard Office Company, closely and confidentially associated with Mr. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. William M. Lawton, cashier, is Mr. Decker's son-in-law, and Mr. W. H. Egan, the president, is a well known and popular young banker. Mr. David Decker, the vice president, is the eldest son of Mr. Decker and has long since won his spurs in the management of his father's extensive and varied interests. These names comprise one of strongest directorates of any bank in Chicago.

The bank is provided with all the very best and latest banking equipment and safety vaults, and has become very popular among all classes of depositors, because it affords not only a convenient place for doing banking down town, but is also so thoroughly entrenched behind its competent management that it inspires growing and unlimited confidence.

After all is said regarding what Mr. Decker has achieved in a financial and industrial way, it is the real worth of the man back of it that counts for most, for if there ever was a man imbued with the old-fashioned, sterling, New England principles of integrity and probity, it is this man who left his home in Maine as a mere lad, to build up for himself a name which in the closing years of his life—no matter how long that life may be — proves a source of comfort and satisfaction not only to himself but to all who know him.

It has never been my fortune to know a man who does more good in a modest, retiring way than Edward Decker, and he has the satisfaction of realizing in words and acts the gratitude and appreciation for the unostentatious good he has been doing every day of his long life.

Through it all he remains one of the squarest, kindliest, keenest and best business men in the country, and, is still actively employed during every minute of his working day, not merely in business, but in rounding out to full-orbed proportions a true type of the best kind of American citizen.

ROOSEVELT DAY, MAY 5, 1903, IN ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

ALBUQUERQUE, METROPOLIS OF THE SOUTHWEST

COURT HOUSE AT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE, the commercial and financial center of New Mexico, lies in the midst of the fertile valley of the Rio Grande, about midway between Kansas City and Los Angeles, on the main line of the Santa Fe railroad.

Its situation is ideal. From the mesa on the eastern limits of the city, where the University of New Mexico stands, and with the Sandia mountains, twelve miles east, for a background, the view takes in the Jemez mountains sixty miles north, the San Mateos, seventy miles west, and the Socorros and Magdalenas seventy-five miles south, while with the glass may be seen the Mogollons, more than 225 miles to the southwest. To the north and south, for hundreds of miles, the valley, with its grain and alfalfa fields, its orchards and vineyards, stretches out to the horizon. On the west lies the historic Rio Grande.

In 1880 not one house stood upon the present site of Albuquerque. To day it is a modern, progressive and rapidly growing city of 15,000 people, with a population as energetic, as enlightened and as public-spirited as any in the world.

Its many natural advantages have contributed to make it what it is, but the chief factor in its upbuilding has been the enterprise of its citizens.

New Mexico's climate is world-famous. Albuquerque is the most favored spot in New Mexico. Its altitude, 5,000 feet; its latitude, 500 miles south of Denver; its clear, dry and invigorating atmosphere; its pure water, its ample accommodations, its modern conveniences and opportunities for amusement all combine to make it the perfect resort for health-seekers. Several thousands of them make it their home each Winter.

The city's water supply is drawn from wells 600 feet deep and is inexhaustible. This water has been pronounced by the most eminent chemists and bacteriologists to be unexceptionally pure and free from contamination. An abundant underflow for irrigation purposes is found everywhere in the valley at depths from ten to thirty feet.

The municipal government of Albuquerque is a model. Its affairs are honestly and ably administered in all departments. Its streets are clean and splendidly lighted; it has fifteen miles of cement sidewalks and five more of vitrified brick and wood; its water and sewer systems are perfect; its police and fire departments are especially efficient. It has a public library containing over five thousand volumes, which is supported by the people through a tax levy. The home of this library is a building costing $20,000, given to the city by a public-spirited citizen.

The schools of Albuquerque rank with the best in the country. There is a large school building in each of the wards, the capacity of each of which has been doubled during the past year at a cost of $35,000. There is a fine central school building in addition. Albuquerque has spent for its school houses $105,000. Then there are the private schools — St. Vincent's academy, St. Mary's academy, the Presbyterian Mission school, Harwood's Home (Methodist) and several others, all with large attendance. The University of New Mexico is located on a commanding mesa at the edge of the city, and students from the whole territory in large numbers come each year to attend it. The Hadley Hall, a handsome $20,000 structure, gives a department devoted exclusively to the study of climatology, with a special reference to the effect of climate on the cure and prevention of tuberculosis and kindred diseases, the only institution of this kind in the country. The university is maintained by the territory and endowed by the United States with a liberal donation of public land. Albuquerque, is also the location of a large government Indian industrial school with more than three hundred pupils.

The city is well supplied with churches. All the leading denominations have congregations, and there are twelve handsome church buildings which would do credit to any community.

There are many places for public entertainment, including the new Elks Opera House, built by the local lodge of that order. This building cost $75,000, seats 1,000 and is the most complete theater between Kansas City and Los Angeles. It is fully equipped with modern stage appliances, scenery, etc., and many towns of double its size in the East have nothing to compare with it. The management is progressive and all attractions are secured that travel in this part of the country. As an instance of how things are done, Weber & Fields of New York, on a tour from New York to the Pacific coast, played in Albuquerque to a large audience, this being the only stopping place between the Missouri river and California, except Denver.

The Commercial Club of Albuquerque has been and is the head center of every movement looking to the advancement of the interests of the city. It is, in fact, a chamber of commerce. It is always on the lookout for opportunities to interest capital in local enterprises, and frequently lends a helping hand in the way of financial assistance to induce capitalists and manufacturers to locate here. It has a club building, erected by the people, which cost $150,000 and is one of the handsomest structures devoted to club purposes in the country.

It is no exaggeration to say that no club in any city of double its size in the country has a home to compare with it. There are many social features connected with the club, also.

The Alvarado hotel, erected by the Santa Fe railroad, cost $200,000 and is without doubt the best hotel in the Southwest. It is built in the mission style of architecture and is complete in every particular. The table cannot be excelled and the service is perfect. It is very handsomely furnished, and will accommodate more than two hundred guests. Every modern convenience is found here. It is almost always full, and is crowded during the Winter months.

The Santa Fe station is also a very handsome building in the same style of architecture, thoroughly up-to-date.

The city has two public parks which are carefully looked after and beautified by the park commission.

There is an extensive electric power plant which furnishes electricity for manufacturing as well as lighting purposes, and another one of great capacity is now in course of erection.

The Gas Company, a large concern, furnishes excellent gas at reasonable prices, and a franchise to a competing company has just been granted.

The electric street car system is completely equipped with the most modern cars and appliances and compares favorably with any in the country, excepting none. There are now about five miles of track in operation and extensions will be made at once.

Two telephone systems, the Automatic and the Bell, furnish good service, having in use about eleven hundred instruments.

There are two daily papers, the Albuquerque Journal, issued every morning, and the Albuquerque Daily Citizen, issued every evening except Sundays; six weekly papers and several monthly publications.

The banks of the city, four in number, are among the most solid institutions in the country, and the amount of business transacted by them is astonishing, their last statements showing deposits aggregating over $4,000,000.

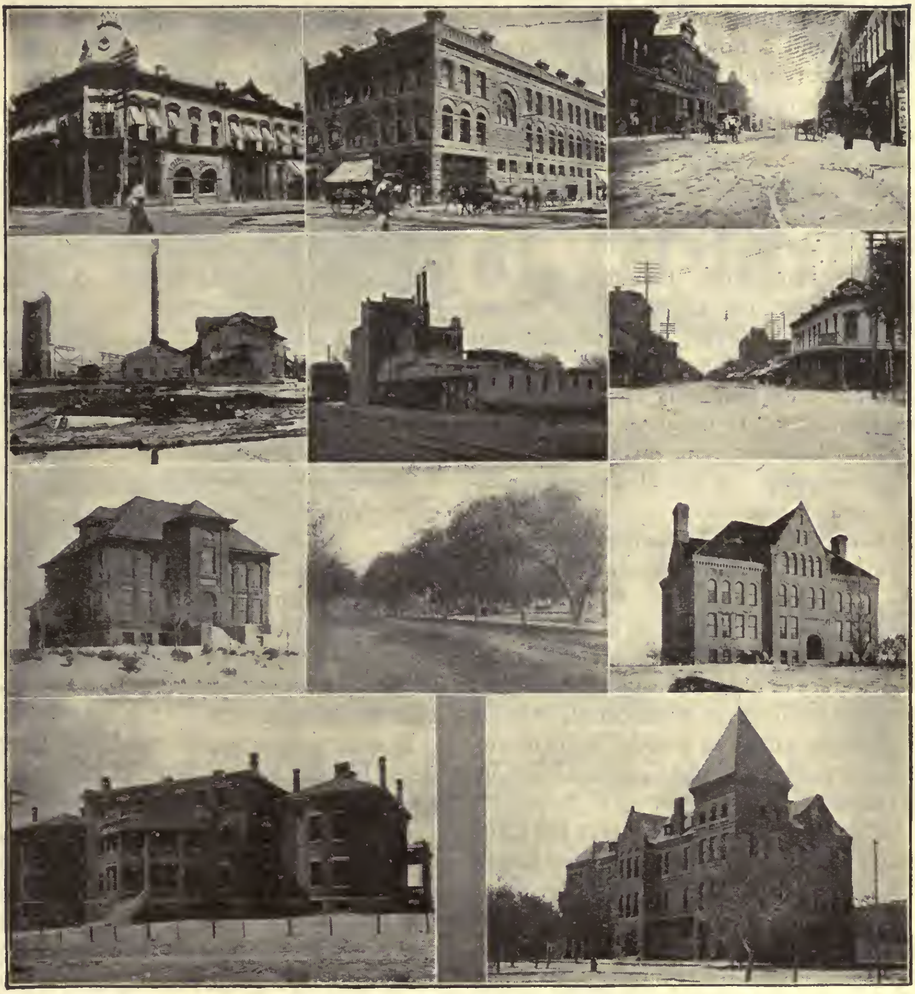
St. Joseph's Sanitarium, one of the largest in the West, and costing about $70,000, is located here. It is in charge of the Sisters of Charity. Its corps of trained nurses cannot be excelled. Its accommodations are first class in every sense. The Santa Fe Pacific has also a fine hospital here for the use and benefit of its employes.

New Mexico is one of the largest wool-producing states. The annual clip is about 30,000,000 pounds. Of this, about 6,000,000 pounds are shipped from or handled in Albuquerque.

The truck gardens send their produce from Albuquerque to all parts of the Southwest. Celery of the finest quality, luscious melons, cabbages, sweet potatoes, cauliflowers, onions, etc., are grown in great quantities and are eagerly sought for all over this section of the country on account of their quality. The markets are as good as are to be found anywhere. The best of Kansas City and native meats, fish, oysters, game, fruit and vegetables of home production from California, Arizona and Mexico are always to be had. The profusion and varieties of "good things to eat" are the constant wonder of strangers.

Large bodies of bituminous, lignite and anthracite coal are located almost at our doors, and when the new Albuquerque Eastern railroad shall be completed, large coal fields now developing will be opened within twenty miles of the city.

Albuquerque's railroad facilities are excellent, the Santa Fe railroad extending from Chicago to the coast, giving it access to all points north, south and west. The Albuquerque Eastern is now building, and when completed will open



A GROUP OF VIEWS OF ALBUQUERQUE AND ITS ENVIRONS, INCLUDING THE UNIVERSITY, BANKS, CLUBS, HADLEY LABORATORY, ROBINSON PARK AND ST. JOSEPH'S SANITARIUM

up a large country to the east, connecting the city with the Rock Island and the Denver & Rio Grande systems.

A trade territory of 100,000 square miles, or a district larger than the six New England states and New York combined, is tributary to Albuquerque, which gives the place a wholesale trade much larger than that of any eastern city five times its size. This trade territory is fast increasing in wealth and population, and there is every reason to believe that the volume of business will be doubled in the next five years.

The machine shops of the Santa Fe Pacific are located here, furnishing employment to more than 1,000 men.

The American Lumber Company has erected here a saw-mill admitted to be the most up-to-date enterprise of the kind in the country. It manufactures about 150,000 feet of lumber daily; it operates in connection with the mill an extensive planing mill, an immense box factory, and is now building a sash and door factory as large as any in the West. The machinery used is all of the latest invention and cannot be surpassed. The plant covers 150 acres, employs about 1,000 men and ships its products to all parts of the United States and the Republic of Mexico.

The Albuquerque Foundry and Machine Works, the largest in the Southwest, produces every kind of iron and brass castings, supplying the railroads and the trade generally in New Mexico and Arizona. It employs a large force.

The Wool Scouring Mills is another large industry. It handles about 4,500,000 pounds annually.

The Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company manufactures cassimeres, dress goods, blankets, capes, leather goods, etc., of the finest quality, beside having a large wool-scouring mill attached. Its machinery is of the latest pattern and its plant is complete in every detail. "From the sheep's back to yours," is its motto, and it states the fact. Annual output, $180,000.

The Southwest Brewery and Ice Company produces annually 30,000 barrels of beer, which by many is considered superior to some of the famous eastern beers. It also operates a large ice plant.

The Crystal Ice Company also produces a great quantity of ice, about thirty tons daily the year around.

The Rio Grande Flour Mills grind immense quantities of the wheat raised in the valley, and supply thousands of people with a superior grade of flour.

There are many other manufactures here — three planing mills, four brick yards, five carriage and wagon makers, three candy manufacturers, three bottling works, four cigar factories, one overall manufacturer, two steam laundries, etc. In the wholesale trade the city has the following: seven wholesale wool and hide dealers, two wholesale grocers, two wholesale general merchandise dealers, three wholesale hardware dealers, five implement dealers, three wholesale liquor dealers, three wholesale commission merchants, three lumber yards and five wagon dealers.

Retail grocers and merchants carry full stocks of goods, which excel in every way those carried in cities of twice the size in the East, and many people from all parts of New Mexico and Arizona, attracted by the facilities offered here, come to Albuquerque to shop.

There are no vacant houses in the city, although during the last year more than a hundred new residences have been built. All of these are substantial modern buildings and many of them have cost from $10,000 to $20,000. There is a constant demand for more houses, and very many are now in process of building.

During the year many handsome business blocks have been erected, and many more are now on the way.

In conclusion, and to emphasize the energy and public spirit of the citizens of Albuquerque, I want to mention that the Territorial Fair is held in Albuquerque every year at a cost to the people, by subscription, of $7,500 annually. To induce the lumber company to locate here, the business men purchased and gave to it 110 acres of land at a cost of $30,000. The city has given for terminals to the Albuquerque Eastern Railroad company, by subscription, lands purchased by them for $30,000. These are only a few of the instances where this public spirit has been manifested.

Albuquerque is the best city of its size in the country, and is growing more rapidly than any other. It has the brightest future of any.

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ON CREDIT
SAVE A DIAMOND WIN A HEART

WE ARE just emerging from by far the greatest Holiday business we have ever heard of in the history of the **Diamond, Watch and Jewelry** business. Never before has the country-wide good will and acquaintance enjoyed by our house, been so plainly and overwhelmingly demonstrated to us. More than one-half of the tremendous volume of Christmas business handled by us, came from persons living at a distance who had previously purchased from us, and who found an established trading connection with us at a time like Christmas, a great and timely convenience, involving no delay.

The Privilege is Yours too

The same invitation that has brought us thousands of customers from all over America, is open to you and **your account will be very welcome.** Please send your name and address for a copy of our 1905 Catalogue. When you receive it, glance through the wealth of gems and jewels illustrated on every page and make a selection to be sent for your inspection. Any article that you select, will be sent at once without your incurring any obligation or a penny of expense. If you are pleased with what we send, and are satisfied that the price is very reasonable, you may pay one-fifth and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments.

If You Select a Diamond it will prove a very profitable investment, for Diamond values are steaily increasing at the rate of twenty per cent annually. You can make a diamond purchase an ideal method for saving during 1905, and at the same time enjoy the constant pleasure and prestige which comes to every wearer of the precious gems.

Your Credit Is Good No matter how far away you may be, you can do business with us quickly, confidentially and satisfactorily. We open Charge Accounts with any honest person, and whether you are a $10 per week employe or a wealthy employer, we want an opportunity to submit our goods to you on approval, and to offer you every courtesy and advantage of the popular Loftis System. We guarantee confidential relations.

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Guarantee and Exchange Every Diamond that we sell is accompanied by a signed certificate of value and quality. Every Diamond that we ever sold is good for full value in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond.

Buyers of Diamonds and Fine Watches should give particular attention to the reliability of the house from which they buy. In no other class of merchandise is quality of such paramount importance as in Diamonds, Watches, and Jewelry. Our best guarantee of every representation made is that we have grown to be the largest retailers of Diamonds in the world. At the St. Louis Exposition we were awarded the highest honors (**Gold Medal**), after the Superior Jury had made a side-by-side comparison of our goods, methods, terms and prices with those of other exhibitors, including many from foreign countries.

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CONN EXHIBIT OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

WHAT kind of music gives the greatest pleasure to the largest number of people is not a difficult question to answer. Paderewski may do his best but he can never reach the heart of the multitude as the inspiring sound of a brass band does. Who has not run his young legs off to keep up with sounds that sent every drop of blood in his body dancing merrily and made life one dream of bliss. Oh, the intoxication of it! It always was three-quarters of the circus.

C. G. CONN.

Therefore, when I discovered an Apollo driving a madly prancing quadriga above a highly ornate booth, whose Corinthian pillars upheld a pediment upon which in bas-reliefs were centaurs dancing to the piping of seductive nymphs, the whole apparently carved from old ivory, I noted the contents and found horns of such beauty and elegance that the capers of the classic figures were quite explained. **It was the dear familiar brass band in the highest possible style of the art.**

Brass is a good thing to make a popular noise with, but C. G. Conn has decided that America can have hers gold-plated and jewel-studded. Why, a cornet player must love his instrument like a sweetheart to judge by the delicate lace-like tracery engraven upon her golden garments and the diamonds, emeralds, and rubies that encircle her neck and glitter upon her finger pieces.

One cornet beauty had a brooch made of the gold head of an elk, in relief, surrounded by a heart outlined with emeralds. This was a pretty compliment paid to the city of his birth, Elkhart, Indiana, by Mr. C. G. Conn, who has made that city famous the world over for the perfection of the instruments manufactured in his great factory—the largest in the world.

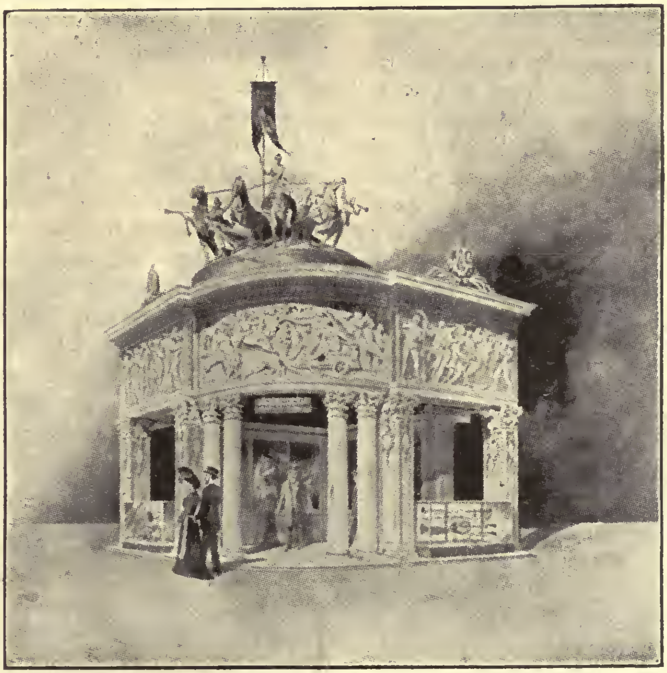
Beginning shortly after the close of the Civil war with the manufacture of rubber mouth-pieces for brass instruments, Mr. Conn's giant energy was bent upon attaining the utmost perfection and the results show what American pluck, energy, and determination can accomplish, since he stands today, easily, king in the realm of wind instruments; and reaching out for new worlds to conquer has invaded the territory of strings and is sparing no expense and pains to earn, in the future history of music, the title of the American Stradivarius. His recreation is yachting and he is as expert in that as in all his undertakings. His latest purchase he personally brought over from Europe by way of the Bermudas and it is now the handsomest of the fleet upon the great lakes. For he's a Western man heart and soul, is Mr. C. G. Conn.

While I was gathering these particulars in regard to this energetic American, who has placed his country in the **front rank of the world's music makers, musicians were gazing lovingly at the beautiful display.**

One little man was enamoured of a Sousa-phone. Oh, you should not fail to see a Sousa-phone! It is not small, delicate and feminine as its name would indicate. It looks as though it would have to be carried by an elephant and played by a cyclone, but that little man was dead in love with it. He wanted to feel its golden arms going several times around his body and while breathing his devotion into its mouth, hear it rumble back its appreciation in a double B-flat basso. Odd ambition for a little man!

There were horns that looked as though a new chapter could be added to the ever popular fairy tale of the three bears and have more bears, and of a kind that smoked pipes, for they were from a size suited to the "weeny, little bitsie bear" to the "great big hoarse bear," but they were saxophones and instead of smoke, there would come out of them a mellow, soul-soothing sound.

After all was looked over I decided that if Gabriel should want to change the style of his trumpet and get a few of the modern improvements all he'd need to do would be to drop a line to C. G. Conn, Elkhart, Indiana,—who received the Grand Prize at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—and the order would be promptly filled.



C. G. CONN BOOTH AT WORLD'S FAIR.

HOW NED WON AT "BUNCO"

"HAVE you ever been buncoed?" It was Miss Pierson who spoke, and Ned Rightman looked at her quizzically.

"Buncoed? Well — er — in what way — buncoed in love? — no, not unless you've a gold brick up your sleeve, and—"

"Well, would you like to be buncoed?" interrupted Miss Pierson, ignoring his supplementary remarks, "if so, come over tonight at eight-thirty. I've invited Jack, and Charley, too."

"Jack and Charley, why—"

"Come now, I've planned to have you all three at once to see how you act together."

"All right; count on me," called Ned, as he turned to hurry down the street, for the whistle of the suburban train had sounded its approach.

Margarette Pierson was a great favorite of the little suburban town and an acknowledged leader in social events. Her three persistent admirers were Ned Rightman, Jack Freemont and Charlie Hawkins, all bright fellows with excellent prospects. The situation had grown so complex that Margarette felt she simply had to do something to settle matters, but when it came to deciding she hesitated. This is how she came to plan a "Bunco Duel," as she called it, between her suitors, for what girl does not love a romance?

Each ring of the door bell that evening announced the arrival of one of the party. First Charley, then Ned, then Jack; each wondering what it all meant, and each resolved to see the finish, only to lose their doubts and misgivings the next minute under the radiance of Margarette's smiles and attention.

When the preliminary greetings were over, the young men were seated at the table in the center of the drawing room and the bright red box containing the new game, "Bunco," with its endless new situations and amusing combinations, was brought forth. Margarette sat at the table, as umpire, her pulse quickening as the cards, ten to each, were dealt around. These ten cards represented the "Bunco" pile of each player, and the first to diminish his pile in order of sequence was the winner, for he had cleared himself and the others were left "buncoed." Margarette had figured it out that the man who couldn't be "buncoed" was the one for her, all other things being equal, and she never watched a game with such breathless interest.

In the order of sequence the game progressed, each man concentrating his energy and thought to the possible reduction of his "bunco" pile. Phenomenal runs marked different stages of the game, only to be checked by an opponent, who held the effective "stop" card, which came to the rescue at many a critical moment. Charlie had several of these runs; it seemed as if he was possessed, and each time Margarette held her breath. Jack, too, came in as a close second. Between them they seemed to make all the runs, while Ned Rightman played in evident hard luck; his original pile of ten bunco cards had only been reduced to eight, when each of his opponents had but one. The close fight between Charlie and Jack was creating consternation in the heart of Margarette. She now realized that it was no longer a matter of indecision on her part, she knew who she wanted to win—and that man was Ned Rightman.

But the fates seemed to decree otherwise. Charlie with a number "3" up felt the game already won, while Jack with a "6" watched each sequence grow toward his number with greedy eyes. One pile after another came up, but Ned could not untangle the numbers he held nor break into his bunco pile.

At a time when it seemed something surely must happen to decide the remarkable contest, Margarette arose, stood beside Ned, her cheeks aflame with excitement. No, he held no "stop" card; Charlie would go out the next play.

Hiding her despair she looked across at Jack, and her hopes arose; yes, that look on his face meant something—he must hold a "stop" card, and that will prolong the game anyway.

And so it was when Charlie exuberantly tried to play his last card he was interrupted with a boisterous laugh from Jack, who played his little "policeman."

Margarette sighed; it was a relief, but the danger was hardly less great with Jack ready to play, but his "bunco" was several numbers removed from the sequence and it gave Ned another chance to play.

When the key of the sequence seemed to lie in Ned's hands for the first time, number after number he played, and his opponents looked on in astonishment. One by one his bunco pile was diminished, and still no end.

Although Margarette was excited before, she could hardly contain herself now. It seemed too good to be true.

But the game was not won yet. Ned's phenomenal run had placed him an equal with his opponents and the greatest fight of the game was on. Clear head and quick eye marked the careful playing, until the end came. Ned had his last card from his bunco pile, and pushed back from the table. For a moment he thought he felt the warm touch of Margarette's fingers on his cheeks. That was all.

The boys crawled into their top coats, pronouncing the evening the most exciting of their lives. As they were about to leave Margarette detained Ned with a gentle pressure of the hand.

"I'm glad you won, Ned. It means so much to me."

"In what way, my dear?"

"Well, I didn't want to get buncoed."

"You get buncoed? It was I who was playing."

"That didn't make any difference, Ned. You were playing for me."

"For you? I won the game, but does that mean I've won you?"

"Stupid—must I literally throw myself at you?"

Well, she didn't.

AN ANCIENT DUEL IN JAPAN — NO BUNCO HERE

THE MAKING OF PARKER PENS

IT was a just retribution. When I found myself at the exhibit of the Parker Pen Company in the Varied Industries building and attempted to register with a fountain pen that was—not a Parker — my ink-smeared fingers brought forth comment that was not ink-smeared. The fountain pen with which I tried to register was thrown across the aisle and the Parker took its place and since that time I have been able to register my name without fear of mottled fingers. As I looked through the glass case at the workmen busy turning out the holders of Parker pens, somehow the memory of the "Lucky Curve" came to mind, and it was like finding a horseshoe.

GEORGE S. PARKER, MAKER OF THE FAMOUS "LUCKY CURVE" FOUNTAIN PEN

This exhibit was interesting, showing processes as well as products. There was a piece of Para rubber, nearly a foot high, from the trees of Brazil; near by was the crude washed rubber, showing the first process when it is rolled on molds or mandrils which are of the diameter of the size of pen holder desired.

There was scarcely a time during the Exposition that there was not a throng about this booth witnessing the operations of producing Parker's "Lucky Curve" pens. The finishing was done at the factory at Janesville, Wisconsin, as there was not space enough provided at the Fair for the entire process, and each pen passed through fifteen hands at the factory after the work done at the Fair.

Surrounding the booth were letters addressed to the Parker Pen Company from almost every nation on the globe, showing the large area which this little, mighty, gold-tipped instrument covers.

The Parker pens are the only ones bought with an absolute, written guarantee, and no matter where they are purchased they can be either exchanged or returned until perfect satisfaction is secured. There was a significant sign over the booth which read: "They work for you but feed themselves," emphasizing the strong point of the Parker pen which eliminates the horror of ink stains.

It was interesting to study the throng passing the booth. Here were the sturdy Boers from South Africa writing their names in a cramped hand, followed, perhaps, by the inevitable American girl writing in the perpendicular hand typical of the dash and verve of our own land. The business man registered with the same sangfroid with which he would sign a check and the traveling man covered the lines with a hotel register dash, and then the mother, who perhaps had written but a few letters since the family came, was there to register for the Parker. In fact, I know of no exhibit where there was shown more intense personal interest in the product than the Parker.

"Here's to the 'Lucky Curve;' may it ever radiate the good luck its name implies!

INSURANCE INVESTMENTS ❧ By Henry L. Shumway

SOME POINTS FOR THE PUBLIC TO CONSIDER

FOR several weeks the public mind has been exercised over "frenzied finance," one element of which has been quite an extended discussion of the wisdom or honesty of those who have charge of the investment of the assets of life insurance companies. This general agitation has created distrust and a considerable stock panic, in which fortunes have been made and lost, but the stock transactions have been outside the list considered desirable for the investment of "trust funds," and the gains or losses do not materially affect this class of securities.

Much has been said and written upon the proper channels of investment for such assets as are held by life insurance companies, and several large lines of bank and trust company stocks and certain railroad and other securities have been declared as speculative, either of themselves or because of the methods by which they are handled.

By the last annual report of the insurance department of Massachusetts, the assets of the life insurance companies represented in the state amount to $2,203,508,103, the fire insurance companies report $363,344,936, and the miscellaneous companies other than life and fire report $52,681,429. Here then is a vast aggregate of two billion, six hundred and nineteen million, five hundred and thirty-four thousand, four hundred and sixty-eight dollars, (2,619,534,468) which must be invested, and the life companies' reserves are especially held to contribute a three and one-half per cent. income. It is not probable that the other companies are expecting a lower rate of interest.

An important question which has not yet had due recognition is:—if the stocks of national banks, trust companies, etc., are to be ruled off the list, as some of the writers on "frenzied finance" demand, what satisfactory channels of safe and remunerative investment are open? The problem would be difficult if this great sum was alone in the investment market as a buyer, but there are other billions in private and quasi-public hands in active competition for the safe and the productive. There is a limit to the safe placing of capital, and with the restrictions advocated by current criticism that limit is so near as to raise the question of what latitude is admissible to the men charged with the administration of these vast sums.

The same critics complain, too, because certain officers of the great life companies are also active in the management of other large financial institutions. They are men of exceptional financial skill, or they would not be in their official and responsible positions. Naturally they have other interests, among which is the administration of their own private fortunes, which naturally are of considerable amount. Why should they be debarred from taking part in other financial institutions, in which they have a personal interest?

To restrict the field of investment will certainly reduce the rate of income; and to exclude from the management of these fiduciary instituions all those who have other private or quasi-public financial interests, is to offer a premium upon cheap and incompetent men, and the two restrictions if enforced as the critics seem to insist, can work only harm and disaster.

There should be reason even in fault-finding, and there are other faults beside those so vehemently insisted on by these critics, who, it is quite apparent, are not working absolutely and entirely in the interest of the public which they so loudly profess to serve.

A TRIP TO MEXICO WITH CHARLES H. GATES

CHARLES H. GATES

HAVE you ever met Charles H. Gates of Toledo? World-renowned manager of Mexican tours is he. If you have not met him, you have missed much. No one could contemplate a trip to Mexico without desiring to go with Gates, for his tours are a part of the annals and history of the land of Montezuma.

Years ago Mr. Gates served the public as a ticket agent, and had good opportunities for studying all the moods and impulses of the American traveler—good and bad side alike—and to practice the art of pleasing people. He realized that Americans, although impulsive, erratic and easily irritated, are just as impulsive, inversely, in appreciation of correct service as they are in their blunt frankness in pointing out a blunder. Twelve years ago Mr. Gates made his first tour to Mexico, accompanied by a small and select party, and every year since then the number of the party has increased, while the service and equipment is constantly improving, until now it is conceded the world over that the Gates special train for Mexico has no rival in the perfection of its service. In fact, it is provided by a railway man, who thoroughly understands the needs of travelers by rail. Mr. Gates owns his dining car, the Toledo, and has sufficient refrigerator room to provide fresh meat and other perishable luxuries for a trip around the world. There is genuine, fresh cream for the coffee and cereals every morning, instead of the usual condensed essence, and there is also a supply of water from one of the famous springs carried in sealed cans. In short, every detail is carefully thought out beforehand, and on these trips every comfort and luxury is provided that could be found in the most palatial hotels.

Mr. Gates is no ordinary man. He is one of those big, jovial, whole-souled gentlemen who make everyone around them happy, and no railroad magnate "to the coupon born," could enjoy himself in his special car more than the tourists do in the comfortable surroundings provided for them on these tours.

Mr. Gates, though his complexion lacks many degrees of the darkness of the Spaniard or Mexican, is quite at home in Mexico, and speaks Spanish

RUINS AT TEPASTECO

with an accent that gets things done. The natives all like him, just as everybody does who has met him, especially those who have taken this trip with him, for this is not a business with him—it is his life pleasure.

This year a new feature has been added in the composite car, called the "Ohio," twenty-one feet of which is devoted to a smoking and lounging room, a bath room and barber shop being also provided in the same car. This secures not only the comfort of the smoking men, but insures the comfort of the ladies and non-smokers, as they can be sure of a clear atmosphere to breath in the Pullmans, free from gusts of smoke.

One especially attractive feature about the tours is that Mr. Gates sees that everything worth visiting is included; his people miss nothing, and he spares no expense to contribute to the perfected pleasure of his guests. If you ever want to feel like a millionaire just for a month or so, write to Mr. Gates about the Mexican tour, and if you don't agree with me when you return you are past all hope of tasting the real pleasures of the age.

STREET IN CUERNAVACA

The traveling passenger agents of the United States have recently visited Mexico under the Gates wing, and the way they sing the praises of this tour is the strongest enconium Mr. Gates can have, for no people are better fitted to judge of the comforts provided on a railway trip than are these men, whose life work makes traveling an every-day task. And it is the highest possible tribute that three hundred energetic, keen-witted passenger agents were united in their praise of Mr. Gates and the Gates method, and came home singing paeans to their tour conductor. There is something more than a ticket and a baggage check connected with the Gates tours.

ON LAKE CHAPALA

There are people who go to Mexico by buying a ticket several yards long, and they chase baggage at every stop, wander about, spending many lonesome and weary hours trying to find places, and expect to learn in a few weeks what it has taken Mr. Gates twelve long years to acquire. It does not need a great deal of shrewdness to understand that a man who has made a special study of this proposition is likely to be able to give the individual members of his party the very best that can be procured, from the time of starting on February 21 to the climax at the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

There is a social side also to these parties. Friendships are formed that last a lifetime, and not the least of these is the happy remembrance of the cheery Boniface, Mr. Gates himself. In the evenings the spacious dining car is cleared for receptions and balls, and general merriment and a good time are the order of the day or night. It has been my good fortune to make many trips in various parts of the world, but I never enjoyed a trip with a more delightful feeling of ease and comfort than this one to Mexico; and I think one reason for this was that it was conducted specifically and exclusively on the American plan. There was no radical change of diet or water, and there was a blissful absence of the annoying features which usually make traveling irksome and the traveler criss-cross.

The object in life for the moment with both Mr. Gates and his party is enjoyment, and this fact seems to be recognized even in Mexico, for there are no people who visit the republic who are more welcome than Mr. Gates and his tourists. They are cordially met by the highest officials, as well as by the picturesque natives in the most remote section.

The tour is a novel life experience, and the party has the advantage of seeing the country while comfortably housed on the train, only stopping at hotels that are known to be the best of their kind in the City of Mexico. The itinerary is so arranged that it gives a glimpse of the real people of Mexico and a comprehensive idea of beautiful country, not only covering the accustomed routes, but also many points never heretofore visited by the tourist, such as the ruins at Teposteco, Cuernavaca, where the old stone palace of Cortez may still be seen, and the clock presented to him by Charles Fifth, and Lake Chapala, a highland lake in the tropics. Zacatecas takes one back to Biblical times, and a special trip is arranged to Oaxaca and the ruins of Mitla, the party being in charge of competent guides. The prehistoric Indian pueblos of New Mexico are also visited. It requires only a few lines to give a list of these places, but during the trip a long vista of history is unrolled, covering a period of many centuries.

This area is not only interesting to Americans as being part of our country before even the red man gave up his land to the progressive Pilgrim fathers, but provides the traveler with a change of scene so complete as to be an absolute rest in itself. Then you pass from the biting blasts of February and March into a land of sunshine and flowers, less than fifty hours distant. A place where the tired brain can rest and yet be interested in its surroundings and distracted from its own moody idleness. This tour is a radical departure from the usual method of sitting about on the hotel veranda, gorging big meals, driving about seeing the local sights, and dancing merely to aid digestion. What is it that remains in our memory in the years to come? Is it the dinners and the long cigars smoked in the piazza chairs? Why not spend our rest period in laying up memories and substantial informa-

PYRAMID OF CHALULA

tion that will be a joy to us and will last as long as memory itself endures?

The old world has its Riviera, its Italy, its India and its Egypt, and Americans are just beginning to appreciate the fact that they have all these advantages right on their own soil, to be reached with much less difficulty and discomfort than the Britisher can get to his Winter playgrounds. The saying of F. Hopkinson Smith in "A White Umbrella in Mexico," charmingly portrays the delights of the country, which he calls "a tropical Venice, son of barbarous Spain."

Mexico may be appropriately called the Egypt of the new world, on account of its store of antiquities and curious natural scenery, and its history running far back into prehistoric times, as shown by its ruins, the date of which no man can determine. Its lofty mountains, its rich tropical foliage, its mementoes of the Spanish conquest, when Cortez invaded this land only twenty-seven years after the discovery of America, all combine to make Mexico a country second to none in romantic interest. It is difficult to realize that here we have a land whose civilization is probably older than that of Egypt, though its origin is veiled in a mystery so dense that it has baffled the researches of all historians.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GUANAJUATO

Everyone who has visited the country will agree that now is the time to visit Mexico, while the original ruins still remain, for even Mexico is catching the infection of American progress, and its picturesque ruins many not long remain. It can be safely promised that Charles H. Gates will not give a single dull or tedious day to his tourists, while anyone may travel in comfort under his protection. Many single ladies make this tour unescorted. Only one hint is necessary, and that is to take as little baggage and as few business troubles as possible with you, but be sure to take with you a good camera. A first class physician travels with the party, and every emergency is provided for. I almost forgot to mention that Mr. "Larry" Matthews of Yellowstone Park fame is the commissary on Gates tours, and I need say no more. Send in your name to Charles H. Gates, Toledo, or to W. H. Eaves, Boston, and be sure you are booked in time, for there is no doubt but that the party will soon be complete.

The climax of the trip is the visit to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Various attempts have been made to describe and photograph this marvelous place. It is 200 miles long, thirteen miles wide, and one mile deep, with hundreds of mountains clustering about it and showing all colors of the rainbow. It is a place to be seen and felt rather than described. Charles Dudley Warner in "Our Italy" writes of the Grand Canyon as follows:

"The most interesting territory of its

size on the globe. . . . There are some experiences that cannot be repeated — one's first view of Rome, one's first view of Jerusalem. But these emotions are produced by association, by the sudden standing face to face with the scenes most wrought into our whole life and education by tradition and religion. This was without association, as it was with out parallel. Wandering a little way from the group and out of sight, ... I experienced for a moment an indescribable terror of nature, a confusion of mind, a fear to be alone in such a presence. . . . Creation seemed in a whirl. It is only within the last quarter of a century that the Grand Canyon has been known to the civilized world. It is scarcely known now. Those who best know it are most sensitive to its awe and splendor. It is never twice the same, for it has an atmosphere of its own."

ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACK

The series of articles on Mexico published a year ago in the National attracted wide-spread interest, and now is the opportunity for some of our readers to see this country to best advantage. One thing about it is, that when you come back from Mexico you have more of a feeling of interest in the sombrero and the mantilla. We are apt at times to think that all of the best of life is bound up in our own big land, but there is much in a trip to old Mexico to broaden the mind. It seems to furnish us Americans with what we have not had before, and that is an historical background. As England and Germany trace the winding path trodden by the feet of their ancestors across seas and continents to Asia and the ancient Euphrates, so we can point with equal pride to ruins that undoubtedly antedate the wonders of the East.

Here's hoping that some of you will be among the party that will start with Mr. Gates—let him know that you saw it in the National, the best is yours after that—when he climbs up the rear platform of his observation car and calls (I fancy I see him) "All aboard for Mexico!" in that lusty American tongue so soon to be resigned for the liquid Latin of the tropics.

INTERIOR OF THE COMPOSITE CAR "OHIO"

THE BACKBONE OF A MIGHTY NATION

is good food—food for brain, food for brawn, food that is strengthening, that gives energy and courage. Without a proper appreciation of this great fundamental truth no nation can rise to greatness.

As an article of food, soda crackers are being used more and more every day, as is attested by the sale of over 300,000,000 packages of **Uneeda Biscuit**, which have come to be recognized as the most perfect soda cracker the world has ever known.

And so **Uneeda Biscuit** will soon be on every table at every meal, giving life, health, and strength, to the American people, thus in very truth becoming the backbone of the nation.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

GRAND PRIZE FOR THE BALDWIN PIANO

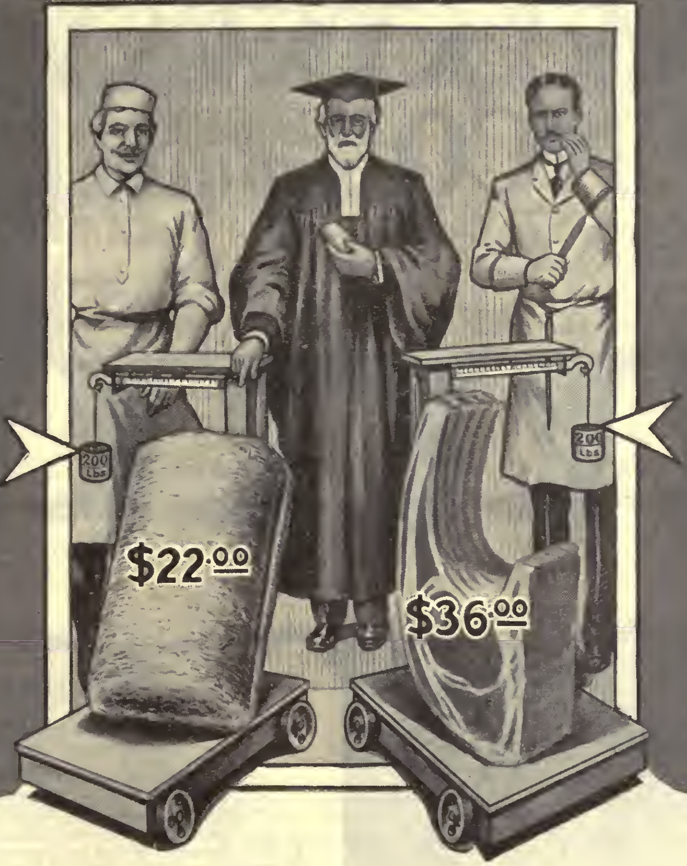
THERE is immense satisfaction in finding your own judgment verified, and I felt a thrill of interest when passing the exhibit of the Baldwin Piano Company in the Liberal Arts Building—during the closing days of the Fair—I saw that the jury had agreed with my earlier impressions and awarded them the Grand Prize. There was that superb modern art piano standing in the pavilion that, during the Fair, had been the cynosure of so many eyes, the piano that not only combines the most artistic and exquisite workmanship, but bears the impress of practical utility and durability which insures popular favor in American eyes. The approving comment of the young maiden: "That's just what I want when I'm married," and the appreciation of the sensible matron: "Wouldn't that fit nicely in our new home," might both be heard, as well as the soliloquy of the expectant groom, who had dreams of how this piano might adorn the home which he planned to furnish in the near future.

Then the business man recognized the practical value of the Baldwin. "Now that's what I call a sensible piece of furniture," he said.

The Baldwin Company's exhibit of processes as well as products—the first of the kind ever seen at an exposition—including a model of the factory and various parts of the piano, explained to the casual observer more about the construction of the instrument than could all the literature on the subject that might be found stored in all the Carnegie libraries combined. The story was told in a way both explicit and impressive.

As I stood in the Liberal Arts Palace and heard the closing chords of a march of triumph, I instinctively looked around for the hidden genius with the flowing hair; certainly there was the De Pachmann touch but no De Pachmann, only a Baldwin Piano Player subtly interpreting the thoughts and feelings of the great composer. As the vibrations of sound never cease, so the memory of success achieved by the Baldwin Piano Player is certain to impress purchasers in all the future years with the full meaning of what is contained in those magic and earnestly desired words, "Grand Prize," and inasmuch as not only the jury and myself but the general public agree in this award, I have much satisfaction in recording the fact.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT



Shredded Wheat *vs.* Beef

The illustration shows the comparative cost of beef and shredded wheat—pound for pound. ℂ This is not the entire lesson—the Michigan State Agricultural College Report upon the comparative nutritive values of various foods shows that *ten cents' worth of*

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

contains 2½ times more nutrition than ten cents' worth of sirloin steak. This is a double lesson in economy. Shredded Wheat Biscuit *are cheap* because they contain this remarkable amount of nutrition—every element needed for the perfect sustenance of the human body and in the exact proportion required. Shredded Wheat Biscuit may be served in many ways and are particularly good with milk, cream, fruits or vegetables. ℂ Try **Triscuit,** the Shredded Wheat Cracker, delicious with butter, cheese or preserves. Used as bread or toast in its many forms. Try Toasted Triscuit and Cheese. ℂ *"The Vital Question Cook Book," free.*

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Send Us 50 Cents

Write us the name of your Piano Player — tell us what you want to play —

and we will send the roll of Perfection Perforated Music, postpaid for you to try, or any of the following high priced rolls for 50 cents:

O	516.	William Tell Overture	$3.00
P	503.	Murillo (Allegro de Concert) . .	3.00
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C	6.	Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2 . .	3.00
O	98.	Prince of Pilsen Selections . .	3.00
O	113.	Wizard of Oz Selections . .	3.00
O	939.	Yankee Consul Selections . . .	3.00
O	956.	Wang Selections	3.00
D	53.	Blue Danube Waltz	3.00
O	903.	Babes in Toyland Selections . .	3.00
P	1419.	Teasing	1.25
P	641a.	La Paloma (The Dove) . . .	2.50
D	680.	Polly Prim (March and Two-Step) .	1.75
P	208a	Rosary	.75
P	544.	Stars and Stripes Forever (March) .	2.25

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As a fun-maker at informal parties every pack is worth its weight in gold. **Learned in a minute.**

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Beautifies and preserves the complexion. A positive relief for chapped hands, chafing and all skin afflictions. Mennen's face on every box. Be sure that you get the original. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

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Our latest creation. A perfect Violet perfume. Beautiful cut glass bottle contained in an exquisite silk carton.

The Violette Marquise Toilet Water is made in conformity with the Extract. The perfect violet character is retained and its sweetness, pungency and lasting qualities put it ahead of all Toilet Waters.

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MÜLHENS & KROPFF
298 Broadway
New York

LET'S TALK IT OVER

BACK in the old, creaking rocking-chair for the first time in months, and what soothing memories that croak—croak—croak awakens as the pendulum motion seems to bring us right together again for one of our old-time chats.

I wish you could have seen that Christmas tree! It was not large, but it was laden to the ground with remembrances from thousands of our good subscribers of the National—simple subscriptions — but accompanied with a word of greeting that will be ever cherished. It took some time to fix up my tree, but now that I am "grown up" I had the pleasure of assisting in the preparations — and Santa Claus was very genial. There were envelopes on that tree bringing messages from all parts of the world,—India, Australia, England, Germany, China, Porto Rico, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, the Philippines, in fact the postmarks on those letters circled the globe, even as the envelopes covered the Christmas tree. I think I never enjoyed a celebration more — even in early childhood, before I met Santa Claus—for every branch of the tree was laden with words that awakened memories of affectionate appreciation.

* * *

How many hours I sat and looked at my Christmas treasures I do not know. How my thoughts flashed from one part of the world to another, visiting in fancy the happy homes whence these remembrances had come, and seeing in each one the picture of a reader. The gay tinsel on the tree, the fluttering candles, the rich green of the graceful branches, all aided memory and fancy as I sat in meditation, relieved for the moment of the pressure of business, far from the hurly-burly of the work-a-day world.

* * *

My Christmas occurred on the same day as yours, but it seemed to me that Sunday was the real Christmas day and Monday the radiant afterglow of the happiest holiday season that I have ever known. If you have ever sat at the bedside of a loved one for weeks before the Yule Tide season, in chilling suspense, not knowing what a day may bring forth, then you know something of the hope and gratitude that fills the heart when the dear one is given back after a siege of critical illness. The future stretches out before you brightened by the presence of your loved one, whose return to health you regard as the most precious gift bestowed, and one that has come direct from the Great Giver — you are in tune with life as never before.

There will be struggles and shadows, but somehow these only serve to make the splendor of the dawn more precious. My Christmas for 1904 has treble space in my Pleasure Book, for I have recorded my heartfelt appreciation of the kind remembrances of the National's subscribers.

As I sat before my Christmas tree on Sunday evening, lost in meditation, the hours stole on to that witching time 'twixt day and dark, and in the early Winter twilight this reverie passed unconsciously into a dream. I was on a great mountain peak, with surrounding mountains on all sides, and below me the valley was all clothed with Christmas trees of varying sizes—a forest of radiance, gilded with the glow of sunbeams as far as the eye could reach out into the purple tinted horizon. Every tree was laden with simple, beautiful remembrances, and each gift bore on it a name and carried with it a message of hope and inspiration to some discouraged or disheartened mortal. No one soul on earth was forgotten, and the fluttering, white, fairy missives required no puzzled brow to grasp the meaning, for each message was clear and transparent in the splendor of that light.

Looking down the vista of lustrous green, I gazed into the valley at the foot of the mountains as it lay bathed in brilliant sunlight, and slowly a sense of awe stole over me. A light breeze stirred the tree-tops; they bowed in mute obeisance toward that radiance below, above and beyond. I now understood that this was more than an earthly brightness, and that the tender thought for the happiness of all mortals, the beauty, the inspiration, the love, all radiated from The Sun of Righteousness, symbolized by the sunbeams spread over the mountains and valley, the source of Content and Peace on Earth.

When I awoke the candle lights were blinking and nodding a kindly goodnight, and Christmas-Sunday had passed the midnight into a new day.

⁂

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has not yet been elected president of the United States. The formal election will occur on February 8, when the electoral college meets in Washington, and the messengers bring the votes of the several states and deliver them to congress. These will be carefully counted, with a touch of old-time stateliness and then Mr. Roosevelt will be formally and actually elected to the presidency. The electoral college has become merely a matter of form, and it is typical of many of the old-time tenets of government that have become almost obsolete as we pass from decade to decade in this swift-running age.

When I witnessed this ceremony years ago it brought back to mind the period when the electoral college spent some time in reaching results, even though the actual election had occurred months before. In those days the college was something of a nominating convention, and we may surmise that there was much log-rolling and keen maneuvering, even though the choice of the sovereign voters had been made. This evidences a trend in our national affairs toward concentration which has simplified presidential elections, and as time goes forward more and more the results of the coming election will be predetermined by the people, long before even the nominating conventions are gathered together.

⁂

IF I were asked for a personal opinion as to the general policy of the president during the next four years, I should say it might be aptly expressed in his own phrase, whch was one of the significant shibboleths of the campaign, "A Square Deal for Every Man." If there ever was a man who stood straight up and down in his convictions it is the Rough Rider president, and his success has been, doubtless, largely due to this fact. It seems that the results of the recent election, instead of bringing to him an increased sense of importance, as promotion does to some subordinate officials, it has rather imbued him with the spirit of Abraham Lincoln when he said that "if his election had occasioned others pain, he could not rejoice in that fact." He is the same hearty, wholesome and humane man that he was when he first undertook the solemn responsibilities thrust upon him four years ago, with the added power gained through practical experience.

Perhaps there is no one in the country who is so well able to provide us with a complete, well written and interesting History of the United States as is Theodore Roosevelt. His "Camp Life and Hunting Trail" and other books of vigorous Americanism have become classics in eager hands of American boys and girls, and an admirable text-book for use in the public schools could be made from some such compilation of epigrams from his public and private writings and addresses as "A Square Deal for Every Man," which was arranged by Robert J. Thompson of Chicago, and published in the National Magazine for October. I verily believe that the president would ask for no greater monument to his memory than to have the philosophy in which he believes and up to which he has striven to live, thus to inspire the young people of his native land with lofty ideals.

⁂

NEXT month I am to have the pleasure of taking with me to Washington three boys from various parts of the country: Simon Simonson, of Boise City, Idaho, who sold the largest number of magazines; Warren Hastings, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Merrill Blosser, of Napanee, Indiana, who not only sold magazines, but sent in the prize contribution on what he would do with $500.

These contributions were most interesting, and the contribution of Master Blosser will appear in the National. He even confidentially sent us a drawing and dimensions of the coop for raising chickens, and did not forget that some of the money was to go to charity, a point too often overlooked even by men of merit and large means — magnates, if you please — for how few of us plan to give even one-tenth of what we have?

When I arrive in Washington with my trio, look out! We are going to see the senate in session and the house in an uproar—I mean, of course, also in session. We are going to see the Washington monument, the library and all the other places of historic interest. Then every evening, if we are not too tired, we are going to brush up our information on civil government and make this visit not only one of pleasure but one of lasting profit and educational value throughout our lives. In fact, we are just going to have a good time, in the best sense of the words; the same kind of time that the boys and I always have, whether at the St. Louis Exposition, the Pan-American, or in Jamaica.

⁂

SPEAKING of the boys, I think there has been no recent scene at the White House more interesting to me than watching little Quentin Roosevelt engaged in making up his book of monograms. Attired in his sailor suit, with his bright blue eyes—that remind one so much of his father's—sparkling with delight, he was busy at the desk of the doorkeeper. Armed with a pair of shears and various rough scraps of papers, he was cutting out monograms to be afterward pasted into his book, and was pursuing his task with all the energy that might be expected from the son of his energetic father.

How easily supplied our real needs are after all, provided we bring enthusiasm to our work or play. Here was the son of the president amusing himself with scraps of paper and a shears with even more enjoyment than magnates clipping coupons, in a way that made grave senators, congressmen and cabinet ministers recall the days of their own boyhood, and remember the enthusiasm of those years from eight to twelve years of age. When he gathered all his clippings into an envelope and went off with a hoppety skip across the waiting room, it was easy to see why the president is so thoroughly in sympathy with the home spirit of the nation.

⁂

A STORY was recently told of the elder Judge Peckham, father of the justice. In the early days of dentistry a hickory plug was put into the cavity to fill the space where a tooth ought to be. This plug had to be gently pounded into its desired position. The old judge was somewhat addicted to strong language, and when the dentist began his work the judge indulged in some classic comment. As the tapping of the plug continued, he threw all dignity to the four winds of heaven, and his language became decidedly "more forcible than elegant." When, however, he arose from the chair, after what seemed to him an interminable period of agony, he pulled out all the stops in his vocabulary for a grand climax. The impression on his listener seems to have been deep and lasting. As the judge passed out, the dentist grimly remarked to a waiting patient:

"Wasn't it beautiful? It wasn't really necessary to pound half as long, but I did so enjoy his inflection that I almost pounded the hickory plug into splinters. Wonderful command of language the judge has!"

⁂

I WISH I could give you a picture of the National Magazine office just as it is this glorious Winter day, with its sixty-five windows of prism glass diffusing a flood of sunlight throughout the broad floorspace. The light and sunshine are all pervading, as not a surly face nor sour expression can be seen. When I say that all workers in the National love their work, I am only recording a unanimous vote spoken in action every day. There is plenty of good-nature, hope and enthusiasm in our office, along with the air and sunlight. But this is not all. When the Dey time-clock registers the passing in and out of the workers at noon, its chimes have scarcely died away before the sweet-toned Emerson piano and the Simplex piano player begin to play. Precisely at twelve o'clock every day, when the whistle blows and the machinery stops, the piano player produces bewitching strains from the beautiful new Emerson piano which adorns our office, and the place is full of melody that prepares everyone for lunch with a spirit of good cheer triumphant — and good appetites. Our daily concerts might be of interest to you; they range all the way from the Pilgrim's Chorus in "Tannhauser" to the latest phase of ragtime, for we must confess to a liking for ragtime. Oliver Metra's "Marches des Volontaires" is an especial favorite. When the fascinating strains of a waltz or two-step peal out, the young people keep time with the music in the poetry of motion—or, in plain English, begin a dance. In my office are growing the cocoa palms which we brought from the West Indies trip, and delicate English ivy and other trophies of the European trip. Over my head is that eagle which was sent us from the Olympics, spreading his wings over the editorial desk. Here we are always pleased to entertain visitors, and they are always welcome to come to the National office. We are located on the corner of Dorchester and Crescent avenues, close to a little orchard of old apple trees, and nobody need fail to find us, because the conductors on the Boston Elevated cars are persevering in calling out "Cottage Street, Crescent Avenue and National Magazine," as the car reaches the point on the avenue opposite our building.

I write these lines while the strains of Lacalle's "The United States Forever" are being played at the conclusion of our noon concert. We should not consider our equipment complete without the Emerson piano and the Simplex.

The
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INDEPENDENCE
In **OLD AGE ASSURED**

By a **POLICY CONTRACT** *in the*
HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
of **New York.**
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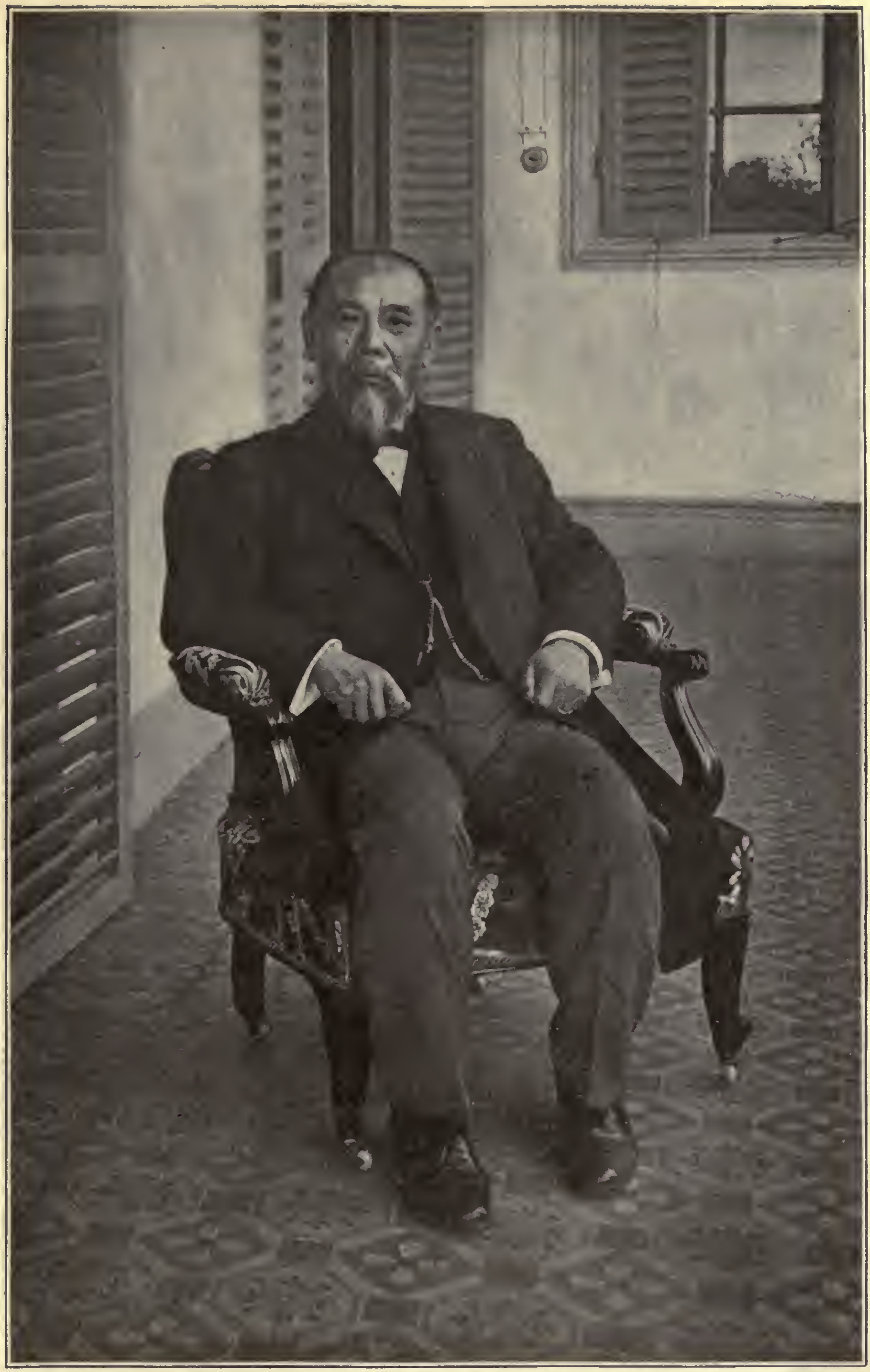
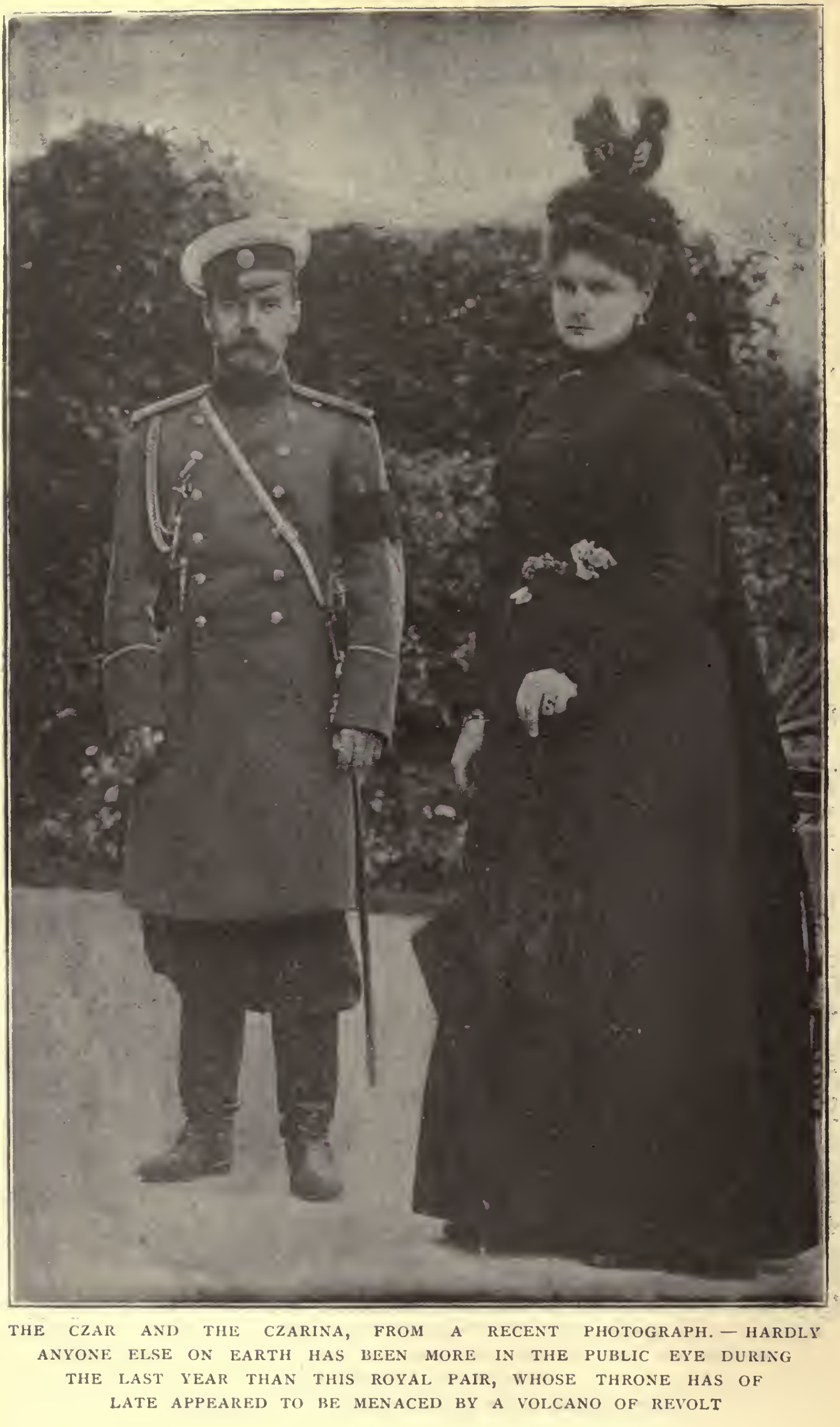


MARQUIS ITO, CHIEF OF THE "ELDER STATESMEN" OF JAPAN, PRINCIPAL ADVISER OF THE MIKADO AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST AMONG THE BUILDERS OF MODERN JAPAN

From a stereograph copyrighted, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood



THE CZAR AND THE CZARINA, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH. — HARDLY ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH HAS BEEN MORE IN THE PUBLIC EYE DURING THE LAST YEAR THAN THIS ROYAL PAIR, WHOSE THRONE HAS OF LATE APPEARED TO BE MENACED BY A VOLCANO OF REVOLT

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI. MARCH, 1905 No. 6.

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WORLD events present graphic pictures in contrast. On Sunday, January 22, I saw President Roosevelt sitting in his pew in the Dutch Reformed church in Washington. An edifice plain —even to severity; no glittering altar or candles. Behind the pulpit five panels of oak on which was carved the cross. The massive beams overhead were rugged reminders of the sturdy people that followed Zwingli when he differed with Martin Luther. Through the four large stained glass windows on one side poured the Winter sun, lighting up the simplicity of the interior. The pastor delivered his message of the gospel, emphasizing the virtue of being "doers of the Word" — work, hardship and vigorous service for the Master were what he urged upon his flock.

It was a glimpse of the inner life of a president reared in the atmosphere of self-reliant, religious teaching. The sturdy Dutch spirit of the Reformation was here reflected. In this worship all distinctions were dissolved. There

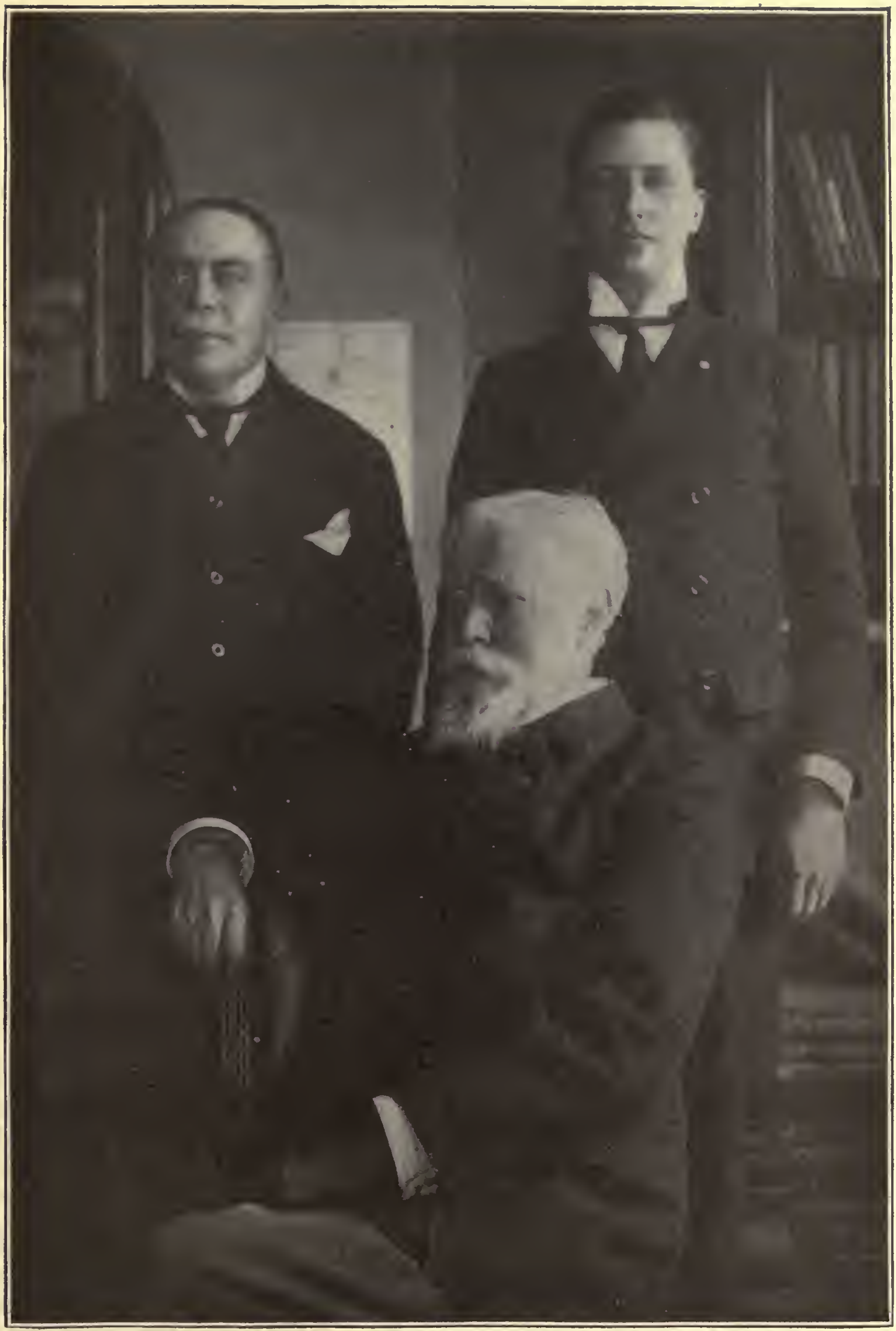
THE PENSION BUILDING, WHERE THE INAUGURAL BALL IS TO TAKE PLACE was no surpliced choir; the singing, in which all joined earnestly, with fervor worthy of their ancestors, was led by a single chorister.

The pastor made a mistake in the number of the hymn announced. He saw the look of dismay on the face of the chorister, arose, begged pardon for his error and made it 117 instead of 115. This incident served to show the unconventionality of the service — it might have been a family worship, so free was it from all formality. After heartily joining in the Doxology, three Amens were sung by the congregation and the president and that little assembly received the benediction of the pastor and passed out into the Winter sunshine.

Attired in a "Prince Albert," wearing no overcoat, and carrying his gloves, the president walked vigorously to the White House. No equerries awaited him at the door, no guard with clanking sabers, no equipage of ornate design. Raising his hat to the people right and left, he walked quickly on. A friend in an automobile sped by; the drivers of carriages slackened their pace to permit the president to cross before them. And Theodore Roosevelt returned home from divine worship in the bright sunshine of that Winter day, guarded only by the love, confidence and friendship of his countrymen, armed with an appreciation of the real spirit of democracy and an intelligent and honest sympathy with his fellow men. What higher attribute could any ruler possess?

Contrast this scene with that on the banks of the Neva at the same hour of the same day. Picture the czar of all Russia at worship, with the same Winter sun pouring in through the cathedral windows; the rich robes of priests, the chanting of choirs; the luxury of the Romanoff dynasty. Outside in the Admiralty Square were the people pleading for help and sympathy from the "Little Father." Surrounded by dukes and courtiers, guards and cordons of

A VIEW OF THE GREAT INNER COURT OF THE PENSION BUILDING, WHICH IS TO BE THE SCENE OF SPLENDID FESTIVITIES ON THE OCCASION OF THE INAUGURAL BALL



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION; GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK, CHAIRMAN, SEATED; ALFORD W. COOLEY AT HIS RIGHT, AND HENRY F. GREENE BEHIND HIM

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association

MISS EVELYN WALSH, THE LOVELY YOUNG DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. THOMAS F. WALSH OF WASHINGTON

armed men, the emperor's sympathy for his fellow men on that fatal Sabbath was expressed in crimson tears—the blood of his people reddening the snow.

And yet in the heart of Nicholas, surrounded by his little family, there may have been an earnest prayer for peace. In those moments when a throne was shaken by the hoarse cries of incipient revolution, he may have trembled — a prisoner, — the pulsation of human sympathy with his people shut off by the traditions of his realm: an autocrat and yet unable to enforce his God-given impulses. Irony of fate, when two of the greatest nations of the earth, under the same Winter's sun, present such varied pictures.

The scenes of history shift as the acts of governments proceed, enlarging or contracting the great heart-power of the peoples of the earth.

⁂

ON the Monday morning following, I had a peep into the president's private office before the work of the day had begun. It was only a few minutes after eight. The fire in the grate had just been started. The personal characteristics of the president were indicated in that office. Over the mantel is a large

SENORITA ROSA ALVAREZ CALDERON, THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF SENOR MANUEL ALVAREZ CALDERON, THE MINISTER FROM PERU

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

painting of Lincoln and also a small basrelief. On a tiny brass tablet was a facsimile of an autograph copy of the sonnet "Opportunity," by the late Senator John J. Ingalls, and on the same shelf were the stirring verses of "God Save the Nation," by J. G. Holland.

On the desk was a bouquet of light pink carnations, and a cluster of the president's favorite flower, the dainty heliotrope, giving out a delicate perfume. A number of books were scattered about, and among them I noticed Taine's "History of the French Revolution," Bushoda's "Soul of Japan," and reports and documents in true literary array, which suggested that the president never loses a moment, but gathers, in a brief breathing space from work, information and inspiration from his books. Everything was adapted for work; the little cane-seated chair in which he sits is simplicity itself. On his desk, under the paper-weight, was an accumulation of official papers that represented an arduous morning's work. Business-like and simple was the office, yet there were the little details that spoke of the char-

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY D. CLAYTON OF ALABAMA, IN A PERSUASIVE MOOD

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

acter of the occupant. By the fireplace was a large globe, perhaps three feet in diameter, and I noticed that the map of Russia was turned toward the chair of the president, so as to be within his direct gaze.

When the president came into the office at nine o'clock prepared for work, it was with the manner of one who loves his occupation. It was not long before the anterooms were thronged with distinguished visitors from many nations of the world.

One little incident impressed me, showing that the spirit of that Sunday worship abides through the week of hard work. In talking with him for a few minutes, he remarked that his favorite poem is Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and somehow

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN DALZELL OF PENNSYLVANIA, KING OF THE "STAND-PATTERS" AND A POWER IN TARIFF LEGISLATION, — INCIDENTALLY ONE OF THE HANDSOME MEN OF THE HOUSE

Photograph by Clinedinst

the speech and action of the man at once swung into the rhythm of the lines.

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IN the state department just across the street, another notable man was early at work on that bright Monday morning. The nation appreciates the work of John Hay, who is depriving himself of all social and other pleasures toward which he would naturally incline in order to understand the needs of state upon which he concentrates and rivets his whole attention. His desk is covered with documents of vital importance to the nations of the world. Here he sits greeting the diplomats hour by hour, and intuitively grasping world situations with a finesse that has never been surpassed. Straight, sturdy and square is the characteristic touch given by John Hay to American diplomacy.

REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES H. GROSVENOR OF OHIO, THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND ONE OF ITS REAL LEADERS IN THE HOUSE, GIVING AN IMITATION OF HIS PARTY SHOWERING THE BLESSINGS OF PROSPERITY UPON THE LAND

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As I sat and watched him open his mail, his brow wrinkled in deep thought, it seemed as though he were painting a mental picture which only the future could reveal. But with all this deep concentration of thought there is mixed

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE THAT VOTED TO IMPEACH FEDERAL JUDGE SWAYNE. —FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED: DE ARMOND, POWERS, PALMER, CLAYTON, PARKER; STANDING: GILLETTE, LITTLEFIELD

keen sympathy for his fellow man. His great policy of the open door in the Far East and his note of neutrality to Japan and Russia are among those things that have marked the nation's grasp of diplomatic affairs, and which prove that Secretary John Hay has a clear understanding of and sympathy with all that concerns other countries as well as his own. His protection of China, actuated by the highest of human motives, has become an international policy; the treatment of Spain, following the Spanish-American war, in fact all the negotiations of the state department under the touch of John Hay, have been temperate and kindly and have shown an appreciation of the rights of others.

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DOWN the darkened corridor I passed into the room of General Adna N. Chaffee, commander of the army. In the corner of the office was a bust of Sheridan, and on the walls hung portraits of noted American soldiers. The general is a stalwart man, every inch a soldier. He wears the treble-star insignia of his rank. On his coat front are two rows of buttons, and I had a good view of these as I entered, for the coat was buttoned up and the wearer pacing to and fro in military style. After he greeted me, he sat down at his desk and adjusted a large pair of bone-rimmed "specs," and I looked into the kindly eyes, almost hidden under their shaggy brows.

No matter how rigorous may be his discipline, I was impressed with the idea that here was a man who had come from the ranks of the people armed to the full with the capacity for sympathy with his fellow man, sympathy in its highest and best sense.

Asked concerning the chances of the American boy in an army career he said: "Why not? The possibilities are as great for a soldier in peace as in war. It is not always the historic deeds, applauded by trumpet notes, that counts most for the country. It is the quiet service that counts. Good American courage is worth just as much

SENATOR-ELECT FRANK P. FLINT OF CALIFORNIA, THE SUCCESSOR OF MR. BARD, WAS BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS AND WENT WEST TO GET RELIEF FROM ASTHMA. HE IS A LAWYER AND FRUIT-GROWER AND SAYS HE AGREES WITH THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS ON CORPORATIONS

Photograph by Schumacher, Los Angeles

today as it ever was."

There are few men in public life who can tell a better story than General Chaffee.

My visit bore fruit in a promise from the warrior that I know will be appreciated by the readers of the National. He is going to relate to me from time to time incidents of his own life and career, which I am sure will be of deep interest to all our readers.

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IN connection with the army service, it seems to me that there is nothing that is more gratifying to Uncle Sam than the generous way in which the disabled or old soldiers are provided for, as illustrated in the recent meeting of the board of managers of the national soldiers'

SENATOR ORVILLE H. PLATT OF CONNECTICUT, A VETERAN STATESMAN OF THE HIGHEST CONTEMPORARY RANK

Photograph by Clinedinst

homes for volunteer soldiers. These homes were first established by act of congress in 1866, and the appropriation is $3,807,689, which provides for 25,000 veterans of the Civil War.

No other nation in the world deals so generously with its soldiers as does America. True, there is an institution in Chelsea, England, and there is Des Invalides in France, which partake of the nature of the American homes, but they are not so complete. Our system of national homes for volunteer soldiers was the outgrowth of the national soldiers' home in Washington for the regular army, which was established in 1851, and up to this time has never cost the government one penny, as it is entirely provided for by the soldiers themselves. This is done by means of a payment at first of twelve and one-half cents per month, paid in by the enlisted men. All moneys left by the soldiers, or any gratuities are turned into this fund, and it is most creditable to the regular army of the United States that this institution has been so well maintained as to require no appropriation. There are now

950 veterans in the national home at Washington.

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COMING out of the war department, I met Secretary Shaw on his way over to the treasury building. I think there is no one in public life in Washington who can talk more lucidly upon any given subject than can the secretary.

Once inside his room, I saw that a mass of business awaited him, including numerous applications for adjustment on cases of importation. It is one thing to have a protective tariff, but it is quite another thing to have a department that enforces it in the spirit of protection and for the benefit of American workmen. One of the cases under discussion was where goods had been bought in Europe at a special discount at a season when they were not in demand, then shipped over here later, when their value was much more, but still entered at the discount rate for payment of duty. The position taken by the treasury department was that the value of those articles at the time of shipment, when they were sent over for competition with products of American workmen, was considerably more than the price originally paid, and this was taken into consideration in adjusting the duty on them. It was considered unfair to American workmen to take the cheap manufactures of dull months in foreign factories and place them in competition with the well paid labor of our own men.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. WEEKS, REPRESENTATIVE-ELECT FROM THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS DISTRICT, SUCCEEDING SAMUEL POWERS
Photograph by Chickering

Hardly had the secretary finished listening to the appeals of some importers, supported by congressmen, when he was confronted by "Uncle Joe" Cannon, speaker of the house. Uncle Joe came in brisk and business-like, though he stated that he came for "nothing in particular, but just for a call." There was an inquiring glance from the secretary.

"I thought I would drop in to see about money matters, incidentally," said Uncle Joe who keeps a keen watch on the situation in regard to finance and wants to know just how the money is spent—and where it is coming from.

Unlike many speakers, Uncle Joe is very active in getting into close touch with not only the gavel exercises at his desk, but with all that goes on in the departments. I have met him in nearly every public building, on all kinds of days and at varying hours when congress was not in session. In this way he spends his days, and in the evenings, if he attends any function, he gives the assembly a touch of that homely, common-sense eloquence that characterizes the man, and reminds the hearer of Abraham Lincoln.

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AS I was leaving the treasury departmen I saw a tall form made taller still by a shining silk hat, coming down the street. It was unnecessary to resort to a telescope to find out that this was Vice President-elect Fairbanks. At his side was a schoolmate of the early

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME

From left to right, standing—Captain Henry E. Palmer, Omaha, Nebraska; Colonel Walter P. Brownlow, Jonesboro, Tennessee; John M. Holley, La Crosse, Wisconsin; General Charles M. Anderson, second vice president, Greenville, Ohio; Major William Warner, Kansas City, Missouri.

From left to right, seated — General J. Marshall Brown, Portland, Maine; Colonel Henry H. Markham, Pasadena, California; General Martin T. McMahon, president, New York; Colonel George W. Steele, secretary, Marion, Indiana; General Thomas J. Henderson, first vice president, Princeton, Illinois.

Photograph by the National Press Association

days, who had come to Washington to bear the ballot of his state.

The vice president frequently walks from his home to the capitol, which is a distance of about three miles, and if ever any of his friends feel the need of exercise, I would advise them to try keeping up with those long legs, that stride over the ground at such a rapid pace, though never too swiftly to stop for a greeting with a friend.

The vice president spoke at the McKinley banquet January 31, and his was indeed an eloquent tribute.

It does not require a great deal of penetration to see that Senator Fairbanks gave up his arduous work in the senate with reluctance to take the office of vice president, for as chairman of the committee on public buildings and grounds he had planned and accomplished much toward providing the government with adequate quarters, and has done much to beautify the capital.

It was a beautiful day. We walked through the capitol grounds, and it seemed to me that there was a faint suggestion of Spring in the air. The

REPRESENTATIVE VESPASIAN WARNER OF ILLINOIS, WHO SUCCEEDS E. F. WARE OF KANSAS AS PENSION COMMISSIONER
Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst

vice president seemed to be in tune with the spirit of the day, and here again in this close, intimate friend of McKinley, I caught another glimpse of the homely, friendly, democratic qualities that distinguish American public men.

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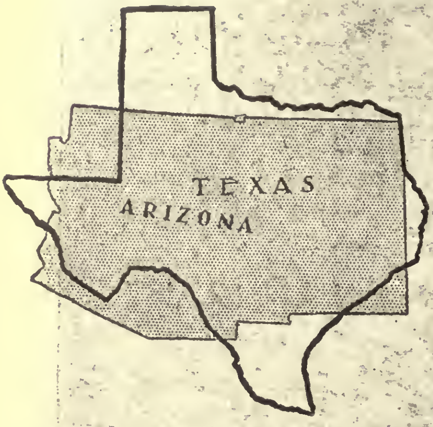
I WENT over to the house side about noon. Speaker Cannon came in five minutes before the hour with Congressman Tawney of Minnesota. He stopped to hold one of the old-time political conferences with his arm on the congressman's shoulder, but just on the stroke of noon, the conference was over and the gavel in the left hand of the speaker came down with its accustomed force and decision. Scarcely had the "Amen" been said at the conclusion of the prayer before out came another folded handkerchief, to be flourished and shaken free of creases and the business of the house began. When the house is in committee of the whole, Uncle Joe holds his salon in the speaker's room, and it is there that you can see him at his best, in the midst of his work and yet relieved from the strain of presiding over the house.

The lobby of the house, before the opening of the regular sessions, I have always found to be a pleasant place for a chat with the various congressmen, and there are three in whom I am specially interested. One of these is Judge B. F. Birdsall from the third district in Iowa, who succeeded Speaker Henderson, and who hails from the district in which I was born, so that I always feel that I have a sort of relationship with him and look for his pleasant greeting. Then there is Mr. Webb H. Brown from the Wisconsin district where I lived for many years, and who has made a splendid record during his two terms in the service. The third of "my members" is Congressman Powers, for whom I had the pleasure of voting. His name is familiar to almost everyone on account of the work he has done on the committee in charge of the Swayne impeachment proceedings. Mr. Powers has retired to continue the practice of law, and he is to be succeeded by Captain John W. Weeks.

Among the new congressmen, none will enter the historic halls of the nation with brighter prospects than Captain John W. Weeks, of the Newton-Brookline district, Massachusetts. Inasmuch as I was a voter in his district at the

REPRESENTATIVE AND SENATOR-ELECT JAMES A. HEMENWAY OF INDIANA, WHO SUCCEEDS VICE PRESIDENT-ELECT FAIRBANKS IN THE UPPER HOUSE OF CONGRESS

Photograph copyrighted, 1904, by Clinedinst



OUTLINE MAP SHOWING THE SIZE OF THE PROPOSED STATE OF ARIZONA (TO BE COMPOSED OF THE TERRITORIES OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA) AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF TEXAS.—ALTOGETHER TOO LARGE; THE TERRITORIES SHOULD BE ADMITTED SEPARATELY AND AT ONCE, THOUGH OKLAHOMA AND INDIAN TERRITORY MIGHT FAIRLY BE UNITED IN ONE STATE

time of the election, I, as well as a host of other friends, feel a deep personal interest in his career; and I believe that no man ever went to congress more thoroughly qualified for the work than is Captain Weeks. His long service as mayor of Newton, where he was the unanimous choice of his neighbors year after year and administered the local government in a manner never surpassed, has given him an opportunity to gain fundamental experience in civil government. Strong and vigorous, the new congressman has a most attractive personality.

The service rendered by Captain Weeks in the naval militia of Massachusetts, previous to and during the Spanish-American war, won for him the highest praise from the navy department. A graduate of Annapolis, he has always felt a very keen interest in the naval affairs of the country, and it is to be hoped that Speaker Cannon, in making up his committees, will not overlook this fact, because it would be a positive loss not to have the benefit of the knowledge which Captain Weeks possesses applied to naval affairs during his term in congress. Few men enter congress with more hearty and cordial support from their home district.

* * *

THERE was something suggestive of the formality of old colonial days in the opening of the impeachment trial of United States Judge Swayne of the northern district of Florida. Six chairs were set before the front row of seats on the republican side, and when the managers on the part of the house appeared at the door, there was an immediate cessation of all other business.

When the representatives appeared in the rear of the senate chamber they were announced by Alonzo H. Stewart, assistant sergeant-at-arms of the senate. When the representatives had taken their seats in the front row, Sergeant-at-arms Ransdell ascended to the speaker's stand and impressively demanded silence by repeating the old formula:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence on pain of imprisonment, while the house of representatives is exhibiting to the senate of the United States articles of impeachment against Charles Swayne, district judge for the northern district of Florida."

The articles of impeachment were read by Representative Palmer and the house managers withdrew in stately fashion. The senate then chose Senators Fairbanks and Bacon to notify the supreme court. At two o'clock Chief Justice Fuller, in his official black robes, entered and was escorted to the presiding officer's desk, and the impeachment trial, the first on record since that of Secretary of War Belknap in 1876, began. Senator Platt was chosen, at the request of Senator Frye, to preside over the senate while it is sitting as a court.

An appropriation of $40,000 was made for the trial, which is regarded by many prominent senators as a farcical proceeding, the outgrowth of animus rather than a sincere seeking for justice. But the edict of the house for an impeachment had to be obeyed, and it will, at least, furnish a variety in the program of the work of congress during this session, however much delay it may occasion in the adjustment of other matters.

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IN the house restaurant I was impressed with the change that has come over the character of the food ordered by the members of congress there during the past few years. I believe I did not see a single meat order in the number of lunches served that day. Congressman McCleary of Minnesota was well content with a simple bowl of custard, which "mother used to make." Mr. Burleigh of Maine had mince pie and baked apple. Judge Palmer, who is conducting the Swayne trial, sat contentedly munching zwiebach and thinking, and the luncheon of Congressman Vreeland of New Jersey was equally simple. If the appropriations of the present congress are to be gauged by the costliness of the food consumed in the restaurant, we may be sure that they will come within bounds that will be entirely satisafctory even to Uncle Joe Cannon.

A great many called for "half and half," and it flashed across my mind, "Is it possible that our national legislature is breaking the rule against the serving of intoxicants?" But when the "half and half" appeared I found that it was nothing more alarming than half milk and half cream, and I think at least half of the congressmen there had this with crackers as their lunch, while they discussed the important and weighty matters of the government. So, after

THE JOLLY LITTLE DAUGHTERS OF MINISTER CALDERON SETTING OUT FOR SCHOOL IN WASHINGTON

SENATOR ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY OF GEORGIA, QUIET, DEEP, FAR-SIGHTED

SENORA DONA MARIA SAGASETA DE GAMBOA, THE WIFE OF THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE MEXICAN EMBASSY AND A TYPE OF MEXICAN BEAUTY

Photograph by Clinedinst

all, it looks as though the influence of Charles Wagner's "Simple Life" is beginning to make itself felt, and it may be that we shall become more and more imbued with the conviction that very little is required for the actual necessities of life. I have nowhere seen this trend of modern thought more emphasized than in the house restaurant in the national capitol. Nor does this simplicity mean that the legislators snatch a hasty meal and rush away—on the contrary, they take time to talk over and discuss what has been done and is still to be done in the house.

Governor Deneen of Illinois is evidently one of those who aspire to "the simple life," since he has decided to do without a personal military staff, finding no law that compelled him to have one. No gold lace; no more curvetting horses and gallant riders with martial air and glittering swords for him.

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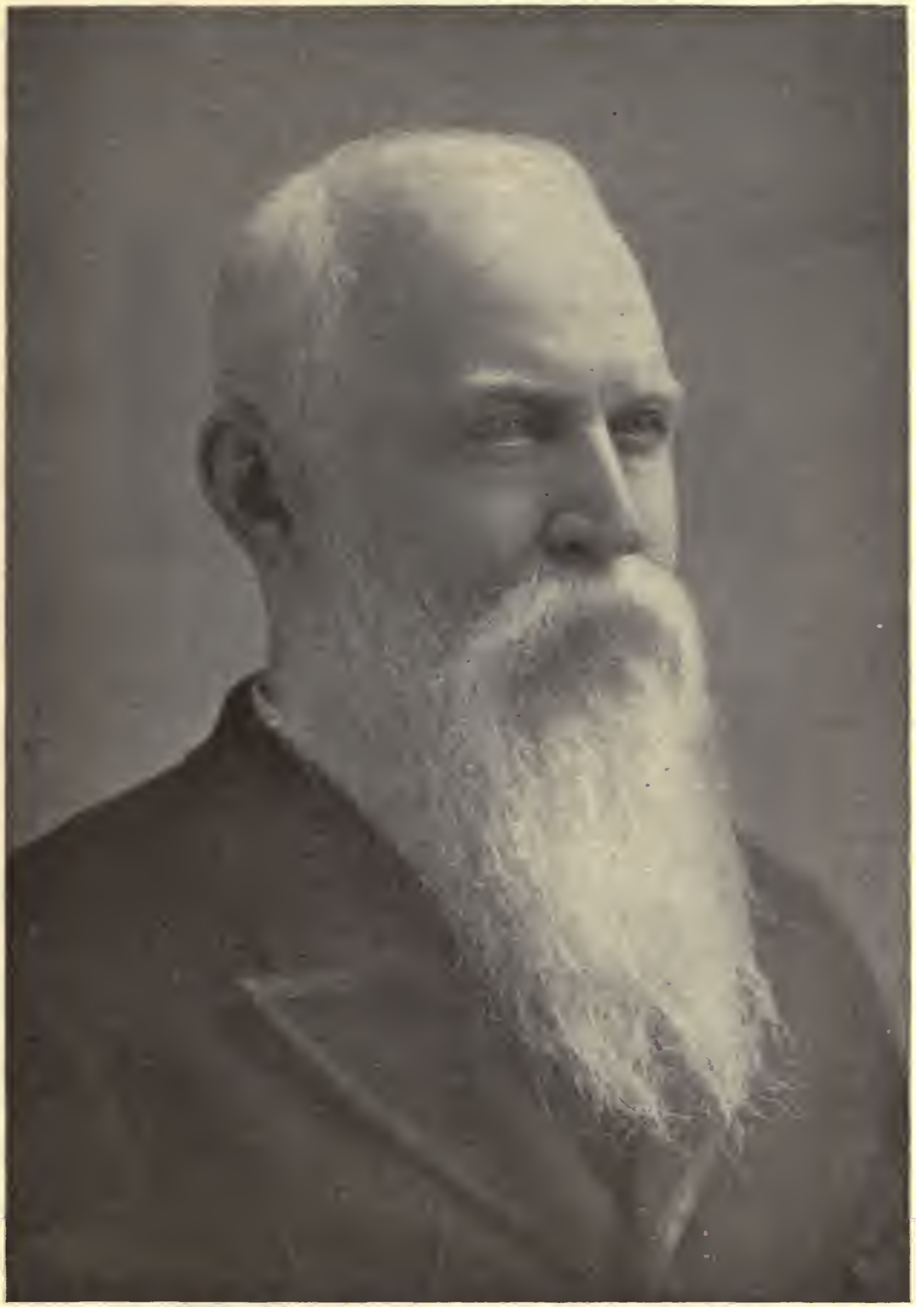
CONGRESSMAN McCLEARY of Minnesota will likely be the next chairman of the appropriations committee, and he is specially fitted for the post. A teacher for many years, he has the faculty of lucidly explaining matters, and is a careful and close student of public events. He has written textbooks on civil government which have



SENATOR WILLIAM MORRIS STEWART OF NEVADA, WHO RETIRES FROM PUBLIC LIFE ON MARCH 4TH AFTER SERVING FIVE TERMS IN THE UPPER HOUSE

been in use for many years in schools and academies in this country. He is one of those men who do their work quietly but thoroughly, and he is also an effective speaker. His famous speech of '96 had more, perhaps, to do with the deciding of the currency conflict than any other one document on that subject. I have often heard him spoken of as "Congressman McCleary, who made that speech in '96."

SENATOR LEE SLATER OVERMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA, A LAWYER, AN L. L. D. OF TRINITY COLLEGE AND A MAN INCLINED TO LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

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IT is a rare privilege to talk with a United States senator who deliberately and of his own choice retires from the senate after thirty years of service in the most distinguished legislative body in the world, and goes into new undertakings with all the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth. It was late in the afternoon that I had a chat with Senator Stewart of Nevada in the room of his committee on Indian affairs. Seated at a long table, strewn with big volumes bound in calf, I found the senator who has been such a familiar figure for years past, and he seemed to be just in the right mood for a chat. I ventured to ask him first whether it was necessary for a young man with a political career in view to take up a special college course in the study of economics and government. In his gruff, hearty way the patriarch from Nevada said:

"Begin at the bottom and work up. Understand the political fabric and your constituency before you attempt to represent them."

We were interrupted by a number of Indians, who seemed to look on the senator as their special advocate, and it is true that he has proven himself to be absolutely faithful to their interests. On their departure, he grimly remarked to me: "I have been on both sides of the senate and know how it goes."

When he had completed his work on the amendment to the Indian appropriation bill, he took off his spectacles and leaned back in his chair. He spoke of old days, and told me how, at the time his folks moved from Galion, in western New York, he owned a dog that was an expert in coon hunting. Though the embryo senator was then too young to take much part in the coon hunts, still, since the dog was his, he shared in the profits of the chase, and at that time they received fifty cents for the hide of the animal and as much for the oil. This source of revenue gave the young trader a good start, but it did more than that, for it taught him his first lesson in that self-reliance that has been one of the chief characteristics of his career. He said:

"I recall during those early days that I had a predilection for a political career, and remember walking twenty miles to hear Joshua Giddings speak. I began to study law, but at that time I had no definite idea of ever reaching the senate. That story you heard," he went on, "about me rehearsing my speech so loudly in my room, has no foundation in fact; it is nothing more than a Mark Twain fable."

I pressed my query regarding the future of the American young man; the senator turned abruptly and took down a Congressional Directory.

"Let us look into this matter," he said as he began looking over the biographical sketches.

It was astonishing to watch him point out how few of the senators or representatives in that book had enjoyed a college education. I asked if the academies and small colleges were not better represented.

"That does not count; the small colleges may be classed with the high schools. I still hold that the young man of today must begin at the bottom of the ladder in order to be a complete success and get close to the people's point of view. After stroking his beard a few times he struck his hand vigorously on the table, as he declared that the great message to deliver to young men today is their inalienable right to labor; both a right and a duty. He added that this might not necessarily mean opposition to labor unions, but the right to work—who dares to deny that to an American citizen and call this a free country?

Senator Stewart first won his renown as a mining lawyer, and has probably handled and won more important cases than any other lawyer of his time. He related experiences of his trip across the Isthmus of Panama in 1849 to California, and said that even at that time the canal was looked upon as a possibility of the near future. Once established on the Pacific coast, he concentrated all his energies on his profession, and when Nevada was admitted into the Union in 1864, he was one of the first senators from the new state.

At this point in the chat we were interrupted by the arrival of some information regarding an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill. This turned his attention to the subject of the wrongs of the Indians, and his towering form shook with passion when he referred to the ravages of the land thieves of the West who have gobbled up, by means of leases and other devices, the large tracts of land that ought to go to the small farmers. Senator Stewart insisted that his trip taken last year through that country had convinced him of the iniquity of such proceedings, and his intention is to endeavor to have the land sold in small tracts of forty acres, or about that, and the money given to the Indians. In this way he believes that the great natural wealth of that country can be developed until it becomes a veritable Eden.

"The country of small homes and small farms is the country that is rich and prosperous. Look at Japan, at France, at Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and the prosperous states of the West," said the senator. "It is the independent householder that make the nation strong."

"When I came to Washington in '64," he continued, "I met the man whom I consider was the greatest this nation has ever known — Abraham Lincoln. Whoever met him or had dealings with him could not doubt the fact that Lincoln was without a peer. Next to him, I always admired Grant — that large-hearted and noble man—a warrior stern and inflexible, but always susceptible to the kindly impulses of his nature. In all my life I never met two more tender-hearted men than these two.

"I knew intimately Conkling, the imperious, and Blaine, the intrepid, I knew very well, and I recall the time in the house when an attack was made by Conkling on a relative of Blaine's. The bitterness of that discussion created one of the greatest political party divisions known to the country. Of course you know that I stood by Conkling," he added with the flash of the fighting spirit in his eye.

I had just come from viewing the statue of Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas, which had been placed in Statuary Hall that day, with an appropriate ceremony by the senate and house. The pedestal was decorated with stars and stripes, and the statue itself was a work of art by Niehaus. The tall form of the Kansas senator was depicted in his "Prince Albert" coat, his eyeglasses hanging on his breast and the fingers of one hand carelessly placed between the pages of a book. So life-like is the expression that one almost feels that the statue is about to speak. The conversation now turned upon this statue, and Senator Stewart related the incident of Ingall's reply to Voorhees of Indiana. He said that he really replied to him twice, but his first effort was not done in his best style, and it was thought that the halting and hesitating manner of this speech was not accidental but designed to draw out Voorhees to a second attack. If so, it proved successful. Senator Stewart said that during the second attack by Voorhees, Ingalls kept his head down at his desk, and never ceased to study the reply which he had prepared the night previous. When Voorhees sat down, Ingalls rose and delivered the bitter speech that actually killed Senator Voorhees. The combat between these men was literally a duel to the death.

Senator Stewart turned from these reminiscences. "But we have nothing of this kind in recent years," he said; "we are coming around to the sensible view of things, and if I had a piece of advice to offer to young men, it would be to have no regrets for the past, no foreboding for the future, but to take good care of the present. Don't worry about the crop if the seed is all right. Keep your heads up and win respect. Even a jackass," said the senator with a smile, "will keep his head up if he knows there is a meal of oats ahead."

It was a picture to be long remembered, to see the stately senator looking back on his career with serene contentment, resting in the belief that he had done his best and looking forward to his retirement with a complacency that had no trace of his years; but savored rather of the eagerness of a young man about to start out on a new career.

I can hardly conceive a picture of the senate in session without the sturdy form of Senator Stewart up near his seat in the rear row, with his flowing white beard and patriarchal appearance, and I imagine I shall still hear his deep voice speaking in the senate chamber, and see him coming down the aisle with his coat-tails flying, delivering some of his views with the force of strong conviction.

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SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, who has just been elected vice-president, has acknowledged to me more than once his personal obligation to his private secretary, Jerry A. Mathews, and more than once has the senator expressed to me his confidence in the latter's integrity and ability. Everybody in Washington, high or low, knows Jerry Mathews. For nine years he was the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Daily News and other leading newspapers. His health failing under such exacting work, he accepted an offer from Charles G. Dawes, then comptroller of the currency, to become assistant receiver of the Globe National Bank of Boston. He had studied law in the night schools at Washington; he devoted the year he was in Boston to hard preparation, took the Massachusetts state bar examination, and was admitted in Boston in February, 1901, to practice before the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts. He has since been admitted to practice before the highest court of Indiana and to the United States supreme court. Mr. Mathews, although a Hoosier born, has frequently expressed to me his love for Boston and his personal obligations to Mr. Alfred Hemenway, of the Suffolk bar, for the sympathy and encouragement given by the latter during his law studies in Boston. Mr. Mathews resigned his position with the Globe Bank receivership in 1901, to accept a place with Senator Fairbanks. He has remained with him at the latter's request, declining other lucrative offers, but will shortly retire to engage in law practice, in which he is assured of a good income.

JERRY A. MATTHEWS, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO SENATOR FAIRBANKS, WILL SHORTLY BEGIN THE PRACTICE OF LAW

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IT is a curious fact that the United States is the only country, among the great nations of the earth, that does not certify the quality of the gold and silver articles manufactured within its boundaries. The British people have long had their "hall-mark," and in Germany, France, Spain, and even Japan, there is a definite standard as to the value of articles manufactured from the precious metals. It is interesting to note that a bill introduced by Representative Vreeland and passed by the house prohibits the use of the words, "Warranted U. S. Assay, 14 karats," or other degrees of fineness, often placed on the inside of

HONORABLE E. B. VREELAND, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM THE THIRTY-SEVENTH NEW YORK DISTRICT

watch cases to give the impression that the purity has been certified by the United States, when in fact it has not. Indeed, the treasury department says:

"The United States government does not assay, stamp, or in any manner determine or certify to the fineness of watch cases, plate, jewelry, or other goods made from gold or silver, and all representations calculated to convey the impression that it does so are deceptive and may very properly be forbidden under penalty."

In other words, aside from the detrimental influence of this misleading inference in our own country, this deception has brought American manufactures into disrepute in foreign markets. The measure now to be brought before the senate is along the same lines as Mr. Hepburn's "pure food bill," so far as it tends to protect American standards in its prohibition of a most flagrant misuse of the name of the United States, and it is to be hoped this will be accepted as the initial step in legislation requiring a censorship of the precious metals in the arts, similar to that prevailing in foreign countries with which our industries must come into competition. This bill has been vigorously pushed by Mr. A. L. Sackett, representing the Dueber-Hampden company of Canton, Ohio.

It has been favorably reported by the senate committee on interstate and foreign commerce and will probably pass at this session.

No one who knows John C. Dueber of Canton, Ohio — the home of William McKinley — and is familiar with his career as a manufacturer, fails to appreciate the fact that few men have more successfully conquered great obstacles, and, as the active spirit behind this measure, he is simply urging those principles of absolute integrity which have characterized his years of commercial activity.

JOHN C. DUEBER, THE FATHER OF THE WATCH-CASE BUSINESS IN AMERICA

THE HONOR OF AUTHORSHIP

By MARY MORRISON
BIG RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

"DO you think you could eat an egg, Azalia?—a soft-boiled one, or maybe a poached egg would relish. There's a fresh one laid this morning." Jane Millikan looked anxiously in at the bed-room door.

"Is there two fresh eggs, Jane?" Aazlia raised her head from the pillow and looked inquiringly at her sister.

"No, I hain't found but one this morning, but I hain't been out to the barn yet; like enough I can find another somewhere about when I get time to look. I'll boil it soft. Soft-boiled eggs is easy to digest, so I've heard."

"Cook one for you, too, then." Azalia's voice took on a querulous tone.

"Now, Azalia, you know I'm clean sick and disgusted with eggs. I'd rather enough sight have a nice piece of fried pork. I ain't meachin' like you be, anyhow, and my stomach is strong as an ostrich's. I wish you wasn't so notional. You had better try and get up pretty soon, if you can. I'll fetch in a cup of hot water directly the tea kettle boils. It'll tone up your stomach, like enough." Then, to herself:

"She's nervous as a witch and she ain't wrote overly much lately, neither. Seems to me it drags along awfully, now that it's got so near the end. I s'pose it's hard to find just the right way to dispose of 'em all satisfactorily. It must be. 'Most as hard as tryin' to find places for a raft of poor relation. None of 'em seems to fit anywhere. I'll hitch up and take her out somewhere after breakfast. A little fresh air will do more for her than anything else," she decided musingly, going back to her making of toast and boiling of eggs.

"Wouldn't you like to ride out somewhere, Azalia?" she asked, as her sister sat listlessly chipping off bits of egg shell and piling them into little heaps. "Appears to me you look pale this morning. Didn't you rest well?"

Azalia shook her head. "I never rest well, Jane. I should think you would know that," she said irritably.

"It's all on account of the book, Azalia. Writing is such exciting work. I've always said it, and I say yet, that it's 'nough sight harder than housework. I'd a deal rather stand over the tub the hottest day that ever was," declared Jane commiseratingly, "but I wouldn't begrudge doing of it if I only could," she added with enthusiastic fervor.

"How is it coming on? I hain't heard you read any for quite a spell. Has Elizabeth Lord left her man yet? I don't see how she can stand his ways much longer. She's put up with too many of 'em a'ready. You are making her almost too meek, Azalia. It ain't in human nature to put up with so many little miser'ble things without resenting 'em."

"She ain't going to leave him, Jane. That would spoil the whole story," declared Azalia, emphatically.

"Dear me! I shan't sleep nights along of thinking about her if you mean to keep her right there with her nose on the grindstone. It ain't no wonder you don't rest well, Azalia, along of deliberately keeping her right there when you might just as easy let her get away where she could take a minute's peace; and her so sick and ailing, too. That's the beauty of writing. It's so much nicer than having to live it all out whether or no. You can help all the suffering ones and kill off all the villains and fetch things out just as they ought to be, which, goodness knows, never happens in real life."

Aazlia smiled satirically. "But you

see, Jane, that wouldn't do at all. Nobody would read such a book as that. You've got to have just so much misery or your story lacks interest."

Jane looked incredulous. "Misery ain't particularly interestin' to me," she said tersely. "Anyhow, a funeral ought to be exciting enough for most folks. I'd kill him, Azalia, if I couldn't git rid of him any other way. He's past reforming. He's the very image of old Fiant. We'll drive out that way today, I guess, and I wouldn't wonder if you'd feel different about keeping him along any longer than you have to. Prob'ly Mis' Fiant will be out luggin' up water for all that drove of cattle he keeps around him. She's had it to do all Summer, beside splitting her own wood, and she with four men to cook for and three babies to look after. They're all babies you may say; only fifteen months' difference between Johnnie and the twins. I've said all along, ever since you begun it, Azalia, says I, that Elizabeth Lord and her husband is Sarah Fiant and her man right over again. I always want to do something desperate when I think of him, and it would relieve my feelings to have the other one killed off, anyhow. Sort of a burning in effigy, you know." Jane Millikan's face glowed.

"The book" was the one all-absorbing interest of her life. It was her first conscious thought in the morning when she arose noiselessly and kindled the kitchen fire, careful not to disturb her sister's fitful slumber; it ruled the momentous question of breakfast, presided at the planning of dinner and was the chief anxiety in the preparation of supper. Was such a dish easily digested? Would it tempt Azalia's capricious appetite? A certain portion of the weekly butter money was scrupulously set aside for the purchase of fish, an article of food in which Miss Jane placed implicit faith as affording nourishment for the brain.

Miss Jane had a great respect for brains, and the thought that the Vermont branch of the Millikan family really possessed sufficient of the gray matter to "write a book" was balm and solace to her starved soul. There were brainy people among the Millikans. There was a judge, two doctors and a minister in Uncle Isaac's branch, who lived in Dalby, and there was an editor and a teacher of German in Uncle Bradley Millikan's family who lived in Bristol; but the honor of authorship had been reserved for a child of Jeremiah Millikan, who had lived and died on a little stony hillside farm in Vermont, although she was forced to admit that the two years spent by Azalia in Bristol academy, through the kindness of Uncle Bradley Millikan, had made this possible. It was the one restraining thought in the exuberance of her triumph. After all, there must be a certain amount of training, without which genius was a poor,crippled bird with a disabled wing.

But for that, she too might have written a book. The pathos, the tender touches of sentiment glowed and thrilled in her own heart, but before the rusty, unused machinery of expression they were but mute, dumb voices at whose impotence she wept. But Azalia could write. Words came to her with a readiness before which simple Jane stood amazed. It was in Azalia then that her hopes were centered. She was the one chosen and anointed to uplift the family standing from the dead level of mediocrity. Happy Jane, if her humble efforts made this easier of accomplishment.

She assumed gladly all the menial tasks of the little household. Azalia's time was too precious for commonplace duties. She kept the house sweet and cheerful. There were flowers everywhere in Azalia's room. Climbing ivy reached out dainty, decorative fingers toward the topmost row of pictured dead and gone Millikans on the walls; trailing sprays of adventuresome wandering Jew swung from the hanging baskets here and there; hardy pink geraniums bloomed on the window sills and a fragrant white nicotina made the evenings sweet with incense.

"I'll pick a bunch of roses, white ones, and set them right on the table where Azalia can't help seeing and smelling them all the time. White roses is for lovers and weddin's," she had said when the heroine, Elizabeth Conrad, was considering the attentions of Samuel Lord. Now that her choice had turned out so badly, Jane was plotting to excite Azalia to the point of summarily disposing of him by driving her out on the Fiant road where she might have the benefit of a scene from real life.

The way was sweet with clover fields and wayside flowers, and Azalia sniffed languidly at the fresh odors. Jane regarded her with anxiety. "You better not write nights any longer, Azalia," she said decisively. "You're gettin' real hollow-eyed."

"Oh, I'll last till it's finished, I guess." Azalia laughed scornfully.

"Now, Azalia!" Jane's cheeks flushed consciously. Was this really the secret of her over-anxiety? "Never mind about Mis' Fiant," she said suddenly, turning down a shady by-road; but her sister grasped the reins.

"Yes, we'll go. I don't generally give up when I start to do a thing."

Her childish petulance struck oddly on her sister's sensibilities. Azalia's nerves certainly needed attention. She talked soothingly of the crops and the prospects for fruit, but Azalia did not trouble herself to reply. Her gaze wandered aimlessly about. Suddenly her eyes brightened; her breath came quick. In a field close at hand, a slender woman in a bedraggled calico dress was breathlessly chasing a herd of cattle that had broken into a field of corn. Back and forth, around and around, past the break in the fence which they declined to see, she pursued them vainly, and down by the barn, with his hands in his pockets, stood a stalwart man watching her with evident wrath. Finally he turned deliberately around and went into the house. They could see him in an easy chair before the open door.

Jane drove up to the fence and hitched her horse. Then she went into the field and with a stout cudgel stood guard at the gap, and when the unruly herd came tearing past she charged upon them like a fury, putting them to rout and guiding them into the road. Then she found a grassy seat for the gasping, breathless woman and proceeded to put up the rails again into a respectable fence.

Azalia sat with clenched hands and flashing eyes regarding the man, who at his ease watched proceedings.

When Jane came back she started at sight of her sister's face. "She'll find a way to dispose of him, all right," she thought, but she wisely preserved a golden silence.

After Jane had gone to bed that night and the little house had settled down into the quiet of slumber, Azalia crept from her bed and lit a lamp. She shaded it carefully, lest its rays peep through a crevice in the curtain or creep over the worn threshold. Then she took fresh paper and pencil and wrote rapidly, page after page. Words stumbled over each other and crowded into her over-excited brain faster than her fingers could transcribe them. Ten, eleven, twelve, one, and still she wrote on.

Finally as the hammer of the old clock struck three she gathered them together and put them away. Then she went to bed and slept. It was done,—well or ill. The perplexing problem of conflicting characters was at last adjusted, and for the first time in weeks she could rest.

It was late next morning when she awoke. Several times Jane had tiptoed carefully in, but she had not the heart to disturb such refreshing sleep. A gentle flush was on Azalia's cheek, and her breathing was long and full. Presently she opened her eyes, to see Jane regarding her anxiously.

"It's done, Jane," she said simply.

Jane clasped her hands in astonishment. "Did you—is he?"

"I killed him with kindness, Jane."

"It was too easy, I'm afraid," whispered Jane ruefully. "Where is it?" Her eyes shone with excitement; her breath came hurriedly.

Azalia regarded her wonderingly. All her tensity of nerve seemed to have gone to Jane, who stood panting, expectant.

"The Book!" She clasped her hands nervously together as Azalia brought it forth. She had forgotten about breakfast. Chapter by chapter they went over it. It was wonderful, touching. No such book had ever appeared so far as they knew. The characters were real men and women; they lived real lives. The joy was real joyousness, and the misery very intensely human.

Azalia ate her breakfast with a relish; there were no haunting uncertainties to take away her appetite; but Jane ate nothing. She was feverishly arranging and preparing for its initiatory trip into that realm of mystery, a publisher's precincts, "The Book." Its destination had long been decided.

She experienced a slight shock of surprise at the amount of postage required to send so much bulky manuscript, an amount that must be doubled, she knew, to insure its safe return; but of course it was needless to enclose return postage. No sane publisher would refuse it.

She turned away from the postoffice with a light step. It seemed so near fulfillment; this all-absorbing wish of her life. Only a short time of waiting now, and yet as the days went slowly on her courage flagged. Suspense was hard to bear.

All Miss Jane's fund of sturdy New England sense seemed to have been transfered to Azalia in those days. The book was done. Into it she had put her life, her soul. Whether anyone else was ever able to see it, it was there and she was satisfied. She went on the even tenor of her way, calmly content. The weekly trips to the village postoffice held no terrors for her; did not excite her over-much. Of course it would be returned; manuscripts always were. She was not at all disappointed, therefore, when a neighbor one day left a package at the door, but Jane grew pale and trembled.

"Never mind! there were other editors," so Azalia assured her.

But a hunted look came into Jane's eyes as the experience was repeated time after time.

The pages grew soiled and worn with long journeyings to and fro, and the words became illegible in places. It was a drain on their slender resources, this constant demand for postage. Jane needed the money for medicine, so Azalia decided, and one day she laid the precious pages away in the garret while Jane watched her dumbly.

She grew pale and thin as the days brightened once more with Spring-like tints, and contracted a habit of pressing her hand to her side. The freshest of new-laid eggs failed to tempt her capricious appetite. "I ain't sick," she told Azalia fiercely. "I don't need no codlin'."

One morning she arose early. A new light, born of some secret decision, was in her eyes. "I'm going a-visitin'." she assured Azalia, when questioned as to her intentions. "I'm going to Uncle Isaac's."

"It will be a change and do her good," decided her sister, and she made her departure as easy of accomplishment as possible.

The question of fare had been the hardest to meet. Azalia suggested the drawing out of a portion of their little nest-egg from the village bank, but Jane refused peremptorily. The exigency was met by the disposal of a favorite cow, which Jane saw led away without a regret.

Azalia watched her with astonishment.

Jane was usually tender of heart.

The simple preparations were all made, the packing an accomplished fact. She was to start on the early morning train. Late at night she crept from her bed and went upstairs. When she came down she carried a bulky package which she deposited in the bottom of her trunk, carefully replacing the articles of clothing in the order in which they had been packed.

In a month she returned. She was better. All she needed was a change of scene, so Azalia declared, and the old routine of every-day life resumed sway; but the Spring seemed gone from Jane's life. It dragged on from day to day, dumb, devoid of purpose.

It was Azalia who managed affairs and kept up the thousand and one little things that constitute the machinery of even the humblest household. She made the butter and marketed it; she assumed the care of the poultry and attended to the fruit in its season. Jane sat by the window for the most part, with her knitting in her lap, but she did not often pick up the shining needles. Instead, she stared with unseeing eyes down the long stretch of dusty road that led to the village, and one day into the range of her vision came a green express wagon whose driver halted at the little gate. His wagon bore a bulky box, which he lifted to the ground with difficulty.

She watched intently while he brought it through the gate and moved it foot by foot nearer the house. She went to the door. "Fetch it in," she said tersely. Its appearance was evidently no surprise.

He hoisted it through the doorway and awaited further orders. Evidently he expected to be asked to split off the heavy board cover, but he was not.

She took a shabby little purse from her pocket and paid him the sum he asked, then shut the door upon his retreating figure. Then a little of the old brisk energy returned as she went hurriedly out to the woodshed for the axe. When she returned, the sound of sturdy blows and slivering pine echoed through the house. She worked swiftly. Azalia had gone to the village. She might be back at any minute.

When she returned, the room was furnished with row on row of shining, cloth-bound books in wine-red and gold, their dark, rich beauty flashing forth from the top of the old-fashioned dresser, from the shelves of the quaint little triangular what-not in the corner, whose usual quota of ancient bric-a-brac had been ruthlessly consigned to an empty box, and from the mantlepiece. They made a brave showing and "Elizabeth Conrad's Mission" spoke with two hundred welcoming tongues, as Azalia entered the room.

She sank weakly into a chair and stared at them.

Jane laughed triumphantly. "It's published, Azalia, and it's ours — our book. We made it—all of it. If folks don't want to read it they ain't 'bleeged to."

"But how — who?" began her sister eagerly; but Jane turned away with a mysterious air. "Never mind," she said. "It's published and it's ours."

"A real library," the neighbors said. Jane seemed to find satisfaction in the fact that the volumes were all identical. There was not one too many. She never offered one for inspection or examination. "It would only be casting pearls before swine," she decided. There they were, if anyone cared to read them; but no one asked the privilege until one day Mrs. Fiant took one timidly down from the shelf and turned the leaves curiously. She grew interested, then absorbed. Jane, coming in from the kitchen, saw and stepped back softly.

"Azalia, come here!" she whispered excitedly. They peered through a crack in the door. "It's her—her own life she is reading. Do you suppose she will know?" They watched her silently, but she did not see them. Her eyes devoured page after page and the words burned deep into her soul. Yes, it was her life—hers and John's. She felt all the pity and pathos of it—the mistaken romance and the awakening. The romance had been so short and the awakening so long. It was not over yet. Every day, it seemed to her, she sounded new depths of degradation—of bondage.

The afternoon waned steadily. Four o'clock — five—six— and still she read on. No sound disturbed the silence of the still Summer afternoon. Even the clock in the kitchen had ceased to strike the hours, and stood silent and dumb, during this travail of a soul.

At last it was finished. She laid the book down with a long breath as of returning consciousness. Her eyes shone with a light new to them—the light of hope. The bitterness had faded out. She read the book's title over reverently: "Elizabeth Conrad's Mission." It was a prophecy. She took the book to Jane. "I'd like to take this home—to John," she said hesitatingly.

Jane's face shone with exaltation. "Take it and welcome," she said. She watched the woman passing from her sight with a new, firm tread, then she went to Azalia and took both her hands and held them tightly. "It's 'Sarah Fiant's Mission' now," she said.

Azalia smiled. "That is honor enough for one book, Jane," she replied, and Jane acquiesced with a sigh of content.

THE INFINITE HUMANITY OF JESUS

(From Ernest Renan's "Life of Jesus.")

IN him was concentrated all that is good, all that is lofty in our nature. He was not sinless; he conquered these same passions that we fight against; no angel of God comforted him save his own good conscience; no Satan tempted him save that which every man bears in his heart. Just as many of his great qualities have been lost to us through the intellectual failings of his disciples, so it is probable that many of his faults have been concealed. But never has any man so much as he made the interests of humanity predominate in his life over the pettiness of self-love. Unreservedly bound to his mission, he subordinated all things to that mission so entirely that, towards the end of his life, the universe no longer existed for him.

ELIZA'S GOLD MINE

By HELEN CORINNE GILLENWATER

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MISS MEHITABLE SOMERS had come down from Concord, New Hampshire, to Virginia, nearly a year before, to keep house for her nephew, Paul Somers, and a young Virginian, Robert Phelps, who had gone into the apple farming business together—Paul supplying the necessary capital, and Rob the land. The plantation had been in the Phelps family for more than a hundred years, and it was a beautiful place in one of the loveliest valleys in the world—the Shenandoah.

Miss Mehitable had found everything different in the South from what she had expected. The plantation was in an excellent condition and the colored people on it willing and industrious. Indeed, she had almost gotten over her jealous anger at Jamestown coming before Plymouth Rock.

When Paul came to the South on his new venture, all the ties except those of locality which bound Miss Mehitable to New England, were broken. She had been a mother to Paul since the death of his own—her sister "Lyddy"—and when he urged her to come and "make home" for him and his partner, whose parents had lately died, she did so gratefully. Everybody on the place loved and respected her, and Rob Phelps had often wondered, since her coming, how he had ever gotten along without "Aunt Hitty," as he lovingly called her.

Miss Mehitable stood at the table in the long, cool, Summer kitchen mixing biscuits. The day was Sunday, but the Presbyterian church at Concord was several hundred miles away, and there was no preaching in the little meeting house near by, it being the circuit minister's Sunday to supply at Cedar Grove, in the next county. But Miss Mehitable had New England notions of Sabbath observance, and if she could not attend divine services she could "do her work as by a law divine," and as she measured baking powder and molded skillfully she sang sonorously, if nasally: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

The singing was impressive, at least to Eliza standing by a post of the kitchen porch, the cream and butter for supper in her hands. Her black face was radiant, and her body keeping time to the music. As Miss Mehitable concluded the stanza ending: "Come join the everlasting song and crown Him Lord of All," Eliza ejaculated fervently: "Hallelujah!"

Miss Mehitable dropped the biscuit cutter in her amazement. "For gracious sake, Eliza, what ails you? Are you going crazy?"

"No'm, Miss Hitty, but I reckon ef you'd 'a' gone on singin' much longer lak dat, I'd got religion."

"You! Religion! Why Liza, you are the most godless creature I have ever seen. I have been here a year, come next Tuesday, and I know that you haven't been to church even once in that time."

"Yas'm, Miss Hitty, I knows dat, but it's de fault of dem low-live niggers down Mt. Zip way."

"Mt. Zip!" Miss Hitty gasped. "Do you mean the A. M. E. church Mt. Zion?"

"Yas'm. It's my scorn of de members of dat chutch make me call it Zip. Yuh see, Miss Hitty, I used to wuship dar; member of de choir and president of de Foreign Ladies' Missionar' Siciety."

"You mean the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, don't you, Liza?" said Miss Mehitable, helping along.

"Yas'm. 'Bout a year ago I was pinted de large delegate to de Darters of Epworth convention down to Richmon', and dat yaller nurse gal, Fanny, up to de Halsey's, she dun make remarks afore de meetin' 'bout my larnin'. Said dat 'dar should be some one lib'rally eddicated to represent Zion.' I don' reckon she know what she was talkin' 'bout. She got a grudge ag'in' me 'cause 'Mr. Lee's Sam' was keepin' company 'long of me. Well, arter de meetin' I tol' Fanny dat I would like to speak to her private 'bout de matter, outside —"

"What did you say to her, Liza?" Miss Mehitable interrupted. She had a keenly developed sense of humor and Eliza was very diverting.

"I didn' waste no words on dat nigger, Miss Hitty. I jus' distracted two of her front teeth, I did. She dun raise a row 'bout it, and had me churched."

"Churched! What does churched mean?"

"It means dat twelve niggers set on you afore de congregation."

"Set on you!" shrieked Miss Mehitable.

"Yas'm—set in jedgment."

"Oh, I see. A jury of members of the church settle the dispute for you publicly."

The memory of it was sweet to Eliza. She put the cream and butter on the table and warmed up to her subject, gesticulating freely.

"They dun ax me ef I had anything to say for myself, and I said dat I didn' have nothin' to say for myself, but dat I'd like to know what right dem twelve black crows had to set on me anyway. And den I lit into dem. Oh Lawd, but I dun make dem niggers squirm afore I got through. Our family's dun live in dis place for more'n a hundred years, and I knows de 'culiarities of ebery coon in de country, and I even visited de sins of de parents on dem afore I got through. When I finished brudder Tompkins made a motion to 'journ into zecutive session, and dey dun fine me ten dollars or leab de chutch."

"So you left, Liza?"

"'Course I lef'; but I dun got a letter from de correspondent secretary de odder day, callin' me 'a dear, backslidin' sister,' an' sayin' 'dat dey would demit de fine ef I would declar' de error of my ways, and return to de fold.'"

"Why didn't you do so, Liza? You were certainly much in the wrong and you must not lose your immortal soul for sinful pride."

"No'm, I reckon not, Miss Hitty; but I ain't a-goin' back dar no mo'. Dat onery nigger, Fanny, went down to Richmon' las' Winter and come back with two new teeth in de place of dem I distracted—dem kind what you can put in and take out you'self. An' one of dem had gold set in it, and Fanny ain't dun nothin' but grin, grin, eber since. Dem teeth was too much fer Sam. He dun trapse 'roun' arter Fanny now, an' I dun hear he calls her 'Goldy.' It makes me sick, an' I thinks too much of our family to 'sociate with sech-like, Miss Hitty."

"Let me see your teeth, Liza," said Miss Mehitable, thinking to comfort the girl a little; for she evidently took Sam's defection much to heart. Liza opened her mouth willingly, showing a fine set of ivories; not a tooth missing, and all perfect in shape and color.

"Why, Liza," Miss Mehitable said encouragingly, "you ought to be proud of your teeth. They are perfect and far prettier to look at than false ones of any kind. Just see how this gold crown spoils the looks of my mouth."

She showed the awe-struck Eliza the gold tooth that took the place of a bicuspid.

Eliza held up her hands in amazement. "Name of Gawd! Miss Hitty, whar did you get dat ar? I ain't never knowed thar war sech a thing as a gold tooth entire."

"The dentist down in Richmond put it there last Winter. You know I went there to get some dental work done."

Eliza looked at Miss Mehitable as if the latter had been suddenly elevated to a pedestal. Then she said wistfully: "Mout I see dat tooth ag'in, Miss Hitty? It certainly is beautiful."

Miss Mehitable's mind came back suddenly to other things beside the humor of Eliza's narrative; the smell of something dangerously crisp roused her. "No, you may not," she said sharply. "I've fooled too long as it is, and here come the boys up the walk already, and supper only started." She dashed to the oven and rescued her biscuits.

But Eliza, after supper, moth-like came back to the flame. "What did you say dat dentist man's name down to Richmon' is, Miss Hitty? I is clean fergot."

"I didn't say; and I don't know why you want to know, but his name is Carey—Theodore Carey."

"Thank you, ma'm. I allus was dat curious old Marsa Bob you'sd to call me 'a human 'terrogation pint.' But I reckon I'd bettah go light de lamps and stop botherin' you with my nigger nonsense."

II

Two weeks afterward, Eliza came to Miss Mehitable, who was sitting on the porch sewing peacefully. It was Miss Mehitable's hour—dinner was over, the house in order and tea several hours off. Eliza knew that it was "the time for asking."

"Miss Hitty, I is gwine to ax a favor of you."

"Well, what is it?"

"You know you dun promise me some time off dis Summer, and now dat the preservin' and picklin' is ober I'd like to visit my cousin down to Richmon', who I ain't seen for nigh onto five years, ef you is willin'."

"But Liza, it is an expensive trip. Have you the money?"

"Yas'm. You see, since dat low-live Sam throw me down I ain't bought no dress fixin's, an' I is saved nearly a hundred dollars. I axed Mr. Bob for it las' night."

"Well then, Liza, of course you may go, for two weeks, but you must be back here before the apple pickers come."

"Thank you, Miss Hitty. I reckon I'll go on Monday."

Eliza stayed away her two weeks, but wrote that she would be home on the night train of the last day. Miss Mehitable sent the little colored boy to the train to meet her and left word that she would see her at breakfast. Nine o'clock was Miss Mehitable's hour for retiring, and not once in her life had she remained up beyond that time except when "Lyddy" died. She was wont to date everything from "the time Lyddy died"—even when the census enumerator had asked her age she had replied: "Let me see, I was thirty-five the year Lyddy died, and that's been seventeen years ago."

While Eliza waited on the table the morning after her return, she preserved her usual respectful silence. But Rob was feeling in high spirits and there was no escape for her. "Well, Lize," he said, "what kind of a time did you have down to Richmond?"

"Moughty fine, Mr. Bob. Richmon' shore is a pretty place."

"Did you catch a beau there?"

Eliza sniffed. "I'd like to know what I got a-doin' with dat no'count city trash."

"What did you do with all that money you took to the city, Liza; did you endow a library?"

"I don't know what you is talkin' 'bout, Mr. Bob, 'less you is pesterin' me like you allus do."

ELIZA

"I asked you what you did with all your money."

A pleasant recollection must have come to the girl, for she grinned expansively. By that grin she was lost. Rob gave a whoop of joy and, jumping up, grabbed Eliza, threatening her with his knife. "Grin, Liza, grin again," he said, "or I'll murder you! Look, Paul! Look, Aunt Hitty! Now Lize, what did you do with that money. Answer me."

"I 'vested it, Mr. Bob. Honest, I did."

"So I see, Liza," said Paul, "and in a gold mine."

Miss Hitty was speechless. Liza's grin revealed the secret of her visit to Richmond and her investment. Three gold teeth occupied the central position in her upper jaw. "Fool!" Miss Mehitable cried witheringly. It was the measure of her scorn.

Eliza slunk into the kitchen and kept out of Miss Mehitable's way as much as possible all that day.

The next Sunday afternoon the two men were lounging with their cigars on the front porch. Around the corner of the house crept Eliza, swept and garnished, as it were, in all the glory of pink calico dress and red sunbonnet.

"Good heavens, Liza, you look like a Venetian sunset. What can I do for you?"

"Mought I have old Nell and the side saddle for the matter of two hours dis arternoon, Mr. Bob?"

"Where are you going?"

"I is had a 'viction of sin today, an' I is gwine to Mt. Zion to de meetin'." Rob grinned and winked at Paul. "All right, take old Nell, but don't you get in any more scraps, or you'll be in jail next, and I'll have to 'distract' those brass teeth of yours to pay your fine."

Eliza vanished toward the stables. Twenty minutes later she rode down the drive seated triumphantly on old Nell, dress looped up and willow switch in hand.

"There, you raw-boned Yankee," said Rob, "goes a piece of old Virginia."

Miss Mehitable was down in the rose garden, planted by Rob's mother.

gathering a bouqet for the tea table. Old-fashioned moss buds she picked lovingly, saffron-colored tea roses, white "Martha Washingtons"— the bush brought from Mt. Vernon when Mrs. Phelps had returned from her bridal tour to Washington—and delicate "Malmaisons." "The boys" strolled down to her and all three stood at the gate in the peace of the twilight. The last dilapidated buckboard of the colored people from up in the Gap had passed by on its way home from meeting, and no Eliza had appeared.

"I reckon Fanny has done for Eliza this time," said Rob, "and I—"

Paul interrupted: "What's that coming over the hill?" A flash of pink appeared, with a black something beside it, and then, behind, an enormous shape. As it came into full view Rob roared with laughter. It was Eliza, and a colored man escorting her, and behind them, following like a dog, lumbered old Nell.

"Why it's Liza; and who is that with her, Rob?" asked Miss Mehitable.

"That is 'Mr. Lee's Sam,' Aunt Hitty.

"Liza's gold mine seems to be a paying investment," laughed Paul.

THE MISSING TOOTH

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Author of "Wild Life Near Home," "Roof and Meadow," etc.

SOUTH HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

THE snow had melted from the wide meadows, leaving them flattened, faded and stained with mud—a dreary stretch in the gray February light. I was on my first round after the long Winter and had stopped beside a little bundle of bones that lay in the matted grass a dozen feet from a ditch. Here was the narrow path along which the bones had dragged themselves; there the hole by which they had left the burrow in the bank. They had crawled out along this old run-way, then turned off a little into the heavy Autumn grass and laid them down. The snows had come and the Winter rains. Now the small bundle was whitening on the wide,bare meadow, itself almost as bleached as the bones.

It was the skeleton of a muskrat, and something peculiar in the way it lay had caused me to pause. It seemed outstretched as if composed by gentle hands, not flung down nor wrenched apart. The delicate ribs had fallen in, but not a bone was broken, not one showed the splinter of shot or a crack that might have been caused by a steel trap. No violence had been done them. They had been touched by nothing rougher than the snow. The creature evidently had crept out into the run-way and died.

This indeed was true: it had starved, while a hundred acres of plenty lay round about it.

Picking up the skull, I found the jaws locked together as if they were a single solid bone. One of the two incisor teeth of the upper jaw was missing and apparently had never developed. The opposite tooth on the lower jaw, thus unopposed and so unworn, had grown beyond its normal height up into the empty socket above, then on, turning outward and piercing the cheek-bone in front of the eye, whence, curving like a boar's tusk, it had slowly closed the jaws and locked them, rigid, set, as fixed as jaws of stone.

Death had lingered cruelly. At first

the animal was able to gnaw; but as the tooth curved through the bones of the face and gradually tightened the jaws, the creature got less and less to eat, until, one day, creeping out of the burrow for food, the poor wretch was unable to get back.

One seldom comes upon the like of this. It is commoner than we think; but it is usually hidden away and quickly over. How often do we see a wild thing sick—a bird or animal suffering from an accident or dying, like this muskrat, because of some physical defect? The struggle between two lives for life, the falling of the weak as prey to the strong, is ever before us; but this single-handed fight between the creature and nature herself is a far rarer, silenter tragedy. Nature is too swift, too merciless to allow us time for sympathy. It was she who taught the old Roman to take away his weak and malformed offspring and expose it on the hills.

There is scarcely a fighting chance in the meadow. Only strength and craft may win. The muskrat with the missing tooth never enters the race at all. He slinks from some abandoned burrow, and if the owl and mink are not watching, dies alone in the grass, and we rarely know.

I shall never forget the impression made upon me by those quiet bones. It was like that made by my first visit to a great city hospital—out of the busy, cheerful street into a surgical ward, where the sick and injured lay in long white lines. We tramp the woods and meadows and never step from the sweet air and the pure sunlight of health into a hospital. But that is not because no sick, ill-formed or injured are there. The proportion is smaller than among us humans, and for very good reasons, yet there is much real suffering, and to come upon it, as we will now and then, must certainly quicken our understanding and deepen our sympathy with the life out of doors.

Here are the voles. I know that my hay crop is short a very, very little because of these mice. Nevertheless, I can look with satisfaction at a cat carrying a bob-tailed vole out of the meadow. The voles are a pest—"injurious to man." I have an impulse to plant both of my precious feet upon every one that stirs in its run-way.

Perhaps, long ago, my forbears had claws like pussy; and perhaps — there isn't the slightest doubt — perhaps I should develop claws if I continued to jump at the mice. But a series of accidents to the little creatures and some small help from me has quite changed that.

They have eaten bread with me, and I can no longer lift up my heel against them. I might hurt a mouse that I had rescued yesterday.

When the drought dries the meadow, the voles come to the deep, walled spring at the upper end, apparently to drink. The water usually trickles over the curb, but in a long dry spell it shrinks to a foot or more below the edge, and the voles, once within for their drink, cannot get out. Time and again I had fished them up, until I thought to leave a board slanting down to the water, so that they could climb back to the top.

It is stupid and careless to drown thus. The voles are blunderers. White-footed mice and house mice are abundant in the stumps and grass of the vicinity, but they never tumble into the spring. Still, I am partly responsible for the voles, for I walled up the spring and changed it into this trap. I owe them the drink and the plank, for certainly there are rights of mice, as well as of men in this meadow of mine, where I do little but mow.

Then there is my empty chimney. Nature lays hold of this by right of eminent domain and peoples it with a questionable folk; but after I have helped rear one of the families upon the back-log or in the stove-pipe flue my resentment disappears. At first I felt like burning them bag and baggage, but they were flung absolutely upon my mercy, and no man is a match for a wailing infant.

I wonder if the nests of the chimney swallows came tumbling down when the birds built in caves and hollow trees? It is a most extraordinary change, this change to the chimney; and it has not been accompanied by the increase of architectural wisdom necessary to meet all the contingencies of the new hollow.

Their mortar, which, I imagine, held firmly in the trees and caves, will not mix with the chimney soot, and a hard, washing rain, when the young are heavy, often brings the nest crashing into the fireplace.

Many a fatality among the birds and animals comes about by sudden fright. A situation that would have caused no trouble ordinarily becomes a hopeless tangle, a trap, when the creature is in a panic of fear.

Last Winter I left the large door of the barn open, so that my flock of juncoes could feed inside upon the floor. They found their way into the hayloft and went up and down freely. On two or three occasions I happened in so suddenly that they were thoroughly frightened and flew madly into the cupola to escape through the windows. They beat against the glass until utterly dazed, and would have perished there, had I not climbed up later and brought them down.

Hasty, careless, miscalculated movements are not as frequent among the careful wild folk as among us, perhaps; but there is abundant evidence of their occasional occurence and of their sometimes fatal results.

Several instances are recorded of birds that have been tangled in the threads of their nests; and one instance of a bluebird that was caught in the flying meshes of an oriole's nest into which it had been spying.

I once found the mummied body of a chippie twisting and swinging in the leafless branches of a peach tree. The little creature was suspended in a web of horse hair about two inches below the nest. It looked as if she had brought a snarled bunch of the hair and left it loose in the twigs. Later on, a careless step and her foot was fast, when every frantic effort for freedom only tangled her the worse. In the nest above were four other tiny mummies — a double tragedy that might with care have been averted.

A similar fate befel a song sparrow that I discovered hanging dead upon a barbed-wire fence. By some chance it had slipped a foot through an open place between the two twisted strands and then, fluttering along, had wedged the leg and broken it in the struggle to escape.

We have all held our breath at the hazardous traveling of the squirrels in the tree-tops. What other animals take such risks — leaping at dizzy heights from bending limbs to catch the tips of limbs still smaller, saving themselves again and again by the merest chance.

But luck sometimes fails. My brother, a careful watcher in the woods, was hunting on one occasion when he saw a grey squirrel miss its footing in a tree and fall, breaking its neck upon a log beneath.

I have frequently known them to fall short distances, and once I saw a red squirrel come to grief like the grey squirrel above. He was scurrying through the tops of some lofty pitch pines, a little hurried and flustered at sight of me, and nearing the end of a high branch was in the act of springing, when the dead tip cracked under him and he came tumbling headlong. The height must have been forty feet, so that before he reached the ground he had righted himself — his tail out and legs spread —but the fall was too great. He hit the earth with a dull thud and before I could reach him, lay dead upon the needles, with blood in his eyes and nostrils.

Unhoused and often unsheltered, the wild things suffer as we hardly yet understand. No one can estimate the death of a year from severe cold, heavy storms, high winds and tides. I have known the nests of a whole colony of gulls and terns to be swept away in a great storm; while the tides, over and over, have flooded the inlet marshes and drowned out the nests in the grass—those of the clapper-rails by thousands.

I remember a late Spring storm that came with the returning redstarts and, in my neighborhood, killed many of them. Toward evening of that day one of the little black and orange voyageurs fluttered against the window and we let him in, wet, chilled, and so exhausted that for a moment he lay on his back in my open palm. Soon after there was another soft tapping at the window—and two little redstarts were sharing our cheer and drying their butterfly wings in our warmth.

During the Summer of 1903 one of the commonest of the bird calls about the farm was the whistle of the quails. A covey roosted down the hillside within fifty yards of the house. Then came the Winter,—such a Winter as the birds had never known. Since that, just once have we heard the whistle of a quail, and that, perhaps, was the call of one which the game protective association had liberated in the Spring about two miles away.

The birds and animals are not as weather-wise as we; they cannot foretell as far ahead nor provide as certainly against need, despite the popular notion to the contrary.

We point to the migrating birds, to the muskrat houses, and the hoards of the squirrels, and say, "How wise and far-sighted these nature-taught children are!" True, they are, but only for conditions that are normal. Their wisdom does not cover the exceptional. The grey squirrels did not provide for the unusually hard weather of last Winter. Three of them from the wood lot came begging of me, and lived—on my wisdom, not their own.

Consider the ravens that neither sow nor reap, that have neither store-house nor barn, yet they are fed — but not always. Indeed, there are few of our Winter birds that go hungry so often, and that die in so great numbers for lack of food and shelter as the crows.

After severe and protracted cold, with a snow-covered ground, a crow roost looks like a battle-field, so thick lie the dead and wounded. Morning after morning the flock goes over to forage in the frozen fields, and night after night returns hungrier, weaker and less able to resist the cold. Now, as the darkness falls, a bitter wind breaks loose and sweeps down upon the pines.

"List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle
I thought me on the owrie cattle,"

and how often I have thought me on the crows biding the night yonder in the moaning pines!

It grew dark at five o'clock, with the temperature steadily falling. Now it is nearly eight and the long night is yet but just begun. The storm is increasing. The wind shrieks in a thousand voices about the house, whirling the fine icy snow in hissing eddies past the corners and driving it on into long, curling crests across the fields. I cannot hear the roar as the wind strikes the shoal of pines where the fields roll into the woods, for my blazing fire talks so incessantly. But I know the sound. And I can see the tall trees rock and sway with their burden of dark forms.

As close together as they can crowd on the brittle limbs, cling the crows, their breasts all to the storm. With crops empty, bodies weak and life-fires low, they rise and fall in the cutting, ice-filled wind through thirteen hours of night. Is it a wonder that the small flames flicker and burn out?

THE CONQUEST OF THE PLAINS

By GOVERNOR GEORGE C. PARDEE OF CALIFORNIA

PRESIDENT OF THE TWELFTH NATIONAL IRRIGATION CONGRESS

THE value of irrigation as a wealth producer has been so thoroughly demonstrated as to be axiomatic. From the most ancient times it has been practiced in various parts of the world, but it has remained for the twentieth century to inaugurate such stupendous achievements of this nature in western America—the conservation and distribution of water under governmental control over vast areas of fertile but hitherto unproductive land—as to compel the attention and admiration of the world.

When, on **June 17, 1902**, an ever-memorable anniversary for all Americans, President Roosevelt signed the act to appropriate the receipts from the sale of public lands in certain states and territories to the construction of irrigation works for the reclamation of arid lands, the art of husbandry began a peaceful territorial conquest, and an era of national expansion commenced along more enduring lines than, judging by history, may be attained through conquest of arms. No mere military achievement can bring such honor and surety in extending our national possibilities or in broadening our civilization. The conquest of the plains, while involving none of the cruel and wasteful extravagances of war, is destined to bring the riches of peace far beyond present comprehension.

In the great West and Southwest—in the area embraced within North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and California—are more than five hundred millions of acres awaiting the life-giving touch of water now mostly running to waste. Private capital already has done much to inaugurate the reclamation of public lands and to make clear the economic possibilities of this vast region; but it has become evident that the only instrumentality powerful enough to deal satisfactorily with the mighty problem is the government of the United States.

Near the base of Mount Union, in the state of Wyoming, are the beginnings of three great river systems, the Missouri, the Columbia, and the Colorado, which, with their numerous tributaries, furnish the key to the glorious future of this immense region. Within this vast area lie some of the most fertile lands to be found within the borders of any country—lands which need only the magic touch of water to enable them to give forth a wide range of rich products, from wheat through all the semi-tropical fruits to cotton. This land, wedded to the irrigation ditch, will support in comfort and luxury the many millions who are destined to inhabit it. Thus a section embracing half the area of the United States, which hitherto has found its chief source of wealth in the metals and the stock range, will, through the agency of national irrigation, base its permanent and greater prosperity upon the safer, surer and greater riches coming from an irrigated soil.

The Colorado river system, including its several large tributaries, is of the highest industrial importance to Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and California. This great system drains 225,000 square miles of mountain and valley, fed by the eternal snows of the Rockies, and forces its way through the picturesque battlements of the Grand Canyon, and through the sleeping ages has been building its fertile delta in Arizona, in California, and in Lower California. This great stream, the Nile of America, as it well has been called, is to be the mother of advanced and teeming civilization in the empire of the Southwest. Here, both in California and in Arizona, individual enterprise and energy in building irrigation works have produced surprising results. In the Imperial valley, for example, in the southeastern corner of California, where but four years ago was only an expanse of so-called desert, there is now a community of several thousand persons. Through the utilization of water from the Colorado river it has been shown that a great portion of this hitherto barren soil can produce almost every variety of useful grains, fruits and vegetables known within the United States. Similar successful beginnings elsewhere in the "arid regions" present living proof of the stupendous possibilities of the future, when Uncle Sam shall have invested his idle millions in the development of his almost undreamed-of resources in the water and the soil.

What most immediately concerns us now is that the extension of irrigation be comprehensive, that the water be equitably distributed, and applied as cheaply as is consistent with the best results to the people. The dominating principle should be to enable the waters to be utilized without being monopolized. In the various states of the West supplementary legislation will be required in many particulars to meet the differing conditions. The National Irrigation Congress at its annual meetings is expected to perform important and valuable work in the consideration of the legal problems which accompany the great undertaking. Much, very much, depends upon the wisdom, the integrity and the rightly directed energy with which the precious waters shall be conserved and made useful to the people.

As President Roosevelt well said at the time of signing the act, "The passage of the national irrigation law is one of the great steps, not only in the progress of the United States, but of all mankind. It is the beginning of an achievement so great that we hesitate to predict the outcome."

The president also put it well when he said:

> "During the time of my presidency there has been no measure in which I have taken a keener interest than that which started the policy of national aid to the cause of irrigation. I have felt that the use of the rivers and small streams of the states of the Great Plains and the Rocky mountains for irrigation was even more important to the future of this country than the improvement of the course of these same rivers, lower down, as an aid to navigation, and when I became president one of the first things to which I turned my attention was the effort to secure the passage of the law which inaugurated this system."

And closely connected with the question of irrigation, the conserver and protector of it, in fact, is the matter of our forests, concerning which the president says:

> "Wise forest protection does not mean the withdrawal of forest resources, whether of wood, water or grass, from contributing their full share to the welfare of the people, but, on the contrary, gives the assurance of larger and more certain supplies. The fundamental idea of forestry is the perpetuation of forests by use. Forest protection is not an end of itself; it is a means to increase and sustain the resources of our country and the industries which depend upon them. The preservation of our forests is an imperative business necessity. We have come to see clearly that whatever destroys the forest, except to make way for agriculture, threatens our well-being. The practical usefulness of the national forest reserves to the mining, grazing, irrigation, and other interests of the regions in which the

reserves lie has led to a wide-spread demand by the people of the West for their protection and extension."

The report of the secretary of the interior, recently issued, shows that the faith of the president, reflecting that of the people, was well founded, and that the great work already is well under way. Twenty-one contracts for irrigation construction have been let, involving an expenditure of $3,270,787, and will be pushed to completion as fast as possible, the works being located in Idaho, Colorado, Nevada and Arizona. There also has been allotted for surveys and construction work for the reclamation service in various states and territories the sum of $23,699,642, and investigations of projects in connection therewith are under way.

Truly an auspicious beginning has been made in the mighty enterprise of national irrigation, which, I take it, is as important and far-reaching in its promised results as any other policy of government. A great navy will protect us from foreign attack; a great army will enable us to conquer our enemies—both will make possible a great nation. Irrigation, beginning where these two have left off, will make certain not only such greatness as the army and navy make possible, but it will also make not simply two blades of grass grow where before only one grew, but will cover the desert with verdure and the naked plains with homes in which shall dwell peace, plenty and contentment.

THE URGE OF THE RACE

By J. A. EDGERTON

TO the West! To the West! So the human tides sweep
  From land unto land, like a billow of light.
O'er Asia, o'er Europe, and thence o'er the deep,
  As the snow from the peak, came the avalanche bright.
It surged o'er the wave to a clime that was new,
  A shore that was virgin, a threshold untrod,
That gleamed on humanity's wondering view
  Like the world-spirit's last revelation from God.
Then on, ever on, over mountains it rolled,
  O'er rivers and plains, without pause, without rest,
Till it came to the verge by the Gateway of Gold;
  And still it flows on to the West, to the West.

To the West! To the West! In the path of the sun,
  It speeds to the isles of the Orient sea,
Where the New and the Old shall clasp hands and be one
  In the cosmical brotherhood waiting to be;
Till the impulse that stirred at the cradle of Man
  Shall have finished its course and encircled the earth,
To return and awaken each slumbering clan
  Of the nations that lie 'round the place of its birth;
And the wave on humanity's ocean made bright
  By the glitter of empires that rose on its crest,
Shall have left 'round the planet a girdle of light,
  As it surged on its way to the West, to the West.

ON THE ALTAR OF MOLOCH

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

I

> Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
> — Psalm XIX-13.

"OH, hello! Mrs. 'Dick'—been out here long?"

"No," and Peggie sat down in a rocker on the south porch of the Country club. "I've just come. Dick has some friends in town, and we're out for dinner. Who are you with?"

"Oh, I am with Alfred Wallingford. I'm to meet them in the library," and Kate Ashworth sat opposite Mrs. "Dick" on the railing. She rested on the palm of either hand and swung her feet.

"Who is he?" asked Peggie.

"Why, he is visiting Mrs. Herbert Lawrence. He's from Canada somewhere. An excellent rider, a beautiful swimmer, plays golf beyond words, and has a voice that makes you almost wish to die when he sings."

"You mean he sings well?" Peggie smiled.

"Oh, Mrs. 'Dick,' it's divine. I told him the other day if he would only talk and sing to me over the telephone, I'd love him forever."

"How bold of you!" Peggie tried to look shocked.

"It may sound that way, Mrs. 'Dick,' but he has already asked me three times to marry him, and he's about to ask me again."

"What shall you say?"

"I shall say 'yes,' of course. Why not? One old maid is enough in the family, and Mary does very well; but a palmist told me last week that I had an active turn of mind—and, well, I'm afraid I might get meddlesome."

"So you've decided to marry, have you?"

"You don't blame me, do you, Mrs. 'Dick?' Besides, he has a heap of money. Has all his wardrobe made abroad. Goes over every other fortnight or so—most nonchalantly."

"Is he good looking?" Peggie asked interestedly.

"Yes, good enough; I don't like handsome men."

"No? And he has money and all that?"

"Yes, heaps of it."

"Well, I should imagine he might do very well."

Peggie laughed lightly.

"How old is he?" she said again.

"About six years older than I. Just Mary's age. You know, Mrs. 'Dick,' I always said I'd marry a man with black hair, — very dark, at any rate — but then—" and Kate slid down from the railing and took a chair.

"One can't have everything," Peggie said consolingly.

"No, that's just it. One can't have everything, and—so—well—as he is so awfully fond of me, I reckon we'll marry. I am to tell him tonight finally."

"Why are you so undecided?"

Kate drummed with her fingers on the arm of her chair.

"I don't think I'll tell you," she said.

"I can guess," Peggie persisted.

"Maybe you can."

"You're in love with someone else. Harold Stevenson, for instance."

"Well," said Kate, thinkingly, "it might even be that; but it isn't. You could never guess until you met him."

"Horrors!" exclaimed Peggie, "is he cross-eyed?"

"No," and Kate looked very serious, "he is not anything like that at all. And his eyes are rather nice. I am sure he's very kind. Oh," and Kate rose suddenly, "I promised to meet them at six and it's 'most half-after now."

"Who's coming out?" asked Peggie.

"I don't know who all. It's Mrs. Lawrence's party."

"Is he bright?" Peggie pursued again.

Kate had already gotten to the door. She was about to open it when Peggie last spoke. She came running back. "Oh, Mrs. Dick," she said hurriedly, "you're 'getting awfully hot.' Don't guess any more, please. I'd hate to have you think my husband—well—"

"Well, what?" asked Peggie.

"Well," and Kate bent over her and said almost under her breath—"well, what he is."

"Oh," said Peggie, startled.

"Meet us after dinner," Kate went on, "and you shall see for yourself."

Peggie rocked contentedly to and fro on the south veranda. She could see the road through the trees and she watched for Dick and his friends.

"Kate's a dear child," she said to herself. "I should hate to see her unhappily married. I wonder what there is about him. She says I shall see for myself. I can't imagine anything. Maybe he is—oh, no, it's nothing like that, she says. Well, I shall soon learn," and Peggie rocked on.

"Someone whistled. It was Dick. They were already coming up the walk—three of them.

"Why," said Peggie as she waved her hand and nodded, "Dick didn't tell me one of his friends was a hunchback. How dreadful! Kate may be glad Mr. Wallingford is not that." She went inside and met them at the stairs.

In the casino, where they sat at a table for four, Peggie found Mr. Barclay at her right. She tried not to be too nice to him, lest he might notice her attention and attribute it to his affliction. On the other hand, she thought he might think her more gracious to Dick's other friend, Mr. Dixon. Peggie was most uncomfortable, and she felt everyone must notice it.

It was Mr. Barclay himself who put her at her ease.

"Mrs. Kendall," he began, "I met a friend of yours in Berlin last Summer."

"Indeed," and Peggie smiled sweetly. "Tell me about it."

"It was quite by accident. We found ourselves seated side by side at the theater; and, each recognizing the other to be an American, we began conversing. When we were leaving I asked him to call on me, as it came out that we were both to remain there some time—can't I help you to something, Mrs. Kendall?" he said suddenly, as Peggie seemed to be looking for something.

"Oh. thank you," she said, "I would like some water. Thank you. Excuse my interruption."

"No apologies, I beg of you," he returned.

Peggie had already forgotten his deformity. "He is charming," she was saying to herself.

"I think," Mr. Dixon joined on, "that Mr. Barclay is exciting your interest too greatly. He is a joker, Mrs. Kendall. Do not be disappointed."

Dick laughed good-naturedly.

"Mrs. Kendall is a match for him," he said gaily.

"I am sure they are both very rude," Peggie went on, turning to Mr. Barclay. "Do tell me whom you met."

"Well, as I was saying, I went to my pocket for my card, and I came on one that Dick Kendall had sent up to me one day a year ago, when in Boston. As fortune would have it, I had none of my own along, so I explained and wrote my address on the back of this one. He turned it over naturally enough, when I handed it to him, and then it came about that he was an old sweetheart of yours, Mrs. Kendall!"

"Please tell me," Peggie coaxed, "who was he?"

"Mr. Henry Sherwood."

"No—really?" Peggie said very much

amused. "I've not seen Henry in years—eight, at least. Tell me, is he as good-looking as ever?"

"That I can't say, not having known him before, but, except for a few heartaches, I imagine he is yet very good-looking."

"There, that will do," said Dick. "Henry Sherwood comes too near home to be interesting."

"What a jealous husband you have, Mrs. Kendall!" And then they all laughed.

Peggie said afterward to Dick: "What a pleasant dinner we had, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Dick. "Old Barclay is very entertaining. He never changes, either, and no matter the time or the place, he can always be depended upon."

"Where did you meet him?" Peggie asked.

"One Summer, coming back from England. He had the cabin next to mine."

"Oh," said Peggie, "the Summer John was born."

"Yes, that was the Summer."

"What is his business?" Peggie arranged some flowers in a vase. "Pretty, aren't they?" she said.

"Yes, very. Why, he writes on philosophy and sociology and that sort of thing, you know. He has written several books and he writes for the heavy magazines."

"Heavens, Dick! Why didn't you tell me? How stupid he must have thought me — but," and Peggie laughed lightly, "it wouldn't have made the least bit of difference, anyway. I couldn't talk along his lines, no matter how hard I tried."

'That's just where you're wrong. You're the brainest woman I know."

"Poor Dick!" Peggie laughed teasingly.

"No, but you are. What is science, anyway? It's only the every-day things. It's not something alien we have to hunt for. It's something we can't get away from. It's fact. That's what it is."

"I know," said Peggie, "but you must admit, Dick, that, as a rule, scientific people like to make out it's most anything else; and they go rambling along in the sky and talk so high in the air, that I must confess, stupid or not, I can't cope with them. I just can't, that's all."

"Well, you can see that Barclay's not that sort, can't you?—and he's the right kind. It's the brainy men who talk plain sense, and sense that is tangible and understandable. These people who talk so metaphorically don't know themselves what they're saying. They are talking against time—most of them."

"Well, anyway, Dick, I like your friend mighty well. Do you know, I forget all about his deformity! Why, I got so I wasn't even sorry for him. He seems so contented and happy and all that, you know. As a rule, are scientists optimists?"

"I think they ought to be," and Dick blew some smoke Peggie's way. He smiled at her. "I don't think either one is a controllable matter."

"From one thing to another," Peggie said suddenly. "How do you like Kate Ashworth's fiancee?"

"You mean that lank, English-looking individual?"

"Yes, Mr. Wallingford."

"So Kate's to marry him, is she? Well, he won't bother her much with his brains. He is not even a sciolist."

"I guess he must be very stupid. Dreadfully horsey, you know, and all that sort of thing, but entirely empty-headed. Poor Kate! I wish she wouldn't do it. She's so very clever herself. Awfully impulsive, though. I suppose that's why she did it. She never stops to think, ever. But she is a good child—all heart. There's not an unkind or disagreeable thing about her."

"When is it to be?" Dick took out his

watch. If you will take me," he said, "I'll go for a drive with you this morning."

"All right," and Peggie went to the window. "It's a beautiful day. I'll take you out to The Pines." Then she turned and went over to the table. "Do you remember anything about The Pines?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered her smiling, "did you break your promise?"

"That I would never drive with anyone else through the 'Shaded Pass?' "

"Did you?" he asked.

"Never," she vouched.

"I don't believe you," he answered her.

"Well, you'll feel better if you do," and Peggie left Dick to go for her wraps. "See about the cart, will you?" she said as she went toward the hall, "Dick," she called from the stairs, "call up Mme. McRhea and tell her I'll be in tomorrow—same time. Say I'm ill, or something."

"Oh, the way of women!" Dick called back as he went to the telephone.

⁂

Peggie left Dick down town and as she drove by the Ashworth's on her way home.

"Come home to lunch with me?" Peggie asked of Mary, as she came out to talk with her.

"I'd like to, but I can't, Peggie. Kate's going to Louisville tomorrow, and everything's upside down getting her ready."

"Oh, I thought she was not going till the fifteenth."

"That's what we all thought, but somebody or other is to give a big affair next Monday, and so my lady's got to go. She hasn't even all her things ready, and I'm to send everything when they're done."

"You'll be saved that trouble if Mme. McRhea has them. They won't be done till Kate's home again. I'm awfully sorry you can't come over. Come tomorrow then."

"All right, I will."

"Hello, Mrs. 'Dick,'" Kate called, coming down the steps. "I'll say goodbye to you," as she came to the carriage.

"Have a good time, said Peggie.

"Thanks, I will. Louisville is a great place, Maude says. I know I'll have the time of my life."

Peggie drove home by herself and lunched with the children.

⁂

On Peggie's next day at home Mr. Barclay called. It was an exceptionally pleasant afternoon. Peggie turned it into a sort of informal musical. Dorothy Stevens was there and she played, and Louise Hudson sang a duo with Mr. Remington. Miss Gehr gave parts from "Mignon" with her usual brilliantly charming execution. Peggie even dared to think of making a match between her and Mr. Gilbert. When she was planning it in her own mind she noticed Mr. Barclay. He was sitting a little apart from the others in a straight-backed chair.

"Too bad!" she said to herself, "and he looks so uncomfortable there, too. I wonder if his back hurts him. Why don't he sit among the pillows!" She got up and went to him.

"Come over here," she said, "and have some pouchong."

"Thank you," and Mr. Barclay smiled at her graciously.

"Do you know," said Peggie, making sure he was comfortable without apparently seeming to do so, "that I'd no idea you were such a brainy man?"

He was pleased.

"Indeed," he said banteringly, "is it possible?"

"Oh, you need not joke," Peggie went on. "Dick's told me all about you."

"Mrs. Kendall, when you've known

that indescribable gentleman as long as I have, you won't believe all he tells you."

Peggie laughed.

"How will you have your tea—some lemon and sugar?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Oh," Peggie continued confidently, "I've known Dick much longer than you have. Why, we used to run away from school together."

"How interesting. Tell me, was he ever thus?"

"Yes, he doesn't change. Did you used to run away from school, too?" Peggie said hastily. She felt very foolish for asking such a silly question.

Mr. Barclay sipped the tea.

"Not often," he said, "I never had a sweetheart."

Peggie knew her looks belied her as she replied, trying to be coy, "I don't believe you." She added quickly, "Pardon me, please, I'm going to ask Mrs. Hudson to sing."

"Certainly," he said.

Mr. Remington came up just then and Peggie left them together. She breathed more easily by herself.

II

Peggie was tearing up photographs. "I suppose," she said to Dick as he kissed her on leaving, "if these people knew I were tearing up their photos, they'd never forgive me. I know it's heathenish, even heartless; but if there is one thing I hate more than another it's a lot of old cardboards that no one would ever recognize. Of course I'd not destroy these." She put her hand on a few in the corner of her desk drawer. "This is my death corner, and I couldn't replace them." It was raining — fitting obsequies over the heads that Peggie was leading to the guillotine. In the midst of it all Kate Ashworth came in.

"Oh!" said Peggie. "I'm so glad you're home." Then after greeting her she took her by either shoulder and held her off. "Why," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? You are ill!"

"Yes," said Kate, "I've come to tell you about it."

"Heavens!" said Peggie, "it's not serious, I hope?" She was thinking in her own mind that it was, surely.

"Come," she said, "let us go in here." She led the way to a little sitting room.

"Are we quite alone?" Kate asked.

"Yes," said Peggie, "I'll close the door. Now," she said coming back, "what's the matter?"

Kate was as white as death and her eyes were red and hollow looking. Never had Peggie seen such a dreadful, awful change in anyone.

"Tell me," she said again. "Maybe I can help you."

"You are the only one who can," and Kate grasped the arms of her chair tightly. "I couldn't tell my father, and Mary could not understand; and I have no mother; and you, Mrs. 'Dick,' will have to help me." She looked almost crazed. Peggie's own mind was unsteady.

"Surely," she kept saying to herself, "surely, I am dreaming. It's not Kate at all. Careless, self-willed, impulsive Kate!" and then she brought herself back suddenly.

Kate was saying, "It's the worst thing that could ever happen to a woman.

"What?" said Peggie startled.

"Yes, Mrs. 'Dick,' I've lost my own self-respect.

"Oh," said Peggie hysterically, "that's not the worst thing, you know. It's worse to have others lose their respect for you. In your own mind, to lose your self-respect is worse, perhaps, but when it's only yourself, you can hide it, you know."

"That shall rest with you," and Kate stood by a center-table and rested on one hand. She looked straight across at Peggie. Their eyes met. Kate's were full of pleading hope. Peggie's told of wild despair. Neither spoke for several seconds; then Kate said, still looking into Peggie's eyes: "Yes, Mrs. 'Dick'—that's it!"

"What?" gasped Peggie. "I don't understand." She tried to speak carelessly. "I don't know at all what you mean. Tell me, please," she said excitedly.

"I have told you," said Kate with the tears streaming down her face and dropping onto her own hand. "I have told you, and you refuse to comfort me. Good God, Mrs. 'Dick'—you have got to help me."

"Heaven have mercy!" and Peggie came and took Kate in her arms. She drew her to a couch in the corner. "Help you!" she said, "of course I will help you."

She drew Kate to her, but Kate pushed her back.

"Let me tell it first—everything," she sobbed.

"I will listen," said Peggie sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't know where to commence. It's all like an awful nightmare. I don't even remember clearly." She spoke rapidly. "We were at the club for dinner—fourteen of us—and a Mrs. Lavender was my chaperon. She was as young as I. You see, I should never have taken anything. I'm not used to it; but when you're out that way and everyone's expecting you are used to that sort of thing and all, it's hard to show yourself to be so unsophisticated. I don't know all they had to drink; but Mr. Duval, whom we came with, was called away. His father was ill Oh, if it had only been mine! And so, he asked one of the other men to look after me. Well, when we got ready to go, Mrs. Lavender said as we lived in opposite directions, and as Maude was going my way, she thought if I did not mind she would go with some of the others. It was only an informal dinner and it was not very late, you know, and we were all going on the car. Oh! Mrs. 'Dick'—why did I ever go?" and Kate sighed hopelessly.

"Go on, dear," said Peggie soothingly.

"Well, fate surely was against me, for the cars were not running. The man with me suggested we walk up a way and meet it. I agreed. I thought the others directly behind us. Anyway, Mrs. 'Dick', I was not responsible. Never before, you know, had I been to an affair of this sort. Seems Maude had not either, but a brother of a friend of hers belongs to that fast set, and someone had invited her on his account. He was away—and they asked Maude on her friend's account; and that's how I got there. Mrs. Williams didn't approve at all of our going, but because Maude was anxious to take me about, she consented.

"Well, as I said, we had walked away from them all, and the Alt House being only a short distance from where we were, he asked if I minded to walk there and he would order a cab. I agreed, thinking it best to get back as soon as possible. He was most courteous and we talked back and forth. Really, I don't know what I said. You see, I'd never been about like this, and it had all gone to my head. Things were misty. I felt like my eyes were blinded.

"I remember as we came into the Alt House he said, 'We could stay here all night.' 'Yes,' I answered, 'we could do much worse.' I think that was the unfortunate remark. He took me to a chair. 'I'll order the cab,' he said.

"When he disappeared down the corridor and I did not feel the necessity to keep up a conversation, I got very stupid. I felt uncontrollably sleepy. When he came again he noticed it.

"'Come in here,' he said, taking my arm and walking toward a cafe. 'You're tired. I will order something to revive you.'

"I followed stupidly, and I drank

what he gave me. I don't know the rest at all, Mrs. 'Dick.' Everything was so hazy and then—all blank. Seemed to me we were standing in an elevator, and I leaned heavily against him for support. At any rate, when the next day came I found myself in a strange room. He had gone."

Peggie was stupefied.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, wiping her brow.

"No one ever can know the anguish, the remorse, the tearing of my heart, the unutterable overwhelming that came over me," Kate went on almost madly. "On a table, by a telephone, I found a half-smoked cigar and a note. Oh! the calm coldness of it!" she gasped. "He said he did not wish to disturb me, that I seemed to be sleeping restfully, and that he had an engagement, so he could not wait. He thought it would be wise to telephone Mrs. Williams that I had spent the night with one of the chaperons. Oh! Mrs. 'Dick'—to think of it all! Well, it seemed that they had not even missed me. Maude came in and thought I had come before and gone to sleep, and she was not up yet when I telephoned."

"Yes," said Peggie breathlessly.

"That's about all," Kate went on hopelessly. "I never met him again. You see, Maude did not go in that set. He is a married man," she added bitterly. "His wife is abroad with her mother."

"My God!" said Peggie, then he can't marry you?"

"I should not marry him," Kate said fiercely, "even if he begged me on his knees."

"But Kate," and Peggie sprang to her feet. "What—what will you do?" She turned to the window. "Oh, I know," she said, grasping at a ray of hope, "you will marry Mr. Wallingford, of course."

Peggie went back and took Kate's hand. "Oh, yes," she went on excitedly, "of course, and you will—I mean you can—"

"Don't," said Kate, standing before her. "No; I'll not do that, either. I told him before I left I would not marry him. I could not marry a man like him."

She went over to the table again. "Mrs. 'Dick,'" she said, turning abruptly, "I am not hunting a husband now; I am hunting a shelter."

"Are you sure you're not mistaken?" Peggie asked hopefully.

"Yes," Kate answered sadly; "I am sure of it."

"And he does not know it?" she asked again.

"No one knows but you and I."

Peggie saw the situation quickly. She came and stood beside Kate and put her arm about her.

"I will help you," she said, "and except Dick, there will never a soul in this wide world know anything.

"What will you do?" Kate asked.

"We shall go away."

"Where?"

"We shall see," and Peggie even smiled. "It's not the awfulest thing, dear," she said. "You were foolish, but you did not really fall. You will outlive it."

"Heaven spare me!" she said, turning to Peggie. "Pray that I may die."

"We shall leave on Monday," said Peggie reassuringly.

Kate went home and Peggie watched her from the window.

"Why was she ever born?" she said despairingly.

When Dick came home that evening Peggie told him all about it.

Dick took it harder than Peggie expected. He paced the floor like a man gone mad. He demanded that justice should be done, and he vowed he would see to it that it was. Kate had always been like a little sister to him. It seemed he could not have it so.

But Peggie persuaded Dick that there was no justice in things of this sort.

They were beyond repair. There was nothing gained by trying for it. All they wished was to save Kate and there was only one way—to keep secret.

"To think," said Peggie, "that generous, loving, whole-souled Kate should come to this! Why, it seems the cruelest, most unjust and unlikely thing in the whole wide world. That child wouldn't harm anyone."

"It was a bad place to send her. And what are women coming to—" Dick went on—"drinking in this manner? Oh, the beastly mask society travels under! Good God! There should be laws to prevent it."

"Poor Kate, she hated to appear 'so unsophisticated,' she said. Why, the child doesn't even know what they gave her."

"They are a bad lot there," said Dick again. Then he added slowly, "What are we going to do?"

"We must take her away at once, of course."

"Oh, yes!" Dick had not thought of this.

"I shall go over tomorrow," Peggie continued, "and say I've developed a sort of insomnia—a nervous collapse, as it were, and that the doctor has advised a sea voyage and several months in the south of France, if possible. There is a particular rest cure he advocates with a peculiar air that can only be gotten there."

"How is that to benefit Kate?" Dick asked.

"When I tell Mary this and dilate on it extensively she will decide that if Kate could go too she would surely be helped. They can see," said Peggie, "that Kate's not well. She looks like a ghost."

And it was just as Peggie had anticipated. Mary was indeed greatly worried, and she begged Peggie to take Kate along. On the twenty-third of February they sailed.

Peggie closed the house, and sent the boys off to school, and Dick took a vacation. They took Kate to a retreat and gave out that she was a young widow. Peggie and Dick left her for short trips, and Kate's letters home were full of new scenes and places, and of Peggie's slow recovery and her own more rapid one.

Kate's child was born in September. It was a girl, and it was a fine healthy baby.

When she was nearly three months old they left her, and Kate came home again with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Mary was delighted at Kate's improved health. Her face was fuller again and her eyes were clear and bright. She looked the same old Kate, but Mr. Ashworth missed the careless happiness she used to have.

"It is because she is older," Mary said to him one night when Kate was playing a plaintive melody on the guitar. "She can't always be a child, you know. I think a little dignity becomes her."

"I suppose you are right," Mr. Ashworth answered her. Then he called: "Come here, Kate, and see your Daddy."

Kate sat on a low, straight chair beside him.

"Daddy," she said after a little, "tell me about my mother."

"You are much like her, Kate," he answered, "and she loved you dearly." He patted her head soothingly.

"I suppose she did, and if for no other reason—just because she was my mother."

"Yes," he said again, "a girl's mother is her strongest tie of sympathy."

"I think you're right," she said slowly, and they were both silent—then she added: "I never knew what it was to have a mother."

"Poor child!" he said caressingly. "No, you never did."

III

Peggie was besieged with invitations and callers. Everyone was delighted to have her home again. Even Mrs. Potter had said most sincerely that the whole place seemed to have lost interest while she was away.

And so Peggie decided to give a musical.

Musicals were Peggie's stronghold. She said to Dick that they were the most satisfactory sort of entertainment.

"It gives every one an excuse for doing something, you know. It furnishes conversation and all that. No more trouble than a reception and ten times more enjoyment. People feel flattered. Those who perform are pleased to have been asked to do so; and those who look on feel honored to have been asked to come. Of course they are delighted. They 'dote on music.' It's a dainty way to pay a compliment."

"Yes," agreed Dick, "I used to feel that way when you used to ask me."

"Did you?" she said, "how funny!"

And so it came that on Friday Peggie's home was a scene of much gaiety. It was practically the first affair of the season, and there was a perceptible display of new gowns and hats. Everybody came. Darrell Stevens brought his wife; Mrs. Smith was bringing out another niece. Louise Hudson and "King" came late. She wore a new imported thing of real lace and delicate lavender-drab stuff. Peggie smiled knowingly at her when she came in. "King" was radiant. When Louise had sung and she and Peggie were standing together for a minute, she turned to Peggie and said:

"I miss Teddy Carr."

"So do I," said Peggie.

Mr. Vroom came up just then and Peggie left them to greet Mr. Barclay, who had only just come.

"I'm so glad to see you," Peggie said, extending her hand. "Dick said last night you were here. I was afraid you might not get my word."

"Thank you, I did—though I should have come anyway. There was such an influx of carriages into Washington street, that my curiosity should have brought me. The club's deserted. Everyone must be here."

Peggie laughed.

"Come and have some tea," she said, "and what have you been doing lately?"

They went together to where a group of men were gathered. "Miss Kate Ashworth's making tea in here," she said. As they came to them George Hardy was saying:

"It is a pity, Miss Kate, you stayed away till after the tournament. It wasn't half a tournament without you. I know several bets that had to be canceled."

Kate smiled sweetly.

"I've not played in so long, I've 'most forgotten how."

"Don't you say that," Mr. Hardy returned. Then he added laughingly, "That becomes Miss Ashworth better. We won't let you go back on us like that."

"Here," said Kate, "do drink this tea. I poured it hours ago."'

"You're very kind." Then as he tasted it Mr. Hardy said again, "Yes, I taste the ice in it."

Everyone laughed. Kate said: "Please don't be unkind to me."

"Who's unkind to you?" Peggie asked just then. "Let me introduce Mr. Barclay," and Peggie went the rounds.

"You've met Miss Kate," she said.

"Yes, I met Mr. Barclay a year ago," Kate answered cordially. She reached over to shake hands.

Soon Kate found herself alone with him.

"Were they teasing you?" he asked her.

"Oh, no, only joking. I used to be quite athletic, you know. Won a cup last year—but," she added slowly, "I seem to have gotten over caring for things like that any more. I think I must be getting old."

He looked at her sympathetically. He

read what they all had failed to—that Kate had a sorrow.

"We ourselves know best what we should do," he said.

Kate turned and looked at him.

"Or what we should not have done." Her heart gave a leap. "Oh, what have I said?" she thought to herself despairingly.

But Mr. Barclay did not seem to have heard—or at least to have understood, for he returned consolingly:

"We cannot put off what is foreordained."

"Do you believe that?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," he said, looking at her, "I do."

Mrs. Hudson came over with Mr. Vroom and the conversation became general.

"Poor Kate!" Peggie said to Dick after dinner. "It will take years, and years, and then more years, before,—oh, it will take forever!"

"Yes," said Dick. "Kate is a woman with a past. Oh God, I wish I could kill him!"

⁂

When Peggie's grandmother died her estate was divided between Peggie and a cousin. Now Peggie had word of the cousin's death, and, being the nearest living relative, she found herself the recipient of another little fortune. She felt it necessary to attend the funeral, and so Peggie went back home. She was gone nearly three weeks, and on her return a couple of days later, while down town she met Kate Ashworth driving with Mr. Barclay. They were just going by Fowler's, when Peggie came out. She had stopped there to have some flowers sent to the church. John had asked her to. They evidently had seen her go in, for they were waiting for her when she came outside. Peggie was surprised and she showed it.

"You're the very person we are looking for," Kate began. "Get in," she said, making room, "we'd like you to go with us."

"Where? asked Peggie.

"Come and you shall see.

"Why, I guess I can go," said Peggie doubtfully, as she got in.

"We will go out Madison, said Kate to Mr. Barclay as he tightened the reins.

"Now, said Kate, when they were fairly started, "we are going to drive to Thorneville and be married.

Peggie looked around startled.

"Yes, Mrs. 'Dick,' why not?" Kate asked.

"There is no reason, I suppose," said Peggie quickly, "only do you think it quite kind? Your father will feel badly that you have not taken him into your confidence. He has always been a good father, Kate. I think you are not treating him with consideration."

Peggie was almost beside herself. Beyond her surprise there was a secret fear that Kate was marrying this man to make a home for her child. She would induce him in some way to adopt her. Her heart went out to them both. Kate could not love him, she thought—a girl like Kate who was athletic and robust. How could she even have thought of it—and there he was, only an excuse for a man physically, 'though Peggie knew he had a noble character. She even thought that with his physical infirmity that Kate was cheating his soul. Peggie knew in her heart that Kate was as pure as gold, but—what would he think?

"Well, Mrs. 'Dick,'" Kate was saying. "It's just this way: Warren and I have decided we will marry. Now, neither one of us cares to make a social affair of it. You know, people will talk just as much if we announce it one week and marry the next, as if we marry and announce it all at once. Mary would never consent to let it go by without a large display, I know. And as for poor dear Dad, he will think it is all right if I tell him it is. Warren sails in two weeks for Berlin, and we must make haste if I am to accompany him."

"I understand your feeling, Mrs. Kendall," Mr. Barclay said deliberately, "but there is also a strong argument against it. We love one another," he said, "and I know that Mr. and Miss Ashworth would hardly comprehend that on the part of their daughter and sister. I know they would say her to be impulsive and erratic, even; but I know, too, what they do not know, and that is, that this child is not going to be regretful."

He spoke with deep feeling and Peggie began to relent. She thought she understood him and that Kate had told him everything.

"It is the inevitable," she said to herself; "I cannot stop them now."

It was a twelve-mile drive, and the afternoon was gone when they reached the place. They had no difficulty in finding a justice of the peace. He was an old man who asked few questions. Peggie's presence seemed to reassure him. When they came to the house and Mr. Barclay left Kate and Peggie to inquire, Peggie grasped Kate by the arm.

"Look!" said she, "watch him go up the walk! See how crippled he is! See there—look how he goes up the steps. Oh!" said Peggie, "think calmly, Kate, think!"

Kate turned to her.

"Leave go my arm!" she said fiercely. "I would be despicable to dare think of such a thing. You think, Peggie"—Kate had never called her Peggie before—"what am I giving him? Who am I that I should set myself even beside him?"

"Then you have told him everything?" she asked almost gladly.

"No," said Kate, "I have told him nothing."

"You will never tell, then?"

"Yes, when it is over. I am going to bring her back with us."

"Oh, Kate," said Peggie, almost breathlessly. "You cannot make him understand."

Mr. Barclay was coming back to them.

"Oh, Kate," she said despairingly.

Kate saw the grief in Peggie's eyes. "Never fear," she said calmly. "I think I can. At least, I shall try."

Peggie was thinking in her own mind, "It would have been better if the child had died."

⁂

They all went inside together and it was almost dark when they came out again. Mr. Barclay and Kate were to take a train that came through about midnight and Peggie was going to drive back alone.

"Give us your blessing, Mrs. Kendall?" he asked smiling.

She took Kate in her arms and kissed her. To Mr. Barclay she gave her hand. "There is something about 'the peace that passeth all understanding'—may it be with you both," Peggie said.

"I understand you," he said, looking into her eyes. "I will be good to her."

The eyes of all were moistened. Peggie got into the carriage and started home. It was quite dark now and Peggie felt her nerve weakening. As she came to the outskirts of the village she heard a dog bark. How it startled her! Her mind was a chaos of everything.

She told Dick afterward that the drive home was indescribable. Dick had been waiting for some time for her. He had put the boys to bed and had told them their mother had telephoned them good-night. Someone was ill. She would be late. And then Dick walked up and down the side piazza for an hour and a half. At last he heard the carriage coming up the drive. Peggie fairly fell into his arms.

"Tell Mason to put them up here for the night. I don't know where they belong."

"All right," said Dick, leading her inside.

Peggie dropped limply into the first chair.

"Here, drink this," he said.

"Thank you, and now," said Peggie, "telephone to the Ashworths that Kate is with me and will stay here tonight."

"Oh," said Dick, wonderingly.

"She's all right," Peggie continued, "tell them."

When Dick came back Peggie had gone upstairs. He followed her there. She had thrown herself on the bed and was weeping and sobbing.

"Poor child!" said Dick, sitting down beside her, as he smoothed her hair and wiped the tears from her cheeks. "Poor child—something's been too much for you."

Peggie wept on.

"Yes," she said, "it was a straw too much." She reached for Dick's hand. "Nobody ever called me a child before," she said, putting his fingers to her lips. "It seems I've always been grown up—that I have always been a woman."

"There," said Dick, sympathetically, "you are my dear child."

Then after a little Peggie sat up and told him everything that had happened.

"I meant to tell you," he said, "that Barclay has been very attentive to Kate lately."

"Well," said Peggie, "I hope God will be good to them. He has always been so good to me," and she drew Dick to her and kissed him.

⁂

In the morning Peggie went to the Ashworth's and told Kate's story. At first it was received with great concern, but like everything else that can't be helped, it became less and less disapproved, until at last it seemed the very best thing after all. Mary's great regret was the lost opportunity for a beautiful wedding.

"Well," said Mr. Ashworth goodnaturedly, "we shall not overlook that when you step off, Mary."

They all laughed, and Mary went home to lunch with Peggie. That afternoon they went to Lyon's to order the announcement cards.

IV

It was not until a year from that Spring that Mr. and Mrs. Barclay came home again. Mary came up after Peggie the next morning.

"Do come over," she said excitedly, "and see what Kate's brought back with her. But I must tell you," she went on —"It's a little girl about two years old. Kate found her somewhere on their travels, and nothing would do but she must have her—think of it! and so Warren adopted her. They don't know a thing about her family, but she is bound to be all right. She's just too dear and cute for anything—and really, Peggie, Kate could easily pass her off as her own! She's just the image of Kate."

"How extraordinary!" said Peggie. "I'm dying to see her—wait, I will get my hat and come right along."

"She calls me 'Aunt Mary'" said Mary eagerly as they came down the steps. "And father, 'Grandda'.' Kate taught her, you know; and she is so sweet, so beautiful, so lovely."

There were tears in Peggie's eyes. Mary looked at her.

"That's just the way I feel," she said, taking out her handkerchief. "And to think that that sweet little baby might have grown up away off in a srtange land and Kate might never have found her!"

"Yes," said Peggie, "I know it."

⁂

They were all in the living room and Peggie followed Kate upstairs. Once in her room, Kate turned and looked at Peggie. She came over to her and rested either hand on Peggie's shoulders.

"He says you are a true, noble woman, Peggie."

Peggie's eyes welled again.

"He is one in ten thousand," Peggie said quietly.

' Yes," answered Kate, "there is a another beatitude—'Blessed are the pure in heart; the peace-makers; they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; and they that mourn'; but above all—everything else — blessed is a noble, broad-minded man."

Peggie leaned forward and kissed her. Both women felt the benediction in their hearts as Peggie whispered softly:

"Amen."

POET-LORE

(One of Edwin Markham's finest and most widely quoted lyrics)

THE poet is forever young
And speaks the one immortal tongue.
To him the wonder never dies,
For youth is looking through his eyes.
Pale listener at the heart of things,
He hears the voices and the wings;
He hears the skylark overhead —
Hears the far footfalls of the dead.

When the swift Muses seize their child,
Then God has gladness rich and wild;
For when the bard is caught and hurled,
A splendor breaks across the world.
His song distils a saving power
From foot-worn stone, from wayside flower.

He knows the gospel of the trees,
The whispered message of the seas;
Finds in some beetle on the road
A power to lift the human load;
Sees, in some dead leaf dried and curled,
The deeper meaning of the world;
Hears through the roar of mortal things
The Gods' immortal whisperings;
Sees the world wonder rise and fall,
And knows that Beauty made it all.

He walks the circle of the sun,
And sees the bright Powers laugh and run.
He feels the motion of the sphere,
And builds his song in sacred fear.
He finds the faithful witness hid
In poppy-head and Pyramid;
The Godless Heaven or the Pit —
And shakes the music out of it.
All things yield up their souls to him
From dateless dust to seraphim.

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CANTON, MISSISSIPPI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. GERTRUDE ORRICK

NEW conditions have developed a new order of things in the South. A new class is making itself felt. The overseers, small farmers, backwoodsmen, have become active, moving, spiritful men. The war that united the old South and left such scars on the aristocracy, but leveled the old barriers. The poor wayfarers who had rested so long under the powerful wing of the landholders, some listlessly indifferent, others suffering with their country, mounted the wall, and the prospect before them gave them new views. The old ideals called to them and they were men enough to answer. Flushed with a strange new vigor, a brief space sufficed in which to gauge the possibilities before them, and they set out to do. Since then they have traveled far.

Where once the old planter sat in state, his then poverty-stricken neighbor now too often rules in deep content, hugging the joy of possessing the broad acres that seemed in '60 as far beyond his grasp as the nebulous milky way from ours. The strife which placed the overseer in temporarily absolute charge of the plantation, stripped the master, whose beloved home, or what was left of it, went into the hands of the manager for services rendered during the war. By right of such title one sits in the halls of an old war governor, his "overlord," while the governor's children are scattered far and wide, some mere boys, long since dead on the field of battle, some rich, some poor, but none able to buy from the present owner the home of his fathers. Here and there the sons of the old planters do still hold the property of their ancestors, and maybe a cluster of plantations down in the Mississippi bottoms; but the overseer, the small farmer, to whom the power and dominion of the planter was the acme of earthly desire, now tastes the bliss of possession, alas, without the right of birth; but he has power, power over lands and men, and sweet indeed it is to those who have felt the governing hand.

These are the men who have awakened. Surprising as it may seem, considering their presumed lack of ambition, they are forging ahead, prepared for the opening by the toil and privation that evolve of necessity the endurance, energy, foresight which are the bases of commercial power in the man of the North; and to this equipment is added a strength-giving idealism and high purpose which was born with their opportunity of '65. We are not dealing with those in whom hatred of class is an instinct, for they are not the constructive elements in a new civilization. Instead of any vulgar rejoicing in the tragedy that has been their making, these new men with eager willingness recognize, accept and proudly uphold the old type of Southern planter as the highest standard of a man. With the old conceptions of patriotism, they set out to help renew the life of the land which is to every Southerner as France is to the Frenchman and as Japan is to the Japanese.

Where it has fallen to one of these new Southerners to tread as owner the spacious drawing room of the planter, it also falls to him as if through the imperative direction of the old regime to obey to the utmost his conception of "noblesse oblige." Under this influence he gathers about him the relics of the old days; he seeks them out and buys them in against aliens—some might think with the spirit of the new rich that seeks to veneer itself with a worth that belongs to another; but in the generality of cases this is

THE OLD SOUTHERN PLANTER

not so. It is the spirit of "noblesse oblige" working in these memory-haunted places, which, once robbed of their rightful owners, become suddenly mournful, spent and lifeless, that stirs the new masters with a passionate, South-loving determination to revivify it all. In the new position they would, to the best of their ability, perpetuate in themselves and their children the characteristics of the stately old planter who will always be, in the South and far beyond it, the standard of high honor, courtly manners, generosity and contempt for money.

Side by side, it might be said, with the sons of the planters these men are working. But neither forgets the past. With the inborn understanding of the things that are great, the one with manliness accepts defeat, the other, with the daily example of the splendid acceptance beside him, with equal manliness accords to the fullest that real consideration which is the essence of perfect sympathy.

These people of the hills, the claybanks, the poor farms, are giving their sons and daughters all the purchasable advantages that a planter gave or gives to his children; they are sending them into colleges, fields of medicine, ministry, politics, urging them into business, toward success, and eventually they will reach it.

While not all of these men are of that fiber that disdains political trickery or anything that is little or base; while hardened by contact with the rugged side of life, or inheritors of shrewdness thus generated till able to meet the cold, "tough-hided" business methods of the day with methods of equal toughness, still they are fearless, independent men, less polished, less cultured and easy of manner than the sons of the old regime, but in many things true to the core. For the men of the South of whatever class and however faultily inclined, have as a body four great requisites of a gentleman—fearlessness, honor of women, honor of age, and honor of honor itself.

It is in this new force that the old owners of the soil find a great power toward the upbuilding of the South. The two are working for the same end. So, harmoniously, they move on together, opening up the wealth of the country, renewing the life of the land, dividing up the great cotton, sugar and rice fields under capable negroes, injecting new vigor into the management of things. Through them the vast timber lands of rare woods are sending out supplies to the Union and foreign countries. Iron and coal mines, riches of vegetable products, fisheries, oyster beds,and game are developing under the double touch. Factories, mills and foundries are humming, back from the towns. The South has awakened from her long, grief-softening sleep, but as the planter's son gazes over what was once a private domain—the splendid stretches of forest land, noble spaces, distances and stillnesses of nature thus disturbed, upon the forces that are pressing in upon his home, his kingdom, who can tell what thoughts are surging in his mind? It may be they are singing the exultant song of progress, or it may be that in the deepest recesses of his heart a shadowy regret is lurking for that broader, freer side of life his people will never know again. But, however bereft he may be, however burdened personally by the debts that can never be paid, his pride in and love of his land, his pleasure in its growing prosperity predominates over all.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER OF TODAY

While the sons of the humbler workers may be happy, even enthusiastic in their present unexpected exaltation, while they may believe in their country, and may love it, there is much to come before they can taste the deep-seated joy that animates the old class in the future of the South. With the combined strength and purpose of these two classes, with all the gifts that Providence has lavished on the men of the Gulf and Atlantic states and on their country, who can doubt that out of the old regime and the new, devoted not to the lust for gold, but to the enriching, beautifying and developing of the South for the love of the South, must come such inevitable results in men and wealth and power as shall merit again the absorbed eye of all the world.

THE SOUTHERNER OF THE NEW CLASS

THE WITCH-CROW AND BARNEY BYLOW

A MODERN FAIRY TALE FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

MALTA, OHIO

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

V.

BARNEY left the livery-barn quite early next morning — urgently propelled by a hostler with a piece of strap in his hand. Heavy-eyed and but half awake, the lad hardly realized what was happening till he was out in the alley and alone. Then of a sudden he became conscious of the smarts occasioned by the playing of the strap about his bare legs, and he stooped and feelingly rubbed his injured members.

"There's lots of mean people in a city, I guess," he grumbled, fetching a yawn and shivering as the damp of the gray morning penetrated his scant attire. "What was the use of that fellow using a strap on me? I wasn't hurting anything, sleeping on that bundle of straw. It seems that I'm going to have a tough time of it, sure enough."

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and sauntered out upon the street. Few people were abroad, but the trolley cars were running, factory whistles were screeching — the hive of industry was beginning to buzz. Barney again shivered, hunched his shoulders and went pattering along the thoroughfare, no destination in mind, no object in view. His limbs were stiff and sore; his feet were tender; every muscle in his body ached. His stomach was afflicted with a gnawing emptiness, but the thought of sweetmeats was nauseating.

"I need a warm breakfast," he determined; "I haven't had anything warm to eat since I left home. But how am I going to get it? Well, I'll have to depend upon myself, I reckon; nobody else'll help me, that's sure. I'll just have to make the best of my one-sided bargain with old White Feather; but it looks to me like it was going to be a mighty poor best."

His aimless footsteps brought him to a cheap restaurant with an obscure, narrow entrance. He stooped and peeped into the dusky interior. A rough-looking man jostled past him, strode through the doorway, and seated himself at one of the small tables. Barney quickly and quietly followed the man and took a seat at the same table.

A waiter came forward to take their orders.

"What will you have this morning, Mr. Gross?" he asked, addressing the man at the table.

"Hot rolls, fried potatoes, and a cup of coffee," Mr. Gross replied.

"I'll take the same," Barney volunteered.

"This boy with you, Mr. Gross?" the waiter questioned, nodding toward Barney.

"No," Mr. Gross grunted laconically, his eyes fixed upon the tablecloth, upon which he was drawing geometric designs with his thumbnail.

The waiter gave Barney a searching look of suspicion, evidently questioning the lad's ability to pay, then turned and retreated to the rear. Barney was gravely concerned as to the outcome of his rash venture, but he kept his seat and was duly alert for what ill might threaten him. However, the waiter filled the two orders and made no further remarks.

Barney and his companion, the morose Mr. Gross, ate in silence. Though there was a sense of dread, of impending misadventure weighing upon him, the boy enjoyed his meal. The waiter again came to the table and dropped a small ticket at each plate. Barney had eaten at a restaurant once before, in company with his father, so now he knew the purpose of the bit of pink pasteboard.

"Twenty-five cents," he mumbled, his mouth full of food. "I s'pect they'll get tired of waiting while I count out that many pennies, one at a time, but they'll have to wait—or do without their pay."

He glanced across the table at his companion's ticket; it was marked "30c."

"I don't understand this thing," the boy mused; "we both got the same."

Mr. Gross arose from the table, picked up the ticket and approached the cashier's desk; Barney followed him. Mr. Gross and the cashier got into an altercation — the former claiming that his ticket called for five cents more than his breakfast amounted to, and the latter maintaining that he had nothing to do with that — and the waiter was called up to adjust matters. The delay thus occasioned enabled Barney to pile upon the desk the twenty-five pennies needful to settle his bill.

The cashier picked up the boy's ticket, glanced at the pile of pennies, and demanded sharply:

"Where did you get those?"

"In my pocket," Barney answered innocently.

"Don't get gay, now!" the cashier snapped.

"Well, I did get them in my pocket—or out of my pocket — I don't know which I ought to say."

And Barney grinned good-naturedly; his breakfast had dispelled his gloomy thoughts and forebodings.

The cashier eyed him keenly for a moment; then he said:

"Where did you get those pennies, before you got them in your pocket?"

"I didn't get them anywhere," Barney replied.

"Oh, come off!" sneered the cashier.

"I didn't," the lad insisted.

"Why, you put them into your pocket, didn't you?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't?"—in great surprise.

"No, sir; I didn't."

"Well, if you didn't, who did?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

Barney shook his head, and added in words: "I don't know how they got into my pocket—I don't know whether anybody put them in there."

The cashier gasped and stared. It was evident he considered the boy a glib but unreasoning young liar.

"Well, we have no use for the pennies," he remarked at last.

"It's all the money I've got," Barney returned.

The cashier irritably raked the pennies into his palm and dropped them into the till. Then he said:

"Now you get out of here, and stay out. There's been a number of tills tapped and slot-machines broken open lately, and the lot of pennies you have and the crooked tale you tell makes me suspicious of you. Don't you come in here any more."

Barney did not tarry to attempt to clear himself of the unjust imputation; he was glad enough to escape without further parley, knowing well he could make no explanation that would be believed.

"This thing's going to get me into a peck of trouble—I can see that," he muttered as he shuffled along the street. "But what else can I do? I'd hunt for work—yes, I would!—if it would do any good. But what use would it be to work and get nothing for it? The money would melt right out of my fingers. Oh, I wish I could go to work and earn money! I know I could find a job in a big place like this. But there's no use to wish—no use to think about work. All I can do is to do as I am doing, even if they put me in jail for it. Wouldn't I like to wring old White Feather's neck! And I've got to have some new clothes pretty soon—a new hat, anyhow; this old thing's about ready to drop to pieces. Well, I might as well go and try to buy one right now; waiting won't make the job any easier."

Seeing a number of cheap wool hats displayed in front of a store, he stopped and inquired the price.

"Fifty cents apiece," snapped the young salesman, who stood upon the step twirling the brush with which he had been dusting the articles displayed.

Barney doffed his own dilapidated headgear and tried on one hat after another.

"Those are for men," the salesman explained; "you won't find one to fit you. Come inside and I'll sell you a good one—a boy's hat."

"For how much?" Barney inquired.

"One dollar."

"Too much," Barney whispered to himself.

And he continued to try and retry the hats before him. The thought of having to fish one hundred separate coins from his pocket, with the eye of the salesman fixed upon him, was dreadful.

Presently the little fellow selected a hat he thought would do, although it rested snugly upon his ears when he put it on, and said: "I'll take this one."

The salesman smiled pityingly, but he took the hat from the boy's hand and retreated to the interior. Barney followed, and while the salesman was wrapping up the article, the boy industriously and rapidly counted out the pennies necessary to the purchase.

"There you are," remarked the salesman, pushing the package toward the purchaser.

"And there's your money," Barney returned, pointing toward the pile of brazen coins.

"Whew!" whistled the salesman, his eyes very wide. "All in pennies, eh? Say, young man! Where—where—"

And he stopped speaking and stared hard at the urchin. Barney caught up his purchase and made for the door.

"Hold on — wait a moment!" the salesman cried.

But Barney slid out the door, and as he crossed the street the heard the salesman excitedly calling and shouting someone's name.

The lad was so pleased, so elated, over his first attempt to obtain new wearing apparel that a spirit of foolhardiness seized him; and immediately he determined upon a second venture.

A short distance from the scene of his first triumph, he entered another shop and asked for a shirt. Here a pretty young woman waited upon him. Barney did not know the size of the garment he required, but the pretty young woman thought she knew — after carefully looking him over—and began searching for it. Barney industriously plied his nimble fingers, and just as the saleswoman shoved the wrapped article toward him, he laid the last penny requisite upon the counter.

Then a startling thing happened. The young woman took a hasty look at the pile of pennies and, raising her voice to a shrill screech, called:

"Here's one of them now, Mr. Bristow! Come this way—quick!"

Barney heard quick footsteps and saw several men approaching from the rear of the room. He snatched up his purchases, tucked one under each arm, and made rapidly for the open air.

"Stop him!" shrieked the young woman.

"Head him off!" cried the men.

Out the door and down the street sped Barney, a half-dozen persons in pursuit, all shouting and gesticulating. A number of other shopkeepers and clerks joined in the chase; a dog ran out of an alley and, nipping at the boy's heels, barked vociferously.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" yelled the growing crowd.

A cabman pulled his vehicle across the street to obstruct the fugitive's flight, but Barney made a detour and was still far ahead of his pursuers.

"Stop the till-tapper! Stop the penny-thief!"

A tall policeman barred the lad's path, swinging his club and commanding: "Halt! Stop! Stop!"

But Barney slid under the upraised arm of the officer, wriggled free from the detaining hand that fell upon his shoulder, and shot into a shadowy passage between two tall buildings This led him into a big warehouse. Among boxes, barrels and crates he threaded his way and emerged upon another street. This he crossed, dashed through another alley, and came out upon a quiet thoroughfare where but few people were in sight. All sounds of pursuit had died out, but on and on he went, slowing his pace to avoid attracting undue attention. And he did not stop until he reached the suburbs, a region of vacant lots and tall board fences.

Here he sought out an obscure spot, cast himself down in the grateful shade of a gnarled old apple tree and quickly fell asleep, completely worn out with his morning's adventures.

He awoke with the late afternoon sun shining full in his face. Slowly he got upon his feet, and stretched his limbs and yawned. In an adjacent grove of oak trees a flock of crows were raising a clamorous hubbub and flitting from one perch to another. Presently a great owl emerged from the green of the bit of woodland, in slow and dignified retreat from its tormentors, who were swarming in its wake, cawing uproariously. Leading the band of black marauders was the white-feather crow!

"White Feather! White Feather!" Barney screamed lustily, forgetting in his excitement his need to remain unobserved, his danger from those who were on the outlook for him.

The white-feather crow left the flock following the owl, circled a few times high above Barney's head, and alighted upon the topmost bough of the old apple tree. There it sat, stretching its neck and impudently peering down at the boy.

"White Feather—you mean old thing!" Barney cried, provoked by the crow's cool insolence.

The uncanny bird opened wide its mouth, blinked and gurgled, and rolled its head from side to side, like a person in a spasm of silent laughter.

"Well, you are mean!" Barney sputtered angrily. "You ought to be ashamed, too, playing such a low-down trick upon a poor, innocent boy that never harmed you!"

The white-feather fowl fluttered its plumage, beat its side with its wings, rolled its eyes, and croaked:

"Haw, haw, haw! Pshaw! Phsaw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

"Oh, you can laugh—I don't care!" Barney whined, almost in tears. "But I'll bet you wouldn't laugh, if somebody had played such a trick on you—had got you in such a fix. I'll bet you wouldn't think it much fun to be chased and yelled at and called a thief."

The bird bobbed, cocked its head, and winked impertinently.

"Haw, haw, haw!" it chuckled. "Law, law! Bawrney Bylaw!"

Perhaps it was thinking it had been chased and called a thief many a time; that every member of its family, almost, had been served in like manner. At any rate, it appeared to take a keen delight in the boy's tale of discomfiture.

"Well, I want you to get me out of this fix!" Barney cried pettishly.

"Haw, haw, haw!" the eccentric crow cawed delightedly. "Naw! Naw! Bawrney Bylaw!"

It laughed till it tumbled from its perch, and turned a summersault in mid-air. But it caught itself before striking the ground, and set off after its companions who were mere specks on the smoky horizon.

Barney sighed dolefully as he watched its departure. When it was out of sight, he picked up his bundles and made his way to a brook that ran through the bit of woodland near-by. There he stripped and took a bath in a clear pool. Then he cast aside his old hat and shirt and donned the new ones he had had so much trouble in purchasing, and set out to return to the heart of the city, choosing the less frequented streets to avoid observation.

VI

At eight o'clock that evening Barney found himself down at the water front of the city — weary, hunted and hungry. Before him was the river and the shipping; behind him the great town throbbing with life and restlessness; and around him a chaos of moving vans, trucks and drays. At the wharves and docks lay great steamers loading and unloading—floating monsters with big black horns and dragon-like eyes, the one red and the other green—and out in midstream, a part of the enveloping gloom, were tugs and ferries,—other monsters—puffing, screeching and churning the inky water into sooty foam. A rampart of gloomy warehouses, tall and somber, guarded the shore, and huddled at its base were cheap shops and low saloons.

Barney stood under a swinging, crackling arc-light and viewed the scene, shivering with nervousness, his ears filled with the din of it all, his heart filled with dread of he knew not what. Heavy vehicles screaked and rumbled; drivers whipped and swore. Steamboat mates stormed and cursed, and strings of colored deckhands crooned eerie singsongs as they streamed along stages and gang-planks. Donkey-engines chugged and snorted; ropes and pulleys creaked and rattled; boxes, barrels and bales thumped and bumped, as they dropped upon oaken decks or shot swiftly into the yawning holds of great vessels.

Down on one corner of a dock, in the full beam of a steamer's searchlight, but out of the way of rolling trucks and shuffling roustabouts, a small group of street gamins were shaking pennies and laughing and chattering like a bunch of blackbirds. Barney was hungering for boyish companionship, starving for boyish fellowship; and now he threw discretion to the winds, forgot that he was a hunted fugitive, and sauntered down and joined the group of urchins.

"Hello, Rube!" one of them cried gaily, backing out of the game and making a bow of mock humility to Barney. "Glad to see you. W'en did you get in, Rube?"

"My name isn't Rube," Barney replied quietly, looking over his questioner's bowed head at the boys hunkering upon the dock.

"Aw, yes it is," the street Arab laughed, drawing himself erect. "All guys w'at comes from de country is Rubes. Come up to de city to make y'r fortune, I s'pose—all hayseeds does. Well, here's y'r show," striking an attitude and pointing at his kneeling companions. "You can make 'r lose a fortune dere in a very few minutes, as I know to me sorrow. Dey cleaned me out o' nineteen cents in no time; I's bankrupt, an' got to start life all over again. Ain't you sorry fer me, Rube?"

And the grimy-faced lad sniffled, wiped the back of his hand across his eyes, and made a pretense of weeping.

"But I tell you my name isn't Rube," Barney returned, ignoring the other's plea for sympathy; it's Barney—Barney Bylow."

"Aw, dat's all right—all right!" the gamin chuckled. "It's a good Irish name, too. Me name's Mickey Marvel, an' I's as Irish as de ol' sod itself. Shake."

The two shook hands and Mickey continued:

"Want to take a hand?" with a jerk of his thumb indicating the game in progress. "It's great fun, an' maybe you'll win a pile."

"It's gambling, isn't it?" Barney objected. "I don't want to gamble."

Those in the game overheard the

country boy's remark, and tittered amusedly, but did not stop playing.

"Naw, 'tain't gamblin'," Mickey hasteed to explain; "it's jes shakin' pennies. Shootin' craps is gamblin'. Got any pennies—want to try it?"

Barney slowly shook his head.

"It wouldn't do me any good," he remarked.

"Wouldn't do you any good?" Mickey exclaimed incredulously. "W'y, you might win—might win a lot."

"It wouldn't do me any more good to win than to lose," Barney returned in a tone of deep dejection.

"Listen to dat, fellers!" Mickey cried, turning to his companions. "Here's a guy w'at says it wouldn't do him no good to win a-shakin' pennies. W'at do you t'ink o' dat, now?"

"He's a millionaire, an' don't need de money," one of the boys made answer.

Then all laughed.

"Try it once," Mickey persisted.

Barney shook his head; then he asked shrewdly:

"Why don't you try it again?"

"Didn't I tell you dey'd cleaned me out?" Mickey snapped, giving an irritable hitch at the bootblack kit suspended from his shoulder.

"I'll lend you some money," Barney offered.

"You will?" in tone of delight. "How much you got?"

"I've got lots—of pennies."

"Dat's de stuff!" Mickey cried in an ecstacy. "I'll tell you w'at we'll do; we'll play pards. I'll do de playin' an' you'll be de banker. If we wins, we splits even; if we loses, I'll pay you back half soon's I get it. Is dat fair—does dat suit you?"

"I don't want any back, whether you win or lose," Barney replied apathetically.

"You don't?" Mickey exclaimed in astonishment and admiration. And the other boys paused to listen. "Well, you must be a millionaire! You's a dead-game sport, anyhow—dat's sure. But come on. You'll be me mascot, an' I'll jes clean dese fellers out in no time."

The game was played as follows: Each boy put up a penny, then each in turn took up the whole lot of coins, shook them between his palms, and threw them upon the ground. The one throwing the most "heads" won all the pennies. Then all put up a cent each again, and thus the game went on.

But as a mascot Barney for a time proved a rank failure, though he was a commendable success as a "banker." Penny after penny he passed over to Mickey, who lost, and continued to lose stoically. However, the tide of fortune turned at last in favor of the two "pards," and soon the Irish lad won back all he had lost, and nearly all belonging to his associates.

"Here's w'ere I quits de game," he said decidedly, rising and jingling the money in his pocket.

The other boys did not care to continue to play—with most of the money in Mickey's possession, and he out of the contest—and stood about grumbling at their ill luck.

Mickey was jubilant.

"Didn't I tell you we'd clean 'em up?" he cried gleefully, slapping Barney, who stood a passive spectator of his new-found chum's good fortune, on the back.

"I knowed I could do it in de end; I can alluz play better on borried money—dat's a fack. But say!"—in boundless admiration—"You was cool—cool as an ol' hand at de biz. Me a-losin' an' a-losin', an' you a-shovin' up de stuff, a cent at a time—jes as if you had a bar'l of it. Have you got any left?"

"One penny," Barney answered calmly.

"Hullee!" Mickey ejaculated. "Didn't we run a close chance o' goin' broke? Good t'ing de luck changed jes w'en it did. How many pennies did you 'ave in de start—do you know?"

"One," Barney replied composedly.

"Naw!" Mickey exclaimed, provoked at what he thought Barney's thick-headedness. "You's got one now; but how many did you 'ave in de start? See?"

"One," Barney reiterated placidly.

"Aw, come off!" Mickey muttered, his deep disgust evident in voice and manner. "W'y you give me more'n twenty—dat's sure."

"Yes, an' w'ere did he get 'em?" one of the other boys cried sneeringly. "Maybe he's 'fraid to tell; an' maybe dat's de reason he won't own to havin' so many."

"Look 'ere, Bud Brown!" Mickey snorted hotly, his black eyes flashing. "Don't you go to slingin' no slack like dat, 'r me an' you'll come togedder. Barney's me pard from dis on, an' I's goin' to stand up fer him. See?"

Evidently Bud Brown saw, for he kept a discreet silence.

"Now Barney," Mickey said, turning to his protege, "we's goin' to divvy up. Here's half de stuff; take it."

"But I don't want it," Barney protested.

The Irish lad gave a grunt of surprise, and his associates looked at the country boy in open-mouthed wonder.

"You won't take it?" Mickey questioned incredulously. "W'at's de matter wid you, anyhow? 'Fraid shakin' pennies is gamblin'?"

Barney shook his head rather undecidedly, for he was not sure as to the moral status of the game.

"W'at's de matter den?" Mickey insisted.

Barney made no reply, and the other boys all stood and stared at him.

"Well, you's got to take y'r share of de swag," Mickey said with sudden determination. "Hol' out y'r paw."

But Barney resolutely put his hands behind him.

"Here, dat won't work!" Mickey snapped irritably. "You take dis stuff, 'r I'll shove it in y'r pocket."

"Please—please don't do that!" Barney pleaded earnestly.

Mickey was completely nonplussed; and his companions looked at one another in blank amazement. What sort of youngster was this, who begged not to have money forced upon him!

"W'y—w'y?" was all Mickey could say.

"Because—because," Barney began, then choked, swallowed and went on: "You keep it, Mickey, and buy us both a supper."

"Well, don't dat settle it?" the Irish boy laughed. "Say, fellers! Hear dat? He wants me to buy him a supper." Then to Barney: "Can't you buy y'r own grub? Don't you know w'ere to go an' get it?"

"No," Barney replied.

"Well, I'll go wid you; but you's got to be a man, an' pay y'r own bill. Now take dis stuff."

Barney again quickly put his hands behind him, but Mickey, with a laugh, skillfully dropped the handful of coins into his protege's left pocket.

"Oh, why did you do that!" Barney wailed. "Now you've lost them all."

All the boys laughed heartily; Barney was the most amusing urchin they had ever met—his verdancy was refreshing.

"Yes, I's lost 'em," Mickey giggled, "but you's got 'em."

"But I haven't got them!" was the astounding declaration.

"W'at!"

"I haven't!"

"W'ere is dey, den?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Aw, come off!"—contemptuously. "Dey's in y'r pocket. Let me see."

Mickey thrust his hand into the unresisting Barney's pocket, and found it empty! The Irish boy started back, pale as paper, his eyes wide open and his mouth quivering.

"W'y—w'y, w'at—w'at did you do wid de money?" he gasped huskily.

"Nothing," Barney replied, fidgeting about uneasily; "I didn't touch it."

"Ain't it dere?" one of the boys inquired with grave interest.

"Naw," said Mickey, solemnly shaking his head.

"Aw, stuff!" sneered one boy.

"Bosh!" commented another.

"It's a fack," declared Mickey. "I's tellin' you de troof. If you doesn't b'lieve it, try fer y'rselves."

The challenge was promptly accepted; one after another thrust a hand into Barney's pocket, and brought forth nothing. Amazement bordering on superstitious awe rested upon each countenance. For a few moments silence reigned.

Then Mickey said with an uneasy laugh: "Say, Barney! You's de greatest ever—you is!"

"The greatest what?" Barney asked.

"W'y de greatest fakir, 'r hoodoo, 'r w'atever you is—dat's w'at."

"But I'm not—" Barney began, in an attempt to disclaim the questionable honor.

"Don't explain nothin' to dese fellers," Mickey shut him up. "I doesn't know how you do it, but you can tell me after w'ile—w'en we's by ourselves. You an me'll work de graft to beat de band; we can make a bar'l o' stuff—bettin' wid fellers. Gee! But you's a slick one! An' to t'ink dat I took you fer a softy! Hullee! But come on; let's go an' hunt some grub."

Silently Barney accompanied his newfound friend. The latter led the way to a dingy, ill-smelling restaurant a few squares back from the water-front. There the two seated themselves at a small, oilcloth-covered table and partook of a supper of garlic-flavored soup and bread and butter.

When they had finished their frugal repast Mickey remarked:

"Now you can settle y'r bill an' I'll settle mine."

"But I have no money," was Barney's natural objection.

"No money?" cried Mickey.

"Only a penny."

"Come off!"—incredulously.

"That's all I have." And Barney held up the single coin, in proof.

"Aw, you's jokin' – you's foolin'!" grinned Mickey. "Don't hand me no gag o' dat kind. Didn't I divvy—didn't I give you half de stuff? You's not got it in y'r pocket, I know, but you's got it hid 'bout you some'rs. You can't give me no game like dat."

"No indeed—indeed, Mickey," Barney insisted earnestly, "I haven't the money you put in my pocket—not a cent of it anywhere."

Mickey stared, stupefied.

"Honest?" he whispered.

"Honest!" Barney replied with proper solemnity and unction.

"Well, you is a hoodoo!" the Irish ragamuffin muttered, his tone and manner suggesting covert disgust or open admiration—or both.

Then he asked: "W'at become o' de stuff?"

"I don't know."

"Sure?"

"Sure!"

"W'y, Barney, it couldn't get out o' y'r pocket."

"It did," Barney answered.

"Dat's so"—with a reflective shake of the head.

"Does all money act dat way wid you?"

"Yes."

"Hullee!" exclaimed Mickey, his eyes popping open. "An' dat's w'y you didn't want to take de swag—de stuff I put in y'r pocket, den,"

"Yes," Barney admitted.

"W'at got you in such a fix as dat?" Mickey questioned.

"I—I don't want to tell you," Barney stammered; "you wouldn't believe me; you'd think me crazy."

Mickey was silent a moment, then made answer, musingly: "I guess dat's right. No feller could explain a t'ing o' dat kind widout folks callin' him nutty—crazy. It's a mighty tough shape fer a chap to be in, too." Then, suddenly, after another moment of grave thought: "Well, I sp'ose I'll 'ave to settle de bill ber us bofe. W'ere you goin' to hang out tonight?"

"Where am I going to stay—to sleep?" Barney returned.

"Sure."

"I don't know; I have no place."

"Well, you can roost wid me," Mickey offered. "I's got a nest in de attic o' one o' de rookeries on de river bank. Jes wait till I settle de bill, an' we'll go an' turn in."

On his return from making payment to the proprietor, who was himself waiting on table in the rear of the room, the Irish lad remarked carelessly:

"W'en I give dat bloke de stuff all in coppers he laughed an' said de cops was lookin' fer a kid dat had been shovin' a lot of 'em all over de town. Come on; le's be turnin' in fer a snooze."

At the announcement Barney changed color, but Mickey did not notice his companion's agitation, and together the two left the place.

As they were slowly climbing the dark, rickety stairs leading up to Mickey's den under the eaves of a tall rookery, the country boy asked:

"Are you an orphan, Mickey?"

"Yep," Mickey replied laconically and complacently, as though orphanage were the natural and to-be-desired state of all youngsters.

Barney sighed heavily; he was thinking of home and its manifold comforts.

On reaching the small room which Mickey had graphically and truthfully described as a "nest," and which was lighted alone by a dingy skylight, the two tumbled down upon a pallet of musty comforters in one corner and sought rest and sleep.

But just as Barney was crossing the border of dreamland, Mickey called him back with:

"Say, Barney?"

"What?" the latter responded drowsily.

Mickey sat erect and asked: "If you can't keep no money in y'r pockets, how did it come you could give me all dem coppers to shake wid? Say!"

"I just gave you one at a time," Barney offered in explanation.

"Dat's all right," Mickey said; "but you had more dan one in y'r pocket, 'r else you couldn't 'ave give me so many."

"I didn't have more than one at a time, in my pocket."

"W'at!"

"I didn't."

"Doesn't you never?"

"No, and when I take that one out another one comes."

"Hullee!" was all Mickey could say.

After a momentary silence he dropped back upon the cot, muttering:

"Well, if dat don't jar me! I can't make nothin' of it; I can't understand it."

"Neither can—can I," Barney mumbled sleepily.

A few minutes later both were sound asleep, and Barney was dreaming of the comforts of home, perhaps, and Mickey was dreaming of a morrow free from want and care.

VII

The next morning Barney and Mickey, lying upon their humble pallet and lazily blinking at the gray dawn stealing in through the dingy skylight, resolved themselves into a ways and means committee, and discussed what they would do and how they would do it.

"De first t'ing," Mickey remarked, with an earnestness and solemnity befitting to the subject and the occasion, "is to see 'bout gettin' some breakfast."

"I'd like to wash, first," Barney made reply, the force of habit strong upon him.

"Wash w'at?" Mickey interrogated.

"My hands and face—and comb my hair," said Barney.

"W'at you wants to do all dat fer?"

"Because I'd feel better, and because it's the proper thing to do. Mother taught me to wash before meals, always. Don't you ever wash, Mickey?"

"No. W'at's de use? A feller jes' goes an' gets dirty ag'in."

Barney was shocked, and gave his companion a brief lecture upon the ethics of cleanliness.

"You's got parents, eh?" Mickey said sullenly.

"Yes," Barney answered.

"An' I s'pose you run off from a good home?"

Barney admitted the fact.

"An' you never had to shift fer y'rself, never had to make y'r own livin'—eat w'atever you could ketch, an' sleep w'erever you could find a place to drop down, eh?"

"N-o, not till now," Barney replied, a catch in his voice.

"Den you doesn't know nothin' — nothin' at all," Mickey declared. "Wait till you's been up ag'in de t'ing as long's I 'ave—den you can talk. You's a plumb fool, Barney—you is!"

"Why?"

"'Cause you is—fer comin' to de city; fer cuttin' loose from de ol' folks. You's got a heap to learn, you has."

"Maybe I was foolish to leave home," Barney said, after a few moments of sober reflection, "and maybe I have a lot to learn, but I've got to learn it—that's all. I won't go back home—not yet, anyhow."

"W'y?"

"Because."

"'Cause w'at? 'Fraid de ol' man'll flog you?"

"N-o."

"W'at, den?"

"All the people—all the boys, especially—would laugh at me," Barney explained.

"I sees," said Mickey, nodding sagy. "Dat's so. Well, den, if you's made up y'r mind to stay in de game, le's plan out w'at we's goin' to do. Course I could go out an' do a few shines," patting the kit at his side, "but I's hungry right now."

"I can furnish the pennies," Barney grinned, rising, "but—but—"

"But w'at?" Mickey asked quickly.

"I don't want to pass them."

"W'y doesn't you?"

"I'm the boy the police are after."

"Hullee!" was Mickey's exclamation of surprise. "Is dat so! No wonder you's shy of passin' any more of 'em. But I'll do it; I isn't scared of shovin' 'em. Fish 'em out; I'll fill me pockets."

Barney obeyed the order, dropping one penny after another into Mickey's ready palm; and the latter crammed his pockets until they bulged.

At last he announced: "Dat's plenty —fer dis time." Then abruptly: "Say!"

"Well?" said Barney.

"Wonder if I could pull out coppers, an' keep a-pullin' 'em out fr'ever an' f'rever, as you does, if I had on dem pants o' y'rs."

"Wonder if you could," Barney speculated.

"Le's swap pants, an' see," Mickey suggested.

"All right," Barney agreed.

Acting upon the spur of the moment, they made the exchange. Mickey immediately explored the depths of his new possessions, and brought forth the penny he found.

"Dere's one," he said, holding it up between the thumb and finger of his right hand.

Barney nodded.

Mickey transferred the coin to his left palm, and made a second exploration, but his hand came forth empty.

"Dere's no more dere," he announced in a tone of disappointment.

"Of course not," Barney laughed. "You can have only one penny at a time. You'll have to get rid of that one in your hand before another'll come in your pocket."

"W'y, dat's a fack," Mickey grinned. "I clean fergot 'bout dat. I'll t'row dis one on de floor."

He did so, and again sent his right hand to the bottom of his pocket.

"Any there?" Barney inquired with keen expectancy.

"Naw," Mickey replied, disgust evident in voice and manner. "De t'ing only works fer you. Le's swap back."

Barney nodded approval to the proposition, and a minute later each boy was again in possession of his own trousers.

"De t'ing's in you, Barney, an' not in y'r trousers," Mickey declared emphatically.

Barney nodded his conviction of the truth of the statement.

"Hullee!" cried Mickey, with startling suddenness, throwing up his hands.

"What's—what's the matter?" asked the country boy, in genuine concern.

Mickey burst out laughing.

"W'y, all dem coppers you give me is gone; me pockets' is empty. Wouldn't dat shake you?"

"I put on your trousers, you know," Barney said, grinning sheepishly, "and I can't have more than a penny. See?"

"Well I guesses I sees," the Irish lad replied, making a wry face. "An' I sees, too, dat we's got to do our job all over ag'in—got to make anoder draw on de bank. Understand?"

"Yes."

"All right, den. Fork over."

Again Barney "forked over," and again Mickey crammed his pockets.

"Are you going to spend all those today?" the former asked, uneasiness patent in his voice.

"Yep—fer sure," was the determined response. "Wa't's de use o' havin' a good graft an' not workin' it—hey?"

"But I'm afraid of the police," Barney objected.

"Aw, stuff!" Mickey cried scornfully. "De cops won't get onto de game; dey's slow—dead slow."

"They got onto me," the country boy answered petulantly.

"Yes, dat's so," Mickey admitted. "But you tried to shove de stuff at stores, an' places like dat, didn't you—puttin' up a cent at a time?"

"Yes."

"Well," the Irish lad went on with complacent self-confidence, "I knows a game dat beats dat one a block. All de boys is wantin' coppers to shake an' match wid, an' all de fruit-stand fellers is wantin' 'em fer change; so I'll jest swap wid 'em—tradin' pennies fer nickles, an' dimes, an' quarters. See? Dey'll all be glad to get 'em, an' I'll give 'em a few extra ones ev'ry deal—no need o' us bein' stickin'—an' dey'll feel good, an' won't squeal. Wa't does you t'ink o' dat fer a scheme?"

"It's all right," Barney said, with manifest admiration for his partner's resourcefulness.

"Den le's take a sneak, an' see how de t'ing works."

Forth the two went, and had breakfast and put Mickey's expedient in operation. It worked admirably. Soon the stock of pennies was exhausted, but the Irish boy had a handful of coins of larger denominations. Then they adjourned to a secluded spot, and when they emerged Mickey's pockets were again bulging with pennies.

Until noon they worked "de graft," as Mickey termed it. Then he remarked:

"Seems to me we's done enough fer one day. Le's count up, an' see how much we got."

"That's what I say," Barney assented heartily. He was weary of tramping from one part of the city to another; and his nerves were worn with the excitement of what he regarded as ever-present danger of arrest and imprisonment.

"Purty nigh ten dollars," Mickey announced jubilantly, when he had completed the count of the money in his possession. "Hullee! Ain't dat great?

W'y dis graft's better'n a license to steal—an' dat's no joke. Now, we'll lay off an' spend w'at we's got; den we'll dig up ag'in."

"I can't spend any of it," Barney remarked rather downheartedly.

"Dat's all right—all right," Mickey cried cheerily, giving his partner a reassuring slap on the back. "I can spend it fer you; it's jes de same. See?"

"What'll we spend it for?" Barney asked by way of reply.

"W'at'll we spend it fer?" Mickey laughed. "Well, listen at de chump! Spend it fer all de t'ings we wants, dat's w'at; fer candy, an' lemonade, an' ice-cream, an' all dem t'ings. Den we'll tend de 'teayters, ride on de 'lectric cars, go out to de parks an' de zoo, take in de 'scursions up to de Island—an' all dem 'musements. Aw, we'll find plenty to spend it fer—leave dat to me. An' I doesn't peddle no more papers 'r shine no more shoes—dat's flat. I's a capitalist now, I is."

"And what am I?" Barney inquired, plainly dissatisfied with the unimportant and passive part he was compelled to play.

"W'y, you's me silent pardner," Mickey answered composedly. "Come on, let's go an' 'ave a bang-up dinner."

For several days, Barney could never tell how many, for one day seemed to merge into another in a way that was most perplexing, the two "pards" carried out the plans that had origin in the fertile brain of the Irish boy. They gorged themselves with indigestible sweetmeats; they set their stomachs awash with unwholesome beverages. They bought themselves new clothes — loud and bizarre; they went to all sorts of public entertainments—wherever they could gain admittance—and indulged in all sorts of amusements. Mickey smoked cigarettes, and bragged in a loud and lordly way; Barney chewed gum and swaggered. Both were fast becoming idle, unprincipled nuisances. The city boy had been industrious and honest, to say the least; the country boy had been clean and upright, if just a little perverse. But now the two were in a fair way to degenerate into worthless, nasty little criminals.

Yet all of Mickey's former associates looked admiringly upon the twain, and envied them their remarkable good fortune.

One day the two pardners went up to the Island, a Summer resort a few miles from the city. On the way back Mickey cocked his heels upon the guard-rail of the boat, blew a cloud of cigarette smoke into the air, and drawled lazily and affectedly:

"Ain't dis great, me friend? We's havin' de times of our lives, we is; we's cuttin' as big a swell as millionaires does. Ain't it bully? Say!"

"I'm getting tired of it," Barney said gloomily.

"I'm getting tired of it," Barney said gloomily.

"Tired o' w'at?" Mickey asked sharply, jerking down his feet and whirling around in his chair.

"Of the city — of everything," Barney answered.

"An' I s'pose you's t'inkin' o' playin' de prodigal son — t'inkin' o' goin' back home," Mickey sneered.

"Yes," Barney replied simply.

"Well, you isn't a-goin' to do it—you hears me!" Mickey cried angrily.

"Why?" the country boy inquired innocently.

"W'y!" Mickey snapped. "Jes 'cause you isn't—dat's w'y. Spose I's goin' to let loose of a good t'ing like dis is? Hullee! Not if I knows meself!"

"I can go if I want to," Barney said stubbornly.

"Well, you can't — so dere!"

"I will!"

"You won't!"

Then each sat and glared at the other — unrighteous rage flushing both boyish faces; but neither would condescend to utter a further word on the subject.

It was dark when the excursion steamer reached the city. Mickey and Barney silently debarked; and upon the wharf were met by Bud Brown.

"I's been waitin' to see you two fellers," he said.

"W'at fer — w'at you want?" was Mickey's ungracious inquiry.

"Want to know w'at terms you's goin' to offer me," Bud replied smoothly.

"Terms?" Mickey cried.

"Yep—terms," Bud said with an insolent grin. "You two blokes has been a-flyin' high — wearin' swell togs an' takin' in all de shows, an' all dat. I wants to be a member of de firm. See?"

"Well, you can't," snapped Mickey.

"Can't I?" his insolent grin widening.

"No, you can't."

"W'y?"

"'Cause you can't—dat's all."

"Dat's y'r final answer, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Den I knows wa't to d'pend on—an' w'at to do," Bud said, turning away.

"W'at you mean?" Mickey asked with growing uneasiness.

"Nothin'," Bud answered surlily, making off up the wharf.

"Look 'ere, Bud," Mickey hastened to say in a more conciliatory tone. "Me and Barney can't take no more pards in on dis t'ing. If we could, we'd take you. Wouldn't we, Barney?"

Barney nodded a doubtful and almost imperceptible affirmative.

"But we can't at all, can we, Barney?" Mickey pursued.

Barney grunted a decided and unmistakable negative.

"Den de jig's up, all right," Bud muttered.

"W'at you mean?" Mickey growled. "Out wid it."

"Jes dis," Bud answered coolly: "I comes in on de graft, 'r I tells de cops."

"Tell de cops?" Mickey gasped, aghast at his former associate's perfidious design. "Tell 'em w'at?"

"Dat you two is de guys dat's been tappin' all de tills an' robbin' all de slot machines," was Bud's cool reply.

"But we isn't!" Mickey objected.

"Maybe you can make de judge b'lieve dat — w'en twenty witnesses swears dat you's been blowin' in all kinds o' money — maybe you can," Bud sneered; "an' maybe you can explain w'ere you got all de money you's been spendin'—if you didn't steal it."

Tongue-tied with surprise, Barney and Mickey stood and stared at the audacious speaker. Presently, however, the Irish boy found voice to say:

"An' you's goin' to peach — goin' to tell de cops ? "

"Yes, I is."

"Do it, den — you sneak!" Mickey cried wrathfully, recklessly.

Bud Brown gave a taunting laugh, and ran away. Barney and Mickey silently made their way to their den under the eaves of the tall rookery, crestfallen and thoughtful.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN APRIL)

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By HELEN ARTHUR

NEW YORK CITY

XIV

CHRISTIE MacDONALD

A MAN whose daughter wished to go on the comic opera stage once said to me: "If Alice would only duplicate Christie MacDonald's career, I shouldn't mind in the least." There is no doubt but that Christie MacDonald carries to her work that charm and daintiness characteristic of her in private life, and that into her home she brings none of the "shop" of her profession. She has married into the aristocracy of the stage, her husband being the youngest son of Joseph Jefferson, and though they are both players, they have a charming little apartment in New York City where they try to spend as much time together as the exigencies of stage life will permit. It was there that I saw her, and here are some of her views on her profession: "Let a girl consider the stage as a means of livelihood from a sane and logical point of view; don't talk to her about its temptations. Just have her say, 'I care enough about the work to succeed in it. I am strong and self-reliant enough to make myself what I wish to be.' If one has a silly and frivolous idea of life, one will ultimately arrive at the same destination, whether the route be by way of clerking in a department store or singing in the back row of the chorus. Given some talent, a large capacity for work and real sturdiness of character and I will guarantee

CHRISTIE MACDONALD IN "THE SHOGUN"

a quicker rise on the stage than in any other profession.

"I was born and reared in Boston. How well I remember going with a party of girls to see Francis Wilson in 'Erminie'—inwardly how I wished that I was playing the role opposite to him, and was it not a trifle odd that my first part should be that of 'Marie' in a revival of that same 'Erminie?' I am so glad that Mr. Wilson is succeeding in legitimate comedy work. He was always funny to me, and the greatest tribute I know of to his power was that, night after night, the orchestra would laugh at his antics. In musical comedy, what is chiefly lacking is action; it is sacrificed to a song or a dance, but we are gradually working up to the grade of the real old comic opera—the Sullivan kind—and I am confident that Mr. George Ade will be a great factor toward the development of that movement in America. 'The Sultan of Sulu and 'The Sho-Gun' are long strides in that direction. Mr. Ade is so unassuming. Someone told me about a New York Johnnie rushing up to him the night that our play opened and saying in an affected manner, 'By Jove, my deah chap, I meant to get over to the opening of 'The Sho-Gun,' but somehow my dates got mixed. However, I shall try to look in on the last act.' Whereat Mr. Ade remarked dryly, 'It is barely possible that it may be on tomorrow night.'"

"Do you ever have stage fright?"

"Yes, indeed, audiences affect me easily. I am, I think, diffident at heart, and if people do not seem to care for my work, I grow worse, instead of just showing them what I can do; if only they manifest some enthusiasm at first, it is the greatest help in the world to me. Sometimes, when I have sung the same song for six nights and two matinees each week for five months, in the midst of it all, I am struck by a queer kind of stage fright; an awful horror that I may have left out a verse or that I shall not be able to remember what comes next, but on I go like an automaton.

"But do let us stop talking about myself." Then, in the prettiest French, she called to her maid to bring in afternoon tea, and during the rest of my stay, I appreciated the force of my friend's desire that his daughter should be like my hostess, whose social charm has remained intact although she is in public life.

⁂

XV

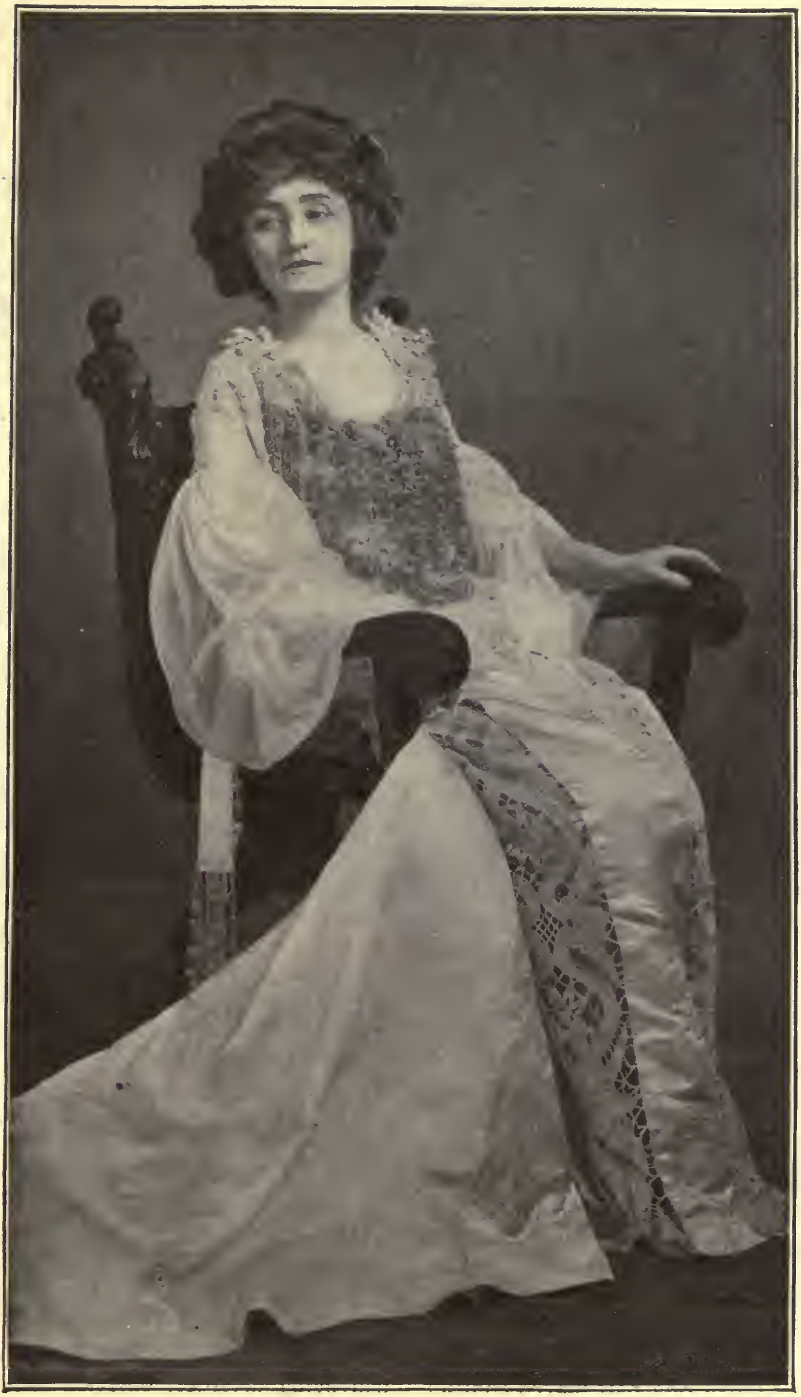
GRACE GEORGE

IT was in the large and beautifully appointed private office of her "manager," W. A. Brady, that I got a chance to talk to his young "star," Grace George.

The room was done in deep red and the furnishings were in leather and ebony—the very heaviness of it all contrasting with the fair beauty and slight figure of Miss George, making her stand out like a Dresden shepherdess suddenly transfered from the blue and gold drawing room to the somber library. She had just returned from a road tour with the "all-star 'Two Orphans' company," where she played Louise, the role made famous by Kate Claxton, who alone remains of the original cast.

"It is a trifle disconcerting to talk in this room," said Miss George, as she looked rather helplessly at the scores of photographs of herself which were in evidence. "A few people in this world seem to be able to escape comparisons, but actresses, never; the historians, aided by that most pitiless of illustrators, the photographer, are too numerous. But then the stage has its compensation. Look at dear old Mrs. Gilbert; how happy she must have been at her reception! It has been an inspiration to me and no work now seems too hard if only one could gain such love and appreciation as came to her.

"I chose the stage as my profession,



GRACE GEORGE

just as many a girl chooses journalism or medicine—because it appeals to her more than anything else in the world. I went to a dramatic school—I do not regret it—one gets from certain sources just what one goes to find, and I got an opening. It was a small part in 'The New Boy' and I was evidently not noticably bad, for after that Mr. Frohman put me in 'Charlie's Aunt.' These small parts were the first rungs in the ladder; then I climbed a little further up by reason of the roles I had with Charles Dickson in 'Jealousy' and 'The Undeveloped Bud,' but no manager hurried to get my valuable services, and I was one of many who one morning waited in the outside office of Brady and Ziegfeld, Jr., to see if there was 'anything for them.'

"Little I dreamed of what might develop from a chance application! Young Mr. Ziegfeld gave me a part — the Vicomtesse in 'Mlle. Fifi,' but when Mr. Brady saw me he said: 'She'll never do,' and I felt the ladder wobble.

"He changed his mind, and, by way of further and complete revenge, I married him.

"Then Mr. Brady starred me in 'Her Majesty,' but illness forced me to withdraw the piece. The next year Lottie Blair Parker wrote 'Under Southern Skies' for me, and that was more than successful; three companies are playing in it at the present time.

"Women playwrights seem to bring me luck, for Frances Aymar Mathews' 'Pretty Peggy' was liked by the public, and presented the most fascinating of studies to me,—that of Peg Woffington. I'm so fond of her—you know all players have their favorite roles, often not the ones so selected by the world, — and Peg is mine.

"I played 'Frou-Frou' a few times, because I feel one part played continuously is more than bad for me; I must have new tasks if I am to develop.

"This season I shall produce 'Abigail.' What does the name suggest? A Mary Wilkins story? Yes, it is a New England type — a prim little maiden who is the bookkeeper in a big New York firm. I am telling just one thing about the author beside the name — Kellett Chalmers, an American.

"Both Mr. Brady and I believe in the American playwright, and we intend to discover as many of the home-grown article as possible; so far, if this be patriotism, as a virtue it has not been without its reward."

⁂

XVI

NANCE O'NEIL

TALK about the fascinations of the stage! How painfully humdrum any other existence would seem to Nance O'Neil, into whose short career have been crowded more varied experiences than come to most actresses during an entire lifetime. Interviews are not the breath of heaven to this young woman, who reluctantly left the whitest of Angora cats (I afterward learned its distinguished name is Magda) and gave my hand a grasp which indicated strength if not cordiality.

"I do not like to see newspaper people, because they want me to talk about myself — the egotism of one's holding forth for forty-five minutes on that sole topic! I can't. I simply can't! Yes, I can answer questions, but just the bare catechism in itself forces me into my shell."

I caught the half-defiant, half-reserved look, and I knew that it must take a long time to win the confidence of her solitary soul. She reminded me of a thoroughbred, just broken to the harness and restive meanwhile. Her light brown hair tumbled about her face, not conveying disorder, only its refusal to stay bound.

She is very much alive, this young woman whose childhood was spent on her grandmother's ranch near Oakland, California, where Miss O'Neil was born. "It was in the Bret Harte country—Calaveras County. How I love the wide stretches of land out there. Here in Massachusetts I have a place—Tyngsboro—a few hundred acres; my friends consider it a large estate, but you can imagine how small it seems to me. Always as a child I dreamed of the stage; vague fancies of a woman and a wild, tumultuous audience. Just as soon as I could get away from the girls' seminary, where I felt imprisoned, I took a letter of introduction to my present manager, Mr. McKee Rankin, and he gave me a part, of necessity the smallest. We played in San Francisco most of the season. How I worked and worked — here was my chance to justify my amazing conclusion that I had it in me to become an actress. It can not be said truthfully that I was then deemed remarkable. The next year I played with this same company, learning new parts and studying as before. We played all sorts and kinds of towns — there is scarcely a variety of audience unknown to me. We went to Hawaii, where we met the most delightful people—thorough cosmopolitans—and the place itself is heavenly.

NANCE O'NEIL

"In 1895 we came east to play in repertoire, and I think it was in Washintgon, D. C., that I received my first really flattering praise. The following year I came to the Murray Hill theater, here in New York, and the critics have never allowed me to forget those days. I was said to have 'arrived.' One is glad to 'arrive' in New York, but one doesn't care to be reminded of it at every subsequent return. The next year I was made a star. My opening bill was 'The Jewess,' and I worked harder than before, there was so much more to conquer. The following season I started on my tour around the world — to travel is my second greatest happiness. I think I have spent Christmas on every continent — how well I remmeber that day in Cape Town. We were there when martial law was declared. I gave a morning performance for the benefit of the Soldiers' Fund for Comforts. I can see the strange audience even yet, and their enthusiasm is a happy memory to me. I stayed seven months in South

Africa. I went through the Kimberly mines and Cecil Rhodes' great estate. Do you know that there are fourteen more varieties of heather on Table mountain than can be found in Scotland? I brought over many souvenirs, but until I had a home in which to put them, I always opened my trunks in fear and trembling.

"In Australia I remained a year and one-half; the audiences were more than generous to me, and I was happy. Oh, the beauty of the colors in those lands: a narrow street, the yellow houses on either side, at the end a mass of green waving palms, and above them the bluest of blue skies; nothing equals it in gorgeousness. I have put into one of the coast towns when the tide was so low that the black men waded out to meet our boats and carried us to land on their backs. We were at Lourenzo Marquez, which is at the head of Delagoa Bay — the bay whose waters for brillance cannot be matched — on the night of the festival in honor of the birthday of the crown prince of Portugal: the gay uniforms, the happy crowd, the strangeness, the almost madness of that beautiful night, remains and forms a part of my subconsciousness. Then I came back to my own country. I am proud of my triumph in Boston, though I have had nothing to complain of elsewhere. All I desire is to command serious attention. What I hope to do, I cannot tell to you, I cannot even talk about it. I shall only keep on working, and I shall never give up."

Nance O'Neil, fine, strong and magnetic—the best type of reliant American womanhood—somehow I know, I feel, that you will reach the goal on which your heart is set!

HAUTA ❧ By Zona Gale and Yone Noguchi

(From "Kicho No Ki," Mr. Noguchi's newest book, lately received from Tokyo.)

BENEATH the cherry blossoms sleeping
I dream all the weary night
That from the sky the snow comes creeping
Oh, white!
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.
Ah, Lord Love, 'twas not the snow
But the flowers falling so.
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.
Tonight the tree leaned low and said:
" My root shall pillow thy tired head,
And my petals be thy bed."
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.
O Lord Love, how the night wind sighs!
Is it a song for a flower that dies?
May I not go with the wind that blows
Away?
What does it dream, what does it say?
Who knows?
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.
O Love, Lord Love, by the silver-lipped stream
I lie and I long and I dream, I dream.
Ah, Love, Lord Love, it is hard to keep
All one's dreams for sleep —
O the pity to be but the maid who waits
To win her joy from the jealous fates!
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.

OUIDA IN HER WINTER CITY

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "For the Pleasure of His Company," "Exits and Entrances," etc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE way was made plain for me one evening in a brilliant salon in the Palazzo Barbarini, half-way up the street of the Four Fountains in "Rome, my Country, City of the Soul!" You will remember how the superb palace stands back from the steep street and is shut off from it by a stately screen of fretted bronze and marble, erected about half a century ago; but the palace is old, O, so old, so very, very old — as Ouida might say in her mellifluous, rhythmical prose.

The palace grew to vast proportions during the reign of Pope Urban VIII, the pompous, the purse-proud, the vainglorious. He was a Barbarini and there were bees upon his crest, as there are bees swarming all over that wondrous hive; the smallest suite in it numbers forty rooms, and it was to a chamber in one of these I was happily bound.

At the tip-top of the palace there is a frescoed hall where one sees the Barbarini bees flocking in the face of the sun and obscuring it — to typify the splendor of the family; yet Urban the Eighth seems not to have been well satisfied with the chief members of it, for he complained that he had four relatives who were good for nothing, namely: a cardinal who was a saint and worked no miracles; a cardinal who was a monk and had no patience; a cardinal who was an orator and did not know how to speak; and a general who could not draw a sword. I fear His Holiness had a bee in his bonnet.

Speaking of bees reminds me that I was lately taking their name in vain. I have always wanted to write a quatrain, but never succeeded until the other day, when one came suddenly to view in my mind's eye. Of course I was delighted, especially so, since it came without an effort, as one sneezes; indeed it had to come or something worse might have happened. Here it is:—

THE FIRMAMENT

The Sun in his glory o'er seven seas;
  The Moon to silver the seas that are seven;
The little Stars swarming like golden bees
  In the blue Hive of Heaven.

Now what is the matter with that? I felt that there was something wrong, but could not tell what it was until a friend sadly discovered to me that I had unconsciously plagiarized. The stars I sang of were Shelley's before I hived them in my blue hive of heaven, he says of them in his poem "The Cloud":

"I laugh to see them whirl and flee
  Like a swarm of golden bees."

So now, if I ever presume so far as to publish those lines, I shall have to head them thus:

THE FIRMAMENT

(With apologies to Shelley and his Maker.)

But this is not at all what I should have said long ago, and will say now, without stopping a moment in the gallery below to look for the last time on the pitiful face of Beatrice Cenci, her eyes swollen with weeping and she looking as if she were just going to burst into tears. The Storys, who for many years made their home in the Palazzo Barbarini, had bidden me to dinner, and it has taken me all this time to get there.

William Wetmore Story, poet, painter, sculptor, musician, playwright, amateur actor, novelist, essayist, lawyer, and his lovely wife—both now gone from hence—these two rare souls made ever memorable at least one night in Rome. When they learned that I had not yet met Marion Crawford they, in very pity, said:

"You shall meet and know him at last," and a messenger was at once dispatched to a neighboring hotel where the novelist was lodging at the time. Alas! He was not in, and I didn't see him until long afterward, when he ran me down in Providence hospital, at Washington, D. C., where he made life, even there, worth living. We fell to talking of many authors, the Storys and I, and especially of those who have known and loved Italy and have written of her from the heart. Of course among these, if not chief among them, was Ouida, and I said as much. Mrs. Story agreed with me and warmly seconded all that I had uttered in praise of her friend. Mr. Story's judgment was qualified; he was not exactly disparaging, but he was not quite enthusiastic. He was ever a very kindly gentleman, of the sweetest nature, and, I believe, charitable to all.

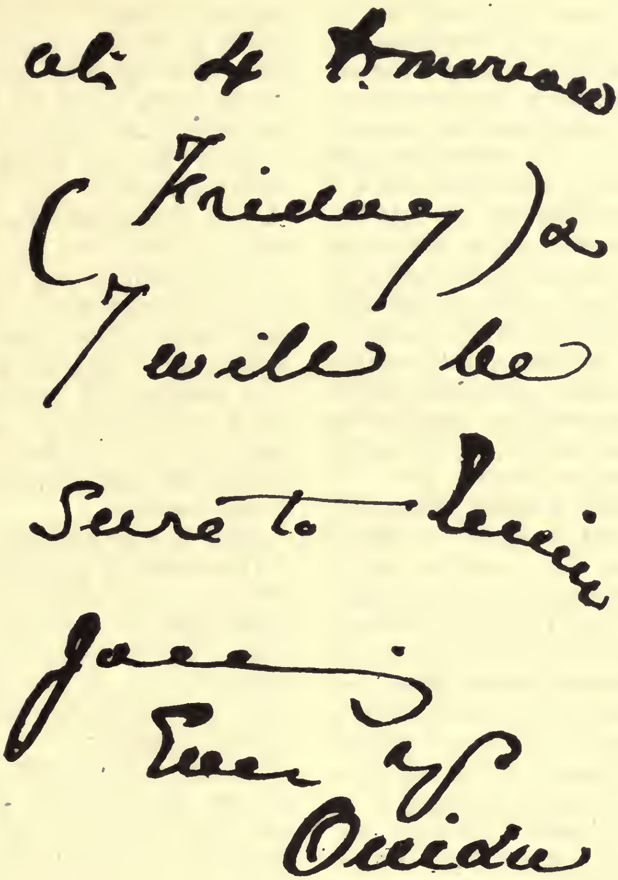
I was about to visit Florence, and Mrs. Story said: "You must see my dear friend, Ouida. I shall give you a letter to her." This proposal delighted me, and Mr. Story smiled a little at my enthusiasm, whereupon his amiable wife said in a caressing voice, "Ah! William, William, you don't appreciate her!"

Well, I went to Florence, and very shortly after my arrival forwarded the letter of introduction to Ouida. With much interest I awaited developments, but had not long to wait. A letter was delivered in reply to the one forwarded within four and twenty hours. It was written in a very large hand on very small paper, the pages measuring about three and a half by five and a half inches, and having, by actual count, just ten words to the page and two to the line. I thought with awe of the size and weight of one of her voluminous manuscripts, if written by her own hand, that of "In Maremma," for example. The note in question said:— "Mme. Ouida presents her compliments to Mr. Stoddard and will be pleased to see him at five o'clock tomorrow afternoon." So far so good.

There was a day of waiting and wandering in the "Flower City" before I could hope to lay eyes on Ouida. She had become a fixture and a feature there. For a time she vibrated between her Florentine home and the Langham hotel in London; thus she met the extremes that could never, under any circumstances, meet each other. A long, narrow, winding street in Florence with a streak of sunshine on one side of it, chill shadow and mystery on the other; and Portland Place, London, W. — Ye Gods and little fishes, only to think of it!

Florence, the home and haunt of Dante, who hailed it as: "La bellissima e famocissima figlia di Roma!" Where Giovanni Boccacio, with his "Decameron," made merry through all the horrors of the plague and thus enriched forever the sparkling pages of the Gesta Romanorum. Whence the soul of Savonarola, like Elijah of old, ascended to the highest heaven in a chariot of fire. The garden of the flower-like angels of Fra Angelico; the glorious sarcophagus of the magnificent Medici. Florence, in whose purple twilight the mysterious Brotherhood of the Misericordia, with their veiled faces and their inviolable incognito, go silently to and fro, doing their works of mercy unknown to one another, visiting their sick, burying their dead, and ever a whispered prayer upon their lips. And all the romance and the rhyme from Romola to the pale face, in half-wound curls, peering from Casa Guida windows—no wonder that the English colony has claimed Florence for its own, and that the American colony is ever ready to dispute it with them.

I thought the street Ouida lives on cheerless and forbidding. Italian streets are very apt to be unless they are steeped in sunshine—the fierce, hot sunshine that she revels in, and sheds over her glowing pages with a lavish hand. The



ali 4 Pomeriggio
(Friday) a
I will be
sure to receive
you.
Ever yrs
Ouida

FACSIMILE — EXACT SIZE — OF LAST PAGE OF OUIDA'S LETTER, SHOWING HER AUTOGRAPH

houses were very much alike all up and down the street; they looked as if they had been quarried in the solid rock and might be fortifications or convents, for aught we know who pass within their shadow. I knocked and was admitted, for it was five o'clock and it semed as if all the bells in Christendom had gone mad with the joy of it. A liegeman in somber livery, who seemed to have outlived his interest in the transient world, saluted me with a furtive glance and led me up a flight of marble stairs that was like a petrified shiver. We passed through a large and lofty chamber littered with potted palms; a few very tall ones were in green painted tubs. These were the pride of that impossible tropic. This cheerless, scattering jungle was for the moment the hunting ground of four or five pet dogs, small and woolly, and not sweet tempered; they complained of my intrusion upon their domain and followed my leader and me through a glazed gallery to a boudoir, where I was invited to be seated. It was a fantastic room I found myself alone in—alone saving the presence of the dogs, who ceased barking to nose my legs with interest. The room was small and oval and domed; there was a window opening upon a cold, gray court, and two doors, by one of which I had just entered; the frescoed walls reproduced with pleasing effect the trellis of an arbor; a climbing vine embellished it; large, fat roses blazed among the leaves that sought in vain to veil their carnal blushes. Above the rose arbor the deep, blue sky was flecked with feathery clouds and there sported a wilderness of sky-larks. Near the window was a sleepy-hollow chair, a chair like an upholstered sitz-bath; a Chinese screen partially hid from view a huge copper scaldino filled like a crater with live coals; there was a center table that looked bare, but elegant; two or three elaborately carved seats completed the furnishing of the apartment; the floor of concrete was as a sheet of ice unto the feet.

Enter Ouida! A little, round lady, very plump and pleasing; her brown hair fell upon her shoulders like a schoolgirl's, and with scarcely the suggestion of a ripple in it; she was dressed in fluffy white, a girlish frock, its full waist dotted with dimples in which were buried knots of very narrow baby blue ribbon; the general effect was not unlike that of a sweetheart's pin cushion on the cheffonier of a new-born freshman.

I was greeted prettily, and the lady, waving me to a seat near her, sank into the sitz-bath chair, discovering some inches of shapely white stocking and two jolly little feet tucked into the bluest of satin slippers. She was the picture of cosy self-content, and I was mighty glad of it. She was like some downy birdling in her comfortable nest, this wonderful Ouida—for she is nothing short of wonderful, let him who will deny it. She nestled there and cocked her head and fluttered her tiny hands—they are almost as a child's and cheeped, bird-like but not in a voice of melody; it seemed to me that she should have a rich contralto vocal organ, a little husky as with the haze of the Italian twilight; but, alas! it is strident and unmusical.

I endeavored to engage her upon the subject of her contemporaries, and she pecked a little at some of them, but who does not do that? I wondered what she thought of Marion Crawford, if, indeed, she ever gave him a thought—the Marion Crawford who knows his Italy through and through and has helped us to know it better than we should without his capital romances. She ruffled for a moment, then preened her plumage and said: "I don't know him; but he has stolen my thunder, and I shall tell him so if I ever meet him!" I pictured to myself that meeting: a rosy storm-cloud submerging a singularly serene obelisk for a moment, and then melting at its feet in the voluptuous languor of that Lotus Land. No one, however vexed, can long remain intemperate in the presence of high breeding.

I tried in every possible way to beguile this most interesting lady to talk of herself and of her books, but she parried every question of a personal nature with another that thwarted my aim, and we seemed to get on very smoothly only when we were pacing hand in hand a neutral ground.

That she has known and loved Italy with the passionate love it so often inspires in emotional and imaginative natures is evidenced by almost every line she has published concerning life in that glorious land. Whenever she writes strenuously she plunges her pen into the ink of enthusiasm, and her pace is unfaltering until she halts at the colophon. While we were sitting there, gradually beginning to understand one another,—it is said Ouida detests Americans and she knew I was one of these—I wondered how it was possible for such a wee hand to accomplish the manual labor necessary to put on paper the whole library of her books; I said as much to her, but she only laughed at me as if I were an overgrown schoolboy trying to pay a compliment and doing it in a pretty bungling way. Heaven knows how many volumes she has published, how many tons of paper her scroll-like chirography has covered, how many miles of words she has woven together in a single one of her works. With her it must have been a labor of love, this romancing, which is no labor at all, but a rest and a refreshment so long as it lasts. No one could laboriously fill great volumes like hers unless for the very love of it—volumes filled with such fire and fury, such joy and rage, and ecstacy and despair—and set the whole in an atmosphere throbbing with life and light, and lay all against a background that dazzles and scintillates,until a reader of the right sort is drunk with color and perfume and melody; which are the heart and the soul and the life of Italy—the real Italy, the only begotten Italy of Romance and Song and Fable.

I was thinking of this, and I looked at her, this human fairy hovering by her glowing scaldino, and trying to realize that it was really she who had worked all those little miracles, and was thinking how good it was to be there, when the silent servitor ushered in a guest. I arose at once; Ouida sprang forward to welcome a silver-mounted nobleman, who looked as if he had just stepped from the pages of Bulwer or Disraeli, or from a frame in the Hall of the Ancestors in tuneful Ruddygore. It was quite sudden and unexpected and a little startling, the tableau, I mean, but I had sufficient presence of mind to gasp farewell; she whispered an aside: "Come again tomorrow, at the same hour!" The next moment I was alone in the gray street, grayer now for the precipitated transformation scene and my informal exit.

Did I call the next day at the same time and place? I did! Mme. Ouida was not in! It must be that she loathes Americans, thought I. This is not surprising. Do we not loathe Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, etc., when so disposed? Of course we do. Perhaps my ears deceived me when I thought she whispered as I vanished: "Come again tomorrow, at the same hour." With me that was as good as a command; indeed, it was very much better, for with me a command usually shatters itself like an arrow on the Helmet of Navarre. Possibly the Lily of the Arno, as she lifted her white throat above that hedge of snowy chiffon, had not suggested any happy return. Hallucinations are sometimes distinguished as such with extreme difficulty. However: we had observed with propriety the customary usages of society; I had almost had the time of my life; she had honored the request of her friends the Storys, to whom she thus dedicates that splendidly tragic tale, "In Maremma: "In memory of those hospitable doors which the Etruscan Lion guards, this tale of an Etruscan tomb is dedicated: To my dear friends The Storys."

I had not been long at my hotel, after returning from the Palace of the Ouida, when a breathless messenger arrived with a note addressed to me, in fact a note within a note; the first ran as follows:

> "Dear Sir: Enclosed note should have gone to you this morning. I left word if by any chance you should come, to ask you to wait, but I did not get home until half past six.
>
> "Come again at 4 tomorrow (Friday) and I will be sure to receive you.
>
> "Ever Yrs, Ouida."

The enclosed reads thus:

> "Dear Sir: "I find I must go into the country today and am not sure at what hour I shall return, so will you come to me tomorrow afternoon instead.
>
> "With comps yrs Ouida."

These notes were evidently written in the fraction of a moment and were very sparsely punctuated, but they served their purpose when they were at last delivered.

I went again to Ouida's at the appointed hour. The grave and reverend major domo almost smiled when he seemed to recognize me; even the canine contingent faintly wagged the unanimous tail. I began to think that perhaps, after all, I was not unwelcome to this mysterious habitation.

I was assured that no member of that household was ever visible save only its mistress, her pets, and the tall, slim, solemn usher. I could easily believe it, and believe, also, that the Palazzo was a mighty cold and cheerless place in Winter, as Italian Palazzos are bound to be at this season, and that very little sunshine ever found or lost its way in here. Yet the sunshine of Ouida's books is of the finest, and her pages are steeped in it; there is ever in them the out of door atmosphere that is thrilling with bird and insect vitality and breathing all the delicious odors of upland and lowland, field and forest. She drives daily into the country and it is of course then that she absorbs the life of it that is to be born again in her books. Perhaps one writes better from memory than from careful notes conscientiously taken on the spot; certainly one writes with less restraint, with more enthusiasm, and can without a qualm of conscience supply whatever is lacking in the landscape or the incident. There are even artists who paint in this manner, and their compositions are dream pictures not to be despised.

On my second visit the boudoir bower looked quite familiar, and Ouida was more pleasing than ever. We began where we left off, and chatted and chatted, but seemed not to be saying very much that was worthy of remembrance. She expressed some interest in the South Seas, having read with delight Julien Viaud's "La Mariage de Loti," (known in the English version as "Rarahu") by Piere Loti, but I think had read no further in the voluminous literature of the Summer Isles of Eden.

Her heart seemed to have been early given to Italy and the Italians, though she evidently had suffered the shattering of her ideals and was not glad to dwell upon the subject of her adopted country. It had been whispered, very loudly, that there was an affair of the heart in which the youthful Italian hero had proved faithless; but who can tell? or should tell? or would tell, even if he could? That Ouida, like the poet in his Golden Clime, is "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," she has again and again evidenced. For her hate of hate see her "In a Winter City," her scorn of scorn has embittered her "Friendship," her love of love is overflowing in "Signa," "Pascarel" and "In Maremma." When I asked her, during our second interview, if she did not love Italy above all lands, she hesitated before replying; I said: 'Surely you must, for I have never read stories so permeated with the very life and soul of a people; body and blood are there, on every page, and only one who has known and loved them could so make them live forever!' She answered quietly: "I liked them before I knew them as I know them now." To this hour I am not quite sure of her meaning, for her latest stories of Italian life still throb with the old passion.

We were getting cosy rather slowly and might have ultimately become confidential, but the door was thrown open, and a very stately personage, richly embossed with decorations, appeared at the threshold—perhaps he had lately assisted at some stately function and had entered for a moment to delight the eye of this wielder of the most spectacular of pens. He was greeted with acclaim, the Prince —and Ouida's flattering aside to me, "Come again tomorrow, at the the same hour," was the gentlest of dismissals.

Tomorrow, at the same hour, Florence was far behind me, and my letter of regret to Ouida proved to be a last goodbye.

* * * *

Do you remember these lines from the volume I cannot forget?

"He was only a little lad coming singing through the Summer weather; singing as the birds do in the thickets, as the crickets do in the wheat at night, as the acacia bees do all the day long in the high tree tops in the sunshine.

"Only a little lad with brown eyes and bare feet, and a wistful heart, driving his sheep and his goats, and carrying his sheaves of cane or millet, and working among the ripe grapes when the time came, like all the rest, here in the bright Signa country.

"Few people care much for our Signa and all it has seen and known. Few people even know anything of it at all, except just vaguely as a mere name.

"Assisi has her saint, and Perugia her painters, and Arezzo her poet, and Siena her virgin, and Settignano her sculptor, and Prato her great Carmelite, and Vespignano her inspired shepherd, and Fiesole her angel-monk, and the village Vinci her mighty master; and poets write of them all for the sake of the dead fame which they embalm. But Signa has found no poet, though her fame lies in the pages of the old chroniclers like a jewel in an old king's tomb, written there ever since the Latin days when she was first named Signome—a standard of war set under the mountains.

"It is so old, our Signa, no man could chronicle all it has seen in the centuries, but not one in ten thousand travelers thinks about it. Its people plait straw for the world, and the train from the coast runs through it: that is all it has to do with other folks.

"Passengers come and go from the sea to the city, from the city to the sea, along the great iron highway, and perhaps they glance at the stern, ruined walls, at the white houses on the cliffs, at the broad river with its shining sands, at the blue hills with the poplars at their base, and the pines at the summits, and they say to one another that this is Signa.

"But it is all that they ever do; it is only a glance, then on they go through the green and golden haze of Valdorno. Signa is nothing to them, only a place that they stop at a second. And yet Signa is worthy of knowledge."

I dare not quote farther, for the story drags one to the very end, but it can no longer be said that Signa has found no poet. Signa has found her poet, her incomparable prose-poet, and lives an eternal youth in that poet's delicious prose-poem, Ouida's "Signa."

OUIDA

THE CROW

By ALICE F. TILDEN

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

I

THOUGH ye sing of Spring and the birds that wing
  Their way through the early dawn,
In the first bright days that gild and glaze
  The gray of Winter wan;
Though robin and blue-bird, sparrow and jay
  Your joyous heart may know,
Sing of them all, an ye will and may,
  But give me my friend the crow!

II

When the ring of the skate, that clanged but late,
  Its sharp-cut tune must cease,—
When to Ocean's gray sails the ice of the bay,
  And leaves the shore in peace;
When the morning breeze with breath of the seas
  Brings chill of melting snow,
And Nature stirs 'neath the pall that is hers,
  Hark to our friend the crow!

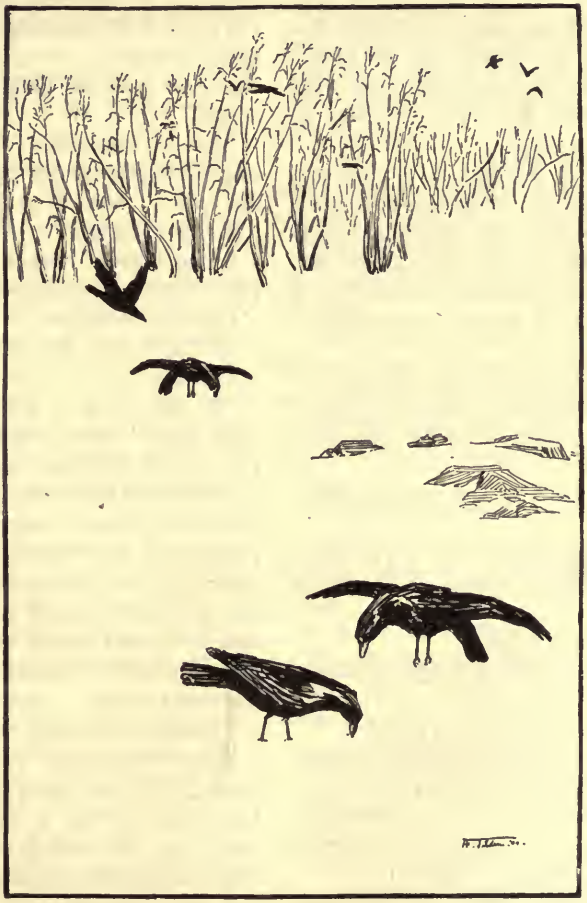
III

All Winter long, with saddened song,
  He has haunted snow and tree;

But his joyous throat now sounds a note
  Cruel and bold—but free!
Free as the rush of the flooded stream
  To the flooded plains below;
Free as a wild heart's freest dream—
  Liberty's friend—the crow!

IV

Though the time be brief, and the full-grown leaf
  Our fetters again may see,
At thy wild call we one and all
  Turn our steps to Arcady.
O buccaneer of the air! we hear
  Thy note with hearts aglow
For earth's pulse-beat beneath our feet,
  And the friend of the winds, the crow!



THE COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

NEW YORK CITY

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

VI

GAYLORD'S hansom was making slow progress amid the throng of vehicles in Carlton street, the majority of them headed for the American ambassador's, who, according to custom, was keeping open house on this Fourth of July afternoon.

By his side sat Mrs. Gaylord, prettily gowned, and having in her manner a certain bright assurance, which was the feminine reflection of her husband's growing fame. He was at least the portrait painter of the hour; and after his hour was over he would still be great, having made some private contracts with eternity of which these gay dwellers in time were not aware.

"My dear, I thought I saw Justin Morris just then!" Mrs. Gaylord said, laying her hand on her husband's arm.

"Not unlikely. His designs for the town hall at Wadehampton were accepted four weeks ago. I knew he was coming over."

She was leaning out of the hansom.

"There he is again. Yes, it is Justin. Can't we hail him somehow? Ah, he's gone!"

"We'll meet him at the ambassador's, no doubt."

"Wadehampton, did you say? Isn't that near Sir Henry's seat? I wonder if Justin knows—"

"Knows what, Kitty?"

"Well, knows of Sir Henry's devotion to Diana."

"Probably he does; what of it?".

"It ought to be proof enough to him that she made a fool of him last year."

"Justin Morris is not an easy mark to make a fool of. I could never see that Diana Mainwaring led him on."

"Men never see anything," his wife answered resentfully. "Margaret Bentley saw. Poor child! I think she'll never recover from it."

"I should say she was convalescent," Gaylord remarked drily.

"That is one of your horrid speeches. You never give a woman credit for having a memory."

"I beg your pardon, my dear. Jealousy has a strong memory. Only love forgets."

"She has every reason to be jealous. Myself, I blame Diana for the whole trouble. She knew her power and she used it. If she were any other woman, I'd predict her marriage with Sir Henry before Autumn. He's crazy for her, but she—she may be only amusing herself again."

"I don't blame her. We're all trying to get amusement out of life, to balance the score. Me, I paint portraits pour passer le temps!"

"Don't quote French ever before people. Your accent is so bad."

Gaylord chuckled.

"It can't be. No one ever smiled at it in Paris."

"O, the worse it is, the more solemn they look. Well, at last we're here. Can't you just pick out the American women!—no tag-ends, no pearls, no lace collars, no frizzes!—the nice, trim dears! But I must say, Walter, English men are stunning; they always suggest an early life of cold tubs, and cold school rooms and unlimited bread and butter. Such clean, splendid creatures! If I weren't married to you—" she added dreamily.

"Ghastly, but final," he said.

They were soon in the ascending throng on the great staircase. Mrs. Gaylord, who had a weakness for "feetmen," as she called them in private, heard their names loudly announced with true American delight. Their greetings over with the ambassador, who had honored Gaylord with a moment's conversation, Mrs. Gaylord took her husband's arm.

"Let us go straight to the dining room—real American coffee, dear, and American layer cake from Fuller's, and strawberries as big as plums they say—there's Justin Morris coming up the stairs now. Let us wait for him. Doesn't he look thin—but distinguished! You should paint his portrait."

Gaylord went forward to meet Justin with a hearty welcome. The two men had always been very good friends.

"And what brings you to London?" Mrs. Gaylord said as he greeted her.

"The Wadehampton business. I have been there a week—only came up to London yesterday."

"You are becoming famous."

"No, I am only doing business on both sides of the Atlantic."

"You look as if you had been working too hard."

"Hard work is the one joy you can be sure of."

They were at the door of the dining room, when the men perceived from a certain excitement in Mrs. Gaylord's manner, and her eager rushing forward, that she saw friends. Following her, they found themselves, before Justin had time to drop out, in a group which included Mrs. Craig, the Bishop and Margaret.

Justin's embarrassment—he had seen neither the matron nor his former fiancee for nearly a year—was at once relieved by a very perceptible kindness in Mrs. Craig's manner as she held out her hand to him.

"This is a great pleasure," she said simply. "I know why you are in London — the Wadehampton triumph. I must tell you why we are here. The Bishop is attending a church council, and I am looking after the worldly end of his spiritual matters as usual."

"Mrs. Craig reconciles two worlds. I have much to learn from her," the Bishop said smiling, but his keen eyes were searching Justin's face.

The young man turned to Margaret, who had been regarding him coolly. She had an assured manner, as if a year's residence with a wealthy and fashionable woman had given her confidence. Her props were always from without.

"You like London?" he asked.

"As much as I have seen of it. It is an impressionist picture done in charcoal. May I congratulate you on the Wadehampton victory?"

Justin bowed and said nothing.

"Are you returning there?" Mrs. Craig asked.

"Yes, in a few days. I have another commission in that part of the country: the restoration of a wing of the Croftfield Manor — the seat of Sir Henry Marchmont."

There was a sudden silence of the kind which reveals a community of thought. Margaret broke it.

"Did you know that Miss Mainwaring is engaged, or about to be, to Sir Henry?"

The audacity of the speech, made with her usual saccharine manner, took Justin so much by surprise that for a moment his self-possession was in power of anyone who might or might not come to his rescue.

The Bishop spoke.

"And have you seen Mr. Gaylord's portrait of Miss Mainwaring at the academy?"

"I have not yet had the opportunity."

"I will take you there this afternoon if you like," Gaylord said, it's a good show this year—a remarkably good show—some stunning Sargents."

"Ah, there is Mr. Hartley," Mrs. Craig said. "Was there ever such a reunion!"

Hartley, rounder and pinker than ever, was getting through the crowd with the ease of a fat man. His blue eyes, which had a baby effect in his large, plump face, opened wide at the sight of Justin.

"Lord bless me!" he exclaimed with involuntary cordiality; then, remembering Justin's villainy, he stiffened a little as he held out his hand and asked the usual questions. Not waiting for answers, he turned abruptly away and inquired of Margaret if she had had anything to eat.

Justin slipped an arm through Gaylord's.

"Take me to the academy, if you can, right away."

"Surely. We'll go at once.'

Mrs. Craig overheard him.

"I suppose it would be the wildest good fortune that you are not engaged for dinner tonight," she said, addressing herself to Justin.

"I am not dining out tonight," he answered.

"Then dine with me at my club tete-a-tete, will you not?"

She named the hour and the place, and he thanked her heartily, wondering if a year of Margaret's service had pleaded for his integrity.

Arrived at the academy, Gaylord led him directly to a portrait before which the crowd was gathered. The first glance at it gave him the old sensation of a sudden flash of light before his eyes.

In the catalogue it bore the title "The Lady in the Domino," but it seemed to Justin, as he gazed, that all the world must know it was Diana.

She had been painted full length, the soft lace ruffles of a ball gown showing beneath the black silk domino which was slipping from her bare shoulders. Half turned from the spectator, she was looking back, her dark eyes mysterious, her red mouth close shut, yet with a sweetness in its lines that contradicted the withdrawn expression of her face. One hand was half hidden in the folds of the domino, the other, raised, held a little mask of black velvet. Above her forehead, in the soft dark hair, was a silver moon.

"She chose her own costume and posture," Gaylord said. "It is wonderful!"

Justin wanted to be alone with her. He resented the crowd; he resented Gaylord. Alone with her! his own love, his, though she might break his heart—had broken it as far as the heart of a strong man whose strength is in his unceasing work can be broken. He had spent a year with her in spirit; not a day nor an hour passing that was not illumined with his love of her—but by that light he had thought and felt to some purpose: enriched as true lovers are always enriched by the wealth of a keener imagination, a wider scope of power. He had believed more and more that, despite her words, he would win from her some day, somewhere, the confession that her soul was true—true to him. Toward Margaret he had felt no further responsibility, since she had unconditionally dismissed him.

Today's revelation — the impending engagement of Diana to Sir Henry Marchmont — seemed to mock the dreams of the past year. But there was no mockery in the pictured face before him, only the mysterious shadow of the soul.

"This portrait is more full of enchantment than any other I can recall," Justin said.

Gaylord smiled.

"I came under her spell as I painted her. I try always to be dominated by the personality of the sitter. Sometimes it is difficult. With her it was easy."

Justin nodded. She had called him far, far away—to regions of imperial beauty—called him to suffer it all over again he knew, but he answered, and the eyes of the portrait smiled and beckoned him further.

On his way to dinner, he made up his mind to ask Mrs. Craig not only of Margaret's present state of mind—for he hoped that all trace of her unhappiness was over—but if the report were true that Diana was engaged to Sir Henry Marchmont.

He found his hostess waiting for him in an esoteric reception room significant of the higher everything for which the club stood.

She welcomed him warmly. They were soon facing each other across a little table.

"Do you know I am very glad to see you again," she began. "I have been waiting for just such an opportunity. I would not make one in New York. Forced occasions are about as productive of results as fossils. First of all, I did you an injustice last Summer. My dear boy, why couldn't you have spoken yourself? Walter Gaylord's word was naturally thought more loyal than true, though in the end I knew it was true."

Justin smiled, but made no reply.

"Why couldn't you have said that meeting was accidental? Diana would never explain, of course—perverse, adorable thing she is! I ought to have known better than to ask her."

"You are friends again?"

"We were never anything else. Diana has a sense of humor and so have I, and humor will hold two friends together when heroics won't. We care so much that we care lightly. On coming to London, I looked her up at once—found her, incidentally, such a great lady. She has become quite the fashion over here."

"Is it true?" Justin asked with an effort to keep his voice firm, "that she is engaged, or about to be, to Sir Henry Marchmont?"

"I trust she is. It is time Diana fell in love like a normal woman. As for him, he adores her. I hope you never adored her," she added with a bluntness unusual to her.

The rose light of the shaded candles hid his sudden pallor.

"It would have been useless if I had I would only have been one more in her collection."

She was looking at him searchingly, but his quiet voice reassured her.

"Diana has always excited jealousy, she is so sure, so quiet."

"Tell me, is Margaret happy?" he asked.

"She does not seem to me like an unhappy girl, but I don't pretend to know exactly. She is not as ingenuous as I once thought her."

"She is not ingenuous at all," Justin abruptly said.

The matron smiled, but made no reply.

"I hope she is happy. I am glad she is under your protection."

"Will you never forgive her?"

He looked surprised, troubled, apprehensive.

"I have nothing to forgive."

"She thinks you have. She fears that she was too hasty in breaking the engagement. She wishes that she had trusted you more."

This did not sound like Margaret. He wondered what was back of such protestations.

"Does she speak often—in this way?"

"Not often—two or three times."

"Lately?"

"Since the Wadehampton matter brought your name up."

"Mr. Hartley admires her very much, does he not?"

"He is very attentive to her."

"Does she—does she—"

"Respond? I think she is waiting for you, Justin."

"She dismissed me finally."

"A woman's word is never final."

A chill oppression settled upon him. The woman he loved had forgotten. The woman he did not love had remembered. He thought of his words, spoken from a sense of duty. "In a year you may know whether you love me well enough to marry me without explanations or demands." What if she should claim him on these conditions! If Hartley would only propose to her, offering her a diamond as big as a bean!

Early next day he went again to the

academy. The emptiness of the spacious rooms imparted to him a thrill of satisfaction. He would be alone with Diana.

But someone was there before him. To his intense disgust he recognized the tall, commanding figure of Sir Henry standing motionless before the portrait.

Justin turned to go, but at that instant the baronet looked around, and spoke his name.

"Mr. Morris! you are just the man I want to see. What day are you coming down?"

"I had thought of Wednesday."

"You are coming to me, of course. You will do me the honor of being my guest at the Manor."

"My intention was to go to the inn at Wadehampton."

"I will not hear of it. Some old friends of yours will be down for the week-end—Bishop Herbert and Mrs. Craig and Miss Mainwaring. They would be charmed I know if you were of the party."

Justin bowed slightly.

"Don't think me ungracious, Sir Henry, if I decline your hospitality. I could never combine business and pleasure."

"You can have just as much freedom as you like; I'll put you in the old wing—you could have quiet and space there, that the inn doesn't offer: and you need only join us at dinner, if you wish your days to yourself."

While Sir Henry was speaking, Justin was studying him in the light of what he had heard on the previous day. The baronet was a fresh-looking, well set up, well bred young Englishman of about thirty years of age, whose conventional appearance concealed, as Justin knew on good authority, not only a more than average amount of scholarship, but a religious nature which had attached him to the High Church party and made of him an active participant in church affairs.

These aspects of his character added to Justin's depression. When he had finally given his reluctant promise to go to the Manor, and had taken leave of Sir Henry, he went out into the misty sunlight of a London Summer day with a sinking of the heart that made the old city seem to him for once intolerably dreary. Had his rival been of higher rank, more conspicuously wealthy, he would have been more hopeful, knowing Diana's unassumed indifference to worldly advantage. But this man's elevation of character and deep religious spirit, combined with his very genuine learning might well appeal to that fastidiousness in her which seemed to take the place of the moral sense; might appeal, besides, to her longing for novelty. He had observed that highly educated American gentlemen were not as a rule as religious as Englishmen of the same class. In the old churches of London City—which he had frequented years ago as a student of architecture—he had often seen at the noon hour gentlemen enter and kneel in prayer. This grace of devotion now seemed to him, in his not ignoble jealousy of Sir Henry, the one quality lacking which you felt just short of—the highest breeding.

The idea might be whimsical, but it possessed him, led him through winding streets into the dimness of a church whose open door invited him in. There he knelt and thought of her.

VII

On the afternoon of the same day Margaret Bentley, seated alone in the little drawing room of Mrs. Craig's apartment, was allowing herself the luxury of resentful imaginings. That she had not brought her banker to the point of a marriage proposal was a reason at that moment for bitter thoughts of life. Poverty had always seemed to her like spinsterhood, the fruit of bungling. Looking back over the past year, she tried to see just where she had been careless and clumsy, that she should now have the prospect of being interminably poor and unmarried. Perhaps her show of grief over her broken engagement had been kept up too long, leading the kind little man to believe that she was inconsolable. She had reason to know that his fat encased a romantic imagination worthy of a long, thin knight.

Well, there was another road to matrimony if Hartley did not speak soon; if the gleam of the diamond, first beckoning on the afternoon when he had handed her his handkerchief, proved but a will-o'-the-wisp. She could still claim Justin's promise implied in his words "in a year from now you may know whether you love me enough to marry me without demands or explanations." And Justin was by no means a bad match, since his success in an international competition had made him almost as much the fashion as Gaylord was.

Diana had evidently thrown him over, but as long as Diana was unmarried, Justin, who loved her, as Margaret perceived with the keen insight of a cold and jealous nature, would not be likely to remember an honorable obligation.

"And he belonged to me first," she said to herself. "He shall belong to me again if I choose."

It seemed to her the amen of fate that at that moment his card was handed in. He had asked for Mrs. Craig, not for her, but she requested the servant to show him up.

His start of surprise, his embarrassed look told her that the meeting was not altogether welcome. She resolved at once upon her course of action.

"Mrs. Craig is not in, but I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing you, Justin."

Her pale face, framed in its gold hair, was raised to his appealingly. Mrs. Craig's words sounded in his ears like the knell of doom.

"I hope you are not altogether displeased to see me," she said.

"There is a year between us, Margaret," he answered, "and more than a year of misunderstanding."

"For which I am responsible," she said quickly.

He looked at her in surprise. Despite of what Mrs. Craig had told him, this was an attitude which he could reconcile with no previous knowledge of her character.

Had the intervening months changed her essential nature? He almost resented her sudden magnanimity as putting upon him a burden of responsibility which he could not bear. He loved Diana—would always love her, time and absence having but heightened his passion—must therefore be faithful to her at any cost. Neither the old nor the new Margaret could claim him, and he hardened himself to say the necessary, brutal words.

"It was all my fault," she said softly, a caress in her voice. "I did not trust you enough; I was blinded with my jealousy, but ought that not to plead for me? Isn't jealousy a proof of love?"

"No, I don't think it is," he answered coldly, "not of deep love; but then," he added, obeying he knew not what impulse to speak the bald truth to her, "your love can go no deeper than your character."

"Thanks, Justin; I don't deserve this."

"I am afraid you do deserve it, Margaret; you spied upon me when I was innocent—innocent as you that morning that I should find Miss Mainwaring at the village."

"What made you take that road, then?" she said, something of the old sharpness in her voice.

"My restlesness."

"And your restlessness was the result of?"

"The consciousness that I loved Miss Mainwaring," he answered calmly.

She was not prepared for this. She stared at him a moment, then in a voice of triumph brought out:

"I was right then! May I ask, Justin, why you engaged yourself to me, when you did not love me?"

His face softened.

"That is a question you have the right to ask. Margaret, I did think I loved you."

"Till the sun put out the candle."

"Till I knew who had the power to make me suffer."

"That I did not have! No, I thank God I am not a heartless coquette. Well! you will get your fill of suffering. She played with you, but she will marry Sir Henry. Diana Mainwaring has ice in her breast. I hope you are not foolish enough to love her yet."

His smile, his only answer, nerved her for her last effort.

"I love you yet — love you enough, Justin, to marry you without explanations and without demands."

He made no reply. She put a hand on his wrist.

"I claim you by that promise.

"You dismissed me finally."

"I was wild with jealousy, Justin. Don't turn me off. I am lonely, wretched. I love no one in the world but you."

She had taken both his hands in hers, was drawing him toward her with a grasp that felt like steel. Tears rolled down her cheeks. Her eyes pleaded. He was suffering acute misery. She was actually repulsive to him, yet he dared not loose the tense, cold fingers. If she loved him, was faithful to him, he could not throw her off, no matter what she had once said and done.

In his face she read his struggle.

"I love you, Justin—I love you," she repeated.

"Would you marry me knowing that I love Diana Mainwaring?" he said hoarsely, determined to be at least true with her.

"You are under a spell. It isn't love. She's not worthy of you, Justin. She would fling you away—has flung you—like an old glove."

"Nevertheless I love her, not you!" he cried, wrenching his hands away in sudden revolt.

"And you are deserting me!"

"No, I am not deserting you. You can hold me to my word, but I'll not play the hypocrite with you. I'll give you my name; I'll support you—if you insist."

"Why did you say those words to me a year ago about marrying me, if you did not wish to do it?"

"Why did you dismiss me finally, if you mean to claim me again?" he counter-questioned.

"I claim you because I love you!" she cried, all tears, softness and entreaty. He was amazed and dumbfounded; convinced of her sincerity at last to the point of suffering for her if not with her. He could no longer resist her tears. He would accept the burden, and try to kill the passion that had swept his life on to great achievements in his work, to a wider range of thought, to nobler perspectives of emotion. Turning his back on these regions, he would go into the narrow yard and shut and bar the gate behind him.

He was about to speak when a knock came at the door. Hartley's card was handed to Margaret.

"Go now, Justin," she whispered hastily, "and come again to see me."

He nodded, and left her, unspeakably glad of the interruption, as if it gave him a reprieve.

In the corridor of the hotel he met Mrs. Craig and explained that he had called on her, and that Margaret had received him.

"Come back with me," Mrs. Craig urged, "for at least five minutes. I want a little talk with you."

"Mr. Hartley is with Margaret in your drawing room."

"Well, let us sit here, then. No, I am going soon to Chelsea Old Church to a wedding there. Let me give you a lift on your way."

When they were in the hansom she asked him abruptly: "Have you made it up with Margaret? I presume you haven't. You look too solemn."

"O, I suppose we'll worry it through," Justin remarked carelessly, "but it might be as well to say little about it as yet. Plasters and seams are not ornamental."

"No, I agree with you that it is well to keep quiet about a reengagement, but may I tell Diana? It might make her feel better about her own romance, which I verily believe is imminent, if she knew that Margaret was to be happy again."

The bitter look in Justin's eyes was unobserved by the matron. He was leaning on the doors of the hansom and gazing straight before him. Despite his fashionable dress, with its latest English touches, there was something monastic in his clear-cut, clean-shaven face and tall, spare figure, an impression heightened by the gravity of his bearing.

"Tell Miss Mainwaring by all means," he answered, "if you think it would make her feel better, though according to report of her she would have forgotten the incident by this time.

"Diana forgets nothing. Her memory is a picture gallery."

"A tranquil place—a picture gallery," Justin said.

Meanwhile Margaret was kissing her hand to the gods, suddenly again aware of her existence after a long period of neglect.

Hartley had been but a few moments in the drawing room when she observed that his clear, pink skin was taking on a deeper pink, his eyes a deeper blue. Love with him was a rosy emotion, as comfortable as a plump silk cushion.

"Miss Margaret," he began, "I have not had a year of your friendship without the growing desire of converting friendship into a deeper feeling. I—I—admire you—more—than ever. Indeed, let me say that I love you."

His round face was crimson now. To relieve his embarrassment, he fumbled in his vest pocket, and brought out a white velvet ring-box. Margaret, pale, astonished and tumultuously resentful of having spoken to Justin, when half an hour more would have set everything right, watched the little banker like one half fascinated; when the lid of the box flew up, she could not keep back an exclamation of wonder. In the pink satin folds, almost obscuring the ring on which it was mounted, was the largest diamond she had ever seen—a glorious, pure incarnation of flashing light. The moment she beheld it she knew what she must do. The sight of such a gem would clarify the most bewildered state. Here was an opportunity to make a kind man happy, and to teach a cruel one a life-long lesson. Secure of Hartley, she could still hold Justin till Diana was safely married.

Hartley was taking the ring from its soft bed.

"Don't take it out. It looks so lovely there," she cried in a pretty, innocent voice, bending over it like a happy child; and her happiness was indeed unfeigned.

"But it mustn't stay here. It's for your finger, Margaret—if you—will have me."

He was looking at her so earnestly, and with such respectful ardor in his clear, blue eyes, that for one instant Margaret felt a sensation of shame. She dropped her eyes, her real confusion paling her cheeks. If he had only come half an hour sooner!

"Don't keep me in suspense," he said. "Tell me you'll have me, Margaret. I'm not worthy of you, I know. I've knocked around the world a good deal."

Margaret had little sense of humor, but even through her tumult she felt that "rolled around" would have been the more accurate expression. Hartley's rotundity gave the lie to an angular metaphor.

"I'll not keep you in suspense," she said, suppressing a smile. "I, too, have cared—have grown to admire you—to—to—"

She could not bring out the word. Hartley rescued her.

"I know, I know. You've made me the happiest of men."

As he spoke he slipped the ring on her finger, where the great diamond by its magnificence changed at once her state. She was no longer a private secretary. She was one of "the worthy rich."

She looked upon it doatingly. With such a ring on her finger she could face any misfortune, remove any obstacle.

But her sense of justice was not to be dimmed even by the flashes of a gem. She would exercise stern self-denial until she could avenge herself upon Justin.

"May I ask a favor?" she said softly.

"A thousand," he answered, beaming.

She loved his lavish talk. Justin had used the language of courtship as sparingly as if each word were a tariff on his purse.

"May I ask if the engagement may not be kept secret for a while? It's not quite a year, you know, since my engagement with Mr. Morris was broken, though for some months I have known that my soul was never his. It is the way heaven prepares you sometimes for the one great love of your life."

Hartley looked at her admiringly. He was always too aware of his weight of flesh to have much leisure to think of his soul, but he had great respect for the souls of others. Margaret, slender, blonde and translucent, seemed to him all spirit. That she should wish to keep the engagement secret, though it went against his usual openness, seemed to him, under the circumstances, singularly modest and sweet of her. He had always despised women who married again the day after their divorce, or girls who slipped from engagement to engagement with conscienceless ease.

"Just as you will, dearest," he said, "I am yours to command. Whatever you say is law."

What a man for matrimony! With a wealthy and obedient husband, she could scale the highest social Alps.

She wondered what virtues of character had drawn this golden fortune to her; suddenly contemptuous of the lonely sisterhood from which she had just emerged. Commanding wealth, she should soon outstrip Diana, who had not been clever enough to look higher than a baronet.

"How you understand me, Philip!" she said fervently.

At the sound of his name on her lips, he beamed.

"Margaret, I am the happiest man in the kingdom. May I kiss you?"

She held her cheek to his lips an instant. Again he admired her reserve, and congratulated himself on the treasure he had found.

When he was gone, she replaced the ring in its box and locked the box in her trunk. She could do without the symbol of power a little, since she possessed the reality.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SWEET CHARITY ☙ The Louisville Courier-Journal

When a fellow comes to you and says he is cold,
Hand him a leaflet:
If he's hungry and ragged and ailing and old,
Hand him a leaflet.
His long, weary struggle may nearly be o'er,
For nurture and clothing his need may be sore,
But his need for good precepts is very much more,—
So hand him a leaflet.

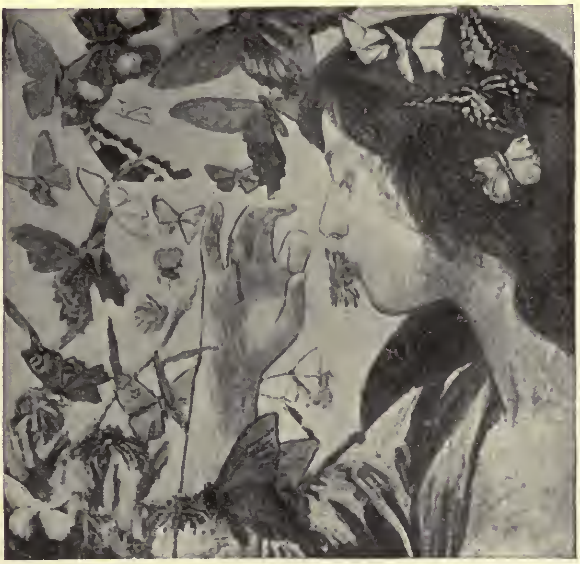
Never turn a starved chap empty-handed adrift—
Hand him a leaflet:
Do something to give the poor fellow a lift—
Hand him a leaflet.
Cast tracts on the waters; who knows but some day
When you may be hungry and ragged and gray,
Some kind-hearted person will moral words say—
And hand you a leaflet?

JAPANESE ARTISTS IGNORE THE WAR

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION IN TOKIO

By YONE NOGUCHI

HALF-TONE PLATES ENGRAVED BY MARTIN BUERGER



"BUTTERFLIES," BY TAKEJI FUJISHIMA

BEAUTY and Art are not forgotten in Japan, although the special attention of her people is abruptly turned toward Manchuria. The artists—those who follow after the European or American methods in expression and technique—are making a stride most remarkable, while the Japanese of blood and cannon are marching toward Harbin.

The Autumn exhibition of the Hakuba Kai was a strong protest against the possible turning to be only a war nation. The exhibition was a good one, and it has delighted thousands of people. After all, thank God, Japan does not forget that she is a nation of poetry and art. There are with us artists who are sincere and there are people who understand and appreciate. There was the most notable absence of war pictures. The artists attempted to express Beauty and Love in the purest sense. Their heads have been turning to Woman and Nature while people were talking of war and war.

The Hakuba Kai was a movement which had Kiyoteru Kuroda as its center,—he who has exhibited with such success in the Paris salon. Mr. Kuroda's work this year called particular attention to portrait painting in which tone and color were distinguished. His "Flowers" was charmingly created. Such a delicacy and yet a sure touch it expressed.

Mr. Yeisaku Wada's "Aruka? Nakika?" ("Is there any thorn? Is there not?") was another great achievement. His skill, experience and study are fully exhibited in that picture. He is a follower of the European art and was a student for some ten years in Paris and has but recently returned to Japan. It is his temperament,—and his passion—to love the Genroku period, when our people lived in love and fancies. He has spent many years in perfecting his knowledge of the customs and spirit of that period. And still he is a young man and his future is eagerly regarded. For his pictures in this exhibition one of the stores from ancient Mitsue in our oldest and most historic province furnished him the costumes and two famous Geisha girls of the Shinbashi Quarter posed for his "Aruka? Nakika?" That is the best painting that has appeared in Japan for some five years. One of Wada's aims is to marry Literature and Art.

Samurosuke Okada's "Omakage" (Likeness) is a picture of a young woman of the Genroku period also. It has depth and fancy. It dreams. Then a study of nature by this same artist called Fuyugare (Winter barrenness) is also distinguished by a wonderful subtilety and fancy. It is the finest study of nature ever done by a Japanese artist. For ten years has Okada been studying upon this one subject alone and he has painted it twenty times, but not until the twenty-first trial did he achieve a masterpiece, for it is inded that. Okada is both a poet and an artist. He has the rare gift

"FLOWERS," BY KIYOTERU KUREDA

of painting the very essence of the season in his pictures; the delicate green breath of Spring, the Summer light, the Winter greyness.

Mr. Nakagawa's "Young Singing Girl" aroused much popular admiration. A purely decorative piece by T. Fujishima was "Cho," (butterflies) in which the girl's sweet profile and the fluttering butterflies were very distinct against the solid background of dark green. "Morning," by the same artist, was another graceful picture.

Among the water colors were ten pieces by R. Miyake most excellent. He has left the period of the detail painting and grasps the simplicity and general effect. His "Summer Clouds" are charming, and also his "Autumnal Day," showing a road leading from the forest growing wider and wider under the full shower of the brilliant Autumnal sunshine. Such a warm color and delicacy of touch.

"IS THERE ANY THORN? IS THERE NOT?" BY YEISAKU WADA

Other exhibitors were Mr. Yamamoto and Mr. Hashimoto and some twenty others, among them two foreigners, Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, whose pictures were sent from Belgium. One of Yamamota's

"LIKENESS," BY SAMUROSUKE OKADA

"YOUNG SINGING GIRL," BY H. NAKAGAWA

studies was a wide and solitary expanse of sky alone. Another was his "Rice Field" and the last, most mystic and yet clothed with a power and depth of tone, his "Island Which Is About to Disappear."

BEGINNINGS OF JAPANESE SEA POWER

(From "Japan in the Beginning of the 20th Century" a wonderfully useful hand-book published by the Japanese imperial commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.)

THE naval warfare forms a comparatively unimportant chapter so far as the ancient history of Japan is concerned. To enumerate those that are worthy of mentioning, in the first place we have the expedition of Korea by the Empress Jingo in the second century A. D. About ten centuries after, the naval battle at Dannoura between the Genji and Heike clans may be noted. The invasion of Kyushu by Kublai Khan's armada in the next century is perhaps the most memorable event of foreign invasion that ever occurred in Japan within the period of authentic history. The annihilation of that armada was even more complete than the equally memorable destruction by England of the Spanish armada. Toward the close of the same century Japan took the offensive against China and several encounters occurred between Hideyoshi's fleet with that of Korea off the coast of that peninsula. It ought to be remembered, however, that the warships of those days were not properly warships as the term is now understood, for they were merely armed merchantmen and even fishing junks. There was no fleet properly so called in time of peace. It was only recently that Japan obtained warships built in modern style. The modern navy was instituted as a department of the government in 1872.

TIME TO PREPARE FOR SPRING GARDENS

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

CERTAIN classes of very desirable plants are rarely seen, and among those neglected ones are aquatics; yet little tubs sunk in garden or lawn makes it possible to have them and their beauty, coupled with the fascination of watching them develop, is ample reward for the little work required.

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March is a good time to get ready tubs; barrels sawed into two parts, or whatever will hold water when sunk in the ground. Some fertilizer and soil may be put in each one, ready to be covered with water when the tank is sunk; and if this preliminary work is done the probability is that the tanks will be made use of — otherwise the chances are against an aquatic display in the garden.

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Rustic seats with canopy-like frames may be made this month and placed in position, ready for the planting and training of vines. Plan, also, for a little rustic arbor with roof, where the hammock may hang between vine-wreathed posts, under a vine-draped roof — protected from sun and rain by day, and from dew at night.

Evening-bloomers form another class of plants too seldom seen. What could be more refreshing than these white flowers spreading their petals at sundown, and filling the air with fragrance. Because we use verandas and hammocks most at this hour these plants should be placed where we can enjoy them as we rest — not away back out of sight.

Plan for at least one bed of evening-bloomers this year, and for it I would suggest a clump of the tropical-looking datura in the center; around them, a band of the giant nicotiana, and at the edge a border of evening primrose. All have white blossoms, and their manner of growth makes a mound-like mass of foliage against which the blossoms make a fine showing.

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The hardy, ornamental grasses which grow from one to ten feet in height deserve a place in every lawn. Their beautifully marked foliage lasts until late in the fall, and the plume-like blossoms stay on the stalks nearly all winter.

Whatever is decided on, remember that a number of plants of one class make a far more effective showing than one plant of this, that, and the other sorts.

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When one begins to plan for plants of a new (to them) class, the natural question is—What shall I get, and where shall I get it? Space forbids naming individual varieties, but the solution is easy: read the advertisements of different florists and send for their catalogues. In them will be found descriptions and cultural directions.

If failure comes with the first trial (as it possibly may) do not blame the florist, but look for a cause. These dealers know, only too well, that one dissatisfied customer will talk against them a dozen times where a dozen pleased customers would never speak a word of praise, and not one of them would knowingly send out poor stock—ordinary business sense would keep them from doing so.

MONEY IN POULTRY

By B. R.

GORDONSVILLE, VIRGINIA

"THERE is a fortune in a hen's insides," said a wise Frenchman, and though a fortune may not be obtainable, still a large sum of money can be easily made by keeping from one to five hundred hens for their eggs. The rearing of chickens is much less profitable.

The following simple method has been found an entire success, the average from each hen yelding not a dollar a year, as has been optimistically stated, but nearly always —more!

Large, ordinary pullets were selected—and the great secret of success lies in this—one was never kept longer than three years. Old hens produce each year fewer eggs, eat more, work less and are more susceptible to disease than young fowls. This is almost invariably the rock of disaster with beginners, — they will not get rid of the old stock systematically. The cocks should be changed annually, now and then buying Leghorns.

If the poultry houses are of oak there will be less trouble with vermin. In the Spring paint the roosts and nests with crude carbolic acid, repeating whenever it is necessary. This will absolutely keep vermin away, even from setting hens.

The poultry houses must be scrupulously clean, and three things always kept therein — lime, ashes and sand. These should be in separate, shallow boxes, so that the fowls may eat and wallow at their pleasure. Once a week give them fresh nests.

Less depends on the quality and quantity of their food than on the regularity with which it is given. In the Winter feed twice a day, a warm mash in the morning and grain at night. This presupposes that they have sufficient range to obtain green food, otherwise this too would be required.

All fowls relish table scraps,— meat skins, broken bones, vegetables, any and everything left from the table. If these are well chopped and made into a thick mash, with the addition of Indian meal and hot water, they will rejoice greatly and pay constant tribute. Never give them sloppy food; it is always more or less injurious. From the middle of August until the middle of September halve their food, when they will moult and begin laying early in the Autumn. Pure water in clean vessels is absolutely essential.

To break hens from setting, put them in a house where there are no nests and feed and water well. In four days they are generally cured, are in good condition and will soon recommence laying.

Young hens seldom have disease. The great scourge is cholera, and it may be warded off by this simple preventive given in a state agricultural report, and which has proved efficacious: Twice a week during the Summer give ten drops of sulphuric acid in one gallon of water and allow them no other drinking water that day. Sulphuric acid is a deadly poison and must be carefully administered.

With systematic attention to these requisites, it is possible to have hens lay almost continuously throughout the year.

PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENTS FOR EASTER WEEK

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

IN the social world Easter marks the renewal of the gayeties suspended during Lent, and women who entertain to any great extent are again on the alert for ideas and suggestions along that line, especially those which have been put to the test.

A society matron who had long held the notion that as an initiatory a series of small entertainments are not only more enjoyable to the guests but also less burdensome to the hostess than a "crush," put the matter to test last year during Easter week and was delighted with the experiment.

First, there was a morning card party, with a buffet breakfast at twelve o'clock. To this function a limited number of congenial women were invited. An afternoon reception followed, and being a more formal affair, the invitation list was proportionately extended and included all to whom the hostess was under social obligations or whose acquaintance she desired to cultivate. Then came an eight o'clock dinner, to which only intimate acquaintances were invited. By this arrangement and division all factions of society were included, all social requirements recognized and yet upon each occasion only congenial people were brought together.

In the matter of decorating the house the season of the year was considered, and a compliment paid to nature, by selecting Spring colors as a motif for the color scheme. The house was made attractive by the artistic arrangement of ferns, palms, vines and white hyacinths, Easter lilies and white roses which delighted the eye and filled the house with fragrance.

The morning party being an informal affair, the hostess received alone. Small tables were placed in convenient places in the double parlors for the accommodation of the players. The score cards were green silk pin cushions fashioned to simulate apples. They were distributed from a fancy basket, and the imitation was so clever that upon first sight they appeared to be real fruit. Score was kept by means of white-headed pins.

The breakfast menu included hot bouillon with whipped cream served in dainty green cups, apple and celery salad, stuffed eggs, meat sandwiches, jelly cubes, small cakes, frappe and coffee.

As each guest helped herself, the matter of servants and serving was reduced to the minimum, which is no small consideration.

At the afternoon reception the hostess was assisted in receiving by several ladies invited for that purpose. Tea was poured by one of her girl acquaintances; another supplied the guests with delicious fruit punch, while a third served sweet wafers and bonbons.

One of the most pleasant features of the afternoon entertainment was the music, provided for the occasion, under cover of which it was so easy to keep up a steady flow of conversation.

The musicians were stationed in an alcove off the reception hall and screened from view by palms and other potted plants.

For the dinner twelve covers were laid. The table was covered with a handsome white cloth, the beauty of which was accentuated by the heavy silence cloth beneath it. The decorations were exceedingly simple and in harmony with the general motif. In the center of the table was a low, white basket filled with white roses and standing on a mat of fern leaves. Cut glass dishes filled with olives, Spring radishes, salted almonds and bonbons, each resting on a mat of fern leaves, were disposed here and there on the table and contributed to its festive appearance. At each place was a single white rose, to which the name card was attached. The souvenirs were tiny fancy baskets filled with candied fruit. The china used was white with dainty decorations in green. The following was the menu, served in courses in the order given.

MENU

OYSTER COCKTAIL IN LEMON CUPS
BROWN CONSOMMÉ
OLIVES CELERY
ROAST BEEF BROWNED GRAVY
ASPIC JELLY
POTATO ROSES WITH PARSLEY GARNISH
GINGER SHERBET
PEAS AND NUT SALAD IN LETTUCE CUPS
ICE CREAM CAKE
COFFEE
BONBONS SALTED ALMONDS

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

By EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN
CAZENOVIA, NEW YORK

"KNEAD love into the bread you bake; wrap strength and courage in the parcel you tie for the woman with the weary face; hand trust and candor with the coin you pay to the man with the suspicious eyes."

The above words from the maxims of a popular belief, should be burned into the hearts of the people.

To follow their precepts, would indeed be living in harmony with all mankind,—would be bringing the principles of the intellectual and spiritual planes into our daily existence. Love—strength—courage—trust—candor! How the practice of that which these words imply, would sweep the world of doubt, and gloom, and suspicion, filling it instead with attributes of the millennium, radiant with the light of the divine sunshine.

Too many dwell in the shadow; and, although they would be shocked at the idea of not performing each duty conscientiously for their family, yet they do these things with such a martyr-like spirit, with such vigorous protest of manner, that the pleasure in receiving them is taken away.

Said the little girl with quivering lip: "I would rather mamma did not make me those delicious apple turnovers, than to scold all the while she is making them. I would rather have a kiss than a turnover."

Sunshine is free, and a recognized cure for many ills. You have read of the French physician who has houses with glass walls built for his patients. There, all day they may luxuriate in the magic energy of the health-giving beams, "given for the healing of the nations."

Said the doleful one to the doctor: "Every person I ever knew, who has died, has passed in solemn review in my mind today, and all have said I could not live."

"Do you mean to tell me, madam," sternly demanded the medical man, "that you have sat here, in this dark corner, holding communion with dead folks, instead of getting out into God's sunshine this glorious day?"

When the gloomy one declares that no brightness is in life, tell him of the brave young man whose bones are ossified, but who, by the use of the thumb and index finger of his right hand, contrives to write messages of cheer to the world; of the girl in the wheel-chair, whose life is an inspiration to many; of the woman blind, but comforting thousands.

"There are those whose hearts have a slope southward, and are open to the whole noon of nature." Those are the cheery-faced men and women whose company is sought; but pessimists and cranks are always avoided.

You remember the story of the old lady in the poor-house, who had not a thing she could call her own. When asked the meaning of her happy face, she replied she had so much to be thankful for. In answer to the wondering question, "How so?" she said the only two teeth she had left, met!

Charles Lamb's opinion was that a hearty laugh was worth a hundred groans, in any market.

Said the caller to the invalid: "No one would mistrust the rain was pouring in torrents outside, 'tis so bright and cheery in here."

Birds, plants and animals die when deprived of a plentiful supply of oxygen, why, then, would not man?

Keep the physical, mental, and moral sunshine from your home, and you have a poor place to dwell in. Throw aside the shutters—let the bright stream pour in! Never mind if it fades the carpet—faded carpets are better than faded lives.

"What's the matter?" asked the mother of the restless six-year-old.

"Oh," she replied, "I long to get outdoors where I can breathe."

Blessed be the home where harmonious agreement and genial good-fellowship prevails.

A man who had many misfortunes declared: "Some way, nothing can keep me down. If I were to be hung tomorrow, I believe I should sleep well tonight."

When troubles multiply thick and fast, and you wonder what worse can happen, take the view of the person from whom all material comforts had been swept, and who sat on the hill-top watching his house burn to the ground. "What are you laughing for?" asked his friend, as peal upon peal broke from his lips.

"Oh, I was thinking," said the man, "how wretchedly complete it all is!"

We will find what we seek.

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find it everywhere."

We get what we give, and if we persist in scattering sunshine along the highways and byways of life, in some hour when least expected, we will meet our own returning.

A little of shadow is good for us: we would not otherwise appreciate blessings.

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

The world is clothed in darkness a part of each twenty-four hours, but it isn't night all the time. With the rising of the day-king all nature rejoices, and the songs of the birds burst forth.

As nothing can estimate the value of the creating and exhilarating power of the great healing agent, neither can be measured the out-reaching and strengthening influence of a happy disposition. Of one possessing such, be it said: "In that day many will rise up and call her blessed."

It is hard sometimes to turn from present griefs or past sorrows and look hopefully upon life, but it can be done. Mental sunshine is as necessary to physical well-being as the rays of the orb that warms the world.

By placing the will in harmony with the dominating Will of the universe, by resolutely saying, "For me there is hope and truth and love," much can be done to dissipate clouds of despair, and fill the whole being with the energizing force of joy in living.

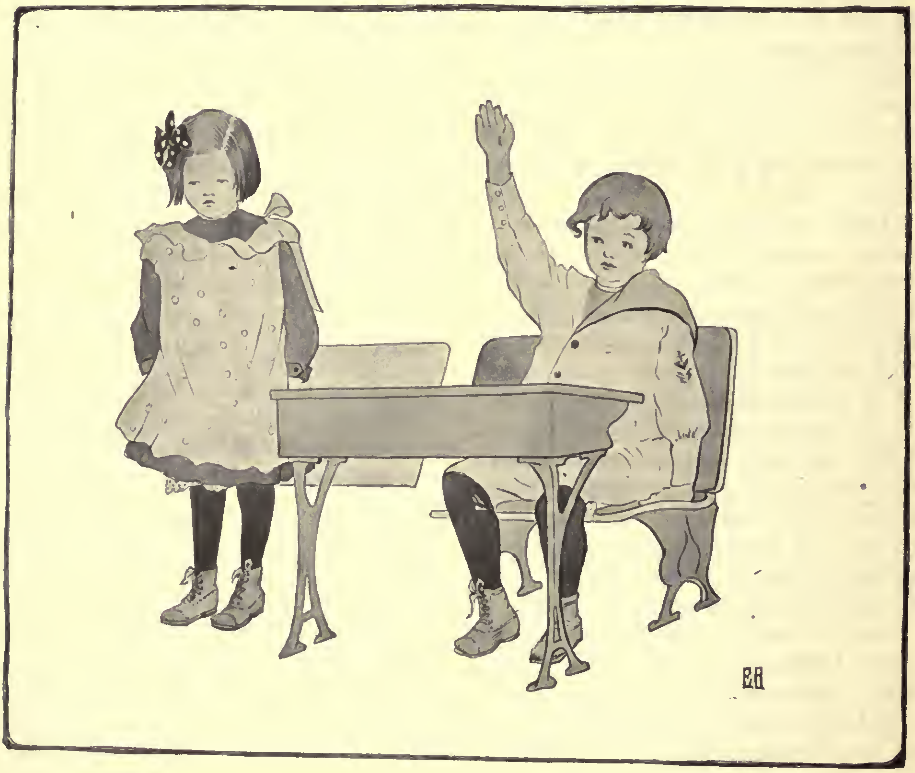
SCHOOLROOM TRIALS ❧ By Anna Gertrude Brewster

POLLY—

I study hard as hard can be,
And it annoys me so
That teacher always calls on me
For the one thing I don't know!

PAUL—

It happens every single day —
I cannot understand —
If there's an answer I can say,
She never sees my hand!



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-adressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

SOME USES OF BORAX

By IDA P. BENSON
Wadsworth, Nevada

Borax will soften water.

Borax is a bleach and will prevent clothes turning yellow.

Borax fixes colors.

Borax added to starch gives a superior gloss to the clothes.

Borax relieves hoarseness.

Borax cures sore throat.

Borax preserves the teeth and heals the gums.

Borax exterminates ants, bugs, and roaches.

By OLIVE E. HARRINGTON
Altamont, Kansas

Take a solution of warm water and borax and it will cleanse hair brushes and combs perfectly.

Borax dampened with a little water and rubbed on the scalp cures dandruff.

A pinch of borax added to warm hard-water softens it.

Borax used when boiling clothes whitens them more than any other washing powder.

HANGING UP CLOTHES IN COLD WEATHER

By CLARA M. CUMMING
Centerville, South Dakota

The unpleasantness of hanging up clothes in cold weather can be mitigated by a little preparation before going out of doors. Take each piece and shake out, and then take hold with both hands of the end to be hung on the line, and drop into the basket, putting in the pieces just as you wish them hung up. It is best to hang sheets and tablecloths by the hem to save them whipping out. If they must be left out all night, at dark roll them over once or twice on the line and pin securely; in the morning unroll them. If a sudden wind starts up they cannot be damaged. Another help is to have mittens made of white canton flannel. Lay your hand on the cloth and work around with pencil, leaving half an inch for seam, stitch around with machine and they are done.

SALT FOR BLACK ANTS

By ALICE CHENEY
Wayne, Maine

In certain seasons the large black ants become very troublesome, getting even into the ice-box if their advance is not checked. Judging from the number of applications I had last year for "something that will drive away the pests with no danger of poisoning the family," it is not very generally known that common salt freely sprinkled where they gather will drive them away, yet such is the case. Try it and be convinced.

RELIABLE PIE-CRUST

By WINNIE F. DUTTON
New Sharon, Maine

If hot water is used in making pie-crust, it will not bend outward and allow the contents of custard or other pies containing a soft filling to run out in the oven. Put the soda and cream tartar in the flour, stir the hot water into it, and add melted butter or lard. This pie-crust is easily worked and is light when baked.

WHEN MAKING BREAD

By MRS. M. T. B.
Belmont County, Ohio

With a large family and the numerous duties of the average farmer's wife, one needs good management to lessen the burden. An experienced friend taught me how to make bread up at night and thus save time and labor. Two years ago I conceived the idea of putting the dough into the pans during the night, instead of punching it down as was generally necessary. Since then I have always followed this method, and find it much easier than my neighbors' who make their bread up in the morning. During the Winter of course it takes more care to have the room heated properly but during warm weather "it works like magic." When my family was smaller I found the easiest time for baking pies or cakes was before breakfast when the fire was clear. With wood or gas one can have a good fire any time, but here we burn coal. That baking time now has to be given to packing dinners for four hungry school children, though even yet I snatch time to bake their cakes in muffin pans while the breakfast is under way.

COOKED FROSTING

By MRS. H. H. B.
Caledonia, New York

To make cooked frosting soft and creamy, put only enough water in the sugar to dissolve it; add a pinch of cream tartar or of baking powder. Cook quickly, watching it closely until it will spin a thread from the spoon. Beat the white of egg vigorously with an egg beater for at least three minutes. Beat while pouring the syrup in and for a few minutes afterwards. Your frosting will rarely fail to be creamy.

CUSTARD, NOT CORNSTARCH

By MRS. A. W. PERRIN
San Antonio, Texas

DEAR EDITOR: When we received the National for January, the other day I was both amazed and surprised to see that you had made Mrs. A. W. Perrin, San Antonio, Texas, say that "baked cornstarch will not curdle but be smooth and firm if the dish containing it be set in a pan of hot water in the oven." I always knew that I wrote a villainous hand, but I was amused to think that anyone could take such a statement as even a "little help," and mortified to think what housekeepers could think of me. I wrote CUSTARD, not cornstarch, an article which I believe no one ever induced to curdle by any treatment. Respectfully, MRS. A. W. PERRIN, San Antonio, Texas.

WASHING CHAMOIS SKIN

By N. E. W.
Zanesville, Ohio

Many people find it difficult in washing chamois to keep it soft and pliable, but by rubbing it vigorously in lukewarm water, using any brand of soap you wish, you can wash it clean. Then rinse twice in same temperature of water and lay on clean cloth to dry. The principal thing is to rinse all the soapsuds out before drying.

TO REMOVE RUST FROM CLOTHING

By MRS. J. B. McALLISTER
Richwood, Ohio

While rinsing clothes, take such as have spots of rust, wring out, dip a wet brush in oxalic acid, and rub on the spot, then dip in salt and rub on, and hold on the hot tea kettle and the spot will immediately disappear; rinse again, rubbing the place a little with the hands.

A WASHING HINT

By MRS. ANNA M. WHITE
Richmond, Maine

To wash a dark percale or satine dress—put two or three quarts of flour starch into sufficient water in a tub to wash it nicely. Rub well, rinse and hang in the shade to dry. Enough starch will remain in the goods to make it appear like new when ironed on the wrong side.

TO SAVE EGGS

By MRS. A. M. COLEGROVE
Coral, Michigan

Stir your cakes the same as usual except that you leave out the eggs. After your baking is added and tins greased, the very last thing before placing them in the oven, stir in one tablespoon of clear snow for each egg you would have used. Your cakes will be light and tender. Try it.

CORNSTARCH IN CHOCOLATE

By A.
Angelica, New York

If a dainty cup of chocolate or cocoa is desired to serve with wafers, a little corn starch may be used to advantage. Take a pint each of milk and water, two squares of Baker's chocolate and sugar to suit the taste. Dissolve two teaspoons of corn starch in a little cold milk, and stir into the boiling chocolate. Serve a spoonful of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, in each cup.

TO POLISH GALVANIZED WARE

By LEONE PITTMAN
Rinard, Illinois

To clean galvanized iron (as buckets, tubs, etc.) dampen a cloth in kerosene and rub until the dirt disappears, then polish with old papers, and they will look as well as new. This is the best "Little Help" we have found for a long time. I am a little girl 11 years old. I like the National Magazine better than any I ever saw.

MORE LEMON HINTS

By SADIE VAN TYNE
Chelsea, Michigan

Hot lemonade, taken at bed-time, is good to break up a cold.

The juice of one lemon in a goblet of water, without any sugar, taken at least half an hour before breakfast, will clear a bilious system with great efficiency.

Lemon juice will also take out mildew.

CELERY LEAVES

By EVELYN PARKES ADAMS
McMinnville, Oregon

To have always on hand a supply of celery leaves for soups, trim off the green leaves before serving the celery, mash, drain and place in a warm oven for a few hours; when thoroughly dry, crush them and put in a tin can with cover. A pinch of this powder gives a more delicate celery flavor to pressed meat and stews than does celery seed.

REMEDIES FOR BURNS

By MRS. SARA B. COMBS
Fowler, Colorado

When badly burned by concentrated lye, bathe the part at once with vinegar. In a second, relief is obtained, and pain is almost banished. Syrup or molasses applied to a burn from fire, is soothing as well as excluding air. While common soda is good for excluding air, it does not give the relief that syrup does.

INEXPENSIVE CLOTHES RACKS

By MRS. LEE S. GREEN
Austin, Texas

Take barrel hoops and saw each in three equal parts, then wrap with clean strips of cloth and tack a loop in the center to hang up by. These make excellent racks for shirtwaists and skirts to keep them in shape and from wrinkling.

TO DISPEL SOUP ODORS

By ELLEN BATTERSBY
San Antonio, Texas

The disagreeable odors arising from the boiling vegetables can be easily dispelled by adding a crust of bread to the soup, letting it float on top of the other ingredients.

TO CLEAN THE CHIMNEY

By JOSEPHINE PETTIGREW
Bolckow, Missouri

Burn all potato parings in the stove, and the flue will never light. Our flue was always a torment to us until we learned this simple remedy.

CURE FOR EAR-ACHE

By JEANNETTE BEDDOME
Minnedosa, Manitoba

Place a stem of the pipe against the patient's ear, putting a thin rag over the bowl to prevent ashes scattering and blow the smoke into the ear. A number of our men use a pipe, yet we keep one in the house solely for the ear-ache cure.

CARE OF NEW BOOKS

By MARY NACHTRIEB
Cascade, Iowa

Lay the book back downward, on a table or smooth surface. Press the front cover down until it touches the table, then the back cover, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few of the leaves at the back, then at the front, alternately pressing them down gently until you reach the center of the volume. This should be done two or three times. Never open a book violently nor bend back the covers. It is liable not only to break the back but to loosen the leaves.

CURES FOR HICCOUGHS

By MRS. L. W. BACON
Valley Springs, California

Give one tablespoonful pure lemon juice at frequent intervals, as required; it has cured when doctors have despaired. Another cure is to order the sufferer to keep his tongue out of his mouth to judge of his condition, and not to withdraw it until directed so to do.

A MISCELLANY BOOK

By MRS. GERTRUDE JAY
Creston, Iowa

A scrap book of clippings from newspapers and magazines will be found of great help to the housekeeper. These may be recipes, little helps for the household, or anything along a literary line. The housekeeper of modern life has use for all, and if easily accessible, will be " just the thing " very frequently.

MENDING STOCKINGS

By LELA MOORE SINNOTT
Randalia, Iowa

The stockings which I buy for my six-year-old are much too long. I cut them off, at the top, to the right length and lay the upper parts away. When he has worn out the knees, as boys are apt to do, I sew on this new top and have another pair of stockings as good as the first, as one pair of feet will outwear several legs.

WINTER CARE OF BEETS

By H. S. KOKEN
Nora, Nebraska

In the Fall we put our beets in a barrel in the cellar with alternate layers of earth and beets so they will keep in fine condition. Then any time during the Winter when work is not so pressing, and as fast as the fruit jars become empty, we can fill them with beets and have them as we want them; they are excellent when canned.

FRUIT AND BAG SHOWERS

By MRS. F. B. MAXWELL
River Forest, Illinois

Like " Linen Showers," the " Fruit Shower " is very acceptable to the prospective bride. Held at the home of one of her girl friends, each one brings a can of fruit or a couple glasses of jelly. In this way the bride has quite a start in fruit, without taxing anyone much. The " Bag Shower " is the same plan, each one making a bag of some kind, from a laundry bag to a dainty chamois bag for jewels.

COLD-STARCHED IRONING

By MRS. M. S. AINSLIE
Cypress, Texas

Rub the starched pieces with a rag that has been wrung out of water that contains a few drops of kerosene. You will be surprised how much easier they iron. It will also give a nice gloss.

MEAT-PIE CRUST

By MRS. J. C. R.
Alliance, Nebraska

If, in making meat pie, the crust be left thin enough to drop from a spoon instead of rolling, better results will be obtained.

A HELP FOR THE BOYS

By MRS. ALMON GOODWIN
Fairfield, Maine

Let the mothers try knitting or crocheting a loop on the wrist of each mitten to hang it up by.

HOW TO FIND THE RIGHT SIDE OF CLOTH

By "A DRESSMAKER"
Ozark, Missouri

To find the right side of woolen dress goods of smooth surface, hold the goods level with the eyes between them and the light, if it looks fuzzy it is the wrong side. The right side is always singed smooth by the manufacturer.

WHEN WASHING MUSLINS

By MISS ELLEN PRITCHARD
Laurier, Ontario

To keep delicate colored prints and muslins from fading when washing soak in salt water for half of an hour.

A LAMP HINT

By MRS. A. D. SCAMMELL
Bellevue, Ohio

Try blotting paper in the holder under a bracket or hanging-lamp, and the oil will go no further.

RELIEF FROM ASTHMA

By MRS. T. M. CLEVELAND
Lewiston, Maine

Persons suffering from asthma may be greatly relieved by smoking sumac. Gather the green leaves while fresh, dry them, and smoke in a common clay pipe.

MAKING DRAWN-WORK COLLARS

By NINA BIRCH
Xenia, Ohio

I will tell you my way of making the drawn-work collars now so popular. Do not use embroidery hoops; instead, after pulling the threads I sew firmly to a piece of stiff cardboard, then cut away the card from beneath the threads and you have it ready for work and firmly and equally stretched. Do not remove until entirely finished and your collar will be perfect.

SONNETS FROM HENRY D. MUIR'S NEWEST VOLUME

I

ANIMALISM

To be a dog, a free and careless rover,
Low-crouching in the daisy-dotted field;
Down grasses lush to roll over and over
Catching a thousand odors — late unsealed
By Nature, in her boundless prodigence;
To leave the trim and measured paths of habit
For one wild hour-long revelry in sense;
To splash in stream; through brush to course the rabbit;
To take with bounteous chest the sun-cleansed air!
For is this life I live? these pulseless years!
These starving hours that pine for kindlier fare!
These bounded days of narrow hopes and fears!
A baser, grosser life than my poor dog
E'en dreams of, — at my feet stretched like a log.

II

CHICAGO

With those who blame their gods for some ill chance
And rail unwittingly along the dark,
Stood I, Chicago! and thy faults were stark
Before mine eyes — thy giant arrogance,
The lewdness of thy postures and thy glance,
Thy brutal, stolid creed, thy sordid arc
Of widening unrest, — these did I mark;
And hurled at thee my curse, as poisoned lance.
But when, on distant levels of the plain,
I mused amid the snapping mongrel crew,
And saw thee bend not, for complete disdain,
One mighty sinew from its purpose true,
But rearing proud and stalwart, — then I knew
Thy face in truth; I was thy son again.

NOTE AND COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

A KANSAS reader of the National sends me an excited letter denouncing the Magazine for what he terms "your (my) pert paragraph announcing your determination not to join the "Anvil Chorus' of American magazines protesting against divers grave public abuses of private privileges," etc., etc. He adds sadly that he is now convinced the National Magazine "means to shirk its sacred duty as a leader in the formation of right public opinion."

By which, I suppose, he means that we show no disposition to buck up and fight for his particular set of "right public opinions."

Now, to state a plain fact simply, I feel no call to set up an Oracle Shop, not even here at the crossing of Culture street and Piety avenue, in Boston. Possibly Mr. McClure's readers needed to be told that John D. Rockefeller was a highwayman. I never doubted for a minute that every man, woman and child in the National family knew it without being told. It may be that the readers of Everybody's didn't know that the grisly vultures of Wall street and all the little Wall streets ARE grisly vultures, but our folks knew. Our folks knew that Rhode Island elections were corrupt—they read what Governor Garvin said about it in the papers. They know, too, that every time a pure food bill shows its head in congress the cowardly scoundrels who thrive by poisoning us with bogus foods, and bogus medicines, and bogus drinks, find representatives and senators cheap enough and mean enough and contemptible enough to stab the said bill to death in the secret dark of committee rooms; or to waylay it and leave it to lie, tied hand and foot, in the files, so that it need not come to an open ballot, which would show us just who handled the dagger and tied the ropes, and would give us a chance to nail the miscreants at the polls.

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Our folks know that if the railroads could be run by just plain railroad men, there would be mighty little kicking about either accidents or unfair rates. They know that railroad men — the men who really manage tracks and trains and do the work and the business — are mostly keen, candid, square men, not overly anxious to gouge anybody for private gain. Our folks know these things about the railroad men, because a lot of our folks ARE railroad men, and the wives and daughters of railroad men. They know, moreover, that the big steel highways are NOT left to be managed by real railroad men, but have latterly fallen under the evil and corrupt control of the grisly vultures of Wall street, so that their stocks—once a secure investment for small savings—are now become as treacherous as a poker deck in the hands of a card sharp. Our folks have seen how the stocks of most of the railroads have been inflated and unloaded on the public, and scared or juggled down and bought in again until, finally, there is hardly a single steam highway that isn't trying to earn dividends on stocks and bonds that represent several times the real value of the property—an unjust tax on the traveler and the shipper, an unjust and ungrateful job put on the shoulders of the real railroad men that have it to do—a situation that nets nothing to anybody but the big gamblers and that grows worse instead of better with every year that passes.

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Our folks know these things—and they know that they voted for Roosevelt, or most of them did, including a good many democrats and socialists and prohibs and antis — because they had a hunch that Roosevelt would try to get decenter, honester conditions to govern in the matter of the steel highways—which are just as essentially PUBLIC highways, and just as necessary to the life of the people, as the publicly owned dirt highways. And, now that our folks see President Roosevelt urging congress to pass a law that will create a federal railroad board with power to stop some of the dirty juggling and to punish the jugglers, they are with him strong, and they are with Mr. Bryan and Mr. Williams and whoever else on the democratic side has brains enough and courage enough to help forward the president's plans.

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Our folks remember that there was a time when all the highways were private ways, and that some private individual had leave to take toll of you whichever way you went. People stood that for a good while, but finally they got tired of it and decided to throw the highways open to all comers on the same terms. One of these days we will do this with our steel highways. President Roosevelt evidently doesn't think the country is ready for it, or, instead of asking for a rate commission he would be asking for a government ownership commission. The big railroad manipulators evidently don't believe the people know enough to come in out of the wet, or they would be mighty glad to compromise gracefully on a real rate commission, with real powers. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, representing something less than one-half of the voting population, and Mr. Debs, with his half-million rapidly growing to a million, and some other considerable fractions of the people, evidently DO believe we are ready for public ownership of the steel highways.

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Mr. Bryan took it up some months ago, offering, for a starter, the proposition that the states should individually own and operate the railways within their respective borders. I pointed out at that time the absurdity of such a plan—its attempt to resolve organization back into chaos—and I suppose other critics contributed to Mr. Bryan's education on this point, for he has now progressed so far as to say that the main lines—the trunk lines—should be owned and operated by the national government, while the state governments look out for the smaller lines—the feeders. At this rate of advancement, Mr. Bryan ought to catch up with the main federal ownership party within six months, and when he does, I suppose he will take the seat at the head of the table—the way these pesky orators who arrive late have of persuading us that THEY really mapped out the path we arrived by. But I personally don't care a rap who rides into office on the new movement, if he is as good a man as Bryan, or Debs, or Williams, or Roosevelt, or Joe Folk, or Lafollette the new senator from Wisconsin, or Governor Douglas of Massachusetts—(and there, by the way, is a man that will bear watching when his party wants presidential timber)—or Governor Deneen of Illinois or Congressman Hearst.

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My guess is that government ownership of the railways will be the leading issue of the next presidential campaign. The only thing that might keep it from being so would be the creation, meanwhile, of a rate commission that should actually abolish the trust graft of secret rebates. And there is just about one chance in ten millions that the present congress, or its immediate successor, will enact any such law. It might be done, if the big railroad manipulators were as smart as they think they are—smart enough to yield a part to save a part. But it isn't the nature of hogs or men, once they plant their feet in the trough, to get out until they are kicked out. These big fellows whose paid lobbyists swarm in the Washington hotels this Winter will kill the goose that lays their golden egg. There is that flaw in human nature. It is a saving flaw, for without it despots would seldom twist the screw just that one last turn that rouses man to revolt and progress.

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(It certainly does beat all how those peppery Kansas people make a lazy man sit up and think, now and then.)

ONE OF THE EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS OF THE A. B. CHASE PIANO

THE A. B. CHASE PIANO IN OUR HOME

WHEN the National Magazine came to its new home in the Dorchester District, it seemed necessary for me to take up my residence there, too, in order to be near the office. While we were moving we were some weeks without a piano, and until then I never realized just what it meant merely to have a piano in the house, even though it may remain silent for months. For the first few days we came and went to get "settled," and there was little in those rooms to afford food for thought except the wall paper. It was at this time that I acquired the habit of lying back in my rocking chair to smoke and gaze at the walls of the room, the dining-room being usually my happy hunting ground; and I had not studied that paper long before I suddenly imagined myself spirited from this gaslit scene of confusion among my household gods to beautiful Florence. And why? Because on our dining-room wall is depicted a mingling of fleur-de-lis and the regal coat of arms of the De Medici family. These flowers were adopted as part of the emblazonment of this royal family because in a critical battle a maid appeared crowned with the blossoms and led the troops on to victory, deciding the fortunes of the day in favor of the Florentines.

On our wall paper also appears three gilt balls, which might denote the occupation of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who brought prosperity to Florence by loaning money at the lowest possible rate of interest. He was also an apothecary, and the sign of the three balls was adopted to distinguish the Medici loan shop from all others. My meditations on Lorenzo, ancient Florence and the flower-crowned maid with her wreath of fleur-de-lis always brought me back sooner or later to the fact that "Music, heavenly maid," had not accompanied us to our new home, for we were still without a piano.

Some years ago, on one of my first visits to the White House, I saw there a piano that caught my fancy. I always remembered the make, and felt a sense of personal acquaintance with that piano such as I have felt for no other. This particular instrument was owned by William McKinley, and when I heard its music I thought there was something in the ringing tones that seemed in consonance with the manhood of the president, as he stood and sang, in his mellow, rich bass, the old familiar hymns. Again I well recall how he clapped his hands when the strains "Louisiana Lou" reverberated along the historic corridors of the White House.

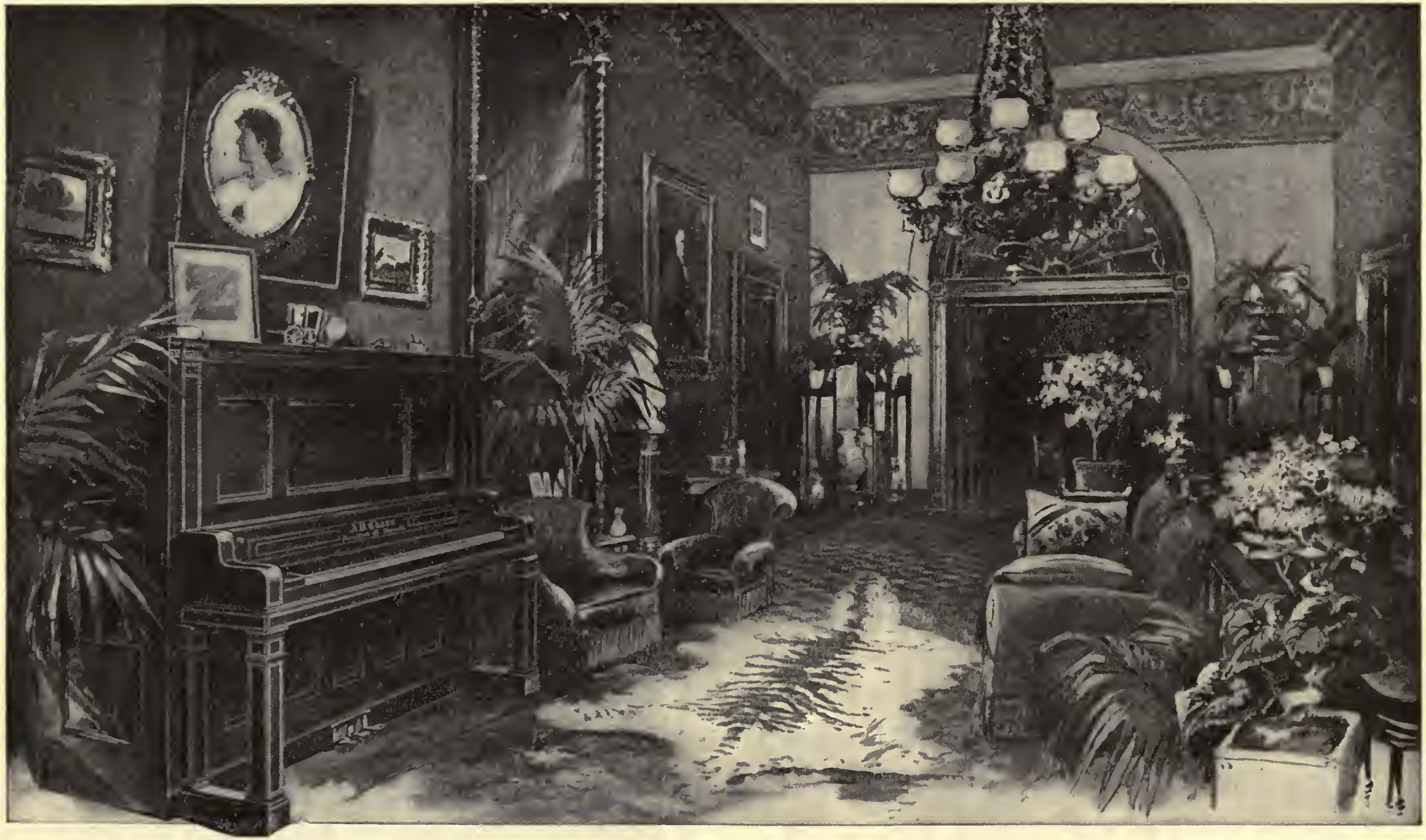
It may have been a matter of sentiment, but when I went in search of a new piano I determined that it must be just such a one as had charmed me on those memorable occasions with President McKinley and his family. I felt that if I must discard the old instrument that had been a good friend for a quarter of a century, I could replace it with nothing but an A. B. Chase piano.

I may say right here that I think we are too much bound by narrow prejudice in judging that, in order to have something good, we must always go to that particular spot where a certain good thing has always been produced in years past. I think this idea frequently prevents our getting the best, for the simple reason that we persist in looking in only one direction for it. Now, I reasoned with myself, why is it not possible for the A. B. Chase Company to produce as good an article as any, provided they put the material, the art, the knowledge, the devotion and enthusiasm into their work that have been put in by the old, tried and long-established firms?

Well, the new piano arrived while I was in St. Louis, and it stood for some months in the box at our place of business. I had decided that the piano should enter our home as a Christmas gift to the lady who presides in that humble abode. It was necessary to get the piano onto the second floor of the house, and this required careful manipulation as the windows in the broad front bay of the room destined for the piano are decidedly narrow. The piano movers were summoned, but it was somewhat late before they come around to do their work. The mistress of the house was absent making a call—well timed, you see — when the men arrived, who with silent, careful tread commenced their work. Soon the piano hung suspended —like Mahomet's coffin — 'twixt earth and heaven, in the evening air, a mysterious visitor seeking entrance. For some time I was beset by anxious doubts regarding the size of the window; but the piano came in, with a quarter of an inch to spare. Once inside, I found a place for it, where I thought it ought to go, pending the decision of the Higher Authority in our menage.

It was dusk, and I tip-toed softly into the room, after I had dismissed the men, and began to pick out a note here and there. The treble was sweet and clear as the "pipe of half awakened birds;" the bass, played softly in the twilight, seemed like the rustle of the wind through the tree tops, or across a field of waving wheat; and as I played on and gathered the chords together, I was reminded of the musical booming of the sea in some distant cave. Then as the darkness deepened, the first air I played on the piano was "Lead, Kindly Light," which, with scarcely a change of chord—so it seemed —glided into "Nearer My God to Thee," for it appeared most appropriate that the first melodies played on this piano that is a counterpart of the one William McKinley possessed should be those two hymns that he loved and that are entwined with sacred memories of years ago.

When I say that this A. B. Chase piano has the sweetest, fullest, ringing tones, and that one note blends most exquisitely into another with that subtle blending so difficult to find in any piano, which is only heard in perfection in the human voice,



DESIGN OF THE A. B. CHASE PIANO OWNED BY THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT THE WHITE HOUSE

I am stating nothing but the plain truth. Every note of the several octaves of that keyboard responded true to the touch with a delicate quality of tone that must win for this piano an enduring place in our affections. I considered this the more remarkable because it had been for months past in storage. And the case —well, let's turn on the lights.

It is Christmas Eve in our home. The lady of the house has returned, and I lead her into the parlor, where I had turned up the gas — the piano stands open. Here and there the holly glistens, and in one spot is the white gleam of the berries of the sacred and historic mistletoe — those berries glisten for a moment. We come to the beautiful mahogany inmate with its burnished surface and panels inserted across the front, whereon the surface is dull finished and throws up in relief the carved spray with which each panel is decorated. On the center panel, above the middle of the keyboard is carved an ancient lyre.

What did the recipient of the gift say? Well, I won't tell, but I will say that it was the first article of furniture ever selected alone and unaided by the master of the house in which no flaw could be found. That piano was exactly right in the eyes of a certain housekeeper. But I had better draw a veil, for we all know what it means to offer a gift that exactly meets the wants of our loved ones and is fully appreciated. There was a quiet half-hour in our home that will ever be remembered in connection with our A. B. Chase piano.

I thought perhaps the new piano might be like a new toy at Christmas time to the girls and boys. Next day the paint wears off and the horn gives forth only a hoarse echo of its sonorous Christmas Day tone. But in the morning, when I had arisen and had my hearty laugh over some joke, ancient or otherwise, I went again to the piano to play something — or rather to play at something—for I play a few old standard airs that I am sure all my neighbors know by this time. There is "The Jolly Farmer," by Schuman, which I have been able to play for the last seventeen years; there are snatches of seventeen operas, none of which would stand the test of the musical score, and about seventeen measures from seventeen rag-time songs that I have heard in the last seventeen years —you see seventeen is a magic number with me so far as the piano is concerned. I must be unconsciously going back to the old Arabian scale of seventeen notes, for which we have substituted our present arbitrary scale, the latter, by the way, has been quite hard enough for me. I always choose the easiest setting of a piece, and greatly prefer flats. A piece in two or three sharps staggers me, where one in four or five flats is easy. I am far from a musical genius, as I have played just enough Beethoven to know how to pronounce his name, and Gounod is beyond me. Dear old Mendelssohn I love, and Mozart; for these sweet, tuneful masters I think the A. B. Chase piano was made especially. So I may as well confess that my pet in the household is not a cat, a dog, or a canary, but the piano, which I feel disposed to caress in the same manner that I might a living pet whenever I come into its vicinity.

POLO AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, BROADMOOR, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

By HENRY RUSSELL WRAY
Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce

THINK of a city which enjoys 317 clear days annually and 220 absolutely cloudless days. Such a statement staggers the average reader, if he has never visited Colorado Springs, Colorado, the wonderful city of the Rockies, which holds, through nature's liberality, a monopoly on pure air and almost perpetual sunshine.

Close to the foot of the famous Pike's Peak is this community which has attracted the attention and admiration of the traveler, the home-seeker, and the invalid. Its inhabitants are essentially cosmopolitan, for they come from the cultured classes of the United States and Europe.

Nature, at Colorado Springs, has been lavish with her choice possessions of pure air and mountain spring water, life-giving sunshine and diversified scenery of unsurpassed grandeur. Man has taken advantage of these gifts by building in their midst a city whose reputation as a health and pleasure resort is second to none in the world. Its beautiful homes, wide avenues, modern trolley system, cool nights in Summer, sunny days in Winter, drives and trails, parks, porous soil, absence of mud and slush, make it a veritable Mecca.

By trolley ride, twenty-five minutes from the heart of the city, one reaches the healing springs of Manitou. A ride of twenty minutes in another direction brings the visitor to the canons, caves, caverns and mountain waterfalls, of great grandeur. The trips by mountain rail-

NEW COUNTY COURT HOUSE, COST $375,000, AT COLORADO SPRINGS

COLORADO SPRING'S NEW CITY HALL, UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN 1905, COSTING $200,000

ways are not surpassed in beauty of scenery in all Europe.

LAKE IN MONUMENT VALLEY PARK (COST $750,000) COLORADO SPRINGS

No doubt the grandest and longest to be remembered sights in Colorado are the canons and peculiar formations between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek. One of the most stupendous pieces of railroad engineering in modern

NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, COST $100,000, COLORADO SPRINGS

BROADMOOR CASINO, A SUBURB OF COLORADO SPRINGS times is the "Short Line" running from Colorado Springs through the mountains to the heart of the gold district. Last year this road handled ninety per cent. of trans-continental traffic as the gold fields and the grand scenery along the route is of national reputation. Enroute the tourist can view at close range Point Sublime, Cheyenne Canon, Silver Cascade Falls, St. Peter's Dome and many other wonder spots. From the start the road leads a winding course toward the summits of the mountains till it reaches a point 10,000 feet high and is then but three miles from Cripple Creek. No tourist thinks of passing this wonderful scenic trip of forty-six miles without a visit,

Selected cases of pulmonary tuberculosis sent to Colorado Springs and its vicinity have been cured, and many such patients are living and engaged in business in every city and village of the state, while others have returned to their eastern homes absolutely well, with no sign of any return of the trouble. It is not a question of temporary amelioration or a soothing of symptoms, but one of permanent and positive cure.

Now one or two words regarding the Winter climate of Colorado. A prominent eastern businessman recently said:

"I used to send my wornout men to the South to recuperate. In late years experience has taught me to send them to the Colorado mountains, Summer or Winter—and in a total of 200 cases there has not been one that has not been much benefited. I tried it for three months myself, and discovered that a breath of that air out there is like a tonic before breakfast. About the first thing I did

BRIDAL TRAIL IN BEAR CREEK CANON, AND SHORT LINE RAILWAY, COLORADO SPRINGS

PIKE'S PEAK FROM DALE STREET, COLORADO SPRINGS; PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A TELESCOPIC LENS

was to engage a rig, and through December, January and February I went driving practically every day. What people need when they are fagged is not to visit a place from which they will return full of malaria and generally enervated, but to visit a place where they will be stirred up, built up—a place from which they can come back feeling like new men."

A well known author, after spending five Winters in the Rockies of Colorado, wrote as follows regarding its Winter climate:

"Tell a man that you have spent the Winter in the Rockies, and he will look at you with an air of mingled admiration and pity, the tribute paid by comfortable mediocrity to painful heroism; he will think of you as you think of Nansen and Peary. His free-will offering of admiration makes it the harder to tell him the truth. At the same time his unwarranted pity for one who had to dwell in "that semi-arctic region" brings back to memory the real pity you experienced for him last Winter, when you were basking in the clear sunshine of the Rocky Mountain region and reading of transportation tied up by heavy snowfalls, and many people perishing in the bitter cold of the eastern states."

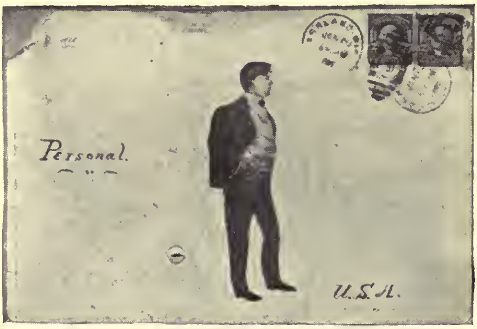
Too often the Easterner who is familiar with the Winters of Florida and the South generally, reads an account in the morning paper of Colorado being under "six inches or six feet of snow. Both statements are equally, ignorantly false and grossly misleading. The threshold of the Rockies is Colorado Springs. This city is situated at the base of the Rockies on a plateau about 6,000 feet above sea level. Towering over its head, and protecting it from the north and west winds, is the Frontier Range, crowned by the majestic monument, Pike's Peak. This range rears its head over and above this city from four to eight thousand feet. In Winter on Pike's Peak there may be "six inches and perhaps six feet of snow," but this is far removed from Colorado Springs, for the peak is eight miles in an air line, and the storm at its summit is 8,000 feet above the city. Of course the Associated Press reporter cannot explain in detail his line, "Six feet of snow in the Rockies." Now in hundreds of cases those in the East who read this dispatch are walking through inches of slush and perhaps thanking a generous Providence they do not have to live in Colorado, while the Colorado man or woman is basking in glorious sunshine and reveling from October to March in such sports as riding, driving, automobiling, golf (two courses), polo (two fields), tennis, cricket, wheeling, trap-shooting, cross-country riding, coaching, coyote and jack rabbit hunting. Truthfully has it been said: "Comparatively equable temperature; minimum precipitation; low humidity; minimum wind movement; maximum sunshine. These five characteristics belong to the Rocky Mountain climate all the year 'round, in Winter as truly as in Summer."

The old-timer will still go to Florida and California, but the day is not far distant when thousands of Easterners will fly from the rigors of the Atlantic coast climate and learn of the wonders of a Colorado Winter.

CATHEDRAL SPIRES IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO SPRINGS

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THIS is indeed the age of advertising. I received a letter the other day addressed as below. Now this is not a tribute to the editor of the National Magazine, but to Advertising. It shows how quickly the whole American people may be leavened through with the knowledge of an advertiser who starts out with determination and plans for publicity. This is one of the most remarkable features in American magazine and periodical work today—the power of introducing a person or an article of merchandise to eighty millions of people, and standing as a medium between them until they are thoroughly familiar with each other. Advertising never fails to interest the American people, provided the article advertised has usefulness and merit.



TRADE MARK AND U. S. A. THE ONLY ADDRESS

It may interest the readers of the Natonal to know that we have been advertising the magazine during the past few months in periodicals whose united circulation approximates ten millions. The results are beyond all expectations and in spite of our increased press equipment, which is nearly double what it was a year ago, we have to crave the indulgence and patience of our subscribers for an occasional delay in getting their copies of the magazine to them. We have now overcome this delay.

If every reader of the National knew how much it means to a publication to have them "acknowledge" the introduction to advertisers and secure the proffered information about the goods advertised, I think each one would sit down and write to every advertiser as soon as he appears. A single postage stamp thus spent will do us and our advertisers thousands of dollars worth of goods. This is the age of cooperation, and we know that our readers understand that results can be obtained in this way that are obtainable in no other. We are making a special effort to edit our advertising columns with scrupulous care, and invite your criticism if you find in them something that you consider not exactly right. We want no advertising in the National that is not thoroughly reliable and just what it is represented to be.

We have some eloquent letters from advertisers. One writes to say that he received 178 replies from his advertisement in our columns within the FIRST FIFTEEN DAYS from the mailing of the magazine, and the character of the letters received by our advertisers convinces them that we have the right kind of readers.

It is the custom of publishing information regarding new and desirable merchandise in their advertising columns that has made American periodicals what they are today, and the advertiser will continue to do his part so long as he can have evidence from the magazine readers that his advertisements will at least be carefully read. So if we are reinforced with information that close attention is paid to this department, we shall be able to keep on improving the quality of the National and will be able to offer our subscribers a constantly better, bigger and more attractive magazine.

There is a tendency among some of the larger publications to absorb the whole appropriation of an enterprising concern, and in this way 'kill'' a good advertiser at the start, for he will probablly not receive the desired results by placing all his business with one big magazine—even though that one be the National. Each magazine reaches a constituency different in large part from any other, and in order to procure the best results the general advertiser's appropriation should be spread out among several desirable mediums..

Let us make this year memorable for results in our advertising field. We have the right constituency: we have the people who will not hesitate to write and tell us when they think we have a good thing in our pages—and vice-versa. As the business world is the reservoir from which the periodical must draw, we earnestly desire the cooperation of our readers in "taking note" of our "advs."

* * *

AT the close of the World's Fair at St. Louis there seemed no more appropriate souvenir to bring home to our staff of workers than Ingersoll watches, which were handsomely put up in special souvenir cases. These watches not only supply our force with the standard time, but afford a suggestive remembrance of the great Exposition; as in addition to a colored picture of the Cascades on the face, on the case, are the heads of Jefferson and Napoleon in bas relief.

The office force was called to the "music corner" by the stirring strains of our Simplex Piano Player and Emerson Piano and each worker was given a watch, presented with the belief that there would never be any occasion for tardiness with such a time piece. This incident was but one of many that serve to brighten the pages in the life of the National Magazine workrooms; for the older the magazine grows, the closer seems to be the relationship of all concerned. The first watch was presented to the one who had been the longest in the employ of the National. Pledges of mutual helpfulness were renewed.

We feel that the same spirit that exists in the home office is also to be found throughout the country wherever the magazine finds a welcome among our appreciative readers and subscribers. As I could not resist reminding our force upon this occasion, the National is something more than a commercial proposition for producing printed matter upon white paper, to be sold in bulk or in monthly instalments; the heart and soul of the workers goes into every page and the influence radiates, we believe, to our readers, reflecting a purpose that is worthy of the attention of the most earnest and enthusiastic. Our employees share our views, and it is truly a delight to look into the faces of those who are working with us and realize that they grasp the purpose behind the work.

The only regret that the National feels in connection with these happy half hours of rest and recreation is that they cannot be participated in by all our subscribers as well, for all have a share in the splendid success achieved by the magazine at the World's Fair. The way in which those Ingersoll watches were received was certainly a tribute to the makers, and if gifts of ten times the commercial value had been offered they could not have been more appreciated than were those souvenirs that furnish a remembrance at once useful and enduring, of the greatest Exposition that the world has ever witnessed.

◆

THERE are few more interesting personalities in the publishing world today than Mr. William C. Hunter of the Star Monthly and Boyce's Weeklies. A glance at a little advertising pamphlet "The Hustler," that he used to send out broadcast proclaims the genius of the man. His keynote is optimism, and if ever there was a man full of sunshine and good cheer it is Mr. Hunter. Country bred, he exemplifies the amplitude of the open air, and has never departed from the cheery expression of thought that reminds the reader of the old-time flower garden that blooms around the door of the old home. In addition to this charm, Mr. Hunter has a genius for saying the right thing at the right time, and saying it, too, in such a way that he never fails to leave a pleasant impression. I think I heard more concrete philosophy in the thirty minutes' talk I had with him than I have in any lecture I ever attended. It was a practical philosophy of life and every-day affairs.

COL. WILLIAM C. HUNTER

I feel inclined to paraphrase Emerson's bit of verse and say that
"All the world loves a cheerful fellow,"
If anyone doubts this, let him sit down and run over the list of his acquaintances and those he has met in the course of business operations. The people you think of first — are they not the genial, the pleasant, the courteous? Cheerful people have precedence every time, and yet they little suspect what an influence hangs about those busy desks of theirs; nor how the glow of heart warmth casts forth its cheery waves despite the surroundings of steel-yard business propositions. It does not need a long acquaintance-ship to decide that Mr. Hunter is certainly one of these benefactors of the human race.

◆

IT has often occurred to me that people as a rule do not sufficiently value statuary. For myself, I have always considered no room quite complete that has not in it some specimen of the sculptor's art. This may not be carved in Florentine marble, but it conveys a picture and presents an idea more clearly, I believe, than any other art can do. In talking with representatives of the Foreign Plastic Art Company of Charlestown, Massachusetts, I have been amazed to find that reproductions of the richest gems of the sculptors's art, descended to us from the genius of all ages, may be had at a price so modest that these works of art are within the reach of any ordinary wage-earner for the beautifying of his home. It is truly gratifying to learn of the wonderful awakening of interest throughout the country in providing school rooms with pieces of statuary which are in themselves real educators.

In my own office, on my desk I have a bust of Ben Franklin some three feet high, a replica of the one by Houdon, the French sculptor. On the wall above the desk, is a bas relief of The Trumpeters, which is reproduced from the Cantoria frieze in Florence. This is of special interest to me, because I made a visit a few years ago to the famous city, and there stood for some time, Baedeker in hand, gazing at the original of this little bit of "plastic art." It is a delightful representation of music and childhood, and is like a ray of sunlight in the room.

In another corner is a small copy of the celebrated Venus de Milo, and on the wall above it a reproduction of a head of Cupid, and the fine bas relief known as the Arabian Horseman.

Just outside the door of my private office is a bust of Longfellow, standing on a pedestal about four feet high. This is a reproduction of one that occupies a prominent position in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. How well I recall the first time I stood on foreign soil and looked at that familiar face; what pleasure it gave me to see our poet recognized in the memorial hall of English literature. The bust of Lincoln by Volke also occupies a prominent place in our office, nor is Washington forgotten; we have a bas relief of him by Houdon, which was copied from a sculpture which was in turn a copy of the painting by Trumbull; this picture is now in Yale University. The musicians are at present represented by Beethoven, but we shall probably add others as we enlarge our collection from time to time. One of the pieces of which we are especially proud is an equestrian statue, about three feet high, of Paul Revere, just as we imagine him in his famous ride to Lexington from opposite the old North Church, two points of historic interest for visitors to Boston.

It would be difficult for me to compute just how much these sculptures influence me. They are not merely molded clay, they are symbols of the most wonderful craft in the world; and when I sit alone in the office in the evening they "keep me company," and many an idea and inspiration I draw from them.

We have the arts pretty well represented in our plant, so far as decorations and music are concerned, and our workers find the office so attractive that it is left at night with regret, and entered with eager anticipation at the beginning of each new day — at least I can vouch thus much for myself.

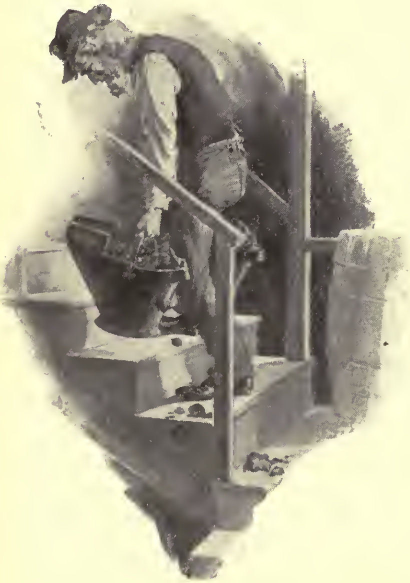
I wonder if all our readers quite realize what a power a little bit of statuary is in a home—even more than it is in an office. I know of nothing connected with my youthful days that has left so marked an impression on my mind as the little bust of Charles Dickens that stood underneath the old clock, on the mantel in the sitting room at home. Many, many a time have I looked upon that massive brow and flowing beard; and when at last I was considered sufficiently advanced to be supplied with his writings, I felt that I already knew the man intimately. Probably that little statuette did not cost more than $1.75, yet it had a lasting influence on the tastes of four growing boys.

In justice to the children let them have every beautifying and elevating influence about them. Let them have statuary, flowers, books, music, that will lead them into wide fields of lofty thought and give them other interests than those of local gossip and every day affairs. Write Foreign Plastic Art Co., Charlestown, Mass., for prices and catalogue.

THE ART OF KEEPING WARM

IT is said that the water of hot springs in Iceland was utilized for heating purposes centuries ago, and also that the Egyptians were not ignorant of the value of hot water for this use, but it remained for American ingenuity to turn to practical account the distribution and radiation of heat by means of this medium, and to bring to perfection the art of keeping warm.

It is not a far cry back to the days of open hearths, when the good people sat with faces almost blistered by the glow of the fire, and backs as chilly as icebergs; then came the day of the baseburner, when the difficulty of dispersing the heat still remained unsolved, though more radiating warmth was obtainable than with open hearths. Nor was this problem definitely disposed of until the simple, yet perfect, solution of radiators appeared,producing an even temperature over every inch of a given space, the steam or hot water needed being exactly determined by the number of cubic feet to be heated, windows and walls being important factors and carefully calculated upon. A few years ago nearly all the heating plants were confined to public buildings, schools and churches, but when it is considered that we have about 6,000,000 homes in our towns of 2,500 inhabitants and over, and over 9,000,000 homes in towns of under 2,500 inhabitants, some idea will be gained of the vast work that lies before such a corporation as the American Radiator Company. There is no doubt but that this means of heating will be universal in a short time, when once the pertinent and scientific fact is understood that this method heats every foot of space to an even temperature. This truth is not yet fully grasped, for it is nothing unusual to see a person on first entering a room, heated in this way, move close to the radiator, evidently not realizing that just as much heat can be obtained in any other part of the room as by hugging the radiator.



THE "GOOD OLD WAY"

If there was one exhibit at the Fair that more than another emphasized the progress in American home-building, it was that of the American Radiator Company. There was something cosy about this means of heating, even in the warm days of Summer; it seemed to proclaim home comfort to every passing observer. It emphasized the wonderful advance in home-building, for it was only in 1865 that the first steam and hot water radiator was used in this country. Though the American Radiator Company has accomplished so much, it is not protected by patents of any kind; but they have so thoroughly worked out the heating problem to a fixed and scientific conclusion that they do a large percentage of the business in this line in America.

The warmth is the heart of the home, and in these days it would indeed be folly for anyone building a house of even moderate size not to stop and consider the problem of heating, for this is of first and vital importance. It would be interesting to gather statistics on the number of new homes to be built in 1905, and how they are to be heated; this is more than a mere business proposition, for the health and happiness of the home is determined by the amount of comfort obtainable in the house. An even temperature in the room insures an even temperament for the individuals inhabiting it, and illness obviated is an increased capacity for bread-winning. These facts are becoming widely known —thanks to advertising—and the houses built throughout the country districts are often so perfect in respect to heating equipment as to excel their city neighbors in real comfort.

That the career of the American Radiator Company embodies an important chapter in natural means of heating was recognized by the grand prize awarded them at the St. Louis Exposition. The remarks of visitors passing this exhibit at the Fair furnished the company with those tributes dear to the heart of every manufacturer. "Here's a radiator like ours;" or, "We have one of your radiators in our home—it's just right. We've been comfortable ever since we have had it."

Among the thousands of people using this means of heating, the company received but one complaint of their goods at the Fair, and on carefully investigating that it was found that it was a case of having the boiler, grate and the kitchen range attached to one chimney flue.

SHE DOESN'T DO IT NOW

It is a fascinating study—this question of heat—and perhaps it would not be a wild prophecy to predict that when Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is realized we shall have radiators to warm our public streets—just as commonly as they are now lighted—as well as our houses. At all events, the question of heat within four walls has been so well answered that now it is only a matter of fuel rather than any difficulty regarding the distribution of heat. And the wonderful feature, which touches all pocketbooks, is that the saving of fuel and labor in steam or hot water heating pays in time for the outfit. This does not take into consideration the added saving in household cleanliness—by the absence of dirt, ashes and coal gases from the living rooms.

OUR MODEL HOUSE AT ST. LOUIS FAIR

"YE OLD GRIST MILL"

WHAT is more picturesque than the old grist mill with its ponderous, overshot water wheel? For centuries it has been made a familiar theme in song and story, and the same sentiment still clings to it as in days of yore. Possibly there are but few of these old mills still in use in this country, but the most of us who have been "country born and bred" can still cherish fond memories of some familiar old grist mill and the stream that yet runs by it.

It was down by the mill and along by the bank of the stream that the boys and girls went "a-maying" to find the sweet-scented arbutus in early Springtime. Jolly times were those: the girls playing house with their dolls and lunch baskets, while the boys searched far and wide for mayflowers and violets with which to bedeck their lady's bower.

I make a practice of trying at least one well advertised health food or beverage every month, for I believe in progressiveness, and if there's anything good to be had that I haven't got, I want it. Not long ago I decided to try some substitute for coffee. I am so passionately fond of coffee that it was with some misgivings that I "softened my heart" and consented with myself to give a fair trial to some other breakfast drink. The next question was, what substitue for coffee is there that will likely be satisfactory. Instantly I recalled a notable exhibit four years ago of the Old Grist Mill Health Foods and Wheat Coffee at the Food Fair in Mechanics Building, Boston, and I saw again the old grist mill on the stage, with its real wheel and real water. In all of those four years I had occasionally thought of it, so now in my need of a substitute for coffee it at once recurred to me, for it had been one of the exhibits at the fair that especially impressed me.

So the grocer's boy was instructed to bring a package of Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee, and as I sat sipping my morning cup, with the delightful knowledge that it would do me no harm, I began to think of all that this innovation in breakfast beverages must mean to some Americans — the difference between sickness and health.

Fourteen years ago there were two young men deeply absorbed in the commercial proposition about cereals; they were S. M. Pennock and H. M. Thompson. Mr. Pennock had been forced to the conclusion that coffee was injurious to him, so one time when preparing the wheat for whole wheat flour, the idea occurred to him that it might be possible to use this grain as a coffee substitute and he began to experiment. His efforts were soon crowned with success, and he realized that wheat coffee was palatable but not distressing. The next question was to find a suitable name for the new product. Now Mr. Pennock was the son of a Vermont miller, and, as you know, it does not matter what business a man may be engaged in, he never quite forgets the scenes of his youth, especially if he hails from the good green hills of Vermont. Mr. Pennock recalled his father's mill, and quick as a flash, came the name for the coffee: "Old Grist Mill."

The first labels bore the name only — same as used on their flour — "Old Grist Mill," but one day an artist came along with a sketch of an old mill at Scituate on Cape Cod, dating back to the time of the Pilgrims. This was so emblematic of the early settlers from Holland and England, as well as his father's old mill, that Mr. Pennock and his partner at once adopted it as a sign and trade mark for all the products of this firm. It seemed a special coincidence to me to find this historically named product under the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument, and to recall the fact that my first acquaintance with Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee dated from my examination of their exhibit in Mechanics Hall, which was erected and is owned by a society of which Paul Revere was president. It is conceded that New England has won laurels in the art of cooking as well as in the defence of the nation, and it is certain that the Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee will add to its prestige.

In talking with Mr. Thompson I found that wheat coffee might be said to be the outcome of their Entire Wheat flour, which at first was the only product of this concern, though they now produce several other food products "to keep the mill grinding," so to speak.

The wheat used in the Old Grist Mill products comes from California and is a variety specially well suited for the coffee purpose and to obtain the real roasted effect and blend of coffee. Experiments have been made with grain from all parts of the world, and the Californian wheat has passed the test more successfully than any other.

Mr. Thompson, the surviving partner —Mr. Pennock having died several years ago—is a man who enters heart and soul into the work in which he is engaged, and he has been a public benefactor in putting on the market a line of truly healthful and nourishing products. I think there is no reader of the National who has felt the ill effects of coffee drinking who will not be benefitted by changing to Old Grist Mill Coffee, and I feel sure that when the change is once made there will be no great desire to return to the original beverage. There is something specially attractive about wheat coffee, which I think comes in part, at least, from the pleasant mental associations, for, somehow, as I peered into my first cup, I could see mirrored at the bottom the historic old mill and imagine the wheel turning out Grist Mill Coffee instead of flour. When you sip this coffee you may think of "Ben Bolt" and all the other pretty "mill" songs and stories you have ever heard, and your breakfast cup puts you in good humor for the entire day. So if you even suspect that coffee is harming you, or you desire to try a good thing, just send for a sample package of Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee and you will thank me for the suggestion.

The wide area in which Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee is being used is increasing every day, and today it can be found not only in the large stores of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and Boston, but also throughout New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and many western states.

As at the Mechanics' Food Fair in Boston, the good people passed around and got samples of the various eatables, let the readers of the National send in to the Old Grist Mill Health Food Headquarters at City Square, Charlestown, Massachusetts, and procure a sample of the Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee and see for themselves just how much this valuable product emphasizes the fact "there is a table beverage that cheers but does not inebriate" and better still is a healthful drink with a delicious taste.

The finest mind will not long continue to do good work unless it is supported by a healthy body. Then long may the wheels of the good "Old Grist Mill" go round, bringing solace and comfort to our plate and cup, and filling both with food that serves to rejuvenate the old and invigorate the young, making us all "healthy, wealthy and wise."

RETAIL PREMISES OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, STATE, WASHINGTON AND RANDOLPH STREETS AND WABASH AVENUE

MARSHALL FIELD, THE MERCHANT

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

ON a bitter cold day in January, a lady who has known me well since the day of my marriage stood with me before one of the spacious show windows of Marshall Field & Company in Chicago, and, looking on a display of Summer dresses, she exclaimed:

"Here are the newest fashions for next Summer! You have to come to Chicago to find the fashions of the world forecast months ahead," she added the last sentence with that pretty twist of her head that settles matters definitely.

This lady is a "globe trotter," familiar with every city in Europe and America, and I had no doubt but that she knew whereof she spoke; therefore, I listened with respectful attention when she went on to inform me that there is no house in the world that seems quite so keen in this matter of anticipating the demands of the future in women's wear as the establishment of Marshall Field & Company, Chicago. Doubtless this is one of the factors that has made this concern one of the greatest dry goods stores in the world, with a frontage of almost four city blocks, bounded by State street, Washington street, Wabash avenue and Randolph street; having a floor area of over twenty-three acres; with furnishings and equipment that represent the most advanced ideas in commercial progress. It is truly an education to shop there.

An opening at Marshall Field & Company's takes its place as a social event in Chicago, and in this great store, the monument of a wise merchant's genius, will be found on opening day every class of society. It is clearly understood that there may be obtained the best goods at the lowest prices; and the purchasers have absolute confidence in the integrity of the firm. So, the neatly wrapped parcels marked with Marshall Field & Company's name, have as certain a guaranteed value as though they held so many carats of gold; for back of every parcel is the full measure of the true gold of character and integrity established by the great merchant who was once a clerk in a Massachusetts store.

The life story and career of Marshall Field is something more than a record of commercial success. It illustrates the fact that the "genius of the age is business," and the rapid growth of this particular establishment typifies the expansion of the American nation. From an unpretentious beginning, a young man—born in Conway, western Massachusetts, —who made his first entrance into the business world as a clerk in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has become a living embodiment of great achievement that has as much significance historically as the deeds of warrior or statesman. The same purpose that dominated the blue-eyed, young man selling goods over the counter to his Pittsfield customers, still controls the silver-haired merchant who has won laurels as the world's greatest business man. That close attention given to the individual customer whom Marshall Field served with his own hands in the old days, is now given on a larger scale to the host of buyers at the great retail and wholesale establishments, which have become the pride of the modern mart of the West.

On entering the retail store, I was impressed not so much with the magnificance of the furnishings and the abundance of convenient devices for the lightening of labor and the comfort of the customers, not even with the luxuriance and variety of the articles displayed for sale, as with the fact that this store possessed all the features of a public institution, and was not merely an arena for barter. Everything that can be done for the general welfare of the customers is done, and an afternoon's shopping there is, perhaps, as pleasant as attending a matinee. The considerate attention shown to each customer—whether that customer buys or not — stamps Marshall Field & Company's with the rare quality of hospitality, and this courtesy is not bestowed upon the customer alone, but is extended equally to every employe.

For the first time in my life, I realized that business need not be a warfare. In this store it is not considered essential that the seller take advantage of the buyer, but goods are offered at a fair price and the purchaser is told the exact truth about them. The fact that an arti-

ONE OF "THE SPACIOUS SHOW WINDOWS" OF MARSHALL FIELD & CO., WHERE STYLES REIGN SUPREME cle comes from Marshall Field & Company's is a hall mark of its value—equal, in fact, to an appraisal—and there is no occasion for the old-time duel between the buyer and seller. The value of the goods is fixed, and the price is as unalterable as stern facts themselves.

The respectful and intelligent attention of the great force of salespeople indicates personal interest taken in their work, and every means is employed to stimulate the interest of the nearly eight thousand employes; they are invited to offer suggestions, and in case any of these are adopted and put into practice a reward is paid. Severe and constant criticism of all advertisements is encouraged, and the following errors are especially sought out: any exaggeration, a wrong price, a misspelled word, an ungrammatical or a false statement of any kind.

ENTRANCE TO THE POTTERY SECTION

The Book of Rules repays close study; it shows the admirable manner in which the establishment is managed. Take, for instance, the concluding portion of one rule; after recommending the "greatest courtesy," whether the visitor merely wishes to look around or to buy, these words occur:

"Under no circumstances allow the customer to leave the house dissatisfied."

The confidence of the public has been gained by emphasizing the old-fashioned ideals of integrity. There is no idle speculation as to whether it will "pay" to do a thing or not. That question was settled in the first inventory, and the gradual evolution that has followed is a most interesting study.

A glimpse into the gymnasium, reading room and library during the noon hour shows that the interests and comfort of the employees are always a primary consideration. There is a medical room, a rest room, bath room, and even a school room, where many of the younger employes add to their stock of knowledge, the desirability of which is emphasized by the members of the firm. The following extract from a bulletin shows the kindly feeling existing between the heads of the house and the workers.

"NOTICE: It is the wish and purpose of the house that no employe, no matter how unimportant his or her position may be, shall be forgotten or lost sight of; but instead, that every one whose name is on the payroll shall be recognized as a part of this great force, and that his or her efforts shall be carefully and frequently considered by the one above her or him in authority."

Is this not sufficient to inspire any employe? It is assumed by the management that if promotion does not come to any worker after three years' service, something is wrong, either with the firm or with the employe. Inquiries are instituted, and if it is found that full justice has been done by the firm, it is concluded in the case of this particular worker that he or she is unsuited for the line of work adopted, and the person's services are dispensed with; for this firm desires only the best, whether it be in employes or goods. The usual rule however, is for a clerk to remain almost a lifetime, and there are many who have completed their twentieth or twenty-fifth year in this service and even longer. There is a delightful spirit of co-operation throughout the establishment. I thought how Charles Dickens, with his heart on fire for the betterment of the conditions of the poor and needy, would have delighted to see his most sanguine hopes for the welfare of working people fully realized, and their interests actually incorporated with those of the capitalists, not as a matter of charity, but as a paying investment. Truly these are enlightened times, as revealed in this one phase of merchandising at its best. In the wholesale house of Marshall Field & Company all the out-of-town buyers receive the same courteous attention as those in the retail store. They are shown all the newest things on the market and advised as to their purchases. If a merchant over-buys, he is informed of this as candidly as when he under-buys, and each customer is urged to come to market often and keep in touch with all the changing features of the trade.

Many merchants whom I have met in cities throughout the Middle West insist that they owe all they possess today to the knowledge they secured through doing business with Marshall Field & Company, due to the fact that the wide range of experience acquired by this establishment in its dealings with the markets of the world is always at the service of the customers. Many of these business men are convinced that their connection with this great firm has been the foundation of their commerical success.

It was a rare pleasure to go through the massive granite building on Adams street, in which the wholesale department is located. A number of young men arrive early in the morning, about six o'clock, and begin opening the mass of mail that pours in each day. After the letters have been assorted at the mailing desk, they are sent to the various departments as the contents demand. The credits are judicially determined beneath the light of the green electric shades, where the army of bookkeepers are busy with accounts, all classified by states. Over 3,500 men are at work in this building, and each floor presents a scene of bustling activity, characteristic of Chicago push and energy.

A PORTION OF THE MAIN AISLE

On the carpet and rug floor the visitor is shown a fine assortment of these goods suspended on rollers, hanging like maps against the wall, a display that in itself presents an exhibition of the industries of the Orient and Occident.

In the shipping room are swift-moving trucks, carrying baskets laden with parcels of all sizes, numbered so that each article can be easily located at any time. Every possible device seems to be utilized to systemize and expedite shipments, and the great endless chain elevator pours forth its cases and packages every second, all marked and ready for prompt shipment.

The importation department of this concern is an extensive business in itself. Goods are received direct from all parts of the world, and the markings on the bales and cases show the curious hieroglyphics of the written language of the peoples in the far East and far West whose products are here offered for sale. One marking, however, is universal, for numerals are as easily read in Arabic as in English.

THE MASSIVE GRANITE BUILDING ON ADAMS STREET, IN WHICH THE WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT IS LOCATED

In one department I was reminded of the universal demands of children the world over. Here was a multitude of little red wagons—the identical little red wagons of our own childhood—rocking horses and toys of all kinds, to supply requirements that are as fixed in childhood as in any other period of life. This is indeed a busy spot when once the holiday purchasers have commenced to make up their lists. The entire nine floors of this massive building are like a vast machine, minute and exact in the working of each individual department, all being fed from large warehouses in other parts of the city, one being across the street, reached by a subway.

Carefully classified, according to geographical location, are the records of young merchants starting in business in every part of the country. Through the wholesale department they are assisted in getting over the first hard bumps, and it would be a revelation to many of us if we could see this carefully detailed record of personal habits, temperament and general disposition of each one to whom a line of credit had been given. The credit department of a wholesale house analyzes each customer with a logical, psychological minuteness as exhaustive as Herbert Spencer's research.

To me the all important part of my visit was to meet the dignified, unassuming, gray-haired man sitting behind a plain black walnut partition, flanked on either side by stenographers and clerks, and in the midst of business activities as quiet and serene as though sitting at his hearthstone. There is something especially kindly in the expression of those blue eyes, beneath the massive brows; Mr. Field is a man who understands human nature and values integrity. His whole purpose in business may be embodied in a few words, "Sell the best goods possible to obtain at the lowest possible price and always merit the confidence of the public."

MARSHALL FIELD, THE MERCHANT

I ventured to suggest the value of his personality as an inspiration to customers and employes, but Mr. Field came near to breaking friendship with me right there.

"None of this over-due praise! Business is a simple proposition of demand and supply—of the cooperative spirit, not only between the merchant and customer, but between the employer and employes. Personality is not of much consequence if the business proposition rings sound."

But to me it seemed that the secret of the great merchant's success was revealed in a single sentence:

"If I buy for cash and obtain a discount, the man who purchases from me and pays cash is surely entitled to the same consideration."

While in Mr. Field's private office I noticed a simple calendar on his desk, showing a picture of the state house on Beacon Hill, for the Massachusetts man has not forgotten his native Bay State. A brief chat with Mr. Field is always an inspiration, and his unaffected ways and kindly words speak more strongly of the inner force of the man than any rhetoric could do.

Marshall Field's insight into the needs of the people, present and future, is exemplified in his splendid gift of the Field Columbian Museum to the city of his triumphs.

The museum is a fitting tribute to the great Middle West, of which the donor stands a true and noble factor. Mr. Field is a fine compound of New England integrity and Western activity, and a worthy citizen of that nation that unrolls the scroll of fame for her native sons who achieve success, as well as for the alien brothers within her gates.

ROMANTIC MEXICO—THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS

STRETCHING along our southern border like a huge cornucopia, suggestive of its own opulence, lies the beautiul Republic of Mexico—the land of the Montezumas. No other country in all the world possesses a more romantic history, or is wrapped about with a more fascinating veil of mysticism. Indeed, so closely interwoven are fact and legend that the task of separating tradition from real history would be well-nigh impossible. Ancient ruins and crumbling pyramids tell their silent story of prehistoric habitation, but reveal no record of the hands that reared them.

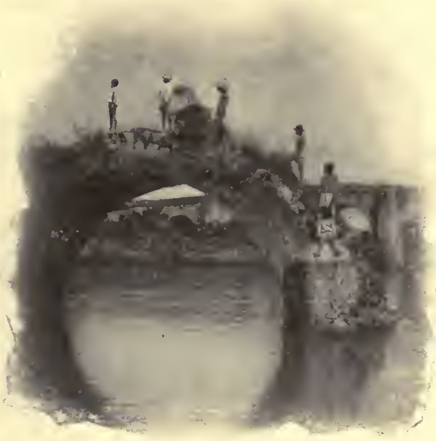
PYRAMID OF THE SUN, SAN JUAN, MEXICO

PYRAMID OF THE MOON, SAN JUAN, MEXICO

The Toltecs were the first historical family of Mexico. To this people, "coming from the north," is ascribed not only the oldest but the highest culture of the Nahua nations. To them was due the introduction of maize and cotton, the skillful workmanship in gold and silver, and the art of building on a scale of vastness still witnesssed to by the mound Cholula. The Mexican hieroglyphic writing and calendar are also declared to be of Toltec origin.

Looking back to that remote period, it is difficult to conceive of the culture and luxuriousness of the Toltecs. With their poets and architects and sculptors, they transformed their capital at Tula into a veritable Athens of the New World.

When, early in the sixteenth century, the Spaniards, led by the dauntless and unscrupulous Cortez, found their way from the West India Islands into Mexico they marveled at the evidences of civilization and progress to be seen on every hand. For three centuries had reigned the native sovereigns of the Aztecs. There were organized armies, official administrators, courts of justice, high agriculture and mechanical arts, and buildings of stone whose architecture and sculpture amazed the builders of Europe. How a population of millions could inhabit a world whose very existence had hitherto been unknown to geographers and historians and how a nation could have reached so high a grade of barbaric industry and grandeur, was a problem which excited the liveliest



MEXICAN CHILDREN PLAYING ON RUINS OF ANCIENT BRIDGE

curiosity of scholars and gave rise to a whole literature.

But alas for Mexico! Conquest, at whatever cost, was the only thought of Cortez. All over the sun-kissed land, nestled beneath the soft blue of southern skies, the ruthless invader left his trail of blood and ruin, and tore from his throne the last of the Montezumas!

It is not, however, the old Mexico of Montezuma, nor of Cortez, nor of Maximilian that concerns us today, but the modern Mexico founded by Juarez—the Lincoln of his race—and perpetuated by that great and good man, President Porfirio Diaz. Under a quarter of a century of his wise and just administration, the old republic is thrilling and throbbing with new life and new energy.

And, oh, what a treasure-land! What wondrous possibilities she holds in latency and what untold riches await her intelligent development!

In view of these attractive facts and conditions, it is not wonderful that just now magic abides in the very word "Mexico." Nor is it wonderful that Americans, quick to see the opportunity for profitable investment, are pouring across the border-line with capital, energy, enthusiasm and skill. With this influx of new life, and with modern methods of doing things, it does not require the gift of prophecy to see in the near future the land of the Montezumas blossoming as a rose.

The most potent factor in the civilization and progress of any country is the railroad. Rich soil and rich mines are of comparatively little worth if there is no way of transporting up-to-date implements and machinery for cultivation and production and no adequate facilities for reaching the markets of the world. Wide awake men are quick to recognize this truth. They realize that the railroad is the pioneer that blazes the way, and, as a natural sequence, all other things essential to human progress and well-being follow in its trail. For instance, when, in 1879, Diaz first fought his way to the front, Mexico was torn by revolution; bandits infested the San Antonio trail; the streets of the cities were unpaved, unlighted, and sanitation had no place in municipal consideration; the government was without credit abroad or respect at home!

Today the National Lines of Mexico, like ribbons of steel, have taken the place of the old San Antonio trail. And how changed the way of travel! Creaky, slow-moving stage coaches then; Pullman cars, fleeter than the north wind, safety, comfort, luxury now! Electric railways radiate from cities to suburban villas; streets are asphalt paved, electric lighted, with subterranean drainage; furnaces and factories smoke day and night; mountains are pouring forth precious ores; from field and garden comes the musical hum of busy industry, while Mexican bonds command a higher price than ever before in the country's history. Only the railroad in combination with intelligent rule could have made this picture possible.

High speed and high tension characterize the civilization of today. The fundamental idea is to "get there."

Rapid transit grows more rapid year by year in response to the inexorable command: "faster, faster"—and the end is not yet. For example, when Mexico first began to show her alluring features to her neighbor across her northern boundary, a new transportation problem presented itself. American railroad companies are not slow, and soon they were sending their iron horses right into the heart of the republic. It remained, however, for the Iron Mountain route and its southern connections to outstrip all the others in the matter of speed, and to lessen the time between St. Louis and the City of Mexico over nineteen hours! This matchless highway of steel early in the new year inaugurated a new double daily sleeping car service between the "Mound City" and the "City of Delights," as the capital city of the Mexican republic is aptly termed. Leaving St. Louis at 2.21 p. m., the train runs over its own tracks to Texarkana; the Texas and Pacific railway to Longview, Texas; the International and Great Northern railroad to Laredo, and The National Lines of Mexico to the City of Mexico, making the remarkable schedule of sixty-nine hours and five minutes. This for the business man whose time is precious. But for the tourist, or one who may travel leisurely, there is so much to tempt one to loiter by the way, and, as liberal stop-over privileges are allowed, one may indulge such temptations.

Leaving Union Station, St. Louis, at 8.20 p. m., on the Texas and Mexico Special on the Iron Mountain route, you arrive at Little Rock, Arkansas, the next morning in time for breakfast. Here a superb dining car is attached to the train. Meals are served a la carte. the menu and all appointments being strictly first class. From Little Rock it is less than an hour's run to Benton, Arkansas, where direct connection is made with the train of the Little Rock and Hot Springs Western railroad for Hot Springs, the greatest and most popular all-year-round health and pleasure resort in the country.

"LAS CHINAMPAS" MEXICO'S RICH VEGETABLE GARDENS, SANTA ANITA, MEXICO

No one should fail to tarry at least a day or two at the Carlsbad of America. Aside from its thermal waters whose fame is world-wide, it is perhaps the most cosmopolitan little city in the United States. Hot Springs is, primarily, a health resort, but year after year the votaries of pleasure and fashion gather here to indulge in rounds of gaiety and to enjoy the novelty and excitement of its colorful life.

The train continues on its journey through the fragrant pine forests, the rich fruit farms and broad cotton fields of Arkansas to Texarkana, and thence across the Lone Star state to Austin and San Antonio.

Here, again, the tourist will want to linger, for San Antonio holds, as with a spell, all who come within her gates. There is so much to see, so much to charm—her historic Alamo, quaint old missions, beautiful plazas, tinkling fountains, palm-fringed parks and her picturesque river winding in sinuous ways between myrtle-bordered banks—"Old Santone" the people lovingly call it.

Here, too, one will quaff the health-laden waters of the hot sulphur wells, whose reputation has reached the remotest corners of the earth.

San Antonio the beautiful, the picturesque, the idyllic; the mecca of invalids—the place to weave roseate dreams and to revel in the very "joy of living!"

At Laredo, Texas, you cross the Rio Grande river and change flags, money also, if you wish to handle the current coin of the realm, but you do not have to change cars, as the same palatial Pullman in which you left St. Louis will transport you into the capital city of the sister republic.

There is no best season to visit Mexico. It is delightful all the year. Lying far to the south of us, we, forgetful of altitude, naturally associate it with tropical heat, but this is a great mistake. December is the coldest month, the average temperature being fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit. May is the warmest month, averaging sixty-four degrees. The difference, therefore, between Winter and Summer is barely perceptible. The coffee plantations, the orange, banana and cocoa groves never feel the sting of Jack Frost, while strawberries ripen at Christmas, and vast plains are flower-decked all the year.

AT THE AQUEDUCT, ORIZABA, MEXICO

SAN ANTON FALLS, CUERNAVACA, MEXICO

Relative to agriculture, Hon. Jno. W. Foster, when United States minister, declared:

"Mexico can produce all the coffee consumed in the United States. It has a greater area of sugar-producing land than Cuba and of equal fertility. Its capacity for the production of vegetable textiles is equal to that of any country in the world. The tropical dyes and drugs, and all the fruits of the world can be successfully cultivated. Its varied climate admits of the growth of all the cereals of all the zones. Its ranges afford the widest scope and the best conditions for wool and stock raising, while skillful mining engineers claim that its mineral wealth yet hidden away in the recesses of the mountain ranges is superior to that of California, Nevada or Australia."

Mexico is everybody's country. The artist delights in its picturesqueness; the writer of romances finds fascinating themes ready for his pen; the sight-seer carries away pleasant memories of snow-capped mountains and flowery fields; of pueblos, bowered in tropical bloom; of quaint market places, wonderful old cathedrals, and customs that date back

HOME OF THE PEON—THE ADOBE HUT— CITY OF MEXICO

to the days of Montezuma; while the invalid, fleeing from the rigors of a norther. Winter, forever after dreams of its blue skies and balmy breezes.

The City of Mexico, the social and political center of the republic, is full of charm for the tourist. Facing the beautiful Zocalo plaza, stands the grand cathedral, one hundred years in building, and just opposite the president s palace. In the shadow of the cathedral is the flower market, heavy with the fragrance of magnolias and roses. Less than a square away is the National Museum, containing the sacrifical stone of the Aztecs, the famous calendar stone, and many other things of interest.

Leading from the center of the city to Chapultepec—the home of Mexico's rulers, from Montezuma down to Jaurez, and the Summer home of President Diaz—is the Paseo, one of the finest driveways in the world.

But dear, very dear, to the feminine heart are the bargains in drawn work, so lavishly displayed by special dealers, and carved leather and filigree silver found in the shops along San Francisco street. Still the pleasure that lingers longest in the memory is a canoe voyage up the Viga canal, the oldest artificial waterway in the world, to Santa Anita, the Venice of Mexico.

But what pen is facile enough to give anything like a graphic picture of a land so rich in natural resources and so fraught with the spirit of romance and song and story? Who can tell of the traditions, the legends, the shrines and the temples of Mexico? No one. The only way is to see for ones self. Anytime is the best time to go. Both a Winter and a Summer resort, Mexico welcomes you out of the heat and out of the cold, for in the highlands of the tropics all days are lovely days.

MAGUEY FIELD, SAN ANGEL, MEXICO

1 MASONIC TEMPLE 2 CATHEDRAL OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION 3 COUNTY COURT HOUSE
4 ELKS CLUB, B. P. O. E. NO. 1087 5 VIEW OF BAY SHELL ROAD

MOBILE, ALABAMA, QUEEN CITY OF THE GULF

By J. CHARLES CARROLL

MOBILE, Alabama, may justly be called the Queen City of the Gulf, being only thirty-three miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Mobile river on the bay, between the extreme cold of the North and excessive heat of the tropical zone. Here the air is tempered by the balmy breezes of the Gulf, and the variations in temperature are but slight, which make Mobile a delightful place of residence both in Summer and Winter.

In 1702 the French explorers, the brothers Bienville and Iberville, planted a colony at Twenty-seven Mile Bluff, which was removed in 1710 to the present site of the city of Mobile. The Choctaws, known as the Mobilia or paddling Indians, long occupied this part of the country, and gave their name to the river and bay—hence the name of the city, Mobile.

Five flags have waved over the city, emblems of the rule of as many civilized powers, the French, Spanish, English, American and Confederate. Mobile still bears traces of this change of rulers in the names of the business and residential streets in the down town districts. Such names as Dauphin, Conti, Royal, St. Louis, St. Joseph and St. Anthony are readily recognized as not belonging to our English tongue. Many of the streets are narrow and old-fashioned, and though the ancient land marks in the business districts have been demolished by the march of progress — being replaced by up-to-date buildings eight and ten stories in height—yet numbers of the old time Southern homes are in good preservation and seem likely to remain in use for many years to come. Among the new buildings may be mentioned the City Bank and Trust Company, Masonic Temple, Bienville hotel, the establishment of Pollock & Bernheimer, the Leinkauf Bank building, Elks' Home, Young Men's Christian Association, Adams Glass company, the Fidelia Club, the establishment of L. Hammel & Company, as well as many new and handsome dwellings on the residential streets.

Mobile owns its own water and sewerage works, having expended $750,000 in the construction of these improvements and has one hundred miles of water mains, furnishing water of the purest quality at low rates to the citizens. There are one hundred miles of electric car lines and all the business districts are paved with asphalt throughout, as are also many of the residential thoroughfares.

There are eight banks with a combined capital and surplus of over $6,078,486, six ice plants, three breweries, three electric plants, and two grain elevators, having a storage capacity of 500,000 bushels. There are two cotton mills, five brick factories and many smaller industries.

The chief feature of Mobile, however, is its port, and much of the wealth of the city flows through this avenue. In addition to the five railroad lines which enter the city, fifteen steamship companies are represented in the port. The following figures will give an idea of the growth of Mobile as a seaport for the past ten years, from 1894 to 1904; during the year of 1894 the imports amounted to $817,085, the exports to $6,423,576, while in 1904 imports were $8,278,789 and exports $28,540,789. The importation of bananas alone figures at $303,478 for 1894, and for 1904 it amounts to $11,879,475. More sisal grass is imported through Mobile than passes through any port in the world, and in 1904 this import amounted to $4,389,739, and cotton exports for that year were $7,785,800. For the past ten years imports and exports have increased in a ratio of 400 per cent. and the increase on cotton alone has been 200 per cent.

This port also does an immense amount of business in the exportation of timber, lumber and manufactured hard woods to Europe, Mexico, Cuba, and South and Central America. There are sixty sawmills operating in Mobile district, with an aggregate cutting capacity of 7,000,000 feet, and representing an investment of over $40,000,000. More business is done through this port with Cuba, Mexico, South and Central America than through any other Gulf port. Regular sailings are made three or four times a week, always with large consignments of freight and, during the Winter months, the tourist travel yields a large revenue.

Being the only sea port of Alabama, and lying at the mouth of the great system of the state's water ways—of which the Warrior and Cahaba rivers are important parts — Mobile, with its great natural advantages, seems destined to become the cheapest coal port of the world. This opinion is shared by the Hon. J. W. Burke, late collector of customs for the Port of Mobile, who stated before an annual convention of Alabama commercial bodies that

"The great Warrior coal fields are the only practicable source on the American continent from which coal may be floated to tide water in all seasons of the year at a price lower than the cost of British tide water, the Atlantic seaboard or anywhere else."

It is a wellknown fact that the quality of the coal mined in the Warrior fields is equal to that of any bituminous coal found in any country.

With regard to the industries of Mobile it may be asked what can be advantageously manufactured in the city. The answer is, practically everything into the composition of which cotton, iron and timber enter, but perhaps the truck gardens and fisheries are among the most interesting industries. Over 6,750,000 pounds of fish and 100,000 barrels of oysters are handled annually in Mobile, while the truck gardens send their products to all parts of the country, for this is one of the richest farming districts in the South. Tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, okra and the luscious strawberry are to be found here in the Winter months; and the markets are noted for the quality and variety of vegetables sold at all times of the year.

Visitors to Mobile find beautiful drives extending from the city in almost every direction, the favorite and most attractive, perhaps, being that on the Bay Shell Road, which runs along the western part of the bay. The city is also rich in handsome parks, among which may be mentioned Bienville park, named in honor of the old explorer. Here may be seen some of the magnificent oaks and lovely magnolia trees, which are clothed in a garb of verdant green all the year around, while the chirping of numerous birds in the depths of Winter convinces the tourist that he is indeed in the sunny South. The Winter visitor will find abundant sport in hunting deer, ducks, squirrels, snipe and quail, which are to be found in the woods in the vicinity of the city, while for those who love fishing, all kinds of fresh and salt water fish abound in the streams tributary to Mobile Bay and in the bay itself.

One striking feature of life in Mobile which attracts the attention of the tourist and draws large crowds to the city from almost all parts of America is the festival of Mardi Gras, or Boeuf Graus, as it is sometimes called. This is one of the old Roman Catholic feasts of Latin-American and South American countries, imported from the mother continent, and falls on Shrove Tuesday. During the forty-eight hours of grotesque day and night parades, the streets are thronged with sightseers. These hours of frolic are followed by magnificent tableaux on which much time and care are expended, and by balls, where the gorgeous costumes of the maskers and the rich gowns of the ladies of the city and of the many visitiors from a distance make up a picture of color and movement that rivals the kaleidescope, and will never be forgotten by those who are so happy as to witness it. The stranger will do well to visit Mobile at this time of the year, and add this delightful memory to his recollections of the Queen City of the Gulf, with its hospitable people, delightful climate and many other attractive features.

HOTEL BIENVILLE,
MOBILE'S NEW HOTEL.
MOBILE, ALABAMA.

OFF FOR THE INAUGURATION

OVER THE B. & O.

IF there is in the United States a railroad that is closely associated with our national history and development, that road is the Baltimore & Ohio. It is not only the pioneer of American railroads, but it has been identified with American progress ever since the first rails were laid. Its fame is heralded far and wide, and everyone is familiar with the picture that represents it—the dome of the capitol in Washington—with the magic letters B. & O. Not long ago a distinguished public man made the emphatic statement that no American citizen could be considered as properly educated until he had visited Washington. It might be said with equal truth that most people consider their visit to the capital city especially memorable if they have traveled via the B. & O.

The line from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburg to Washington is without doubt the most picturesque and interesting route that can be selected, made especially delightful by the convenience of its modern and luxurious equipment. Every innovation and improvement in railway travel that marks the progress of our nation is usually initiated and adopted by the B. & O.

This road has its headquarters in Baltimore, and has been associated with some of the most striking scenes in our history. It was at "The President's Station" in Baltimore that President Lincoln started on his trip to Washington for inauguration in 1861, when his life was imperiled by those who desired to prevent his being made president; those who have studied national history will recall many another incident in which this railroad figures.

In connection with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, mention must be made of the "Book of the Royal Blue," edited by W. E. Lowes. This publication has a high rank because of the fine quality of its literary matter. Mr. Lowes has been a sort of godfather to the Association of American Press Humorists, and the pages of "The Royal Blue" are always replete with gems of wit, which have greatly helped in the gaining of its present circulation, although its advertising pages are devoted entirely to the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

Among its many interesting features to the modern American, is the fact that the B. & O. was the first road to utilize locomotive power; the first to use the telegraph; the first to penetrate the Allegheny mountains; the first to employ electricity as a motive power and this is surely an indication of the progressive spirit that always characterizes this company. Any tourist desiring to make the very best of his trip will see to it that he travels at least one way on this road.

At the St. Louis Exposition the famous B. & O. exhibit in the Transportation Building was awarded twenty-nine gold medals, the very highest award of the Exposition. It was most fascinating to examine the models of the different types of locomotive in use on this road from its establishment to the present day — the contrast between the first engines and the monsters of 1904 being indeed great. Every advance in the evolution of railway equipment was indicated in the Transportation Building. Everyone was interested in these exhibits, for where is there a small boy or man who has not at some time felt an absorbing ambition to become a railway engineer? There is something about the speed and movement of the railway train that appeals to the American mind.

The time is already at hand when the compilers of our school text books are not afraid to mention by name the pioneer railways which have done so much toward developing this country; and naturally the Baltimore & Ohio commands first attention.

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